

BACK TO THE OUTLAW TRAILS—FAREWELL TO THE RIO KID!

The Kid's Last Blow!



Danger!

THE Rio Kid stirred restlessly in his sleep.

It was a calm, quiet night. A full round moon sailed over the cow town of Plug Hat. Every building, every cabin and shack was picked out with black distinctness. The hour was late, and the last festive cowman had rolled home and slammed his door. All was still, and Plug Hat slept the sleep of the just.

But the sheriff of Plug Hat was restless.

Generally, the Rio Kid slept soundly enough. In lonely camps on the prairie, in deep coverts in the chaparral, in hidden arroyos in the sierra, the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande had been wont to slumber as peacefully as an infant. But in his cabin on the plaza of Plug Hat his sleep was broken, and he stirred and stirred, and at last awoke.

It was as if some mysterious sense warned the Kid of danger that still moonlight night.

He sat up in his bunk in the darkness of the room. The window was shuttered and hardly a glimmer of light came in.

"Sho!" murmured the Kid. He listened, sitting in his blankets, as often he had listened in the silence of the night, in some solitary camp in the wilderness. "Say, you gink, what's the trouble?"

matter with you? What's biting you, you peaky geek?"

All was still. No sound came to his ears save the faint *souga* of the wind from the prairie, the distant whine of a coyote.

Yet the Kid was uneasy.

He tried to reason it out, to still the nerves that were warning him of danger. He was not the Rio Kid now, lurking in hidden camps; he was "Texas Brown," Sheriff of Plug Hat! Nobody knew that he was the hunted outlaw except Jim Hall, captain of the Rangers; and

THE KID SHERIFF QUILTS!

Jim Hall was shut up, a prisoner, in the hidden cave under the waterfall in the Los Pinos hills. The Texas Rangers were at Los Pinos; but only by the most unlikely chance could they possibly light on the man who knew the sheriff's secret. And in Plug Hat town, the Kid was monarch of all he surveyed.

But reason was useless against instinct. The Rio Kid could not sleep, and his eyes did not close again. He reached out to the bench beside the bed to make sure that the walnut-butted guns were there, and ready to his hand.

Suddenly he started and listened more intently. Through the silence of the

night came a sound, faint at first, growing louder and more distinct. The Kid's keen ears picked it up on the instant. It was the distant galloping of a horse—distant, but approaching Plug Hat.

Who was galloping through the night? The galloping of a horse was not an unusual sound, even in the middle of the night, in the cow country. Yet the Kid felt his heart beating faster as he listened to the approaching tread of rapid hoofs.

If it spelled danger—
Gallop! Gallop!

Sharper came the sound through the night—the sound, as the Kid's keen ear told him, of a horse driven to its hardest speed. Whoever was riding through the moonlight to Plug Hat was riding hard, with quirt and spur. It was not a cowman riding in late—it was some galoot who rode as if a bunch of Apaches rode after him.

"Nothin' to worry me!" grunted the Kid.

But he knew in his bones that there was danger. He rose from the bunk, and dressed himself quickly. He fastened on his gun-belt, with the two guns that had often served him well.

Gallop! Gallop!

The unknown horseman was in the street of Plug Hat now, the rapid hoof-beats sending echoes among the shacks. Now he was in the plaza, and now, with a crash of hoofs and a jingle of bridle and spurs, he had dragged in his horse outside the sheriff's office. And the Kid knew that he had expected the horseman to halt right there—his instinct had told him true.

There was a blow on the outer door.

"Sheriff!"

A hoarse voice, hoarse with breathless haste, called. The Kid, in surprise, recognized the voice—it was that of Colorado Bill. Colorado had been over at White Pine, on the other side of the Los Pinos sierra, and the Kid had not figured on seeing him again till the morning. Colorado had come back. But why had he come in such breathless haste?

The Kid passed through the outer room, and threw open the door that gave on the plaza.

Colorado stood there, panting, beside his broncho, that was covered with dust and foam.

"Say, Colorado, here I am!"

The Kid's cool drawl was as serene as usual.

Colorado staggered into the sheriff's office. His tanned face was red and perspiring, his chaps thick with dust. He leaned on the sheriff's desk and panted.

"I guess you been burning the wind," said the Kid.

"You said it!" gasped Colorado.

"What's the trouble?"

The burly cowman did not answer immediately. He had come in wild haste to tell the sheriff something; yet now he was here he seemed to hesitate.

The Kid drew a deep breath. He turned sharply to the cowman.

"Spill it!" he snapped.
"Sheriff—" panted Colorado.

"Spill it, pronto."
"Sheriff, Mule-Kick Hall's headin' for Plug Hat, with his whole troop of Texas Rangers!"

Facing the Music!

THE Rio Kid stood very still. His face did not change; the glance of his eyes was steady. But a slow cold chill crept into his heart.

Colorado, panting, looked at him. Colorado hardly knew what effect he expected from his words. So far as appearances went, they had no effect whatever on the sheriff of Plug Hat.

But it was a long moment before the Kid spoke.

"Mule-Kick Hall!" he drawled. How had the Ranger escaped, was the thought hammering in the Kid's mind. He had hit him safe enough. Yet what did it matter now? If Colorado had seen him with his Rangers, it was clear that he had escaped; he, the only man in Texas who knew that the sheriff of Plug Hat was in reality the boy outlaw who had mysteriously disappeared from all knowledge. Mule-Kick Hall and the Texas Rangers, riding through the night to Plug Hat! The Kid's instinct had served him well. Danger and death were at the heels of the hunted Kid!

Colorado made a step towards him. "Sheriff! I don't give a continental red cent who you are, and what you was—Texas Brown is good enough for me! But is it good enough for Hall and the Rangers!"

The Kid smiled. "You ain't forgotten, sheriff, that that gink, Hall, accused you of being the Rio Kid—"

"I remember."
"And he jest vanished the same night, and folks reckoned that he'd been shot up by Cactus Carter."

"Sure!"
"But he wasn't shot up, sheriff! I seen him."

"You've seen him?"
"Like thunder I have!"
"Sure it was Hall?"

"Don't I know his leathery face, and his eyes like two chunks of cold steel! It was Mule-Kick Hall! They're coming!" Colorado paused, and bent his head to listen. "They won't be here yet! I guess I left 'em well back of me. But they're coming."

The Kid knew that. An almost inaudible sound in the far distance was already growing clearer.

"Bein' clear and moonlight, I reckoned I'd hit the trail home to-night, sheriff, from White Pine," said Colorado. "You know where the trail runs through the valley in the Los Pinos Sierra—"

The Kid nodded. "I seed a camp fire there, and the Rangers round it. I knowed they was coming Los Pinos for the Rio Kid—all Sassafras county knows that—and I figured I'd drop in and ask them if they'd put salt on his tail. Jest as I was coming up to the camp, I seed Mule-Kick Hall. There he was, squatin' on a log before the fire, lookin' as if he'd been through it, sheriff! He was telling the Rangers to—"

Colorado paused again, and shot a quick look at the sheriff.
"Spill it!" drawled the Kid.

"Say, sheriff, you don't want to get mad; I'm standing by you, Rio Kid or not!" said Colorado. "And I guessed that I wouldn't ride into their camp like I meant, arter I seed Hall! I jest left my cayuse in a thicket, and loped around and gave them a look-see. And I heard Hall telling them that the Rio Kid had cached him safe in a cave in the Los Pinos, and left him fixed there, and that guy Austin Red had jest dropped on him by accident, goin' after an autelopo for his supper."

"Sho!" murmured the Kid.
"And the order was boot and saddle!" went on Colorado. "The Rangers were saddling up when I quit. And after that, sheriff, I reckon I burned the wind to hit Plug Hat."

"To warn me?"
"You got it!"

The Kid laughed.
"What you reckon, Colorado? You figure that I'm that fire-bug from the Rio Grande that Hall's been after so long?"

Colorado shifted uneasily. "I ain't saying so," he answered. "But Jim Hall believes it, and he's as mad as a hornet to get the Rio Kid. I guessed it was up to me to put you wise, sheriff, jest as fast as I knew how."

"I guess it was good of you, old-timer," said the Kid gratefully. "You sure are a good little man."

"I ain't asking you to tell me anything, sheriff—"

"I guess I couldn't tell you more than you've suspicioned already!" murmured the Kid.

"But you're our sheriff; you're Texas Brown, and Texas Brown goes! You've made Plug Hat! There ain't a guy in town that won't stand for you! If you was the Rio Kid before you hit Plug Hat, I don't care a continental red cent, and I guess the boys won't care either! You're sheriff of Plug Hat, and we're standing for you!"

Faintly, through the night, came the beat of hoofs. The riding Rangers were drawing nearer to the cow town. Fifty men the Kid figured, were riding in that bunch—fifty of the hardest-trained guys, fifty of the best shots in Texas—not a man of whom would dream of turning back from the path of duty, if death with a thousand terrors stood in the way! Fifty hard-bitten Rangers, led by a man of ice and iron; a man who would have led them down the slopes of the burning pit rather than lose his quarry! And that bunch was riding into Plug Hat to seize the Rio Kid!

The Kid's eyes glittered.
A hundred men would grasp their Colts and stand by him at a word! Five hundred punchers would ride in from the ranches to stand by him, if the call came! What had he to fear?

The gleam in the Kid's eyes was reflected in Colorado's. He grasped the sheriff's arm.
"We're standing for you, sheriff! Let me go round and rouse out the boys—I guess there ain't one hombre that won't stand for you! Them Texas Rangers ain't runnin' things in Plug Hat! I guess we don't want Jim Hall to horn into our affairs. Let them ride in; and if it comes to shooting—and I reckon it will—there's enough guys in this town to wipe out all the Rangers in Texas! Say the word, sheriff, and this is Mule-Kick Hall's last trail!"

The Kid's lips set hard.
"Old-timer, I've given that man a square deal," he said slowly. "I offered to let him ride free, if he'd keep clear of Plug Hat, and leave a

galoot to make good! I could have shot him up easy; but I gave him his chance. Stand by me, and we'll run the Rangers out of Plug Hat, like we run out the rough-necks."

"You've said it, sheriff!"

Colorado Bill tramped out of the sheriff's office. A moment more, and the silent street of Plug Hat rang and echoed to knocking and shouting. Plug Hat was awakening; men turned out of their bunks and buckled on revolvers. And the sheriff of Plug Hat was carefully examining the walnut-buffed guns that never failed in the hands of the Rio Kid. He was going to need them now; and he had never needed them more!

The Sheriff's Last Order!

MULE-KICK HALL had a grim face as he rode down the trail from Los Pinos to the cow town. Behind him rode his men, equally grim and determined. Under the glimmering moonlight they rode in a dark bunch, with a jingle of spurs, a rattle of stirrups.

The captain of the rangers looked at the dark, silent stack of buildings ahead. Plug Hat showed no sign of life; none was to be expected at that hour.

Hall reckoned on this ride taking the sheriff by surprise; the man would be asleep, the town sleeping. Texas Brown, alias the Rio Kid, would be seized and secured before the cow town could turn out to his help—if, indeed, they stood by him at all.

Whether the Plug Hat men stood by the sheriff or not, whether there was bloodshed or not, Hall's fixed purpose was the same; if the cow town flowed deep with blood, he was going to cinch the Rio Kid.

His plans were already cut and dried, all his men understood. They were to ride into the cow town, surround the sheriff's office, and keep off any intervention, while Hall and a few picked men forced their way into the building and secured Texas Brown.

There was no escape for the Rio Kid who had escaped so often—Hall's hand touched the butt of his gun as he thought of that. He was going to arrest the Kid, but he would almost rather have shot him dead; and he would shoot him dead at sight if he lifted a finger in self-defence!

The clattering hoofs started the echoes in the rugged, unpaved street of the cow town.

Not a sound from the clustered cabins and shanties and shacks save for the echoing of the many hoofs. Not a light from a single window, not a stirring foot from the doorway.

The sheriff's office was in the plaza—the square in the centre of the town. Right through the rugged street the Rangers rode as far as the plaza, under the moonlight that was almost as clear as day. And there they came to a sudden halt.

For in the midst of the square, where it opened into the square, was a barricade—scores of strong riatas taut across the street, stopping any further advance.

And behind the rope barrier a hundred men or more, with the moonlight glinting on rifle and revolver.

The Rangers, riding down the irregular street, had not seen them till they came fairly on the rope barrier. They had not doubted for a second

that Plug Hat was sleeping; they had no reason to suspect that the Kid had been warned.

But they reckoned now that he had been warned, for it was clear that he was ready for them.

Jim Hall ground his teeth as he pulled in his horse. He told himself bitterly that he might as well have expected to catch a weasel asleep as the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande.

"Say, I guess they're wise to us!" murmured Austin Red.

see him, though Hall figured that he had been surprised when he got the news that his enemy was loose. How had he got the news? Who had warned him in time? Somehow, fortune always seemed to favour the Kid.

"Say, Hall, you're riding late!" said the Kid affably. "Or is it early? The whole bunch of you, I see, with your guns packed? I guess a galoot, looking at you-uns, would figure that you was on the warpath! What you want?"

"We want you!" said Hall curtly.

stood by its sheriff. Yet the sheriff had not denied that he was the Kid; and many of the armed crowd, at least, must have suspected that Hall's accusation was a true one. But they were standing for the Kid.

"Say, you dog-goned gecks, you want to beat it!" shouted Mesquite. "You Rangers ain't running this town!"

"That's a cinch!" declared Pop Short, the (at landlord of the Plug Hat hotel. Even the fat Pop had turned out with a shotgun. "Sheriff Texas Brown is good enough for us, and you Rangers can ride home and can yourselves."

Hall sat motionless in his saddle.

Grim and determined as he was, not setting his own life at a pin's fee, he hesitated to begin a conflict that would have been terrible. At such close range, face to face, gun to gun, hardly a Ranger could have escaped; but every one would have killed his man before he went down. And the thought of a hundred men weltering in blood under the scorching moon gave even the iron-hearted Ranger pause.

And it gave the Kid pause, too. For in his heart of hearts the Kid knew that he never could see death and destruction fall on the brave and loyal men who were backing him—his life, he reckoned, was not worth so many lives. He had resolved to fight—he was ready to fight—and yet he knew that he would rather yield himself a prisoner to the Rangers than see these faithful friends falling round him. Against a bunch of rustlers, or a mob of Redskins loose on the reservation, he would have led them without a second thought. But plunging them into a terrible conflict with the Texas Rangers was a different proposition. He had reckoned that he would do it; yet in his heart of hearts he knew that he never could.

The Rangers sat their horses, silent, waiting for orders. Looking certain death in the face, not a man thought of retreat.

Hall broke his silence at last.

"You Plug Hat galoots standing by that outlaw?"

"We're standing by our sheriff!" snorted Colorado, "and we ain't waiting for you to beat it, Jim Hall! You better git!"

"Not without my prisoner."

"You figure you can cinch our sheriff, with us standing by him?" jeered Colorado. "You want to forget that, Jim Hall! I reckon it won't take us a thunder of a time to wipe your bunch right out."

Hall's lip curled.

"I ain't saying no to that," he answered calmly. "I guess we'll make Plug Hat swim with blood before we're wiped out, if you draw trigger on us. But I ain't saying that you mayn't get away with it. But what's the use? I've sent messengers away with the news—to-morrow all Texas will know that the Rio Kid is playing sheriff in this town, and I guess the law is strong enough in this State to get him."

"You've sure spilled a mouthful, Hall," said the Kid. "I reckon I made a mistake in not letting the boys string you up when they wanted."

Hall's eyes gleamed at him like cold steel.

"I'm coming for you, Kid!" he said. "If you choose to drench this cow town with blood, I guess you've got the power; but dead or alive, you're my game, so long as I'm a living man. And I'm telling you to hand yourself



The Kid fired and back from his saddle went the captain of the Rangers, over his broncho's tail; back, with a crash into the grass of the prairie.

"It cuts no ice!" said Hall coldly. "We're here for the Rio Kid, and we're getting him."

"You bet!" agreed Red.

A flame seemed to shoot from Hall's eyes as a lithe, handsome figure, in Stetson, and goatskin chaps, and silver spurs, stepped out before the silent crowd that stood beyond the ropes.

It was Texas Brown, Sheriff of Plug Hat—known to the captain of the Rangers as the Rio Kid.

Hall's hand was convulsive on the butt of a gun. But he did not draw the gun—yet! Beyond the stretched lasso, a hundred firearms were raised or half-raised, and the whole bunch of Rangers were openly exposed to the volley that might roar at any instant. And if triggers were once pulled there would be many empty saddles in Hall's bunch—few, if any, of the Rangers would be sitting their horses when powder was once burned. And it was clear in Hall's bitter mind that instead of leading his men to an easy and certain capture, in the dead of night, he had led them into a deathtrap from which hardly a man would ride alive except at the word of the Rio Kid.

The Kid was not touching a weapon. He doffed his Stetson to Mule-Kick Hall, with the politeness for which the Sheriff of the Rio Grande was well known. He did not look surprised to

"Say, you know that the sheriff's office is always open for business in the daytime," said the Kid. "But if it's pressin' you can spill it now. I'm an obliging galoot! What you want with the sheriff?"

"Nothing with any sheriff," said Hall. "We want the Rio Kid—the outlaw whom we've hunted all over Texas—and by thunder we're going to have him!"

"You reckon that guy is around here?"

"You're the Rio Kid, dog-gone you!" "You said that before, Jim Hall, and I wasn't any too pleased," said the Sheriff of Plug Hat. "If you ain't got a new tune to sing, I guess you better close up that bully-beef trap of yours and get home to bed."

Hall glanced past the Kid, at the throng of his followers.

"Men of Plug Hat!" His voice rang sharp and clear. "I've told you before, and I tell you again, that that man is the Rio Kid, with a thousand dollars reward on his head—outlaw, and firebug, and hold-up man! I've got the warrant for his arrest, and I call on you to stand by me in taking him!"

"Aw, forget it!" booted Colorado. "Rio Kid or not, he's our sheriff, and we're standing by him till the cows come home! And I've got two Colts byer what says the same!"

A shout followed—a shout that told Hall plainly enough, that Plug Hat

over now, or the rookus begins, to once."

There was a roar from Plug Hat. Weapons were raised on all sides. But the Kid lifted his hand.

"Fellers," he said, and all eyes were upon him, "I been your sheriff, and I guess I made a pretty good sheriff! But what that hard-faced cuss says is the truth—I'm the Rio Kid! They made me an outlaw—and I guess there ain't a chance of getting back. I figured on sticking on byer as sheriff, and never riding an outlaw trail again; but the cards have gone agin me! There ain't going to be no rookus—my life ain't worth any man's life here. Fellers, this is the last order I'll ever give you as your sheriff, and I want you to stand for it—put up your guns!"

There was a deep murmur. Colorado Bill swore a lurid oath. "Sheriff, you ain't being cinched by them scallywags! I'll tell a man you ain't! Plug Hat won't stand for that!"

The Kid smiled faintly. "They ain't cinched me yet!" he said. "But the jig is up for me in Plug Hat, old-timer, and I got to ride! I guess I'll remember you boys, and how you stood for me! But I ain't letting you spill your juices for me—not by long chalks! I reckoned I'd make a fight for it—but I can't do it! I surely can't. I guess I wouldn't want to live, if it cost a bunch of lives to save me! Put up your guns!"

It was the last order of the Sheriff of Plug Hat, and it was obeyed. The Kid turned back to the Rangers.

"You hear me, Jim Hall! Not a man here is goin' to handle a gun. You want me, dog-gone you! Get me if you can!"

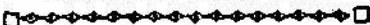
He stepped back towards the sheriff's office. Mule-Kick Hall's hand fastened on a gun. Austin Red grasped his arm. The Plug Hat men had put up their guns; but if the Ranger captain had fired on the Kid then, every gun would have leaped out to avenge him. Hall gave his follower a fierce look, for a second; then he nodded. The Rio Kid disappeared into the building.

"We'll get him yet!" breathed Hall. "Ride round to cut him off from the prairie! Ride, damn you!"

With lowering faces the Plug Hat crowd watched the Rangers ride. They looked at the sheriff's office. From behind the building, behind the street, came a thudding of hoofs. The Rio Kid was riding.



Back to the Outlaw Trail!



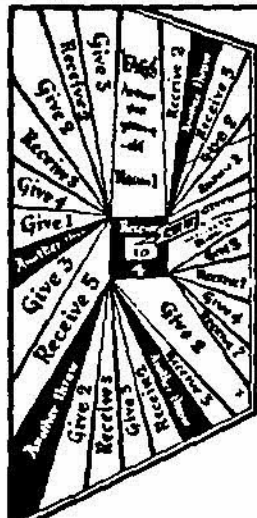
THE Kid was riding. Sheriff of Plug Hat no longer. He had sworn that he would stick to Plug Hat; that he was sheriff, and would stay sheriff; that never more would he ride an outlaw trail! But when it came to the test, when it was a question of seeing blood flow like water for his sake, lives spent in his cause, he could not stand for it! Better an outlaw trail than that!

He had a few minutes. The Rangers could not ride on through the plaza to the sheriff's office; they had to ride back, and round the shacks and cabins, to get to the rear of the building from the prairie. Plug Hat had obeyed the Kid's order, and guns had been holstered; but the atmosphere was

electric. Had the Rangers fired, had they attempted to ride through the crowd, there would have been an outbreak instantly. It was with sour and heavy hearts that the Kid's friends had obeyed him, and their looks at the Rangers were black and lowering. And Mule-Kick Hall was not looking for a rookus that could only have ended in the massacre of his troop. He wanted the Kid—and a desperate battle with Plug Hat was not the way to get him. Hall, bitter and inflexible as he was, was not the man to ask for trouble that he could do without. He rode away with his Rangers, leaving the Plug Hat men muttering and scowling by the rope barrier. They clattered back down the rugged street, and rode round the stragghing buildings, to get to the back of the sheriff's office. For there was no doubt that the Kid would ride now—and when he rode, it would be with the Rangers close behind. And he was not backing his faithful, swift-footed Side-Kicker now. Hall had little doubt of the outcome. And he was glad to get his men out of the cow town without a shot being fired.

The Kid, mounted on his pinto, rode for the prairie. Little heart had the Kid in the ride. He was in a mood to stand up to the Rangers, and go down in a last fight against odds. But he knew that if the fight began, Plug Hat would join in it—they would never keep out of it. It was for the sake of the town where he had been sheriff, for the sake of the men who had stood by him, and whose lives he would not spend, that the Rio Kid urged his pinto to a gallop across the prairie in the clear moonlight.

His face was set; his heart bitter. (Continued overleaf.)



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Fast behind him rode the Rangers. His horse was going now at a fierce gallop, the Rangers stretching all out behind, and Plug Hat town dropped behind in the moonlight, out of sight under the rim of the prairie, and the Kid was alone with his enemies. Some of the Rangers, less well mounted than the rest, tailed off; but Mule-Kick Hall and a dozen of them kept pace with the Kid riding with whip and spur. And Hall rode with set face and glinting eyes.

He had his man on the run again! He was close behind him with overwhelming force. At long last, after many bitter defeats, he was going to cinch the outlaw of the Rio Grande.

Then the Kid swung his horse round, gun in hand, and faced the Rangers. His Colt flashed up to a level; the weapon that never missed was aimed at Mule Kick Hall; the eye that never failed glanced along the barrel. And Jim Hall knew what was coming, and a cold, bitter smile curved his lips, and he fired even as the bullet sped from the walnut-butted gun. His bullet struck the Kid's Stetson.

The Kid laughed. His aim was truer. The Rangers reined in round him. Back from his saddle went Jim Hall. The Kid galloped off.

Hall, white as chalk, sprawling in the grass, cursed.

"After him! Ride him down! Leave me, you damned ginks! Get the Kid—get him!"

He choked with blood.

The Rangers dashed on, all but Austin Red, who stayed beside the fallen man. Hard they rode, after the fleeting figure in the moonlight.

The Rangers rode hard, but they did not run down the Rio Kid. In a belt of chaparral at the foot of the sierra, they lost him. They found the pinto, wandering loose. But that told them that the Kid had reached the place where he had hidden the grey mustang. Hard they rove and hunted for the man who had been sheriff of Plug Hat, and was now once more the Rio Kid, hunted for his life. But they found him not; and when later the news reached Plug Hat that the Kid had won out, and that Mule-Kick Hall lay in the Rangers' camp sore stricken, there was rejoicing in the cow town. Outlaw or no outlaw, the Rio Kid was still "Texas Brown" to the men of Plug Hat, and they did not forget their sheriff.

Far away from Plug Hat, by a lonely trail, the Rio Kid rode the grey mustang. Sheriff no longer; it had been a good game while it lasted, but it was over. But the Kid still had his guns and his mustang, and a high heart, and the world was before him.

THE END.

(Grand new series of sea-adventure yarns starts in next week's issue. You'll find "FIGHTING FISHER OF THE FISHERIES," a boy after your own heart!)

Three Chums A-Wheel!

(Continued from page 6.)

The chums went up to Mr. Duchoane's room. A cold supper was brought in.

That supper revealed many things. One was that the International Hotel could do things in style, even near midnight. The other things were that the chums, having saved Mr. Duchoane from great financial loss owing to the upsetting of the plot to prevent the deal between the English financier and the American from being completed, were entitled to a fat reward for their efforts.

"I'll compensate Mr. Canderman fully," said Mr. Duchoane. "You boys ought not to be wasting your time delivering groceries. Here's a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds, the fifty from Van Weylard. You've earned it, so don't thank me. Get going on something by which you can take advantage of your push and go."

The chums did. They bought a motor, van of their own. And their push and go was to be called into play many times before they were much older.

THE END.

(More about the "THREE CHUMS A-WHEEL!" in next week's issue.)

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