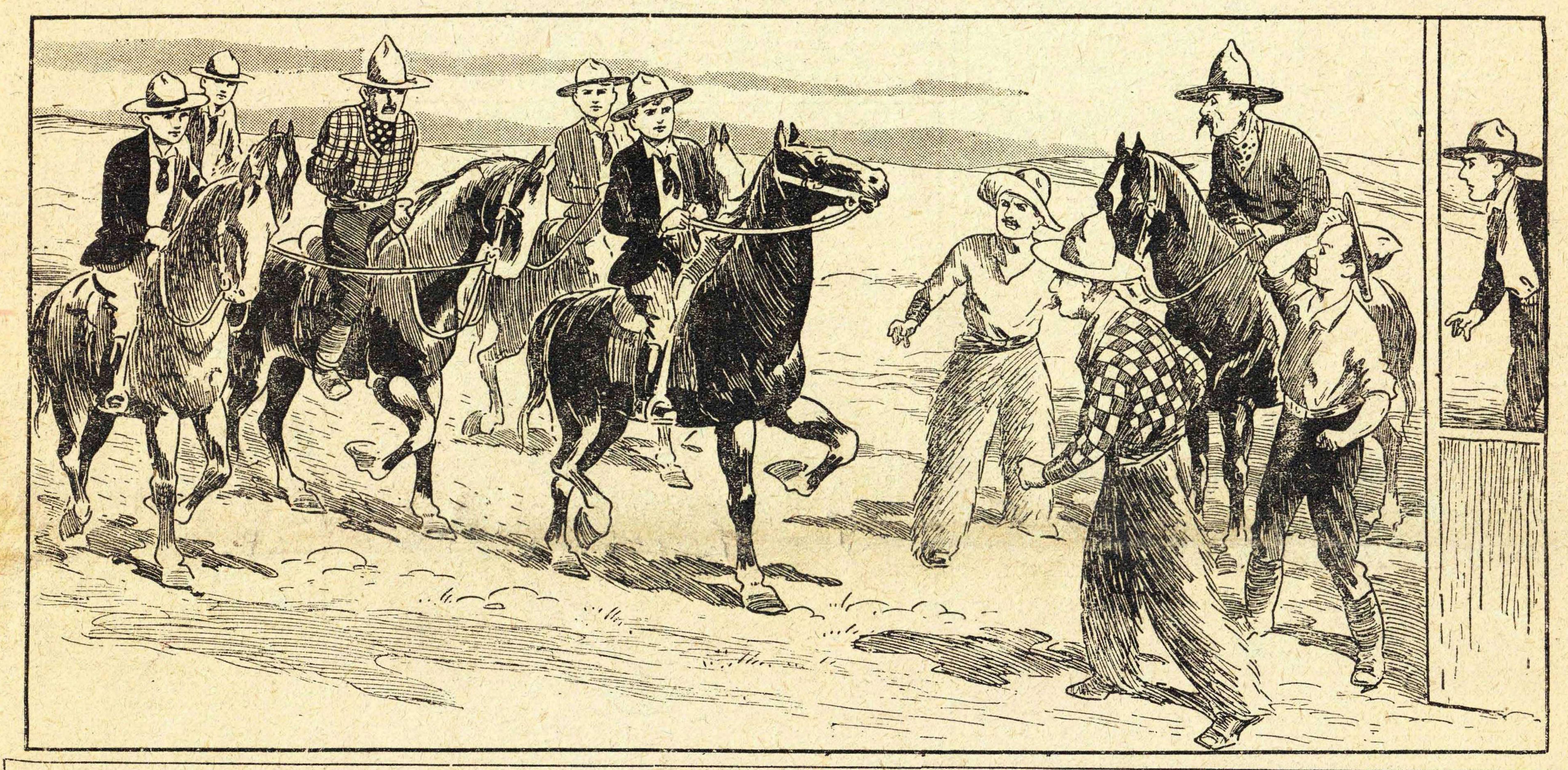
"ALL SQUARE!" A Tale of the Wild West, by Gordon Wallace, in This Issue!

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,143. Vol. XXIII.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN

Week Ending May 5th, 1923.



A SURPRISE FOR THE COWBOYS!

There was a roar from the cowpunchers as the Rookwood cavalcade rode up. "Pequed, the horse-thief! They've got him!" cried Pete Peters in astonishment. "Young Silver's riding Blazer!" yelled Skitter Dick. "Bravo, tenderfeet!"

The 1st Chapter. Exasperating!

Mr. Hudson Smedley looked keenly, and rather suspiciously, at Jimmy Silver & Co., his guests at the Windy River Ranch, in Alberta.

The four juniors were standing in a group on the ranch-house veranda. enjoying the morning sunshine, and talking quite busily, until the rancher came along.

They ceased suddenly as Rancher Smedley came into hearing.

Apparently the Rookwood chums had been discussing some matter that they did not care to confide to the

rather embarrassed smile. rancher.

Lovell. "I'm sending a batch of steers

away to Mosquito this morning," said care to ride with the cowboys--" "Oh!"

"Ah!"

"Um!" Apparently Jimmy Silver & Co. | there were some drawbacks. didn't want to ride with the batch of

The rancher grinned.

"Something else on?" he asked. "Well, you-you see-"

perbaps."
"Oh!"

"Hem!"

thing to do while I'm gone," said the already fallen to their lot, and they boundless prairie. He laid back his day," continued Jimmy Silver. "He rancher good-humouredly. "So-

Hudson Smedley swung out of the veranda with a smile on his sunbrowned face. The juniors watched him mount his horse and ride out on the range. The horseman disappeared beyond the corrals, and Jimmy Silver & Co. resumed their interrupted discussion.

"Couldn't let Mr. Smedley know!" remarked Raby.

"No jolly fear!" said Newcome. "I don't know whether he would Canadian rancher, and they coloured | chip in," said Jimmy Silver thoughta little under his keen gaze. | fully, "but he might. Anyhow, it's "Well?" said Hudson Smedley. | better with cousin Smedley off the "Lovely morning, isn't it, cousin scene. He mightn't like a scrap be-Smedley?" said Jimmy Silver, with a | tween his guest and one of his cowboys."

get clear, as he's going to Mosquito," "It's topping," said Arthur Edward | suggested Lovell.

"Good!" Jimmy Silver was not sorry to be ranch, came riding in from the plains, Mr. Smedley. "If you kids would resting. He was still feeling the effects, to some extent, of his fatigues of the previous day.

The Rookwood chums were enjoying their holiday "out West." But | Canadian foreman gave them a nod

Every man on the ranch—even Mr. steers to the township that morning. | Smedley himself-seemed to be under | said. the impression that the "tenderfeet" from the Old Country were as green as the greenest grass. Jimmy Silver | good, I reckon." "I see," assented Hudson Smedley. & Co., fresh from school in England, "I see more than you think, were, of course, inexperienced in the Lovell. ways of the West; but they were by no means the helpless greenhorns they were supposed to be. immensely tickled by the idea of the "Ha, ha, ha."

"Well, I guess you will find some- | More than one adventure had | tenderfeet finding a lost horse on the | "Blazer ran away with me yester had acquitted themselves creditably; | head and roared. but, to their surprise and indignation, ["What's the joke?" demanded away there. A Blackfoot Indian they found themselves suspected of Lovell warmly.
drawing the "long bow" in the "Ha, ha, ha!" account they had given of those happenings.

The long bow seemed to be a favourite instrument in the great West. They had already heard yarns among the cowpunchers, of which they certainly did not believe more than ten per cent. But it was rather exasperating to find their own veracious accounts subjected to the same discount.

It was not uncommon for a tenderfoot to seek to cover up his ignorance and inexperience by boasting. But Jimmy Silver & Co. were not that kind of tenderfeet—a fact which they "I guess it is," assented the "We'll give him Lalf an hour to wished to impress upon all at Windy River Ranch, from Hudson Smedley down to Kentuck, the youngest of the cowpunchers.

The juniors chatted on the veranda. Pete Peters, the foreman of the and dismounted at his cabin near the bunkhouse. The juniors left the veranda and intercepted Mr. Peters at his cabin door. The burly and a grin.

"I guess I ain't found him" he

"Blazer?" asked Jimmy.

"Yep. That horse has gone for

"We're going to find him," said "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pete Peters. The Windy River foreman seemed

"But never mind Blazer now. | "You're new here," he said, "but Where's Kentuck?"

"You want Kentuck?" asked Mr.

Peters, still grinning. "I've got a scrap on with him," ex- Jimmy Silver eyed him. He had

I guess."
"Oh, my hat!"

"I reckon Mr. Smedley figgered it out what you was up to," said Mr. chawed up by a wild man from Kentucky."

"Do you think that lanky bounder could chaw me up?" demanded Jimmy Silver indignantly.

"Sure!" "Well, you'll see differently later on. I suppose it's off for to-day, as he's gone to Mosquito," said Jimmy. "Never mind, Kentuck will keep. Now. Mr. Peters, we're going out."

"Don't go out of sight of the chimney-stack," warned the foreman.

"You'll get lost, sure!" "We're going to hunt for Blazer."

landed me in the foothills and dodged pulled me out of the creek that Blazer | pitched me into--"

"Well, you'll see!" snapped Lovell. | Pete Peters held up his hand. bust me if you don't spin a yarn as tall as the oldest hand in Alberta. How did you pick it up?"

plained Jimmy Silver. "I punched | punched Kentuck for giving him the him yesterday, and I'm going to fight lie; but it was not feasible to punch him to-day. Of course I don't want | the huge and muscular Mr. Peters, to butt in when he's at work. I only | who towered over him. But Jimmy want to speak to him now, and fix it | did not want to punch Mr. Peters. up. I haven't seen him about the The foreman's scepticism was quite ranch this morning." good-natured. He had been, as he "I guess I catch on!" assented the | had said, "raised on tall stories," and grinning foreman. "That's why the he was in the habit of believing about boss was pertickler to take Kentuck | a tenth of what he heard in the way with him this morning to Mosquito, of personal exploits. Which, as a rule, was quite judicious of Mr. Peters, though a mistake in this particular case.

"Well, I'm not going to let Mi. Peters, "and he didn't want you | Smedley lose a valuable horse," said Jimmy. "I'm going to ride to the foothills to-day and hunt for him."

"Pile it on!" said Mr. Peters.

"Oh, rats!"

"You see, sonny, you lay it on toc thick," said Mr. Peters. "First day here you spin a yarn of meeting Pequod le Couteau on the prairie, and getting the better of the durndest horse-thiref in the West--"

"So we did!" roared Lovell. "Then you spin us a yarn of riding Blazer-the wildest horse on the ranch-as far as the foothills, and legging it twenty miles home, after

(Continued overleaf.)



meeting Red Indians, and so on," continued Mr. Peters. "Now, I put it to you—isn't it laying it on too thick for a beginner? I've heard a tenderfoot shooting off his mouth before, but durn my boots if you don't beat the oldest hand here at chewing the rag!"

And Mr. Peters, with a shake of the head, went into his cabin, leaving the Rookwood juniors pink with wrath.

"The silly ass-" began Lovell hotly.

"Oh. let him rip!" said Jimmy, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He will sing to a different tune when he knows us better. We're going to find Blazer and bring him home, and then they'll have to admit that we know our way about a little."

"It won't be jolly easy," said Newcome dubiously. "I'm game to

try, but---" "I've got an idea," said Jimmy confidently. "There's that Blackfoot chap I met in the foothills yesterday. We can get him to help, and an Indian, of course, can follow a trail. He will pick up Blazer's trail for us, and give us a start. I can find my way to his hut in the hills, I'm sure of that."

"That's a jolly good idea," said Raby.

"Let's start," said Jimmy. "We'll take grub with us, and camp out for the night, if necessary, and tomorrow night, too, for that matter. Mr. Smedley mightn't agree if he were at home, thinking we can't take care of ourselves. So it's a good | right and left. Up in the valley the chance while he's gone to Mosquito.

"Good!" And the Fistical Four of Rookwood made their preparations for the expedition at once.

The 2nd Chapter. Taking the Trail!

Red Alf, the cowpuncher, was found at the corral, and he picked out four horses for the juniors and saddled them. On the previous day the malicious Kentuck had mounted Jimmy on Blazer, and very nearly caused a disaster by exposing the schoolboy to the new experience of buck-jumping. Mr. Smedley's subsequent talk on the subject had quite eliminated any desire on the cowboys' part to play such dangerous tricks again, and Red Alf picked out horses | Cloudy Face, the Blackfoot, sitting for them that were not given to on a boulder outside the wigwam, "bucking." But when he learned engaged in skinning an antelope. that they were going out to hunt for | The Blackfoot looked up, and the missing Blazer, Red Alf appeared | evidently recognised Jimmy Silver. to be on the verge of a fit. When Jimmy Silver & Co. rode away they left the red-headed cattleman doubled | eyeing the red man curiously. up with mirth, and looking back as they passed the bunkhouse, they saw him retailing the joke to three or four other cowpunchers, who roared with laughter.

"Cheeky asses!" growled Lovell. "We'll show 'em!" "Somehow," said Raby. The little white man and his

The juniors forgot their annovance | brothers are welcome to the lodge of as they galloped over the prairie, the Blackfoot." heading south-westward towards the dim line of foothills, the first barrier of the mighty range of the Rocky mode of speech. He decided to Mountains.

They had made preparations for I "We are honoured by the welcome I several days out, if need should arise. of the great Blackfoot chief." | "And the track he's following is | "Whoever he was-did he catch | spot!" exclaimed Loveil breath-Woo Sing, the chore-boy of the ranch, "We want you to help us, Cloudy | twenty-four hours old, too!" said had provided the necessary provisions, which were packed in buckskin bags. Jimmy Silver had brought | a lasso, though as yet he had barely a nodding acquaintance with that useful article. And each of the juniors had strapped on a belt with l a hunting-knife attached. Firearms were not at their disposal, which was I

The horses, though fortunately not given to buck-jumping, were full of Blazer?" asked Jimmy Silver. and they covered the ground at a fully. ings disappeared behind them on the said. "He has been away from his guide. passed a herd of grazing steers, with Blackfoot will serve the little white Spike Thompson in charge, sitting like I chief. What you give Blackfoot?"

perhaps just as well.

The last question was scarcely in accordance with the great chief's lofty mode of address. It was evident that the warrior was a business man as well as a hunter.

The Blackfoot considered, and then shook his head. How long the task might prove, and what the worth of it might be, Jimmy Silver had no idea, and he had spoken at a venture.

"It's worth it if we find the horse," said Raby. "I heard Peters say it was worth two hundred dollars." Jimmy Silver nodded. the cowpuncher in passing, and Spike

the horse to us, Cloudy Face, and it's

twenty dollars!" "I have spoken!" said the Black-

foot, with dignity.

a statue on his horse. They saluted

waved his big Stetson hat. Then he

"Hello, you 'uns!" he shouted.

"Hallo!" called back Jimmy.

"Where are you 'uns bound?"

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets! Say,

"You reckon you're going to find

"Oh, holy smoke! Ha, ha, ha!"

the ears of the juniors as they gal-

loped on. Their ears were pink.

"Silly ass!" said Lovell.

Spike's roar of merriment rang in

"We'll show 'em somehow!" said

"Sure!" said Lovell, who prided

himself on already speaking the

language of the country. "Some!"

hadn't you better go home and fish

suddenly galloped after them.

"Hunting Blazer!"

Blazer?" roared Spike.

in the crick?"

"Rats!"

"Yes."

Newcome.

a guide to him.

ducked." he said.

into the stream the day before.

"Lead on, Macduff!"

of the Indian hunter. And, to

Jimmy's satisfaction, they found

"That the chap?" asked Lovell,

Jimmy raised his Stetson hat

politely to the Blackfoot. Cloudy

Face was plying his keen knife on the

"I've come to see you, Cloudy

"Oh, good!" murmured Lovell,

much taken by the red man's stately

answer in the same exalted strain.

to hunt for the horse that stranded me

here yesterday. You can follow a

horse's trail."

the west wind on the mountains."

Lovell.

"Some trailer, then!" murmured

antelope without interruption.

Face," began Jimmy.

"Dismount here!"

He gave a brief nod.

"That's the chap."

He rose from the boulder and lifted the carcase of the antelope into the tepee, closing the entrance with a great rock. In a very few minutes the Indian's preparations were completed. He slung on his rifle and made a movement to start. The juniors followed him back to the bank of the mountain creek.

Without a word the Blackfoot began to make an examination of the stony soil, the juniors watching him

curiously.

deal of the skill of the red men in picking up a trail, and it was interesting enough to watch the

"What a long-winded way of saying yes!" murmured Lovell; and Raby and Newcome grinned.

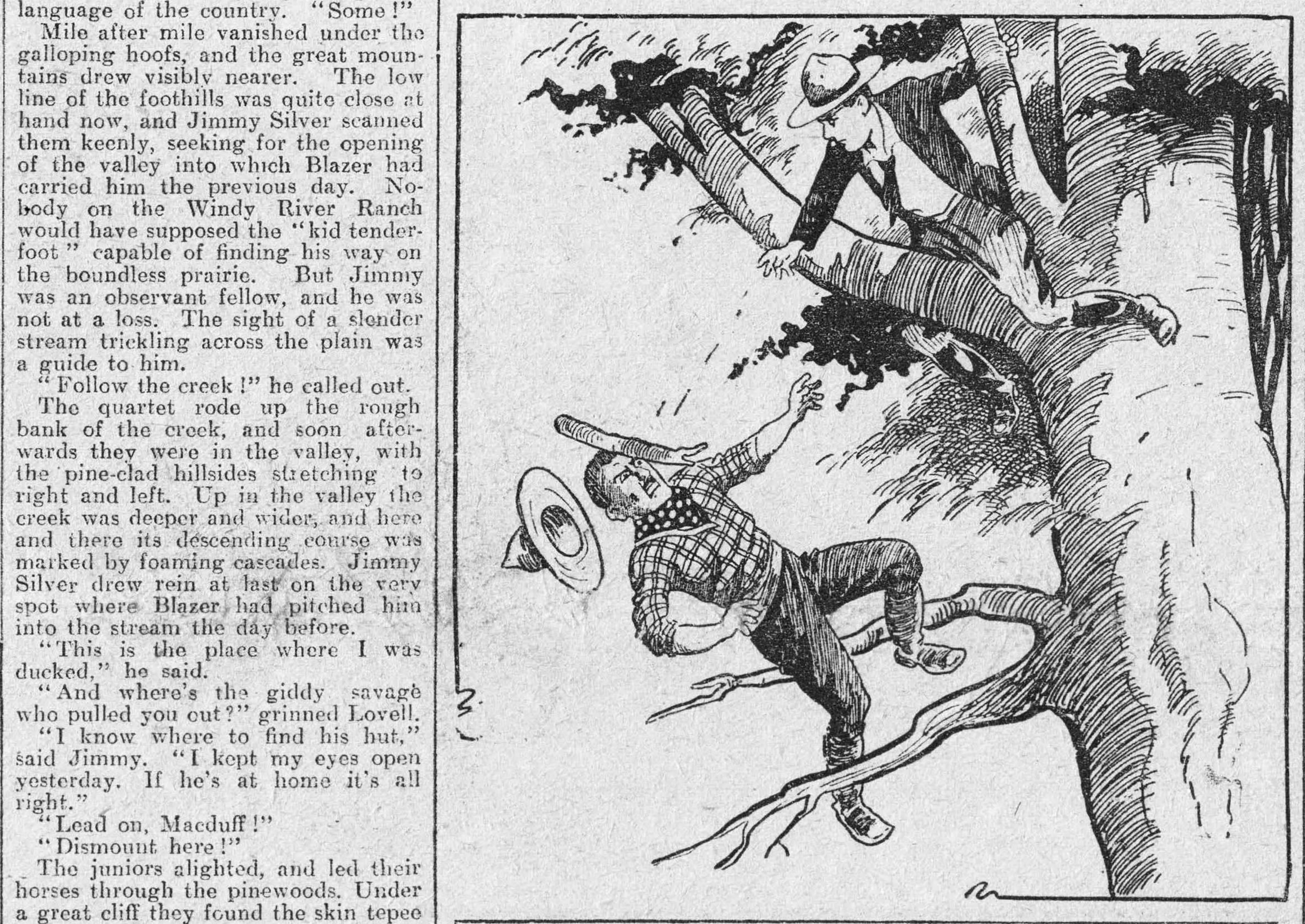
The Indian kept on, and the riders valley.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were more than ready for lunch by that time, for it was long past noon. But they did not wish to stop. They helped themselves from the buckskin bags, and ate while they rode. Cloudy Face, untiring, without a single halt, loped on ahead.

"The giddy gee-gee went into the hills again, at this rate," remarked Lovell, as the juniors found themselves riding up a grassy valley.

"Looks like it," said Jimmy. The Blackfoot halted at a pool of clear water. The juniors stopped, also, and waited for him to speak.

"Horse stop here," said the Blackfoot. "Sleep at night."



DESPERATE MEASURES! Jimmy Silver's club caught Pequod la Couteau full in the face and, with a shrill scream, he toppled off the branch and went whirling to the

Blackfoot at work. So far as I "I wish he'd waited for us!" Jimmy Silver & Co. could see, there was no trace of Blazer to be discovered. The ground showed faint tracks here and there, but these were made by the Rookwooders' horses. But the Blackfoot was evidently at no loss, for after a few minutes he started down the bank of the creek at a steady, loping trot.

The juniors mounted their horses to follow him.

The Blackfoot led them out of the valley into the prairie without a

"I say, he's jolly clever if he's on the right track!" said Lovell in a low voice. "Blessed if I can see anything to follow!"

"Same here!" said Raby. Face," said Jimmy. "We've come | Newcome. "I-I suppose he isn't |

> stuffing us, Jimmy?" Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I'm sure not!" he answered. The Blackfoot made a lofty gesture. The foothills were left behind, and "Cloudy Face is a great hunter," | the tireless Indian continued to trot he said. "He can follow the trail of over the plain, his eyes on the ground before him. The horses had occasionally to break into a trot to keep pace with him. Three miles "Well, will you help us hunt down | were covered in almost a direct line towards the distant Windy River. spirit. The juniors enjoyed the ride, | The Blackfoot, turning sud- | man trail or follow horse?" asked | to point down into the locked valley. denly, set his face towards the hills good rate. The ranch and its build- "The Blackfoot is a hunter," he again. Jimmy spurred nearer to his

fence was left out of sight. They warriors look for his return. But the hills?" he asked.

murmured Lovell.

"White man find him here," emphatically. added the Blackfoot. The juniors stared.

ranchmen, or the horse would have wide, green, verdant valley. It was been roped in." "See track," said Cloudy Face.

Indian's track?" asked Lovell.

then pointed to his own feet. "Indian moccasin," he briefly. "White man boot."

looked that circumstance. "White man or breed," said the side. Indian. "No red man."

Cloudy Face shook his head. | hitting on a little Eden like this

Lovell. "Cloudy Face read sign. White "If Blazer's there, we've got man go on foot-track there," said him," said Raby confidently. the Blackfoot. "If white man take I "There's only this way of getting

"Good man!" said Newcome. give us the slip here." "Whoever he was and whatever! "But is he here at all?" murhe was doing here, he didn't bag | mured Newcome.

the Blackfoot. "You see?" he said briefly.

l is our mutton!"

The 3rd Chapter. Tracked Down!

Jimmy Silver & Co. followed the Blackfoot, with interest growing followed. The trail-unseen by the keener and more eager. How long juniors, but plain as the print in the missing horse had remained on a book to the eyes of the Indian | that spot they did not know, but hunter-turned northward away they felt that they were closer on from the hills again, and then the track now. It had really been again turned westward. Possibly | a great idea to call on the services Blazer, in his flight, had known by of the Blackfoot; without his skilsome instinct that by keeping on ful aid the juniors certainly never across the open plains to the east | would have approached anywhere he would land himself at the ranch | near the elusive Blazer. They might again and be recaptured. The have searched through Alberta from present trail led towards the foot- | Mackenzie to the "Line" without hills, approaching them at a spot getting any "forrarder," and they five or six miles from the creek were aware of it. They were hoping for success now, and it was very agreeable to picture the astonishment at the Windy River Ranch when they should ride in leading the recaptured Blazer.

> The valley they were following narrowed to a mere rocky gorge. The juniors were compelled to dismount and lead their horses. On the rocky soil, they wondered that the Blackfoot could find any sign to guide him; but their guide, though moving more slowly now, did not halt. He had not stopped since leaving the pool in the valley, a mile behind. Arthur Edward Lovell began to wear a doubtful expression.

> "It's jolly odd for a horse to follow a way like this, isn't it?" he murmured. "A horse would naturally look for grass. He might clear off the plains, because he would know the cowpunchers would look for him there. But why---"

> The Blackfoot glanced round. There was the faintest trace of a smile on his bronze face.

Evidently his hearing was remarkably keen, and he had caught Lovell's muttered words.

"Horse run away from white man," he said.

"What?" "White man follow horse."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lovell. "You mean the chap whose tracks you found by the pool was after Blazer?" The Blackfoot nodded.

"Following him on foot?" asked Jimmy.

Another nod. "I see. Keep on."

The juniors understood, but they were a little puzzled. The sign had told the Blackfoot that some man wearing boots, and therefore not an Indian, had come on the horse resting at the pool. The man had attempted to get hold of the horse, and followed him in his flight up the gorge. Blazer's flight up that rocky way was explained if there were someone on his track, trying to rope him in. But who could the stranger be? It was uncommon enough for a white man to be stranded in the country without a horse. Any man belonging to the Windy River or a neighbouring ranch would naturally have been mounted.

"Some dashed tramp, perhaps!" said Lovell. "A 'hobo,' they would call him here. He was on foot, and thought he would like to get a mount for nothing. We'll jolly soon put a stopper on him if we come across him!"

"Yes, rather!" said Jimmy Silver

The gorge narrowed still more, so that it was not easy to walk beside "A white man here!" exclaimed a led horse. But suddenly it opened Jimmy. "It couldn't be one of the out in front of the party into a what is called a "locked" valley, shut in on all tides by steep hills. "How do you know it wasn't an | So far as the juniors could see, there was only one entrance to the valley

The Blackfoot looked at him and | -the narrow gorge by which they had arrived. The locked valley looked about half a mile in extent each way, and in the distance a lake "Oh!" said Lovell. He had over- glimmered in the sun, fed by a stream that tambled down the hill-

"My hat! What a lovely id the horse?" asked Jimmy. lessly. "Who'd have thought of "How do you know?" asked in the very heart of these stony

horse, go on horse." out. We can watch that he doesn't

Blazer! That's good!" Cloudy Face halted at the end of "Little white chief follow white the rocky gorge. He raised an arm

"Oh, the horse!" said Jimmy. The juniors eagerly followed the "Bother the white man or half- direction pointed out by the Blackrolling prairie, and the last wire lodges for many moons, and his "The horse turned back to the breed, or whatever he is! Blazer foot. Across the green valley, near the lake, they caught sight of a "My, little brother speaks the The Blackfoot led the way onward | moving figure—the figure of a quadlagain. I ruped. It was a horse, contentedly

"Ten dollars!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Twenty!" said Cloudy Face.

They had heard and read a great

Our Companion Papers-The "Magnet" Library, the "Gem" Library, the "Popular," and "Chuckles."

cropping the rich grass by the water's edge. Jimmy Silver had slung on his

field - glasses before leaving the

ranch. He clapped them to his

eyes now. "Blazer!" he exclaimed.

With the aid of the glasses he made out the horse easily enough. It was Blazer, still saddled, with the stirrups and reins dangling.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Lovell. "You know horse?" asked the

Blackfoot. "Yes, that's the right animal,

"Injun glad."

The Blackfoot held out his hand,

evidently for payment.

He had tracked down the missing horse, and pointed him out to the juniors, and his task was done. Jimmy Silver & Co. were quite prepared to take on themselves the task of catching Blazer.

Jimmy placed two ten-dollar bills in the Blackfoot's hand.

Cloudy Face ducked his feathered head in salute, draped his ragged blanket round him, and strode away down the gorge.

In a couple of minutes he had disappeared from sight, leaving the juniors on the edge of the locked valley, watching the distant horse by the lake.

"All serene now," said Jimmy

"Right as rain!" said Lovell, with great satisfaction. "We haven't caught him yet,"

hinted Newcome.

"We've got him pretty fairly fixed, though," said Jimmy. "I'm going to try my hand at roping him in with the lasso. I haven't had much practice yet, but— Anyhow, you fellows can stay here and see that he doesn't get away. He can't possibly pass you in this narrow passage."

"We'll see that he doesn't," said Lovell. "Just here it isn't more than three feet wide, and we can block it up with branches so that he can't get through if he tries. So long as we keep him in the valley we're bound to have him sooner or later. Our luck is in."

"Yes. rather!" "You go ahead with the giddy

lasso, old chap," added Lovell, with a grin. "You won't catch him in a month of Sundays!" "Fathead!"

"But when we've blocked up the passage we'll ride after you and help. We'll corner him somehow, four of us, and collar him sooner or later." "Well, I'm going to try," said

Jimmy. And with his lasso in his hand Jimmy Silver rode into the locked valley, leaving his chums at the rocky entrance of the gorge.

The 4th Chapter. In the Shadow of Death.

Blazer was cropping quietly by the lake when Jimmy Silver rode down from the gorge into the verdanttocked valley. Jimmy rode at a gentle trot, hoping to approach close to the elusive Blazer without being observed. He had his lasso ready. though he was considerably doubtful as to the result of a cast.

Ranch cowpunchers throwing the i he was, he had little chance of success rope, but he knew well enough that | in this tussle with Blazer. When his a great deal of practice was required | chums came to his aid it would be for success. However, there was no a different matter. The four riders harm in trying, and Jimmy meant to | would be able to surround the obdo his best if he could get near I stinate animal, and perhaps to drive enough. But Blazer soon showed him into the narrow way of the that he was not to be caught napping. Jimmy was still a hundred yards distant, when the horse threw up his head, cocked his ears, and cast a wild, restless glance round him.

The next moment Blazer was at the gallop, with his long, loose tail turned towards Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy set his lips.

"The rotten beast!" he murmured. intensely exasperated with Blazer at

that moment. across the little valley, but ahead of and he gave a start. him was a rising hillside which no horse could have climbed. Blazer was soon bound to swerve, and then Jimmy hoped for a chance.

the lariat. Blazer tossed his head with a shrill squeal, evidently irritated by that sudden and unexpected whack, and galloped on faster.

Jimmy Silver had to slack down while he dragged in the rope and coiled it. Blazer shot away triumphantly, and, as if in contempt of a puerile pursuit, stopped at a distance and began to crop the herbage.

Jimmy coiled his rope, and glanced back towards the gorge across the locked valley where he had left his chums, wondering whether Lovell's critical eye had watched his failure. But the three Rookwooders were not to be seen. They were stacking pine branches across the narrowest neck of the gorge to block it against flight on Cloudy Face," said Jimmy Silver. | the part of Blazer, and the bulging "We'll get hold of him all right rocks hid them from sight. Jimmy was rather glad of that circumstance. He did not yearn for an audience while he made his early essays with the "riata."

The lasso ready again for another cast, Jimmy rode on towards Blazer, striving to hem the wild horse in against the hillside. Blazer lifted his head and watched the schoolboy rider with wickedly gleaming eyes, and made a sudden dart away, plunging through a thicket of young pines at great speed.

"Oh, the brute!" gasped Jimmy, as his lasso flew.

The loop did not settle on Blazer. It glided over his back and down his lashing tail, and settled on a young pine. Jimmy stopped his horse just | with the coiled lasso. in time to save himself from being jerked out of the saddle. Blazer | breed's arm and swept it back, and | rotter!" he answered undauntedly.

hailed the schoolboy-if he was an honest man. If he was some wandering "hobo," looking for a chance to steal a loose horse, he would naturally keep out of sight. Jimmy Silver wondered, as he stared at that fresh track under the pines.

He was still examining the track, his coiled lasso hanging loosely in his hand, when a sudden thrill ran through him-a thrill of a sense of impending danger. Perhaps some slight sound had struck his ear only half-consciously. He spun round, and at the same moment sprang away, and it was only in time. A dark, savage face scowled within a couple ruffian again. But they had met, of feet of him, and a bright blade gleamed in the light of the setting

Jimmy Silver panted, his heart thumping. He recognised at a glance Pequod le Couteau, the horsethief and ruffian, whom the Rookwood juniors had encountered on their way to the Windy River Ranch, and whose attempt at robbery they had defeated.

"You!" gasped Jimmy Silver. The half-breed did not answer. He rushed at the junior, his huntingknife gripped in his dusky hand.

- Jimmy, hardly knowing what he did in the sudden terror and excitement of the moment, struck at him

The heavy rope smote the half-

with a murderous outcast had shaken him deeply, and for the moment his nerves were in a jangle.

Pequod showed his white teeth in a savage snarl.

"You may as well descend, petit!" he said, with a sneer. "You cannot escape me now!"

Jimmy breathed hard and deep.

It was Pequod le Couteau, that was clear, who had been following the runaway horse, and whose tracks the Blackfoot had discovered. The thought of it had not even crossed Jimmy's mind; it had never occurred to him that he would ever meet the and evidently Pequod had not forgotten or forgiven their last encounter. Jimmy's brain worked quickly in those terrible moments. He realised that Pequod supposed him to be alone there; he had not seen Lovell and Raby and Newcome, who were still in the gorge across the valley, hidden by the rocks. The halfbreed's look and manner showed plainly enough that he did not know that he had other foes to deal with. His eyes were fixed on Jimmy with a look of savage, malicious triumph.

"Will you come down, petit?" he asked mockingly.

"No, you scoundrel!"

"Then I shall come up for you!" Jimmy set his teeth.

"Come up, if you dare, you dashed away beyond the thicket, the drawn knife went to the ground. | Pequod picked up the lasso. He

a call would have brought them into terrible danger. The ruffian, knife in hand, would have had little to fear from the schoolboys. But in his present position, Jimmy Silver was quite prepared to take care of himself. He had fully recovered his nerve now.

He drew the knife from his belt. and hacked off a short branch to use as a club. Then, astride of a bough jutting from the trunk, he waited for the half-breed to come nearer.

Pequod climbed till he was close below the junior. He ducked his head back as Jimmy struck at him.

"Not so easy, mon petit!" he said

mockingly. Leaning back, holding on to a branch by his lithe legs, the halfbreed poised his knife in his hand, to hurl it at the junior above like a javelin.

But Jimmy Silver did not give him time. He could not reach the halfbreed with his club, but he hurled it suddenly full at the dark, threatening face as the ruffian was taking aim with the knife.

Crash! The result was startling.

Peauod le Couteau, with a shrill scream, toppled off the branch, and went whirling to the ground.

He caught at a lower bough as he swept by, and clung to it for a second, but he could not keep his hold. With a heavy thud he dropped to the earth. Jimmy Silver panted.

The half-breed lay gasping on the ground for several minutes. But for the lower bough breaking his fall, he would probably have broken his limbs in the crash. As it was, he was limping painfully as he scrambled to his feet, and a stream of evil words poured from his lips in a dialect of mingled Indian and French.

He shook a furious fist at the junior above, but he did not essay to climb the tree again. He was too bruised and shaken for that.

"You can wait, mon petit!" he said, between his teeth. "You cannot escape me! I shall return and finish you!"

He picked up his knife and sheathed it, cast loose the horse, and led it out of the trees. From the tree-top Jimmy Silver saw him mount and ride away, lasso in hand, towards the distant Blazer. Jimmy climbed to the highest branch and stared away across the valley to the gorge, and he was thankful to see that Lovell & Co. were not in sight. Had the half-breed known that they were at hand, it was extremely probable that he would have attacked them before riding in chase of Blazer.

Blazer was in motion again now, running and dodging, with the halfbreed riding on his track with ready lasso. But Blazer had a different kind of pursuer to deal with now. Jimmy Silver watched the chase from the tree-top. Under the red sunset. pursuer and pursued were in his full view all the time; and very soon he saw the lariat descend upon Blazer, fastening on his neck, and dragging him, half-throttled, to the ground. The runaway was captured at last by the half-breed. But the horse, savage as ever, was struggling and resisting, and for the present the breed had his hands full. Jimmy Silver slipped down from the tree, and started for the gorge to rejoin his chums, only hoping that Blazer would keep the ruffian busy long enough to allow him to make his escape.



Jimmy Silver hurled the lasso, and it uncoiled as it flew. The noose struck Blazer's tossing head, but did not slip over the neck, as it would have done if hurled by an experienced hand with the lariat.

leaving Jimmy Silver to dismount and disentangle his hapless lasso.

He did not nurry himself. It He had watched the Windy River | dawned upon him that, unskilful as

rocky gorge and hem him in there. The sun was setting now beyond the western foothills, and shadows were lengthening over cliff and pine and ravine. The Rookwood chums were booked for one night out, at least.

Jimmy Silver uncoiled the tangled rope from the tree with what patience he could muster, while Blazer trotted contentedly across the valley, and settled down to feed at a distance. Jimmy was coiling his rope again He put his horse to the gallop in over his arm, when something in the pursuit. Blazer was stretching away | grass under the trees caught his eye,

It was the print of a boot in a spot where the soil was soft. Jimmy stared at it keenly.

He remembered—what he had for-Blazer rushed on, as if intending gotten in the excitement of chasing to hurl himself at the hill, but swept | Blazer-the unknown white man, round suddenly and galloped along who, according to Cloudy Face, had the foot of the rise. Jimmy Silver I followed the runaway horse up the hurled the lasso, and it uncoiled as it | gorge as far as the locked valley. flew. The noose struck on the That footprint had evidently been horse's tossing head, but did not slip | made by the unknown, and it came over the neck, as it would have done | into Jimmy's mind that the man must | if hurled by an experienced hand with | be somewhere near at hand. If he was in the valley at all he must have seen Jimmy Silver riding in chase of Blazer, and it was a little strange

"You villain!" panted Jimmy.

Pequod, with a muttered exclamation, sprang at the knife to recover it. Jimmy Silver dropped his hand I on his own knife, but did not draw it. He knew that he had no chance in a hand-to-hand fight with deadly weapons with the muscular, murderous half-breed.

He swung back the coiled lasso, and hurled it with all his force at the

It struck Pequod on the side of the head as he stooped for the knife, and threw him over sideways. Le Couteau rapped out a string of French words as he fell.

Jimmy Silver cast an almost despairing look at his horse. The animal, startled by the rush of the savage half-breed, had started to run | Pequod led the animal back into the out of the trees, and Jimmy had no trees, and tethered it. Then he chance of reaching him before the looked up at Jimmy again. ruffian came at him again. He was standing close to a thick tree, and, acting rather upon instinct than upon thought, he grasped a low branch and swung himself up with frantic speed.

Pequod, on his feet almost in a twinkling, caught up the knife and sprang at the junior again. A slash of the keen steel missed Jimmy's boot by an inch as he clambered madly into the tree.

"Morbleu!"

The half-breed stared up after him | Jimmy climbed higher.

scanned the tree and the junior in the branches, weighing the chance of a cast. Jimmy could guess that Pequod was skilled in the use of the rope. The Rookwood junior clambered up higher into the tree, and Pequod gave up the intention. It was clear that a lasso-cast could not be made among the branches.

Jimmy expected him to climb at once into the tree, and he prepared for a desperate resistance. But the half-breed, after a dark and threatening look at him, turned away, the lasso in his hand. Jimmy, watching him through the trees, saw him stealthily approaching the junior's horse, which was cropping the grass at a little distance. The lasso flew; and the horse was roped in with ease.

"A mount for me to catch the other!" he said. "You are very kind ! to bring me a horse, mon petit!"

Jimmy did not speak; he knew that the struggle was coming now. The got Blazer." breed had only delayed to secure the horse, evidently with the intention of going after Blazer when he had dealt with Jimmy Silver.

Pequod approached the trunk of the tree and began to climb, and in a few seconds he was on a branch below Jimmy Silver.

savagely with glittering black eyes. He thought of shouting to his Jimmy, standing on a branch out of | chums; but he was doubtful whether his reach, and holding on to another | they would hear him at the distance, above, looked down at him, with and they could not have come in time palpitating heart. Jimmy Silver was | to help him. And as they were I that he had not shown himself or I no coward, but the sudden encounter I totally unaware of Pequod's presence, I

The 5th Chapter. Turning the Tables!

"Jimmy!"

"What's up?" "Seen a giddy ghost?"

Thus Lovell & Co. exclaimed together, as Jimmy Silver ran breathlessly into the rocky gorge. In the gorge it was now deep dusk, though in the valley beyond the sunset was still red.

Jimmy Silver panted for breath. "Look out, you fellows!" he

gasped.
"What's the row? You haven't

"No. I've dropped on the man who was tracking him!" said Jimmy breathlessly. "And it's Pequod le Couteau—that scoundrel who attacked us on the prairie the other day!"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Lovell. "Keep in cover of the rocks," said Jimmy hastily. "He's got my horse. and he's lassoed Blazer with my lasso. He doesn't know you fellows are with

"You let him take your horse?" asked Lovell.

(Continued overleaf.)

Jimmy gave Arthur Edward Lovell an expressive look.

"I haven't time to punch your silly head now!" he said, breathing hard. "Look here-"

"Shut up, Lovell, old chap!" said Raby. "What's happened, Jimmy?" Jimmy Silver hurriedly explained. "Phew!" murmured Lovell. "Well, I suppose you couldn't;

help it, Jimmy." "Of course I couldn't, fathead! I was jolly lucky to get away alive!"

growled Jimmy Silver. "If I'd been there-"

"Lucky you weren't! I shouldn't | Lovell grunted. like to see you stuck like a pig, silly. ass as you are!" "Look here-"

"Oh, dry up, Lovell!" said Jimmy crossly. "The question is, what's going to be done? We could clear off now, while that brute is busy with Blazer, but-" "But we're not going to," said

Lovell. "We don't want to be grinned to death at the ranch." "There's four of us," said Newcome. "Four fellows can handle

even a ruffian like that half-breed." "If you fellows are game--" said

Jimmy. "Oh, we're game!"

"Yes, rather!" said Lovell emphatically.

"Then we'll fight it out with the on midnight now." rascal," said Jimmy Silver. "I wish | "I know I'm getting sleepy!" to goodness we had a gun! Anyhow, grumbled Lovell. we're not giving him hest. He thinks | "You would!" assented Jimmy. I'm alone here after that confounded horse. And, of course, he thinks he has nothing to fear from a schoolboy. We're going to tackle the rotter and down him. And if we get the best of him we'll make him a prisoner and hand him over to the police. He can be charged with attempted murder as well as stealing a horse."

"Let's get after him now!" said Lovell, at once.

Jimmy shook his head:

"We've got to be careful," he said. "It's no good making out that we can handle a desperado like that easily, because we can't do it." "Four of us-"

"There wouldn't be more than two or three of us after a fight with knives with that murderous villain."

"Well, what's the idea, then?" asked Lovell. "We're jolly well not letting him get away with Blazer, I

know that!" rocks, stared back into the locked closer to the dim, burning glow of the valley. The shadows were deepening into darkness, and there was no sign to be seen of the half-breed now.

"I've thought it out," said Jimmy. | half-breed had camped. "If he tries to leave the valley with the horses he will have to come we shall stop him, with the advantage | approached the camp. downing him."

travelling at nightfall."

find it out, and we'll get at him somehow when he's camped. He | The juniors felt their hearts beat | = won't be looking for an attack, think- | faster as they discerned it. ing that he has only a schoolboy to deal with. If he thinks about me at all he will suppose I am legging it as fast as I can. We've got to wait and watch."

"I'd rather go for the rotter!" grunted Lovell.

"Fathead!"

That was all the reply Jimmy Silver deigned to make. Lovell gave a snort, but he acquiesced, and on reflection-which always came rather late with Arthur Edward Lovell-he admitted that Jimmy's plan was the best. With the odds against him the half-breed might have been overcome in a fierce fight with deadly weapons, but it was pretty certain that success would have to be purchased with the lives of one or two of the Rookwood party. It was evidently a case for strategy, so long as strategy was possible.

horses in a narrow ravine, and f tethered them there. Then they cut | He reached out and seized a loose thick cudgels from the trees for use | stick, and thrust it at the fire, stiras weapons when the struggle came. I ring the banked-up wood into flame. By that time it was deep night, and | Ruddy flames shot up, lighting the the stars were glimmering over the camp and dancing among the surfoothills and the waving pines. In I rounding trees. the narrow gorge the four Rookwooders watched and waited, ready lessly. He knew that the juniors

But, as Lovell had said, it was un- Like an arrow from a bow Jimmy likely that the ruffian would take the | Silver rushed forward, his comrades trail at nightfall. If he came up the | close at his heels. gorge with the horses, ignorant of an | The half-breed leaped to his feet | "We've got Blazer, and we've got thief!" he answered. ambush, it would be easy enough to | with the agility of a tiger. His hand | the durndest horse-thief in Alberta!" | "Pequod!" yelled Spike. "Oh, | rush him and beat him down with the | was on his knife, and it flashed out in | "And we're not letting him get | thunder! You 'uns have roped in |

suddenly from the darkness of the

Published

Every Monday

gleam of light. "That's a camp-fire!" said Raby.

Jimmy nodded. "It's Pequod's camp," he said. "He's lighted a camp-fire. That means that he's camping there for the night."

"Let's go-" began Lovell.

"Fathead!" "Look here, Jimmy Silver--"

"Shut up, Lovell!" implored Raby. "Jimmy's leader. Besides, you know you're an ass!"

"We'll wait till about midnight," said Jimmy quietly. "We've got a chance then of catching him off his guard, perhaps asleep! We don't want to come to knifing if we can help it."

And the juniors waited. They ate their supper in the dark, sitting on the boulders in the gorge. Then they watched the ruddy gleam of the halfbreed's camp-fire across the valley.

The ruddy light died down at last. There was still a faint glow to be seen, and the juniors could guess that the breed had banked up the fire, to burn on while he rolled himself in his blanket and slept.

Jimmy Silver made a move at last. "Come on!" he said. "It's close

"Look here-"

"This way, and don't jaw! Give your chin a rest till we get back to the ranch, old scout! Quiet!"

The juniors, gripping their roughlycut cudgels in their hands, crept down from the gorge into the locked valley. Their hearts were beating fast. They realised clearly enough the deadly danger before them, but they did not

Overhead the stars glittered in a velvety sky. Through the darkness of the valley the dull glow of the camp-fire was like a beacon to guide them.

Over the hilltops a crescent moon sailed into sight.

There was a rustle and a bark in the thicket, and the juniors stopped with thumping hearts. But it was only a coyote, and the animal, more startled than the juniors, away stealthily and fled. Jimmy Jimmy, keeping in cover of the Silver & Co. pressed on, closer and banked fire.

It was in the little wood, close to where he had met Jimmy, that the

Treading softly and cautiously, feeling every inch of the way before through this gorge. If we stop here they made a step, the juniors

on our side. We can cut cudgels They heard a faint stirring, and, with our knives, and rush him all at | peering ahead in the dimness, they once, with a jolly good chance of made out the figures of two horses lying in the herbage, tethered to sap-"That's so. But suppose he stays lings. One was Jimmy's horse and where he is? He's not likely to start | the other was Blazer. Between the horses and the glowing fire a figure "If he stays in the valley we shall lay rolled in a blanket, the feet towards the embers.

It was the half-breed. He was sleeping, that was clear. Not a hint of danger was in his mind. Jimmy Silver alone would scarcely have ventured an attack upon the horse-thief's camp, and of his companions the ruffian knew nothing. An occasional tongue of flame shot up

the juniors crept closer. But the half-breed, though he slept, slept like a man accustomed to incessant peril. Blazer, scenting the approach of the juniors, stirred uneasily, and jerked at his tether. The half-breed's head was raised, and his black eyes swept round suspiciously.

The juniors stood quite still. They were among the trees now, not six yards away from the horse-thief. and the dimness hid them. Pequod le Couteau muttered savagely at the The juniors concealed the three horse that had disturbed him but caution was second nature to him.

"At him!" panted Jimmy breathto tackle the half-breed if he came. | would be seen in an instant now.

cudgels before he even saw them in the bright firelight. the gloom. But their task was not But he had no time for more. to be so easy as that. Jimmy Silver was upon him, and his you slackers!"

Pequod sprang back, throwing up and yawned. The juniors dipped gasped Spike. "I guess I'm telling locked valley, there came a ruddy his arm at the same moment, and the their faces in the creek, by way of them this at the ranch, some!" blow landed upon his forearm instead | ablutions, and then prepared break- | And Spike put spurs to his horse of his head. A yell of pain and rage | fast at the camp-fire. Pequod le | and dashed away to the ranch at top broke from the half-breed.

> "Down him!" shrieked Lovell. back, changing his knife to his left; offered him a share of the meal he likely to talk of "tall stories" hand. His right arm was nerveless ate sullenly and in silence; and they when he saw them ride in with from the heavy blow. The juniors rushed right on.

Crash, crash!

The knife went clattering to the ground as Lovell's cudgel crashed Breakfast over, the heroes of rode up to the ranch every man who on the half-breed's shoulder. Raby Rookwood prepared for departure was within call had gathered to stare and Newcome got in with their from the locked valley. Pequod was at them. Hudson Smedley stood in

hurled it far into the trees. Then | way back to the gorge. ruffian.

the cudgel.

"Will you give in?" he said savage, sullen silence at last. savagely.

And, as the half-breed still clutched, the cudgel came down with a crash, and Pequod le answered. Couteau's struggles ceased. His head fell heavily on the ground, and he lay stunned.

"Good!" panted Lovell. "That up!" does if!"

Jimmy breathlessly.

"Right-ho!"

Couteau watched them with black | speed to spread the wonderful news. eyes that scintillated with hate, but Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned with Pequod sprang farther back and he said no word. When the juniors satisfaction. Pete Peters was not fed him, not venturing to untie his Blazer and the half-breed, both hands. Pequod was too slippery captured. and dangerous a customer to be Spike got in well ahead of the

cudgels the next moment, and mounted on the horse Jimmy had the porch of the ranch-house with Pequod was stretched on the ground. | ridden the day before, and his legs | an astonished face, Pete Peters sat He made a desperate effort to were secured to the animal with on his horse, and Red Alf, Skitter rise, but Jimmy Silver struck again, lengths cut from the lasso. Jimmy Dick, and a dozen other men were and, with a groan, the ruffian rolled was going to ride Blazer, buck- grouped before the bunkhouse or jumper as he was. But the horses by the corrals, all amazed by Jimmy snatched up his knife and were led as the juniors made their | Spike's amazing news, and not

he fairly jumped on the struggling In the gorge the horses belonging to Lovell, Raby, and Newcome were His knee was planted on Pequod's still tethered. They were released chest, and the breed clutched at him | and fed and given water, and then cowpunchers. like a wild beast. Jimmy swung up | the juniors led them away down the gorge. The half-breed broke his got him!"

"Where are you taking me?"

Jimmy looked at him. "To the Windy River Ranch," he

"Confound you!" Jimmy held up his riding-whip. "That will do!" he said. "Shut

"Get hold of the lasso!" said into-sullen silence again, and did "You see, we felt bound to hunt not speak a word further during | down Blazer." the journey.

OUTLAW

KING!"

Morton Pike.

A Wonderful and

Powerful Tale,

dealing with the amaz-

ing Adventures of

ROBIN HOOD,

and his MERRY MEN

of SHERWOOD!

Abounding with thrill

and mystery, introduc-

ing KING RICHARD

CŒUR de LION and

trusted loose. Rookwooders. By the time they

believing a word of it till the Rookwood cavalcade rode into

Then there was a roar from the

"Pequod, the horse-thief! They've

"Young Silver's riding Blazer!" "Jerusalem crickets!"

"Bravo, tenderfoot!"

The Rookwooders rode up to the ranch-house. Hudson Smedley came to meet them, quite an extraordinary expression on his bronzed face. "Jimmy!" he stuttered.

"I hope you don't mind our clear-And Pequod le Couteau relapsed ing off like that?" said Jimmy.

> "I guess I was mad when I came back from Mosquito and found you gone," said the rancher: "butbut— Holy smoke! This caps the stack, I guess! How did you rope in that breed?"

"He came for me with a knife, and he stole my horse, so we thought we'd rope him in," said Jimmy, with exaggerated carelessness. "Oh, Jimmy!"

Hudson Smedley seemed able to say no more. The juniors dismounted, in a mood of great satisfaction with themselves and things generally. Pete Peters came over and clapped Jimmy Silver on the

guess I'm sorry, sonny!" he said. "I guess I take back some things I've said, and a lot more that I've thought! You've got me beat!" Jimmy Silver laughed.

"All serene, old scout!" he answered. "Cheers for the tenderfeet, boys!"

shouted Red Alf. And the cowpunchers gave a thunderous cheer that made the rafters of the Windy River Ranch ring again.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had made good, and no one grudged the "tenderfeet" their triumph. THE END.

(Plenty of thrills in "Foes of the Ranch!"-next Monday's stunning story of Jimmy Silver & Co. out West. On no account must you miss it. And don't forget to tell all your non-reader pals that they also should get a copy of next Monday's Boys'

"Magnet" Library Limerick Competition.

FIRST £1 1s. PRIZE

And Consolation Prizes of 2s. 6d.

Below you will find a coupon which entitles you to enter the "Magnet" Library Limerick Competition No. 4. Entries must be posted to "Magnet" Library Limerick Competition No. 4, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, and must reach that address not later than May 10th,

It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision must be accepted as binding in all matters.

Rules of the competition and results are published weekly in the "Magnet" Library.

Now supply the last line to the Limerick given below.

> "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION No. 4. When Bolsover shot out his In the course of a hurricane

His opponent went down, And remarked with a frown:

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU:

"Thought stars only shone in the night!"

his gallant knights of the Red Cross. Read this gripping story in-THE "POPULAR"—Out on Tuesday. Raby stirred the fire into a Once out of the rocky gorge, the brighter blaze, and Lovell quickly juniors mounted their horses and The found the lasso. The end of the rode cheerily down to the plain. rope was knotted round Pequod's Two ropes were attached to the

wrists. Another length was cut off | half-breed's horse, held by Lovell | to struggle as he liked.

The 6th Chapter. Jimmy Silver & Co.'s Triumph.

Dawn flushed up over the plains the juniors had kept watch in turn, philosophically. and Lovell, who was taking the last | It was close on noon when the watch, was sitting by the camp-fire half-breed. He grinned at Jimmy.

brekker?"

ranch! I fancy we shall surprise | Spike. them when we ride in!"

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

Silver. "Now, then, turn out, "Looks like it-what?" grinned

and knotted round his ankles. And and Raby, to lead him, one on from the fire and revealed the sleep- only just in time. The half-breed's either side. Newcome rode behind. ing figure of the half-breed clearly as | fierce black eyes opened as Lovell | Jimmy Silver for a time was busy finished binding his limbs, and dealing with Blazer, who had not Pequod began to struggle again. overcome his objection to being But he was helpless now, and the ridden. But Blazer had apparently juniors left him lying on the ground, | learned that Jimmy knew how to deal with him, and he ceased to buck at last and allowed himself to be ridden quietly. The contest ended in Jimmy Silver's favour, though he was careful to keep a wary eye on his mount and a tight of Alberta and over the foothills | hand on the rein. If the horse had and the locked valley in the heart | been in his wildest mood, Jimmy | of the hills. Jimmy Silver threw was determined to ride him up to aside his blanket, and turned out the ranch; but he was glad enough and yawned. Through the night when Blazer decided to take it

> ranch-house chimneys came in sight. | : on a log, with his eyes on the bound | The first "hand" seen was Spike | Thompson, who came careering : "All serene, old top! What about across the prairie with blank amazement written on his bearded "That's the next item," said face at the sight of the cavalcade.

Jimmy cheerily, "and then for the | "What you got there?" yelled

"You bet!" grinned Lovell. "Blazer and a giddy horseaway this time!" said Jimmy | Pequod le Couteau?"

Lovell. They watched and waited, and cudgel swept down. Raby and Newcome turned out I "Waal, carry me home to die!"

Show your non-reader pals a copy of the BOYS' FRIEND. They must not miss the tip-top stories that are coming along!