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BOY OUTLAW V. HORDE OF WILD REDSKINS!

A LIFE for a LIFE!

BY
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Slick Singer, the Gunman, sets out to kill the missing heir to the San Antone fortune—and instead he saves his life!

In the Lodges of the Yaqui!

JUMPIN' gophers!" the Rio Kid murmured under his breath. He stood quite still, crouching against the skin wall of a wigwam in the darkness.

There was a faint glimmer of stars in the dark sky. But in the lone valley in the heart of the Staked Plain, shut in by rugged hillsides furred with pine, the shadows were thick. The lodges of the Yaqui were dark and silent; only through the darkness came a murmur of the rippling stream, and a wailing howl from one of the Indian dogs straying round the encampment. Silent, cautious, stealthy, the Rio Kid had crept, in the darkness, into the camp of the Yaqui, taking his life in his hands. For discovery was death—one yell from a wakeful Redskin, and a crowd of enemies would have swarmed round the boy pancher, a hundred spears and tomahawks would have been raised to take his life. The Kid knew the risk well enough; but he was cool as ice as he threaded his way through the irregular lodges of the Yaqui camp.

Round him, all seemed sleeping, but for the straying dogs. But suddenly, quite close to the Kid, there was a footstep. From a log beside the dying camp-fire in the middle of the village, a figure in a tattered blanket and deerskin leggings had risen, and was moving towards one of the skin tepees. It was an Indian who had not yet gone to his lodge to sleep, and his footsteps were leading him directly towards the Kid. For the moment, the Kid fancied that he was seen, and his hand closed hard on the walnut butt of a Colt. But

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he did not draw the gun; he crouched close to the skin tepee, and waited, stilling his breath. He was wrapped in darkness where he crouched, though he could see the face of the Yaqui in the glimmer of the stars. But there was no sign of alarm in that coppery face, and the Kid realized that he was not seen.

He relinquished the butt of the Colt with an inaudible breath of relief. The Yaqui's life had hung on a thread, and the Kid's also; for he had left his mustang a quarter of a mile away, and he guessed that he was not likely to live to reach his cayuse if the Yaqui got wise to his presence.

The Indian—a chief, the Kid reckoned, by his head-dress—came directly towards the lodge against which the Kid was crouching. He drew aside the skin hanging at the entrance, and passed into the lodge. And the Kid breathed more freely. He figured that the Yaqui, the last wakeful one in the camp, was going to his blankets. And he prepared to move on his way, after giving the Redskin time to settle down. It was a difficult task the Kid had before him: to discover the wigwam which concealed the boy who was kept a prisoner by the Yaqui; a still more difficult task to get him away if he found him. An impossible task, perhaps; but the Kid had set his mind to it. He waited, silent, till all should be still again; and then the sound of a voice, speaking in English, came to him through the skin wall against which he stood. The Kid started; it was a guttural Indian voice that was speaking, but it was speaking in the tongue of the white men. The Kid listened in astonishment.

"Ugh! You sleep?"

The words were followed by a rustling, as of someone who stirred. It was a white man's voice that answered.

"I guess not, Injun!"

The Kid almost jumped in his surprise. He knew that voice; the voice of Slick Singer, the gunman of Pack-saddle.

"Carry me home to die!" the Kid
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murmured to himself, "that dog-goned polecat's hyer! The Reds have got him."

The Kid grinned a little.

Evidently, Slick Singer was a prisoner in the hands of the Yaqui. That was where his quest of the boy, Dick Singer, had led him. The Kid had no sympathy to waste on him. He had ridden into the Staked Plain to find the heir of the San Antone ranch, who stood between him and a fortune; to destroy him if he found him. If he met his fate at the hands of the Yaqui, the Kid reckoned that nobody would miss him.

The guttural voice of the Yaqui chief went on again.

"Why you come to the lodges of the Yaqui? You look for gold in the Yaqui valley?"

"No!"

"Why you come?" persisted the Indian.

The Kid could guess that the Yaqui was puzzled by the coming of a solitary white man to the lost valley. There was no trail to that hidden encampment in the heart of the Staked Plain; for many a long mile the dry desert surrounded it.

"You come look find lost cattle?" went on the Yaqui.

"No."

"Why you come?"

The Kid wondered whether the gunman would reveal his reason for seeking the hidden camp. He was soon enlightened.

Slick Singer, struggling in the raw-hide ropes that bound him hand and foot, sat up against the lodge-pole, and stared at the dusky form of the Yaqui chief in the gloom.

"I guess I'll put you wise, Injun! I came here to find a white boy who's been in your camp for five years."

"Ugh! Paleface speak of Little Antelope?"

"His name's Dick Singer," answered the gunman. "I know he's here—I've seen him. He came into the Llano Estacado five years ago, with his father and a party of prospectors. Your gang wiped them out—"

"Ugh! Injun no want white man

had gold in the Yaqui valley," said the Indian. "Kill all! No kill boy—Injun no little papoose. Boy turn Injun; name Little Antelope."

"That's the kid! I'm not hunting for gold, and I guess you can run off all the cattle in Texas, and it won't worry me any," said the gunman, "I came here to find the boy. His friends want him back in San Antonio."

"There was a grunt from the Yaqui. "I guess I'll give you horses, blankets, tobacco, fire-water, anything you like to name, for the boy and my freedom!" said the gunman eagerly. "Name your own price, Injun."

"Paleface heap liar," said the Yaqui. "You go, you no pay Injun. Ugh!" "I guess—"

"Little Antelope Injun now. Paleface come take away little Antelope, paleface die," said the Yaqui. "I have spoken."

He quitted the lodge without another word.

The Kid heard a groan from the prisoner, as he slumped down again on the earthen floor of the lodge.

The figure of the Indian chief flitted in the starlight for a few moments, and vanished into another tepee. The Kid guessed that he had gone to his blankets at last.

For a long minute the Kid remained where he was. He could have cut his way through the skin wall of the lodge, and released the gunman. The fact that Slick Singer was his enemy would not have deterred the Kid. He would have risked much to save even an enemy from the merciless hands of the outcast Yaqui gang. But he shook his head. The gunman was there to seek the life of the boy who stood between him and a fortune; and to let him loose was to add to the difficulty of the Kid's task—already difficult enough, if not impossible. The path of crime had led the gunman of Packsaddle to his doom, and the Kid could not save him. He hesitated, but he moved away from the lodge at last to thread his way through the sleeping encampment, in a quest which the Kid himself realised to be almost hopeless, but which he was determined not to give up while a chance remained.

The Escape!

SLICK SINGER did not close his eyes as the dreary hours passed.

The rawhide thongs cut into his limbs. He stirred, and stirred again, restless, tormented. The visit of the Yaqui chief had given him, for a moment, a gleam of hope. But the Redskin had only been curious to learn what had brought him to the lost valley; and he knew that the Yaqui were not likely to spare a white man who had found his way to their last refuge in the heart of the desert. The dreary hours that were so long in passing, were his last on earth, and he knew it only too well. On the morrow, he would be bound to a pole in the midst of a swarm of savages; the death-dance would be danced, and the whizzing tomahawks would fly. The sunrise of the morrow would be the last he would see. That was the end of his desperate quest of a fortune.

A slight sound in the silence of the sleeping camp caught his ear. He gave it no heed till he suddenly realised that he was not alone. He started and raised his head.

"Silence!"

It was a whisper in the gloom.

Slick Singer's heart throbbed violently. It was a boyish voice that spoke, and he knew whose voice it must be.

He remembered the pitying look on the face of the boy when he had been brought a prisoner into the camp. He had wondered, then, whether it was in the boy's mind to help him.

"Silence! If they hear us, they will kill me as well as you," went on the whisper.

"You're Dick Singer?" breathed the gunman.

"How do you know my name?"

"I guess I'm your relation," breathed the gunman. "I'm Slick Singer—your father's cousin. I—I came here to find you, kid."

In the darkness the ruffian's face was flooded with crimson. He had come there, it was true, to find the boy; but it was to take his life that he had sought him. There was shame in his face, remorse in his heart.

"You came to find me—to save me?" whispered the boy, and there was a note of gladness in his voice.

"Yes. Your grandfather's dead, and there's a big ranch and a fortune waiting for you at San Antonio."

He heard the boy catch his breath.

"They killed my father." The faint whisper went on, after a pause. "Black Hawk's son was killed in the fight, and the chief adopted me in his place. I've often wished that they had killed me instead. They've made me into a Redskin, but I've always hoped that there would be a chance to get away. And—when I saw you brought in I made up my mind that I would help you—even if they killed me. But—silence!"

The gunman felt a keen edge of a knife glide over the rawhide ropes. The rawhide fell in fragments round him, and he was free.

His limbs were so cramped from the bonds that for some minutes he could hardly move. He lay breathing hard.

"Quiet!" the boy whispered. "They are sleeping, but the Redskins sleep like coyotes—a sound—"

"I guess I'm wise to that! You reckon we can get out of the camp?" muttered the gunman.

"As soon as you're ready, I will guide you. But a sound means death to both of us."

The boy stepped to the entrance of the lodge, and stood listening intently. Singer chafed his cramped limbs and rose at last to his feet.

His heart was beating hard. Life and freedom were before him, and success! Once away from the lodges of the Yaqui, and the boy alone with him in the desert—

The boy stepped back to him.

"Take this knife—I have another! We must go on foot—it would give the alarm to try to get horses. But I know the desert for miles—we can hide—"

"I've a cayuse staked out a quarter of a mile away," muttered Singer. "I guess he'll carry double if we can get to him."

"Then we've a chance!"

"I'm ready," said the gunman huskily.

"Follow me!"

The dim figure of the boy flitted from the lodge. Slick Singer followed him silently.

In the deep darkness that brooded over the encampment of the Yaqui, winding among the irregular lodges, the boy led the way without a pause.

A dog crossed their path, and howled. Singer grasped the knife almost con-

vulsively. But a soothing whisper from the boy quieted the dog. Little Antelope was known to the prowling brute. A few more steps, and the lodges were left behind.

They pressed on down the valley, towards the opening on the plain. With every step the gunman's heart grew lighter. There had been no alarm as yet, and if he could reach his horse—a cruel smile flickered over his hard, cold face. He had said that the cayuse would carry double, but it was not a double load that he intended for the horse. The life he had sought was at his mercy now.

Suddenly out of the silence came a lead yell from the direction of the encampment. Singer started and looked back.

"The boy panted.

"They have missed me—I have been missed from my lodge. They have missed you, too, and guessed—"

Another loud yell rang through the night, followed by a roar of savage shouting.

"Run!" panted the boy.

They ran hard down the valley. From the darkness there came a distant clatter of hoofbeats. Pursuit was already on the way.

But the panting fugitives emerged on the plain now. The starlight fell round them on the level plain, studded with sage and cacti. The gunman's desperate eyes picked out the giant cactus near which he had left his tethered cow-pony.

"This way!" he panted.

A few minutes more and they had reached the horse. Slick Singer tore loose the tether and grasped the reins. The boy, panting at his side, was staring back towards the dark opening of the valley in the hills.

"Quick!" he breathed.

The eyes of the gunman were on him. He needed no further aid from the boy who had saved him. The knife was in his hand. The boy who stood between him and a fortune, unsuspecting and defenceless, was at his side. For one moment the boy's life trembled in the balance. But the gunman of Packsaddle thrust the knife into his belt. Desperado and villain as he was he could not do it.

"You figure them bucks will kill you for helping me to escape?" he breathed.

Dick Singer nodded.

"Once before I tried to escape—and Black Hawk warned me—next time it was death!" he said. "But we've a chance."

Again there was a struggle in the gunman's breast—to mount and ride and save himself, and leave the boy to the vengeance of the Yaqui—it was easy! But something that he scarcely understood himself was working in that ruthless breast. The boy had saved him—risked his life to save him—the boy trusted him. It was the first time for many a long year that any human being had trusted Slick Singer, the desperate gunman of Packsaddle. The way to fortune lay open before him—and he did not take it.

"Git on the cayuse!" muttered the gunman hoarsely.

He mounted, with the boy behind him. A savage drive of his spurs, and the chestnut cow-pony broke into a gallop. The hoofs rang on the sandy plain in a rapid tattoo.

Behind, in the darkness, was the thunder of many hoofs. The Yaqui were mounted and in pursuit.

Closer and closer, as the gunman urged on the cow-pony, came the thunder of pursuing hoofs.

The cayuse was a good one, but he was carrying a double load and unless they gave the pursuers the slip in the darkness they had little hope of escape. One blow would have sent the boy toppling from the horse and left him to his death, and the cow-pony would have carried Slick Singer swiftly to safety. But that thought was not in Slick Singer's mind now.

He had ridden into the Staked Plain to take the boy's life, and once his rifle had been trained on him from cover, and only the Rio Kid's hand had averted the death-shot. And now he was giving up his own chance of safety to save the boy's life!

It was a change of heart that the desperado himself could hardly understand; and yet he knew that if they did not escape together they would perish together at the hands of the Yaqui—that nothing would induce him to ride on alone and leave the boy to his fate.

Harder and harder he spurred the panting cow-pony, while from the darkness behind the thundering hoofbeats and the yells of the Indian braves rang nearer.

The Kid's Close Call!

THE sudden outburst of alarm in the Yaqui encampment startled the Rio Kid. For more than an hour, after he had listened to the voices of the Yaqui chief and the captured gunman, the Kid had glided among the tepees, seeking some sign of the boy prisoner. Twice or thrice he heard muttered words from the dark interior of the lodges, but always in the guttural Yaqui tongue. The Kid cursed his luck which had led him by chance to the lodge where Slick Singer lay a prisoner, but helped him no further. But the Kid was patient, and chance might befriend him yet; and if he failed to find the boy before sun-up, he figured on taking cover among the rocks overlooking the encampment, and watching for a sight of him when day dawned, and for a chance of getting word with him. Sooner or later, the Kid reckoned, by night or by day, he would get in touch with the boy he sought; and long ago the outlaw of the Rio Grande had learned to be patient. But the sudden alarm that roused the sleeping camp put paid to the Kid's hopes and plans.

What it meant he did not at first gather. He knew that he was not discovered; it was not his presence that had alarmed the Yaqui. At the first shout from a wakeful Redskin the Kid crouched low in the narrow space between two wigwams, in black darkness, and did not stir—listening intently for a cue to the disturbance.

The shouts of the Yaqui soon told him what was toward. He knew much of the Yaqui dialect, and he soon learned that the white prisoner had escaped, and that the "Little Antelope" was missing. From what he had heard the Yaqui chief saying in the prisoner's tepee, the Kid knew who was meant by Little Antelope. He knitted his brows as he lay in the blackness while the Redskins shouted and yelled to one another. It was easy enough for him to guess what had happened; the fact that the boy and the prisoner were missing together

made it as clear to the Kid as to the Redskins themselves.

"Dog-gone it!" murmured the Kid. "That pesky boy has let that durned gunman loose and gone with him; and him watching for a chance to rub the kid out! By the great horned toad, if he harms that boy I'll trail him down and get him, if I have to follow him all the way back to San Antonio!"

He heard the thunder of hoofs as a numerous party of the Yaqui rode down the valley, evidently in chase of the fugitives.

His heart was heavy with anxiety for the boy.

If Dick Singer fell into the hands of the Redskins it was likely to go hard with him. His life had been spared by the savage braves who had slain his father, and he had been adopted into the tribe; and the Kid had seen that the Yaqui treated him as one of themselves—they had shown him as much kindness as their savage natures were capable of.

His desertion, and his aid to the prisoner, both surprised and enraged the Redskins, as the Kid could understand from their excited talk that reached his ears. They were not likely to spare his life again. But it was less from the savage Yaqui than from the gunman that the boy had reason to fear danger, in the Kid's mind. He had fled with Slick Singer, never dreaming of the gunman's object in coming to the lost valley; and his life was at the mercy of the villain who had ridden into the Staked Plain for no purpose but to take it. The Kid's brow was black, and his heart was heavy. The fleeing gunman might escape, but it was little likely that the boy would live to see the dawn.

But the Kid, for the present, could not stir. The whole village was awake now, excited braves swarming among the tepees. A bunch of Yaqui had ridden down the valley in pursuit, but the greater part of the tribe were still in the encampment; their guttural voices reached the Kid from all quarters. He could not stir without betraying his presence, and that meant a desperate fight against overwhelming odds, and death. He lay low in the darkness and listened.

The thundering hoofbeats died away down the valley towards the plain. Several times the Kid heard more riders follow the same way. But there was no sound of returning horsemen. The fugitives had got clear of the valley, the Kid reckoned, and they had not yet been run down on the plain. The Kid's own position was dangerous enough. Unless the camp settled down again he could not retreat; and if morning found him still within the encampment, discovery was certain. And dawn was not far away now.

But the excited voices died away at last. Many of the Indians had returned to their lodges; others stirred the embers of the camp-fire in the centre of the village, and piled wood on it, and sat round the fire waiting for the return of the pursuers. In the dark sky over the hidden valley there was a growing paleness that hinted of the coming of day. The Kid knew that he could not afford to wait much longer.

He stirred at last.

Softly, cautiously, he rose to his feet and crept out from between the wigwams.

Without a sound, keeping as close as he could in the cover of the lodges, he crept on his way.

There was a sudden snarl as one of the shaggy, wolfish dogs that prowled round the camp leaped at him. The Kid struck the brute down with the

barrel of a Colt, and there was a fierce howl from the dog as it rolled over. He heard exclamations from the Indians round the fire, and there were footsteps among the lodges. The Kid threw caution to the winds now and started to run. As he ran, a dark figure crossed his path, and there was a Yaqui yell, and a fierce, copper-skinned brave sprang at the Kid with flashing tomahawk, yelling to his comrades as he sprang.

Crash!

The Redskin rolled at the Kid's feet from a blow by the Kid's iron fist.

The Kid leaped over the fallen Yaqui and rushed on. Fierce yells sounded behind him, and a whizzing spear narrowly missed the Kid and dropped yards in front of him. He rushed on desperately. But the Yaqui, aware now that there was an enemy in the camp, were swarming and yelling on all sides. The Kid almost ran into a bunch of them, and his six-gun spat flame and death. He was through, and speeding down the narrow valley towards the plain. If he could only reach the spot where he had left Side-Kicker—

The Kid ran fast through the darkness that was giving way now to the light of day. Behind him were rapid footsteps and panting breath. The puncher, accustomed to riding, ran awkwardly in riding-boots; the Kid, like all punchers, was no great hand at hoofing it. And the Yaqui, in their moccasins, ran swiftly. He heard the soft beat of pursuing footsteps draw nearer, and a shot from a rifle whizzed past him.

The Kid turned, with a blaze in his eyes and a six-gun in either hand.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The bunch of Yaqui were almost upon him when the Kid turned and began to shoot. Right and left dusky forms reeled; even in the hot haste and the half-light, the Rio Kid was not the man to waste a shot. Four of the Yaqui went reeling under his fire, and the others, with fearful yells, broke away from it and scattered.

He turned again and tore on.

He left the valley behind him now; the open plain beyond the hills, glimmering in the first rays of dawn, was before him. The Kid trampled on fast over the sandy earth, among the sage and cactus and yucca. He was panting for breath, the perspiration streaming down his sunburnt face, as he came at last into the hollow, screened by sage, where he had left Side-Kicker.

"Old hoss!" panted the Kid.

The grey mustang was at his side in an instant. The Kid leaped into the saddle.

One glance he gave back at the opening in the low hills. A score of Redskins on foot were in sight; he had nothing to fear from them now that he was on the back of Side-Kicker. But behind them, issuing from the valley, came a crowd of Yaqui mounted on shaggy Indian ponies. The Kid gave them a look, and then touched his mustang with the quirt and galloped away.

The Kid figured that there was no cayuse in the ragged gang of Yaqui who could touch Side-Kicker in a race; and he was right. He galloped at top speed on the level plain, in the glimmer of the rising sun; and for many miles the pursuing Yaqui remained in sight, urging on their ponies, but the Kid dropped them at last and rode alone in the vast solitude of the Staked Plain.

A Ruffian's Repentance!

SLICK SINGER looked back.

The gunman's face was grim. But for the double load on his cow-pony the man from Packsaddle would have out-distanced the Redskins, and escaped in the darkness before the dawn came. But his cayuse, strong and wiry as it was, felt the weight of the double burden, and its efforts relaxed in spite of whip and spur. Once, in the gloom, the gunman thought that the pursuers had missed him; the galloping hoofs of the Indian ponies grew fainter in the distance. But if they had missed his track they found it again, and the thunder of many beating hoofs rang nearer and clearer once more.

The faint hope died in his breast. Looking back, with savage eyes, as the night paled into dawn, many a long mile from the lost valley in the Windy Creek hills, the gunman saw the fluttering feathers of the pursuers. Strung out in an irregular line, the best-mounted braves leading, more than a dozen of the Yaqui were still keeping up the chase.

There had been more at first, the gunman reckoned, but they had tailed off. That mattered little, however. There were more than enough of them to deal with him when they ran him down. But for the darkness they would have run him down before this, he knew, and now day was coming. The yells that floated to his ears on the wind told that the Yaqui saw him now, and, with desperate spur, he urged on the flagging cow-pony.

He felt the boy, who was seated behind him, holding on to him, shudder. "We are lost!" whispered Dick Singer.

"I guess I ain't banking on our chances!" muttered the gunman. "But they ain't got us yet."

His six-gun had been taken from him when he was captured, but his rifle was still in the leather scabbard attached to his saddle. The gunman released it and examined it.

The boy spoke again:

"The cayuse is failin'. I tried to save you—now save yourself. I will take my chance with the Yaqui—they may spare my life. There is a chance, at least; but none for you if they run you down. Slacken, while I drop off."

The gunman muttered a curse.

It was what he wanted—or what he had wanted. Again and again during that wild ride, with death behind, he had been tempted to hurl the boy from the horse and leave him to his fate—to save himself, and to step into the fortune for which he had schemed. But he could not do it. Now he was tempted again. He had only to take the boy at his word!

"Can it!" he snapped. "I guess them Yaqui would give you your ticket for soup after you helped me get away."

"They've got us!" said the boy. He looked back. "They see us now; they're coming on hand over fist. There may be a chance for me—there's none for you. Let me drop!"

"Can it, I'm telling you!" snarled Slick Singer. "I guess it's both or neither, boy!"

"You came to save me," whispered the boy. "You risked your life to get me away. Now I will save you!"

The gunman felt a pang. The boy's trust in him, in his good faith, went strangely to his heart.

"Stick where you are!" he said.

"Then we are both lost!"

"I guess we ain't both lost!" said the gunman grimly. "The cayuse will carry one, and you're the one!"

"But you—"

"I reckon I'm taking my chance. I'll make them Yaqui pay high for my scalp!" said Slick Singer, between his teeth. "I guess I'm the galoot that is dropping off, and you're going on, Dick!"

them pay dear afore they wipe me out. You get me? Kids on hell-for-leather when I've quit!"

"I'm not leaving you to it!" muttered the boy stubbornly.

"Aw, you bonehead, what's the good of hanging on to me and getting chewed up, too?" snarled the gunman. "You got a chance, and you got to take it. By the great horned toad, I'm telling you, you got to ride on for your life when I quit!"

Under the steep side of the volcanic rock he drew in the panting, foaming mustang, and leaped from the saddle.



Crash! The Kid's iron fist caught the Redskin on the point of the jaw, and sent him spinning to the ground!

"Never!"

"Aw, can it!"

The gunman from Packsaddle had made up his mind.

He spurred on the weary cow-pony desperately, heading for a mesa that rose over the plain at a distance.

Escape for both was impossible. The Yaqui were drawing close now, and bullets were whistling past the fugitives. The cow-pony was still struggling on gallantly, urged by quirt and spur; but he was failing, and ere long the Redskins would be riding within reach, and their thrusting spears would end the chase.

Slick Singer's desperate eyes looked for a spot where he could make a stand and hold off the Yaqui while the boy escaped, and the mesa—one of the masses of high rock that dotted the plain—was as good a spot as he could have asked for. It rose abruptly from the plain to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, with steep sides, and almost level on top. The gunman rode for it desperately.

"Quit chewing the rag, Dick, and listen to me!" he muttered. "I'm dropping off when we get to the mesa—you see it yonder. I guess I'll stall off them Yaqui while you ride clear, and make

"Beat it!" he snapped.

And he struck the horse savagely with the quirt, and sent him careering on, with the boy clinging to his back.

There was a yell from the Yaqui. The nearest of them was not twenty yards' distant now.

With a curse, the gunman flung the rifle to his shoulder and fired. The leading Yaqui rolled off his horse, with a yell and a crash on the sun-baked plain.

Slinging his rifle over his shoulder, Slick Singer clambered desperately up the rugged, steep side of the mesa.

Thrice a bullet struck the rock at his side as he clambered up, spattering fragments round him.

But he dragged himself on, and rolled on the top of the mesa, panting. He did not rest a second. Lying on his chest on the summit of the high rock, he pushed his rifle out before him, ready to open fire if the Yaqui attempted to follow him up. His glance followed the boy.

Dick had scrambled into the saddle and reached the reins, and he strove to pull in the cow-pony. The gunman cursed as he saw the boy whirl the cow-

pony round, and come riding back towards the mesa.

He waved his hand, and yelled: "Ride, you young gink! Ride! Beat it, dog-gone you—beat it while you've a chance!"

The boy, with a set, white face, was riding back. But it was too late to rejoin the gunman. The Yaqui came up with a rush, and swept between him and the mesa.

"Ride!" shrieked the gunman.

The boy would have been surrounded in another minute. He gave a wild glance at the man on the mesa, and, realising that he could not rejoin him, he swung the cow-pony round again and galloped off.

In a few moments, Dick Singer

vanished in a cloud of dust. Some of the Yaqui, leaving the mesa, rode after the boy. But Dick Singer had a long start now, and he had disappeared among the ridges and fold of the plain, and the gunman guessed that he would be able to ride clear.

Four or five of the Yaqui were clambering up the rugged side of the mesa, and a coppery face rose over the level. With the muzzle of his rifle almost touching the fierce face, the gunman fired, and the Redskins went crashing down the rock to the earth below. Another face rose, and another, and twice the gunman fired, and the Yaqui rolled down. He watched savagely for another face to rise; but he watched in vain, the other Redskins had leaped back.

Slick Singer grinned savagely as he reloaded his rifle. The attack was stopped, but it was only stopped for the time. More and more of the Redskins would soon be arriving, and the end was certain. But he swore savagely that they should pay high for his scalp. And he had saved the boy. He had ridden into the Staked Plain to take his life, and now he was giving his own life to save him. And somehow the thought of that gave him courage and strength to face the inevitable end. And the end, now, could not be long in coming.

THE END.

(There's a surprise in store for all in next week's *Roaring Western Thriller*, entitled: "THE RIO KID'S QUEST!")

142 PRIZEWINNERS—RESULT OF "WHO'S WHO" COMPETITION!

"REX-ACME" MOTOR-BIKE GOES TO YORKSHIRE READER!

Is Your Name In The Specially ENLARGED Prize List Below?

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution to the four sets of puzzle-pictures. THE FIRST PRIZE—"REX-ACME" MOTOR-CYCLE—has therefore been awarded to:

G. Jones, 55, Church Lane, Normanton, Yorks.

Owing to the large number of competitors qualifying for the other prizes, a slight rearrangement in the awards has been necessary. WARNEFORD "DEMON" TRACTOR PLANES, as offered, have been awarded to the following fourteen readers whose efforts were next in order of merit:

A. Alderman, 50, Field Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

K. C. Bennett, 52, Erskine Park Road, Rushall, Tunbridge Wells.

K. Bond, 102, Albert Road, Peckham, London.

K. Chappell, 54, Vernon Terrace, Sheffield.

J. R. Cross, 12, Colvestone Crescent, Dalston, London, E.8.

T. H. Gerrard, 61, Highfield Road, Coventry.

I. Harrison, 18b, Highbrook Villas, Brighton.

L. Harwood, Ella Villas, Kenneth Road, Thundersley, Essex.

R. Havell, 32, Winsley Road, Colchester.

G. C. Holley, 60, Arnold Road, Dagenham, Essex.

J. Kimberley, 109, Selsey Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

E. Leach, 32, St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts.

M. McLean, 95, Addycombe Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

S. J. Rouse, 64, Roman Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

The value of the remaining planes offered has been considerably increased, so that each of the following 127 competitors whose solutions each contained four errors, shall also have prizes, and another, but still very attractive model, of the famous "Warneford" Tractor Plane has been sent to each of them:

A. J. Abberley, Newborough, Burton-on-Trent; H. Adams, 481, Valence Avenue, Becontree, Essex; E. Akers, 45, Thirimeres Road, Darlington; A. J. D. Arthur, Lee Road, Colombes, St. Mary's, Jersey; C. L. H. Astill, 9, Denton Road, Stonebridge Park, N.W.10;

F. G. Bird, 7, Nelson Road, Wanstead, E.11;

D. Bowles, 216, Tyburn Road, Erdington, Birmingham; G. Brearley, 16, Back Cross Lane, Primrose Hill, Huddersfield; E. Brice,

4, Nelson Terrace, The Mall, Faversham, Kent; E. Broadbent, 33, First Avenue, Hove, Sussex;

J. Brooker, 79, St. James Road, Bermudaesey, S.E.16; G. Brookes, 10, Winchendon Road, Fulham, S.W.6; F. W. Brown, 12, Somerfield Road, Finsbury Park, N.4; E. Cadman, 23, Manchester Road, Southport, Lancs; S. Chapman, 8, Bolivia Street, Waste, Manchester; G. Chappell, 54, Vernon Terrace, Sheffield; F. Chesworth, 100, West Worsley Street, Salford, Lancs; R. Chisham, 35, St. Chad's Avenue, North End, Portsmouth;

R. Churchill, Rosendaal, Bridge Hill, Epping, Essex; E. Cockayne, 76, College Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.10; J. J. Cockburn, 198, Willows Lane, Daubhill, Bolton; A. Cole, 12, Whitacre Road, Bordesley Green, Birmingham; R. J. Cracknell, 245, Eastcombe Avenue, Charlton,

S.E.7; H. F. Carr, Rockmount Hotel, Cob, Guernsey, C.I.; J. Cunningham, 70, Udston Road, Burnbank, Lanarkshire; A. F. Davidson, Sunnside, Killingworth, Northild.; A. Day, 223, Shirley Road, Birmingham; J. Deakin, 33, Thornville Road, Darnall, Sheffield;

G. W. Dobson, 3, St. John's Road, March, Cambs; F. Dorey, 22, Meadow Place, South Lambeth, S.W.5; S. Edwards, 43, Huntingdon Street, Barnsbury, N.1; J. Farrington, Ryecroft Hall, Audenshaw, near Manchester;

G. Fear, Castle Street, Upnor, near Rochester, Kent; K. Fensome, 9, M.Q. R.A.F. Depot, Uxbridge, Middx.; J. E. Forbes, Alexandra Road, Sleaford, Lincs; B. H. Foster, 54, Bridget Street, Rugby; C. J. Franklin, 46, Dents Road, Bedford; J. T. Franklin, 52, Skitts Hill, Braintree, Essex; F. R. Gee, 39, Mouson Road, Harlesden, N.W.10; J. Giapponi, 91, Dartmouth Park Hill, Highgate, N.19;

W. Golding, 278, West Green Road, Tottenham, N. 15; A. D. Gosman, 71, Oakwood Avenue, Beekenhall, Kent; W. J. Grace, Te-Kiang, Elmsleigh Drive, Leigh-on-Sea; G. Grady, 168, Mary Vale Road, Bournville, Birmingham;

R. Groves, 3, Belgrove, Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; S. Hart, 13, Ash Street, Hertford; G. Henderson, Market Square, Birr, Offaly, Ireland; R. E. Henneman, 107, Tottenham Road, Palmers Green, N.13; D. J. Hennessy, 1, Dawson's Terrace, Rock Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry; F. Hernon, 44, Stafford Street, Leicester; F. E. Hobbs, 196, Gordon Avenue, Camberley, Surrey; F. C. Holdstock, Shaftesbury, Brighton Road, Horsham, Sussex;

H. Johnson, 1, Fleet Street, Derby; L. F. Johnson, 25, Victoria Road, Baby, Doncaster; G. Jones, 32, Primrose Terrace, Shrewsbury, Salop; C. Kittel, Oakfield, 4, Christchurch Avenue, London, N.12; W. H. Laycock, 6, Aldfield Way, Pitsmoor, Sheffield; J. E. Lee, 70, Garners Lane, Stockport; H. Le Grice, 75, Bearwood Hill Road, Burton-on-Trent; J. B. Lewis, Park Farm, Cwmbach, Aberdare, Glam; R. Lloyd, 55, Blantyre Street, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent; K. Lodder, 3, Monkton Farleigh, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts; R. Long, Bottom, 48, William Street, Newark, Notts;

B. Lowon, West End Gardens, West Auckland, Co. Durham; J. McBride, 17, Copperfield Avenue, Great Yarmouth; D. McGregor, 11, Shieldmuir Street, Wishaw, Lanarkshire;

B. McLaughlin, 25, Clarendon Road, Wallington, Surrey; E. F. J. Marsh, 16, Falcon Terrace, Clapham Junction, S.W.11; A. J. M. Milner, Stafford House, Stafford Road, Sidcup, Kent; C. Moysse, 5, Gloucester Terrace, Sandgate, Kent; R. Napier, 318, Byres Road, Hillhead, Glasgow, W.2; M. Neale, 26, Ebenezer Street, Langley Mill, Notts; H. Newbury, The Nook, Warash, near Southampton; H. Nichols, 5, Chester Place, Norwich; T. Norris, 32, Magdala Road, Cosham, Hants; W. C. Norton, 3, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.11; R. Nuttall, Whitcot, Bradford Road, Burley-in-Warriedale; J. T. W. Page, 15, Lawrence Street, Chelsea, S.W.3; E. Peters, 7a, Quarry Cottages, Mountain Ash, Glam; R. Phipps, 14, Staunton Street, Deptford, S.E.8; G. Pilling, 12, Towson Avenue, Langley Mill Notts; D. C. Powell, 45, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos; J. H. Pye, 8, Wycliffe

Street, Rock Ferry, Cheshire; C. B. Quennell, 5, Woburn Place, Rushden, Northants; J. E. T. Raper, 9, Elm Park Gardens Mews, Chelsea, S.W.3; F. Ratcliffe, 412, Queen's Gate, Blackpool, N.S.; W. E. Rattenbury, 15, Strand Hill, Dawlish, Devon; S. Roberts, 43, Elm Road, Crumpsall, Manchester; J. R. Romaine, 44, Hutton Road, Little Horton, Bradford, Yorks; J. Rose, 3, London Street, Andover, Hants; W. S. Rowell, Toingrace, Newton Abbot; H. J. Bush, 3, Boston Road, West Croydon, Surrey; V. Russell, 12, Lawfords Gate, Bristol; W. C. Sadler, The Shop, Ingoldisthorpe, King's Lynn; D. Sayers, Railway Terrace, Tongham, Surrey; K. Scott, 2, Newby Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees; W. R. Scott, 57, Cranleigh Road, Buckland, Portsmouth; F. D. Scruby, 8, Shrubbery Road, Streatham, S.W.16; R. J. Sherwood, 33, Northampton Avenue, Farnham Road, Slough; G. Shrewsbury, 5, Jennison Street, Bulwell, Nottingham; E. Slaughter, 12, Seymour Gardens, Twickenham, Middx.; J. Smith, 5, Alicia Gardens, Kenton, Middx.; R. Smith, 18, St. Thomas Road, Spalding, Lincs; F. Starling, 39, Woodstock Avenue, West Ealing, W.13; B. Stevenson, 48, Keelings Drive, Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent; W. Stevenson, 81, Burr Street, Luton, Beds; J. Tait, Terrace Road, Carnoustie, Angus; A. C. Tapsell, 25, Westbrook Avenue, Margate, Kent; C. Tatham, 4, Stone Street, Cambridge; R. Taylor, Hall Lane, Kelsall, near Chester; S. Thompson, 58, Claverton Street, Pimlico, S.W.1; F. Toward, 24, Primrose Terrace, Monkton, Jarrow; B. Udy, 42, North Street, Fowey, Cornwall; K. J. Walker, 21, Mackenzie Street, Derby; R. Wedgwood, 21, Fletcher Street, Middlesbrough; A. West, 22, King's Ride, Camberley, Surrey; S. White, 8, Franklyn Street, St. Paul's, Bristol; G. H. Wiles, 476, Mawneys Road, Romford, Essex; R. B. C. Wilcox, 8, Borneo Street, Putney, S.W.15; R. Williams, 2, Fletcher Square, Littleborough, near Manchester; R. P. Williams, 32, The Crescent, Pewsey, Wilts; A. T. Willson, 67, Oldfield Road, Willenden, N.W.10; J. Wilmot, 2, Council Houses, Compton, Winchester; E. Wood, 73, West Grove, Gipsyville, Hull; W. Woodruff, 221, Mount Street, Bradford; A. L. Wright, Vinny Ridge, Dulwich Road, Holland-on-Sea, Essex; A. Wynn, 13, Kemp Street, Rochdale, Lancs.

The Correct Solution to the four sets of puzzle-pictures was:

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| 1. William. | 17. Albert. |
| 2. Jack. | 18. Roderick. |
| 3. Edward. | 19. Arnold. |
| 4. Andrew. | 20. King. |
| 5. Thomas. | 21. Vane. |
| 6. Harold. | 22. James. |
| 7. David. | 23. Teddy. |
| 8. Peter. | 24. Toole. |
| 9. Ernest. | 25. Stephen. |
| 10. Lionel. | 26. Toby. |
| 11. Owen. | 27. Eric. |
| 12. Robert. | 28. Herman. |
| 13. Earl. | 29. Jock. |
| 14. Philip. | 30. Max. |
| 15. Dicky. | 31. Lance. |
| 16. Moses. | 32. Keith. |