

SEVEN SUPER STORIES—4 PHOTO-CARDS OF
FOOTER STARS

The PILOT 2^D

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The GREAT NEW PAPER *for* READERS OF ALL AGES



*Jim Templeman started back
with a cry.... the name on the tombstone was his own!*

A dramatic incident from our grand story:

"The **WORST BOY** *at* **BORSTED** *"*

OUTLAWS, WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS, KID, DAN AND RED FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE RASCALLY MARSHAL WHO IS TRYING TO CHEAT THEM OF THE GOLD-MINE THEY'VE DISCOVERED!

The Outlawed THREE



RUSTLING cows!" Big Dan Oak's eyes glinted under his knitted brows, and his jaw squared. He looked as if he would dash his clenched fist into the scarred, bearded face of the man before him. Jad Jadson's eyes glinted, too, and his hand slid down to the six-gun in his belt. But Kid Byrne dropped a hand on Dan's arm.

"Don't be a mutt, Dan!" he said quietly. "We're outlaws now, same as the Jadsons—we've got no kick coming."

Jad Jadson grinned. "You said it, Kid!" he agreed.

Dan Oak stood silent, his chest heaving. It was true—Dan and Kid and Red, the cowboys of the Rojo Ranch, were outlaws now—outlawed by the treachery of Hardfist Hall, marshal of Bullwhacker. They were hunted by the marshal's men, and were liable to be strung up to the nearest tree if they were captured. In the day of the Jadson gang, high up in the Mesa Mountains of Arizona, they had found a refuge—but only on the terms that they joined up with the bunch of rustlers. Dan knew it as well as his comrades knew it—bitter as it was to know. Yet his anger flamed up at the mention of rustling cows.

Red, his plump face clouded, looked from the handsome Kid to big, wiry, rugged Dan, and back again. His heart was with Dan, but he knew that the Kid was right. The Rojo boys could not ride and hide with the outlaws without joining in their lawless ways—and the Jadsons lived by plunder—by running cows from the ranches of Bullwhacker, looting the miners of Pack-Mule, and hold-ups on the prairie trails.

There were six of the Jadsons. All were of the same family and name, and all desperate outcasts long wanted by the law. They camped in a hidden gulch high up the mesa, where a group of rough pinewood shacks stood by a trickling stream. This was a head-water of the Rio Rojo, which lower down ran by old Sam Oak's land, where the three boys had dwelt with old Sam till the fatal night when an unknown hand had shot him down. There they were safe from Hardfist Hall, and, so far, they had not been called on to join in the Jadson raids. But the time had come now, as the Kid knew that it must come.

"Sure—rustling cows!" said Jad, squirting a stream of tobacco juice over the rocks. "You figure that you've joined this bunch to sit around and chew up the eats? Forget it! We're riding to-night—and I guess you guys are riding with us!"

"We got to ride, Dan!" said the Kid.

Dan breathed hard.

"What'd old Sam say if he heard of us rustling cows?" he muttered. "We're outlaws, Kid, by no fault of our own. But a guy who rustles cows—"

"Hardfist's cows!" grinned Jad.

Dan started, and his face cleared. If the raid was planned on the Hall Ranch, that was a different matter. It was war to the knife—war to the death—between Hardfist Hall and the Rojo boys. He had driven them into outlawry in his fierce determination to get hold of the secret gold-mine on the Rojo land. Every chance of a blow back at their enemy was welcome to the outlawed trio.

With every man's hand against them, the Outlawed Three ride on their trail of vengeance!

"Now you're talking!" said Red and Dan in the same breath. The Kid's handsome face lighted up.

"Jad, old-timer, you've spilled a hatful!" he said. "Bank on us, Jad. We'll ride with you and shoot with you. We'll even face a necktie party with you if it's up agin Hardfist Hall."

Jad nodded, grinning. "Hardfist's knocked out," he said. "You gave him a bullet in the shoulder, Kid, that day you got him in Bullwhacker. I guess he ain't got over it yet by long chalks. And I'd sure rather rustle his cows while he's laid up in his bunk, for he's a bad man to crowd when he's up with a gun in his hand."

"I guess I'll crowd him, if we meet up with him to-night!" said the Kid briefly.

"Saddle up at sundown!" said Jad, and, with a nod to the Rojo boys, the chief of the Jadson gang turned and slouched away. The sun was already sinking over the summits of the mesa.

"You'll stop in camp, Red!" said Dan Oak. "Stop nothing!" snapped Red.

"The Kid and me'll ride with the Jadsons! Jad don't want the whole pesky family along!" growled Dan. "I'm telling you, you stop in camp!"

The Kid nodded. His thought was the same as Dan's. Tom Redway was the youngest of the three. To keep him clear of lawlessness, even while consorting with the wildest and toughest gang in Arizona, was the thought in the mind of the elder punchers. Red looked rebellious.

"Dan's right!" said Kid Byrne. "You stop in camp, Red! Now, don't you chew the rag about it—just pack it up and stand pat!"

Red opened his mouth as if to argue, and closed it again.

The Jadsons were preparing their horses and examining rifles and six-guns, ready to take the trail when the sun dipped. Dan and Kid did the same. Red watched them, but to the relief of his two comrades he did not argue the matter.

In the glimmer of the sunset, the six border ruffians and the two cowpunchers mounted their broncos and rode down the rugged gulch to the lower canyons that lead to the plain. Jad Jadson rode in the lead, his followers bunched behind him. The sun was gone, and darkness thickened over the mesa. Through the thickening gloom the jingle of bridles and stirrups, the clattering of hoofs on hard rocks, echoed and echoed. By gulch and rocky

canyon they rode, till they emerged on the open, sage-dotted plain at the foot of the mesa.

More silent now, with grass under the thudding hoofs, they rode, heading for the ford of the Rojo River, which had to be crossed to reach the Hall Ranch. Jad Jadson suddenly pulled in his bronco, his eyes glittering under the shadow of his stetson.

"Halt!" he growled. "I guess we're being trailed."

The bunch of riders drew rein, and heads were bent to listen. From the rocky canyon they had left came the ringing clatter of hoofs on rocks. A horseman was riding hard in their rear.

The look of savage ferocity that came over Jad's scarred face sickened the Kid as he caught it in the dusk. The outlaw jerked the six-gun from his belt, and, wheeling his horse, he waited in the shadows for the pursuing rider to draw nearer. Who that rider of the night was, no one in the gang knew or cared—but he was following them, and that spelled death to him when he came under Jad's gun. The Jadson gang rode the trails with ropes round their necks, and it was not their way to spare an enemy.

Kid Byrne pushed his horse a little nearer Jad. Dan, farther off in the gloom, did not see the outlaw's gun in his hand. But the Kid saw it, and knew! His thoughts raced. He was riding with outlaws—an outlaw himself; he couldn't afford to be any more squeamish than the other outlaws. Yet—

A dim figure of a horseman loomed up in the shadows on the plain. Little could be seen of him save a stetson hat and the tossing head of a horse. Jad's bearded lips snarled over his set teeth, as his gun went up and he pulled trigger.

But even as he pulled, the Kid's quirt came up, knocking the six-gun upward. The bullet whizzed skyward as the six-gun roared. Outlaw or not, the Kid could not stand for shooting a man down without a chance for his life.

Jad yelled a fierce oath, and as if in answer came a call from the horseman.

"Say, you guys, don't burn powder—it's me, Red!"

"Red!" yelled the Kid.

"You doggoned young gink!" panted Dan. Red rode up, grinning, and Jad, staring at him, lowered the smoking revolver. The

Kid was white as chalk. That merciful impulse to save, as he supposed, a stranger's, perhaps an enemy's, life, had saved the life of Tom Redway. But for the prompt lash of the Kid's quirt at the six-gun, Jad's bullet would have crashed into Red and rolled him dead from his saddle.

"Say, you guys figure you was leaving me behind?" grinned Ked. "I'll say you got another guess coming! Where you ride, I'm riding, if it's straight to the rope of Judge Lynch."

Jad Jadson thrust the six-gun into his holster.

"Get on!" he snapped. The bunch of riders dashed on again, across the darkened prairie, Red riding with Dan and Kid.

The stars were coming out in the velvety sky, and the pals had a glimpse of the deserted Rojo Rancho, where they lived with old Sam, as they rode up to the ford. It was lost to sight again as they splashed through the ford with the outlaws and rode at a gallop for the Hall Ranch.

HARDFIST HALL, marshal of Bullwhacker, leaned back in his rocker in the living-room of the Hall Ranch, and fixed his deep-set eyes on the man before him—Doc Baker, of Parksville. The short, squat man in his red shirt and stetson and cowman's boots, and a six-gun packed at his hip, hardly looked the medical man he was. Doc Baker was the only doctor in Tontine County, and little as he liked the bullying marshal of Bullwhacker, he had driven thirty miles in his buckboard to visit him. But his visit was as brief as he could make it.

"You're mending, Hall!" he said, in his jerky tones. "I guess young Byrne never meant to make it last sickness for you—he's sure a handy lad with a gun when he wants. But I'm warning you, Hardfist, don't give him another chance. After what you've done, I guess he wouldn't leave nothing for me to mend next time."

The marshal of Bullwhacker scowled. "Let him wait till I can back a bronc again," he gritted, "and he won't have to wait long."

"Aw, can it!" snapped the doc. "You're making me sorry I've tended you, Hall. I guess if it wasn't a medical man's duty to mend sinners as well as saints, you'd never have seen me here. Waal, I got to go!"

"Hold your hosses!" snapped Hardfist. "I got something to say afore you beat it, doc." "Spill it, and make it snappy!" said the doc. "I sure do hate to be in the same room with you, Hardfist."

"You got old Sam Oak at your shebang in Parksville," muttered Hall. "How's he going on?"

"Mending!" said the doc briefly. "I guess he'd mend sooner, if he was back at the Rojo Rancho, and I'd sure see that he had care! And I ain't a mean guy, doc. I'd stand any sum in reason for your expenses."

Doc Baker stood before the black-bearded marshal, his eyes gleaming at the man in the rocker. For a moment or two he did not speak. His hand strayed to the six-gun at his hip. Hall, hard and determined as he was, shrank from the look on the medical man's face.

"You doggoned skunk!" breathed the doc, at last. "Nobody knows who shot-up old Sam, but I got a good guess coming, Hardfist, knowing his was after his land, and the gold-mine his boys found on it. You packed them boys in the calaboose at Bullwhacker on a charge of murder—but I'll say you could tell them the name of the pesky skunk that pulled the trigger! And now you're asking me to put the old rancher in your grip! By the great horn spoon, if you wasn't my patient, and me bound to see you through, I'd pull on you and finish what the Kid began."

"You don't want to go off on your ear, doc," said Hardfist coolly. "There was plenty of evidence against the Rojo boys, and they've broke gaol. They're riding with the Jadsens and they've shot up my men who traifed them to the Mesa—"

"And who set a lynch mob on them when

they was in the calaboose?" demanded the doc fiercely. "Who made outlaws of them, Hardfist Hall? Pack it up, you skunk, or you'll sure make me forget that I'm a doctor! I'll tell a man I'd rather fix you up for a funeral than mend you."

Doc Baker stamped out of the room. The marshal of Bullwhacker called after him as he went, but the doc did not turn his head. Scowling, the marshal heard the buckboard rattle and clatter away on the trail under the stars.

Hardfist rose from the rocker and tramped out on to the veranda. Dusky night lay on the prairie. Far in the distance a glimmer against the velvety sky told where the town of Bullwhacker lay—the town of which he was marshal. Leaning on the rail, Bill Hall stared down the dusky trail and listened to the sound of the doctor's buckboard dying away in the distance. He was still feeling the effects of his wound, but it would not be long before he would be able to sit in the saddle again—and ride in search of the Rojo riders. They had put themselves utterly outside the pale of the law by joining up with the Jadson gang, and he had them where he wanted them now. They had discovered the gold-mine in the mesa, which had been lost for forty years, but it would profit them little now that they were outlawed and hunted for their lives. His greedy grasp would yet close on the gold of the mesa, when Dan and Kid and Red were out of the way. The sound of the buckboard died away in the distance.

Doc Baker drove fast through the starry



"Would you mind fetching me a taxi, sonny?"

"What! And leave you to pinch my barrow? Nothing doing!"

night, his teeth clamped on an unlighted Mexican cheroot. Only his duty, as the only medical man available, had taken him to Hardfist's ranch, and he was glad to get away. Mile after mile ran under the rattling wheels as he headed for the ford of the Rojo, to get back to distant Parksville. Here and there, by the dark trail, massive figures loomed in the grass, and drowsy heads were raised as steers were startled from slumber by the rattling wheels. Once a voice called a greeting to him as he passed—the voice of one of the Hall punchers. They were a rough and tough bunch on the Hall Ranch, but the six-gun doctor was liked and respected even by that rough, gun-slinging crowd.

Suddenly, from the darkness of the prairie at a distance from the trail, came a flash—the flash of a gun. The following report boomed dully through the night, and Doc Baker pulled in his horse and listened. A cry came from the darkness—the cry of a stricken man.

The doc's eyes gleamed under his bent brows. "Rustlers!"

The word dropped sharply from his lips. In the velvety darkness he could see nothing. But he knew that a range rider had been shot down as he guarded his herd, and he knew that

rustlers were riding in the dark night. There was a sudden thudding of hoofs. A riderless horse, with dangling stirrups, dashed out of the dark, shied at the sudden sight of the halted buckboard on the trail, and dashed off into the night again. Following came a hoarse shout.

"Rope that bronc, Bull! If that cayuse hits the ranch, we'll have the whole outfit down to see what's going on! Shoot the critter if you have to!"

Flash on flash came from the dark. Doc Baker gathered his reins in his left hand and his six-gun leaped into his right. The Jadson gang were riding that night, he knew, because Bull Jadson, Jad's brother, was one of the desperate gang. A shadowy horseman raced across the trail, riding at a fierce gallop after the riderless horse, firing as he rode. He passed within six feet of the buckboard, failing to see it in the dark and his wild haste. But two following horsemen checked their Broncos as they spotted the vehicle there, and heard the grind of the wheels as the doc whirled in round on the trail.

Shaking his reins, the doc drove back towards the ranch to give the alarm. He loathed Hardfist Hall, but Hardfist was a rancher, his herds in danger from rustlers, and the doc had to give him warning. With a rattle and clatter, the buckboard rocked and thundered back along the dark trail, and a thunder of hoofs and a popping of six-guns told the doc that he was pursued.

A bullet thudded into the back of the vehicle. With glinting eyes, the doc turned and fired back into the dark at shadowy horsemen. Shot after shot came from his six-gun, and a fearful cry floated back from the night. One of the Jadsens had gone down under his fire.

The horse, wildly excited, tore madly along. Doc Baker packed his gun and gripped the reins with both hands. It was all he could do now to keep the rocking buckboard from overturning, and with set teeth he drove on. Thudding hoofs rang on the grass, and a single rider drew closer and closer behind. A stetson had loomed up—but the rider was not firing. He rode harder and harder, and came along by the side of the rocking buckboard, and the stars gleamed on the lifted barrel of his revolver.

"Pull in!" came his shout. "You locoed geek, I've got you covered! Pull in that cayuse, or you get yours."

Doc Baker jumped in his seat. He knew that voice.

"Kid!" he yelled. Kid Byrne, riding dangerously close to the jumping buckboard, peered at him in the dark. His gun-arm dropped.

"Doc! Is that Doc Baker?" "You said it, you doggoned young fool!" roared the doc. "And you're the Kid—riding with rustlers! Shoot, if you want—shoot, you young scoundrel—shoot!"

But the Kid did not shoot. He holstered his gun, checked his bronc, and dropped behind in the darkness. The doc drove on, and clattered wildly up to the Hall ranch-house, where Hardfist, leaning on the rail, stared at him in blank astonishment.

"You, doc! What the great horned toad do you—"

"Rustlers!" snarled the doc. "They've shot-up one of your riders, and I guess they're driving your cows." He panted. "And doggoned pizen polecat as you are, Hardfist, if you want a man to ride with your outfit, I guess I can ride as well as drive, and I've got a gun—"

Hardfist, with a bound, was down from the veranda.

JAD JADSON swore luridly. The scarred face of the outlaw was black with rage. The riderless horse, pursued by Bull Jadson, had been shot, and excepting for the escape of Doc Baker in the buckboard, there would have been no danger of alarm at the ranch. On the pasture by the banks of the Rojo a bunch of three hundred cows fed, which had been in charge of a puncher who now lay in the grass a six-gun still gripped in his hand, his set face upturned to the stars. Back along the trail the Kid came riding,

and when he told with a brief word that the buckboard had got clear, Jad swore long and hard. His men were already driving three hundred cows, but a cattle-drive was slow work, and it was miles to the security of the hills, where they would be safe from trailing. Two or three hours would have seen the ranch raiders safe and clear, and but for the chance of Doc Baker coming down the trail, and his escape, Jad would have had the two or three hours he wanted. Now it was time for hard riding, with small chance of getting away with the rustled cows. They knew Hardfist Hall. At a word of alarm—wounded though he was—he would be in the saddle, riding with his outfit.

Again Jadson swore. And had the outlaw known that the man in the buckboard was Doc, and that the Kid had had him at his mercy and spared him, the scarred ruffian would have turned his gun, as well as his savage words, on Kid Byrne. But of that the Kid said no word.

Jad roared at the Kid savagely for letting the man in the buckboard get away alive, but still the Kid answered no word. He was an outlaw, riding with rustlers, but he would have laughed at the idea of burning powder on the man who was standing by old Sam, saving him from the marshal of Bullwhacker. But the Kid had joined up with Jad, and he was as loyal as he could be. He rode with the rustled cows, cracking his quirt, helping to keep the bunch together as they headed for the ford of the Rio Rojo. Somewhere in the darkness Dan and Red were riding, too, among the sea of tossing heads and horns.

But the Kid's face was dark and sombre. The words the doc had flung at him from the buckboard rang in his ears and rankled in his heart. The doc had always been his friend, and was caring for old Sam; but he despised him for what he was doing, and if he pulled a gun that night it would be on the side of Hardfist Hall. Yet the Kid asked himself bitterly, what choice had he? Hardfist had driven him and his comrades into outlawry, and with whom were they to ride but outlaws? It was unjust, bitterly unjust, and yet the Kid knew in his heart that this night was his last ride with the Jadson gang.

Thumping hoofs, tossing horns, bellowing and squealing! Hard-driven by the rustlers and the Rojo boys, the Hall herd strove again and again to break loose in a stampede. Cow after cow escaped from the herd and ran loose in the prairie. There was no time to round-up stragglers. Jad was content if he kept most of the herd together—if he got even half of them as far as the ford. But long before the Rio Rojo was sighted he knew that Hardfist Hall and his outfit would be riding hard on the trail—that there would be no escape without gun-play.

There came a thunder of hoofs from the dark prairie behind. Jad glared round in the saddle and loosed off his gun at random in the direction of the sound.

"They're coming!" he gritted. Shots rang from the dark. Hardfist and his range-riders were coming. Every man in the Hall bunkhouse had turned out, packed a gun, and mounted a bronc, at the alarm given by Doc Baker. And the galloping brones gained fast on the driven herd; but hard as they were driven with savage lashes from the quirts, the herd went slow. The Rojo was still at a distance, when the cowpunchers were close behind. Jad spurred on his horse and shouted to the Kid.

"You, Kid!"
Kid Byrne checked his bronc, for that night he was Jad's man, ready to carry out his orders—all the more because he had failed him in letting Doc Baker get away alive to give the alarm.

"Shoot!" he snapped.
"Stand back and stall off them punchers!" ordered Jad. "We got to gain time, and I guess it's you that's let us down. It's up to you, Kid Byrne."

The Kid gave a reckless laugh.
"You said it!" he answered.

He swung round his bronc. The herd lumbered on, bellowing under the cracking quirts of the Jads. Dan and Red went with them, not even knowing, in the dark, that the Kid was left behind. And Kid was glad that they could not know it.

"Come on, Jad!" Kid shouted—and swung the outlaw up behind him. Even with the marshal's men in hot pursuit, Kid was giving his horse a double load to carry in order to save the cattle-rustler from his fate.

For that night he was Jad's man, and Jad's order was law to him; but he knew that he was the only man in the gang who would have obeyed that order. He knew he was going back to almost certain death to gain time for the outlaws to escape with their plunder. But Jad had helped him save his comrades from the rope, and he owed it to Jad. And the handsome Kid was the man to pay his debts.

Behind the lumbering herd bellowing off into the darkness towards the ford, the Kid, grim and tight-lipped, turned back, gun in hand. He rode back down the trampled trail to meet the horsemen coming on in the gloom. He halted and sat his horse, listening to the approaching thunder of many hoofs. Hardfist was coming, and twenty men or more were riding with him—hard-bitten men, readier with a shot than a word. And at a glimpse of stetson hats in the shadows, the Kid lifted his six-gun, and blazed away. Hardfist was his enemy; his punchers were enemies who had joined the lynch mob that had roared round the calaboose in Bullwhacker, a few days ago, for the lives of Dan and Red. Foes all, they could take what was coming to them.

Bang, bang, bang! roared the Kid's six-gun, pitching bullets at the riders as they came thundering on. Hoarse shouts told that two at least of the shots had gone home, and two of the thundering brones had lost their riders. There was a clattering of brides and stirrups as the outfit from Hall's ranch pulled in. Shot after shot rang out in reply, but the Kid had halted in the shadow of a clump of post-oaks, and the Hall punchers could see nothing of him.

Bang, bang, bang! roared the Kid's gun again, echoing through the night. He had stopped them. That sudden outburst of firing had given Hardfist's outfit the impression that the rustlers had turned at bay, as the Kid hoped it would. He heard enraged voices shouting from the dark, but the punchers did not ride on, fearing an ambush and a volley. Behind the Kid the bellowing of the lumbering herd died down towards the Rojo. He crammed cartridges into his gun.

He was getting away with it. Every minute gained was a big gain, and gave Jad another chance of pulling clear. He loosed off shots again, pumping lead into the dark. The voice of Hardfist Hall came in a yell:

"Ride on! They're getting clear! Follow me!" The marshal of Bullwhacker rode on, and the Kid, his gun empty again, gritted his teeth. He knew that Hardfist had tumbled to the trick—he had detected that there was only one gun loosing off those rapid shots, and knew that one man had stayed back to stall him off while the rest drove on the herd. Three or four minutes had been gained, but now the punchers were sweeping on—sweeping down on the Kid, an empty gun in his hand and no time to reload.

Horsemen thundered round him in the black shadow of the post-oaks, and the Kid, struck by a sudden inspiration, wheeled and rode with them. One more shadowy figure among twenty or more drew no glance, and the Kid grinned under his stetson hat, riding stirrup to stirrup with men who would have shot him to pieces had they known. But in the dark no face could be seen under the shady stetsons, and the Hall outfit had no suspicion that they had gathered up the man who had been shooting into their own bunch. The Kid rode in their midst, safe for the moment amongst men who were his foes.

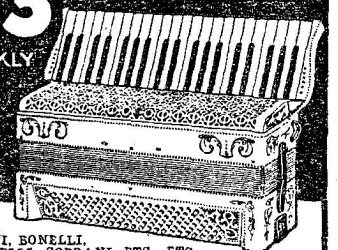


He spurred on his bronc. To the riders round him he was only one of themselves, eager to overtake the rustlers.

He drew ahead of the outfit, falling in beside the leading rider. He had a glimpse of an iron face and a black beard, and a thrill ran through the Kid. He was riding by the side of Hardfist Hall, and his eyes blazed as he gripped his gun. A week ago he had shot-up the marshal of Bullwhacker in his own office on Main Street in the cow town, but he had

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not been an outlaw then, and he had not shot to kill. Now, had there been a cartridge left in his gun he would have shot down the black-bearded man riding by his side as coolly as he would have shot down a panther in the chaparral. But his gun was empty, and the Kid, gripping it, rode closer to the marshal of Bullwhacker, his eyes burning.

Hall shouted back to his men.

"Burn the wind, you 'uns! They're making for the ford! Ride!"

He spurred his bronc savagely. The horse-man at his side was almost touching him, and Hall stared round at him, edging clearer. The Kid's arm went up, his six-gun in his hand, and the long, heavy barrel of the Colt descended on Hardfist Hall, crushing down his Stetson, crashing on the head under it. One groan, cut short, escaped Hardfist, as he pitched headlong from the saddle and thudded in the grass.

His horse, with empty saddle, thundered on beside the galloping Kid.

A confused shouting rose behind him. Some of the punchers were riding on, unaware of what had happened in the gloom; others had pulled in their horses round their fallen leader. Amid the outbreak of surprised shouting and yelling the Kid heard a voice calling Doc Baker. Riding with his knees, Kid had reloaded his gun, and he had been about to turn and loose off bullets. But at the sound of the doc's name he holstered his gun and grasped his reins again, and galloped on hard and fast.

The pursuit had been checked—and the Kid dashed on and overtook the rustlers, where the rustled herd was trampling and splashing through the ford of the Rojo.

"DRIVE 'em!" snarled Jad Jadson. Half the rustled herd had passed the ford, and if it hadn't been for the alarm given at the ranch, three hundred cows would have been driven off into the hills. But in the wild haste of the drive half of them had escaped on the prairie, or along the bank of the Rojo. On the farther side of the river the cracking quirts of the outlaws drove the bellowing beasts on, and Jad sat his bronc, in the lapping water, staring back with glinting eyes.

A rider came dashing through the ford, and he half-raised his gun. Then he knew that it was Kid Byrne.

The Kid pulled in his bronc by Jad's side. "You stopped them, Kid?" muttered Jad. "I guess they're delayed some—Hardfist's

down, with his cabeza cracked. But they won't be long! You got to hold the ford!" said the Kid.

"Sure!"

The delay had enabled the rustlers to get half the rustled herd across the river, but it was long miles yet to the hills and safety. Hall's hard riders were upon their tracks long before the distance was covered by the lumbering cattle unless they could be stopped at the ford. Jad had already determined on that.

"You, Dan Oak—Red—and you, Bull, ride with the cows!" he roared, his voice ringing over the trampling and bellowing of the herd. "You others stop with me—we got to stand off them hombres."

Hardfist's fall had delayed the pursuit, but it was coming on again. Jad and his men dismounted and unslung their rifles from their saddles, posting themselves along the bank to fire on the ford when the punchers came. Only at the ford could the Rojo be crossed, unless the pursuers took the chance of swimming deep waters in the dark. Five rifles covering the ford would put paid to the pursuit, Jad reckoned. Kneeling in thick grass, rifle to shoulder, finger on trigger, the outlaws waited, with grim, desperate faces—the Kid's face as grim as any.

Out of the darkness across the glimmering view came a bunch of hard-riding horsemen, splashing into the shallows of the ford. Jad's scarred face wrinkled in a savage grin.

"Let them have it!" he gritted.

They were unseen, crouching in thick grass. Every now and then they loosed off a shot at a dim figure of a horseman on the other side. The pursuit was stopped, and the rustled cows were lumbering off towards the hills, driven by Dan and Red and Bull. The trampling and the bellowing died away in the night towards the mesa.

"I guess they're close on the hills now!" muttered Jad at last. He was holding the ford, but he was anxious to ride. There was danger every moment of some reckless rider swimming the river, above or below the ford. And a moment after he had spoken, a flash and a report on their own side of the Rojo, told the outlaws that at least one man had got across.

Jad swore fiercely as the bullet hummed by a foot from his scarred face. One man had swum the river and crept down the bank towards the outlaws bunched at the ford. A six-gun blazed at close range, and the bullets spattered among the crouching rustlers.

"Mount and ride!" hissed Jad. He fired at the flash of the six-gun, and ran for his horse, his followers at his heels. The outlaws threw themselves into the saddle and spurred.

Horsemen came splashing across the ford, undeterred now; but the Jadsons were riding fast. With whip and spur they drove their broncs to a mad gallop for the hills, followed by a hail of bullets. There was a sudden squeal from a stricken horse, and Jad's bronc went headlong in the grass, throwing the outlaw leader heavily to the earth.

The Kid checked his horse.

Jad staggered up. He was dazed by the fall. The other riders had vanished in the night, but the Kid pulled in close by him.

Jad, for a second, stared at him. His own men were gone, but the Kid had stayed to save him. The next second he was springing up behind the Kid, and Kid Byrne was dashing on again, spurring and quiring the double-loaded bronc. Fast behind came the thunder of hoofs.

Hard the Kid rode, getting every ounce out of his horse. But the double load told heavily on the bronc, and the thundering hoofs behind grew closer and closer. Whizzing bullets, that whistled close, told that they were seen against the stars. But the mesa was close now—and the Kid rode for it, riding for his life. Foaming and sweating, the hard-driven bronc clattered up into the canyon at last, and the shadowy rocks and pines hid them from the pursuing outfit.

"We're through, Jad!"

"You said it!" muttered Jad.

"And after this, Jad, I guess I ain't riding with your bunch no more, nor my side-kickers ain't!" said Kid Byrne quietly. "We've stood by you, Jad, and you won't say we haven't—I'll say you'd be crows' meat now if I hadn't been riding with you. We'll part friends, Jad, at sun-up!"

Jad Jadson gave the Kid a look, and there was a strange glitter in his eyes. But he made no answer, and in silence they tramped on into the hills after the rustled herd.

Kid's debt to Jad Jadson is wiped off—but in throwing over the rustlers' gang the Outlawed Three have added new troubles to their plight, and have yet to find that Jad can be an enemy even more ruthless than the villainous Marshal Hall. Don't miss next week's gripping chapters of this super-Western.

All Soccer League Forecasts for Saturday, November 9th, 1935

[Home teams are given first. Those in capital letters are selected by our experts to win; both teams in non-capital letters signifies a forecasted draw.]

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

DIV. I.

ARSENAL v. Derby County
Birmingham v. Brentford
Blackburn Rovers v. Huddersfield Town
Chelsea v. Middlesbrough
GRIMSBY TOWN v. Wolverhampton W.
Leeds United v. Sheffield Wednesday
LIVERPOOL v. Aston Villa
MANCHESTER CITY v. Everton
STOKE CITY v. Bolton Wanderers
SUNDERLAND v. Preston North End
West Bromwich Albion v. Portsmouth

DIV. II.

BLACKPOOL v. Plymouth Argyle.
BRADFORD v. Fulham
BURY v. Newcastle United
DONCASTER ROVERS v. Bradford City
LEICESTER CITY v. Port Vale
NORWICH CITY v. Hull City
NOTTINGHAM FOREST v. Barnsley
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Burnley
Southampton v. Charlton
Swansea Town v. Manchester United
West Ham United v. Tottenham Hotspur

THE PILOT No. 6—9/11/35.

DIV. III. (Northern).

Carlisle v. Chester
Darlington v. STOCKPORT COUNTY
GATESHEAD v. Crewe Alexandra
Halifax v. Chesterfield
Hartlepool v. LINCOLN CITY
MANSFIELD v. Rochdale
OLDHAM v. New Brighton
ROTHERHAM v. York City
TRANMERE v. Accrington
WALSALL v. Southport
WREXHAM v. Barrow

DIV. III. (Southern).

Aldershot v. Southend United
BRIGHTON v. Gillingham
BRISTOL CITY v. Notts County
COVENTRY CITY v. Crystal Palace
Exeter City v. CARDIFF CITY
MILLWALL v. Bristol Rovers
NEWPORT COUNTY v. Reading
Queen's Park Rangers v. BOURNEMOUTH
SWINDON TOWN v. Northampton Town
TORQUAY UNITED v. Clapton Orient
WATFORD v. Luton Town

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

DIV. I.

AIRDRIEONIANS v. Ayr United
CLYDE v. Albion Rovers
DUNDEE v. Dunfermline Athletic
Hibernians v. CELTIC
Kilmarnock v. Hearts
MOTHERWELL v. Arbroath
PARTICK THISTLE v. Third Lanark
Queen's Park v. Hamilton Academicals
Queen of the South v. RANGERS
St. Johnstone v. Aberdeen

DIV. II.

COWDENBEATH v. Stenhousemuir
Dumbarton v. MORTON
EAST FIFE v. Leith Athletic
Falkirk v. Dundee United
FORFAR ATHLETIC v. East Stirling
King's Park v. Brechin City
MONTROSE v. Edinburgh City
St. Bernards v. Raith Rovers
ST. MIRREN v. Alloa