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The POPULAR

Complete Story Weekly

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No. 533.

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*Rookwood's
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Raffle.*

THERE ARE 4 SCHOOL YARNS INSIDE BOYS!

MEET THE RIO KID, BOY OUTLAW, BELOW!

The RAIDER'S LAST TRAIL!

by RALPH REDWAY



OUR BREATHLESSLY THRILLING LONG
COMPLETE WILD-WEST YARN.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Under Suspicion!

POKER POINDEXTER rode into the cow-town of Gunsight from the prairie trail.

It was sundown; and shadows were lengthening in the dusty street. Already the naphtha lamps of the Four Aces saloon were alight.

The rancher checked his grey mustang, as he came within the radius of light from the saloon. The Four Aces had an almost irresistible attraction for the most inveterate gambler in the Rio Claro country. But he did not halt. He rode on up the street to Blake's shack. Many curious glances were turned on him as he rode. The Gunsight men returned his greetings as he passed them, but in almost every man's look was something that the rancher did not fail to notice, something that hinted of doubt and reserve.

Jud Blake, the marshal of Gunsight, was seated on a bench outside his shack, smoking his pipe, and staring thoughtfully down the dusty street. He watched the rancher curiously as he rode up. Poindexter pulled rein, and dismounted, throwing his reins over a post.

"Evenin', Jud!"

The marshal gave him a curt nod.

"I guess I've been expecting to hear from you, Jud!" said Poindexter.

"Sho!" said the marshal.

"It's near a week since we was on the trail of that fire-bug from Frio, the Rio Kid. You ain't letting up on him, I reckon?"

"I guess I ain't honing to rope in that Kid!" answered Jud Blake. "I ain't wanting to see him any."

"You ain't wanting to see the galoot that shot up the last marshal of this burg?" said Poindexter. "I guess I'm ready to take the trail with my outfit, when you give the word, Jud. You don't reckon the Kid has hit the trail out of this section?"

"Nop."

"Then why ain't you trailing him?" demanded the rancher, knitting his brows. "You ain't figuring to let him run loose?"

Jud shook his head.

"I guess the Kid ain't the man we want, Poindexter," he answered slowly.

"That masked galoot that's shot up half a dozen guys in this section ain't the Kid. He's rode under the Kid's name, and he had us all fooled for a long time; but we're sure wise to it now. Ho ain't the Kid, and never was."

"Quit fooling!" snapped Poindexter. "You ain't taking the word of an outlaw that's wanted by half the sheriffs in Texas?"

"I guess it's proved up," said the marshal stolidly. "The Kid chipped in when that masked guy shot up San-

The Rio Kid covered he would unmask the Unknown Raider, and with relentless cunning he has stuck to his task. And now—fortune favours this daredevil adventurer of Texas!

tander, the Mexican cattle-buyer. I guess he can't be two people at once, Poindexter. Ho sure saved that Greaser's life after he was shot up. That fire-bug fooled us good by calling himself by the Kid's name. But we're wise to his trick now."

"You don't believe it was the Rio Kid that's been riding the trails with a mask on his face?"

"Sure not."

"What you reckon the Kid's doing in this country, then?" demanded the rancher.

"I guess he's hunting for the galoot that's been using his name," answered the marshal—"and that's the galoot we want, too. I sure know now that if we want the fire-bug who's been raising Cain in this section we want to look noarer homo for him."

Poindexter breathed hard.

"So that's your idea, Jud?"

"Yep!"

"And you've let up on the Rio Kid?"

"Sure."

"He's got you fooled!" sneered Poindexter.

"Forgot it!" answered Jud. "That masked guy, who called himself by the Kid's name, shot up Santander, and the Kid came along in time to save the Greaser's life. That proves it up. Dog-gone it, Poindexter, you know it as well as I do. What you giving me?"

The rancher's eyes gleamed at him.

"And you got an idea who the fire-bug is, if he ain't the Kid?" he asked. Jud did not reply to that.

"That outlaw's been telling the world that I'm the man," said Poindexter. "He's shouted it out, and all Gunsight's wise to it. You reckon so, Jud?"

The marshal shrugged his shoulders.

"If I reckoned so, Poindexter, you wouldn't be standing there chewing the rag," he answered. "You'd be swinging from a cottonwood at the end of a riata."

"That means that you don't believe it?"

"Sure, I don't."

"The boys have been giving me the marble-eye, and you sure didn't look all-fired pleased to see me, Jud," said the rancher, with a sneer.

Jud looked at him directly.

"I'll give you straight talk, Poindexter. You ain't exactly under suspicion, on an outlaw's word, but—"

"But what?" sneered the rancher.

"I guess this here burg wants to know," said Jud slowly. "Some galoot has been robbing and shooting, and using the Rio Kid's name as cover. I guess that was to save his own hide. The Kid's shouted out that you're the man. Well, whoevor the man is, I reckon he's some galoot that belongs to this section—some galoot that wanted the money he's raised on the trails."

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Every man in Gunsight knows that you lose more money at poker and faro than your ranch ever earned. I've seen you lose two thousand dollars in the Four Aces, and you sure never raised the money on your ranch. Where did you raise it, feller?"

"That's my business."

The marshal nodded.

"Sure!" he assented. "But you can't blame the boys for wondering a few whether there may be suthin' in what the Kid's shouted out. Dollars don't grow on mesquite-bushes, and they ain't picked up in the arroyos. There's another thing—"

He paused.

"Spill it!" sneered the rancher.

"That Mexican galoot, Santander, was coming to your ranch to buy cattle, with ten thousand dollars in his rags. He was held up on the trail. You was wise to it that he was coming along with the dollars."

"Meaning that I laid for him on the trail?"

"I ain't saying so," answered Jud. "But s'pose he had got to your ranch with the dollars? You ain't any cattle to sell. Every longhorn on your ranch is under mortgage. It sure looks—"

He broke off again.

"I ain't taking the Kid's word that you're the man," he said. "But it don't look quite square, Poindexter; and you can't blame the boys if they look cross-eyed at you."

"I guess they can look as they darned-well like," said the rancher sullenly. "I tell you, the Rio Kid's got you fooled. You're taking an outlaw's word against a cow-man that was raised in this country."

"I ain't," said Jud. "Not any! But it's a sure thing that the Kid ain't the man we want, and I'm letting him alone."

Poindexter swung away, and remounted his horse. He rode slowly down the dusty street of Gunsight.

His brow was black, and his thoughts bitter. As he came again in the light of the Four Aces, he checked his horse. For a few moments he sat in the saddle, staring moodily at the open doorway of the saloon. In the brightly-lighted interior, he had a glimpse of the poker tables and the crowd gathered round the faro lay-out.

If the rancher had thought of resisting the temptation that had already brought him to ruin, it was only for a brief space. He dismounted, hitched his horse with a dozen others to the rail outside the Four Aces, and strode into the saloon.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Kid Falls Among Friends!

"SHO!" murmured the Kid. He backed his horse from the trail into a clump of cottonwoods.

From the distance the sound of hoofbeats had come to his keen ears, though no rider was yet in sight. It was morning, and the Kid was riding the stage-trail that ran between Gunsight and the town of Claro, fifteen miles away up the river.

The hoofbeats came from the direction of Gunsight, and the Kid prudently quitted the trail and took cover in the trees.

All the cow-town knew by this time that the masked raider was not the Rio Kid, but that did not alter the fact that the boy puncher was an outlaw, and that he rode the trails of Texas with his life in his hand.

Backing into deep cover, the Kid

peered out at the trail from a screen of thick Spaniard's-beard among the branches round him.

A bunch of horsemen came in sight, galloping up the trail from Gunsight.

At their head the Kid recognised Jud Blake, the marshal, and following the marshal came six men; all of whom the Kid had seen before—when they had been hunting him on the prairie.

The Kid smiled grimly.

He wondered whether the marshal and his men were on his trail. They had hunted him long and hard in the belief that he was the masked raider who had used his name. But now that they were wise to the truth the Kid reckoned that they might surely give him a rest.

The horsemen came on at a gallop and looked as if they were going to ride past the clump of cottonwoods that concealed the boy puncher. But just abreast of it the marshal drew rein.

"I guess this will fix us, you-uns," he said.

And the marshal rode into the trees, followed by his men.

The Kid's hand dropped on a gun.

They did not know he was there, that was certain, for not a man touched a weapon as they rode under the cottonwoods. But in a few seconds they would know.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Jud suddenly.

Riding into the trees, he almost rode into the halted horsemen there. And the Kid, with a gun in each hand, sat in the saddle and covered the marshal, smiling over the guns.

"You looking for me, Jud?" he drawled. "You've sure found me, whether you're looking for me or not, feller." "Thunder!" repeated the marshal.

Guns were gripped on all sides. But Jud did not reach to his belt. Both the Kid's guns were looking at him, and he was too wise to attempt to draw.

"You don't want to burn powder, you-uns," drawled the Kid. "I ain't honing for trouble with any of you guys, but if you lift a gun your town will sure want a new marshal."

"Forget it, Kid," said Jud quietly. "We ain't arter you."

"What you doing here, Kid?" demanded Tex Clev. "You waiting for the hack to come along from Gunsight?"

"Jest that," agreed the Kid coolly. "Gee, you aiming to hold up the hack, you dog-goned geek?"

The Kid grinned.

"You big stiff," he said good-humouredly, "if I was aiming to hold up the hack I guess I wouldn't put you wise about it. But I'm here to wait for it, all the same, feller."

"And why?" demanded Jud.

"I'm honing to get a bead on that fire-bug that's been using my name," said the Kid. "He's sure stopped the hack on this trail more'n once. I've been haunting this trail and keeping an

THE HOLD-UP! "Light down!" rapped out the masked raider. The passengers poured from the hack and stood in a row in front of the outlaw. "Now drop your guns!" came the next order. And they all obeyed, for they knew the reputation of this merciless man who had held them up. (See Chapter 3.)



eye open. I guess sooner or later I'll cinch him in a hold-up."

"So that's your game, Kid?"

"You've said it."

The marshal made a sign to his men and guns were holstered. The Kid eyed them warily, however.

"We ain't got no trouble with you, Kid," said the marshal amicably. "I ain't caring a Continental red cent what they say about you in Frio. While I figured that you was that fire-bug who's shot up six men in this section I was arter you with a rope. But that's sure cleared up now. We're arter that fire-bug, and I guess if you want to jine the bunch you're welcome."

"Marshal, you're talking hoss sense," said the Kid, and his guns slid back into his holsters.

"You watch the trail, Tex," said Jud.

"Sure!"

"I guess I'll put you wise, Kid," said the marshal. "I been chewing over what you've said about Poindexter. I ain't believing that a Gunsight rancher



from his outfit, sending a message that we're riding for the Rio Grande country to look for you."

"Oh, shucks!"
 "I guess he believes, this minute, that we're the other side of the horizon," said Jud. "If he's the fire-bug you allow I guess he won't figure on seeing us on this hyer trail."

The Kid grinned.
 Jud Blake declared that he did not believe the accusation against Poker Poindexter. But that plan he had laid showed that he suspected him deeply. Certainly, he was acting as if he thought it very likely that Poindexter was the man.

"Poindexter or not, the galoot knows all that goes on in Gunsight," went on the marshal. "I've spread it round that we're hitting south to the Rio Grande, and we sure started at dawn, and we've rode twenty miles round, to cover our tracks. Now we're here to see the hack pass—and we're follering on behind all the way to Claro. I guess if there's a hold-up we come on pronto."

"Jud, you've got a whole heap of solid hoss-sense," said the Rio Kid, "and I'm sure riding with you, and I guess if that bandit holds up the hack it will be the last hold-up he will ever handle on this side of Jordan."

"You've said it," agreed Jud.

There was a grim smile on the face of the Rio Kid. He had resolved never to quit the Gunsight country till the masked trail-bandit had been brought to light and the truth made clear beyond all cavil that he had falsely called himself by the name of the Rio Kid. Under that name he had robbed and shot without mercy, and the Kid had determined to call him to account. Long and patiently had the Kid ridden the trails in search of his enemy, and it seemed to him that it was coming to a cinch at long last.

For an hour the bunch of horsemen waited under the trees till Tex gave warning that the hack was coming.

They backed into deeper cover; but the Kid watched the hack, as it passed, from the screen of Spaniard's-beard. There were four passengers in the hack for Claro, and one of them was Don Felipe Santander, the Mexican cattle-buyer, whose life the Kid had saved. The fat, swarthy Mexican looked pale and worn. He was well enough to travel, but by no means recovered yet from the wound the masked robber had given him. No man in the hack glanced towards the cottonwoods, or had any suspicion that a bunch of horsemen were hidden there.

The vehicle passed on with a rumbling of wheels, a clatter of hoofs, and the cracking of a whip. After it was gone Jud signed to his men, and they pushed out into the trail.

"Foller on!" said the marshal.
 The Gunsight men rode after the hack, the Rio Kid with them. Far in the distance the hack rolled on. It was out of sight, for the trail was irregular, winding here and there among clumps of trees, or belts of tangled mesquite,

From the distance came the sound of the driver's whip, cracking like a series of pistol-shots. But the sound grew fainter in the distance, and died away.

Five miles had passed under the feet of the horses, when from far ahead came a sudden, sharp ring of a revolver.

Jud Blake started.
 "I guess that's the signal."
 "The signal?" repeated the Kid.
 Jud grinned.

"Yes, Santander had it fixed to put us wise. Ride on, you 'uns!"

Gun in hand, the marshal and his men swept on down the trail.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Last Hold-Up!

HALT!"
 The stage-driver from Gunsight did not wait to be bidden twice.

The hack was ten miles out of Gunsight. It was the loneliest part of the trail that ran to Claro.

A horseman with a black mask on his face pushed his horse from the mesquite beside the trail, a gun in his hand.

The hack came to a swift halt.
 Every eye was turned on the road-agent as he rode up to the hack, revolver in hand.

That it was the "fire-bug" who had so long haunted the trails in the Gunsight country was plain. His grey mustang had a black muzzle. He wore goatskin chaps like a cow-puncher, and there was a band of silver nuggets round his Stetson. It was the bandit who rode under the name of the Rio Kid. And though all Gunsight no longer believed that he was the Kid, he rode now under the same guise as before. Whether he was the Kid or not, no man in the hack reckoned on offering resistance. Whoever it was, he was the man who had shot six men dead in as many months, and the sight of his levelled gun was enough for the passengers.

"Light down!" he rapped out.
 The passengers poured from the hack. Don Felipe Santander stepped out slowly, and as he left the vehicle the masked man eyed him curiously through the holes in the mask.

"Drop your guns!" he rapped.
 His revolver swayed, covering all the four passengers as they stood in a row in the trail. All of them packed guns. And they jerked the guns from their belts, and dropped them into the trail.

Crack!
 One of the revolvers exploded as it was flung to the earth.

"Put up your hands!" snarled the rider.

The passengers' hands went up.
 "Keep 'em up!" growled the trail bandit. "You, Greaser, I guess you're my mutton. You want to hand over your roll pronto."

"Si, senior."
 The Mexican cattle-buyer slid his hand under the folds of his serape. It came out with a thick roll of bills.

The horseman's eyes glittered through the holes in the mask.

He took the roll with his left hand.
 Thud, thud, thud!

The masked horseman gave a violent start.

From the trail, in the direction of Gunsight, came a thunder of horses' hoofs.

The passengers turned eager eyes in the direction of the sound. There was a glint in the black eyes of the Mexican cattle-buyer.

is such a pizen skunk as to turn trail-robber and murderer. But I sure ain't satisfied. I guess it's coming to a cinch now. That Greaser, Santander, is well enough to move, and he's going in the hack to-day to Claro."

"Sho!" said the Kid, with interest. "And he's got his roll of ten thousand dollars along?"

"That's it. Since he was shot up he ain't doing any cattle-buying. He's hitting the trail back to Mexico now he can move. He's going to Claro to get the reglar stage. And all Gunsight sure knows that he's going, with ten thousand dollars in his rags."

"Sho!" repeated the Kid. "You've let it out to give that fire-bug a chance to wade in and grab it?"

The marshal grinned.

"Jest that!" he agreed. "I ain't believing anything agin Poindexter, but now there's a doubt I ain't trusting him any. That's only hoss-sense. Poindexter knows that Santander will be in the hack with his dollars. He don't know that this bunch will be on hand if there's a hold-up."

"I sure get you," said the Kid. "Marshal, if the galoot don't suspicion you none he will hold up the hack to-day for that bag of dollars."

"He don't suspicion me none," said Jud. "I've sure borrowed Tex there

The masked man swung his mustang round.

With the roll of bills still gripped in his left hand he rode away up the trail, turned from it, and dashed away through a belt of mesquite.

Thud, thud, thud! came the crashing of hoofs. Scarce a minute after the raider had fled, the bunch from Gunsight dashed on the scene.

Jud Blake drew rein.

"You Santander! He's been here!"
"Si, senior," grinned the Mexican. "He has taken my roll—the roll I had prepared for him. He will not find it of much value if he gets away with it. Todos los Santos!" He pointed out the way the masked rider had gone. "Follow him, senores!"

"Ride!" roared the marshal.

The bunch swept on.

"By the great horned toad!" said the Rio Kid, his eyes gleaming. "We've sure got that fire-bug this time!"

"Ride!" yelled Jud.

The Gunsight men swept through the mesquite. Beyond lay the open prairie, stretching for many a long mile away from the banks of the Rio Claro.

Far in the distance, riding hard, was a horseman, plying whip and spur to escape.

Fast on his track rode the Gunsight men. The quarry was in full view, and revolvers rang as they spurred in pursuit.

The masked man rode desperately.

The grey mustang responded gallantly to his urging. It fairly flew over the rolling prairie. But every man in the Gunsight bunch was riding a picked horse. They kept up in the chase. And one of the bunch drew ahead. It was the Rio Kid, riding as he had seldom ridden before. Slowly, foot by foot, the mustang gained on the fleeing trail-bandit.

There was a grim smile on the Kid's face.

His gun was in his hand; and more

than once he could have dropped the fleeing bandit from his saddle. But he did not fire. He was gaining, and that was enough for the Kid. He would not shoot the bandit in the back if he could help it.

The head of the fugitive turned; the eyes through the holes in the mask glittered at the pursuers. His arm was thrown up, and a shot rang sharply.

But it flew wild. A spatter of bullets from the pursuers answered the shot, and some of them whizzed very close to the desperate rider.

He drove on his steed with whip and spur. Far in the distance across the prairie a line of low hills broke the horizon to the north. The masked raider was aiming for the hills, where he hoped to find cover and escape. But ten miles of plain lay between him and that possible refuge.

Gallop! Gallop!

The Gunsight bunch rode hard and harder. Two or three of them trailed behind, dropping from the race.

But the Rio Kid was still gaining, though it seemed only inch by inch, and Jud Blake was almost level with him. Behind came the rest of the bunch, strung out, riding furiously. Far from the stage-trail, far from the sight of the hack and the passengers, the chase swept on over the prairie, mile after mile racing under the galloping hoofs; and, madly as he rode, the masked man failed to shake off his pursuers—and one of them, at least, gained inch by inch, foot by foot.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Lynch Law!

POKER POINDEXTER stared back, his eyes gleaming desperately through the holes in the mask.

He was riding like a madman; but as he drove on the straining mustang with whip and spur, he knew that the game was up.

He knew that he had been trapped.

The marshal of Gunsight and his men, whom he had believed to be riding to the Rio Grande, were behind him now, in fierce pursuit. The Rio Kid, whose name he had used, whom he had made the whole section believe was the desperate raider of the trails, was riding with the bunch behind him.

The game was up—unless the speed of his horse could save him, and he knew that it could not. If he could reach the hills, and stand at bay; if he could escape from sight long enough to discard his outlaw garb, and wash the black paint from the muzzle of the grey mustang—but he could not.

With ten minutes—five minutes at his disposal, he would have been safe. But ten seconds were not granted him. He was in full view of the galloping bunch, in full view of the Kid, who could have sent whizzing lead into his back had he chosen, and that he did not choose could only mean that he was confident of riding him down.

Poindexter grated his teeth with rage.

He had been trapped—deluded into holding up the Gunsight hack, with the marshal and his men ready at hand to chip in. He understood it now. The explosion of the Mexican's revolver, as he had flung it down, had not been an accident, it had been a signal. He knew it now: With bitter rage in his heart, he spurred madly on.

He had no mercy to expect if he was run down. One of his own men was in the pursuing bunch; but Tex would noose the riata for his neck as readily as any other man in the Gunsight country. He had robbed on the trails, he had shot without mercy, and if he was roped in, the penalty had to be paid. He spurred and spurred the flanks of the straining mustang streaming crimson under the cruel rovells.

He looked back again.

The Rio Kid was gaining faster now, and the marshal was a little behind. Strung out in a long line, the rest of the bunch followed on as fast as their horses could stride. Poindexter's eyes blazed through the holes in the mask at the Kid.

But he dared not stop to fire. A minute's delay would bring the whole bunch riding down on him. He might kill the Kid, but a volley from the rest would lay him out on the prairie.

He rode desperately on. Only a few weeks before he had ridden with the marshal in pursuit of the Rio Kid. Now the Kid was riding with the Gunsight bunch in pursuit of him. It was a turn of fortune's wheel that he had never dreamed of. He cursed as he rode, gritting his teeth.

Whiz!

He heard the whiz of the lasso. Instinctively he bent forward, and spurred madly, and the whirling lasso dropped behind him.

The Kid coiled in the rope as he rode on after the fugitive.

Poindexter panted. The escape had been narrow, and the next cast of the lasso would not fail, for the black-muzzled mustang was gaining on him slowly but surely.

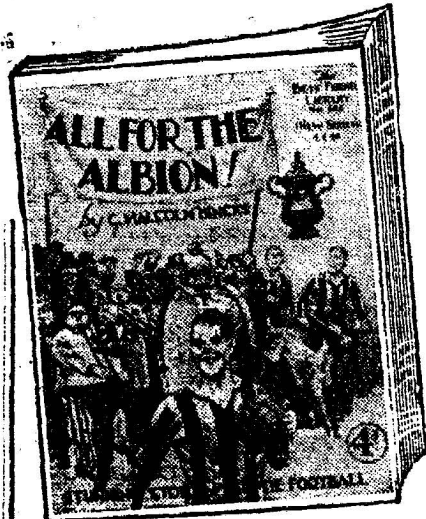
With mad rage in his eyes, the masked man whirled round his horse, his gun in his hand. Escape was beyond hope, unless he could drop the leaders of the pursuit.

But the Rio Kid was watchful.

His gun was ready.

Even as the masked horseman spun round and raised his weapon, the Kid's gun roared.

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Crash!

It was the tossing head of the grey mustang that received the Kid's bullet.

The animal went plunging to the earth, tossing the masked man into the grass as it fell.

He scrambled madly to his feet.

He was dismounted now, and hope was gone. The Kid's gun roared again as the outlaw scrambled up, and the revolver in his grip went spinning from a shattered hand.

There was a fierce yell from the masked man.

Wounded, desperate, fierce as a cornered cougar, he tore the second revolver from his belt with his left hand.

But it was too late. The Rio Kid was riding him down, and the crash of his horse sent the masked man staggering to the earth. The Kid leaped from the black-muzzled mustang, and his grasp closed on the man who was rolling in the grass.

With a clatter of hoofs and a yell of triumph, the Gunsight bunch galloped up.

They sprang from their bronchos, and hands were laid on the struggling desperado on all sides.

It was the finish. The marshal's grip was on one arm, the Kid's on the other.

Tex tore the black mask from his face.

Every eye was fixed on the face, convulsed with rage and fury, that was revealed—the face of the owner of the Poindexter Ranch.

"Thunder!" roared Tex. "It's sure the boss!"

"Poindexter!" yelled the marshal.

The Kid smiled grimly.

"I reckon I allowed it was Poindexter!" he said.

The rancher panted.

The game was up now; he was unmasked; and in the grim faces round him he knew what was to follow. Six men of Gunsight had fallen by his hand in his desperate career as a trail-robber, under the name and guise of the Rio Kid. The blood that had been shed had to be answered for. Already one of the Gunsight men was uncoiling a lasso.

The marshal made a gesture towards a tall cottonwood at a little distance.

"Put him on a cayuse," he said.

"You've got me!" said Poindexter bitterly. "You'd never have got me but for that Kid! I'd go up willingly if I'd shot him up before I went." He ground his teeth.

"Feller," said the Kid quietly, "you're sure going to get yours, and I ain't no hunch to rub it in. You've shot up men that was your neighbours, with a mask on your face, calling yourself by my name. I guess if my luck hadn't been good, it's me that would have been strung up for what you've done. You've sure asked for it, and you ain't got no kick coming."

"Bring him along!" said the marshal of Gunsight grimly.

The outlaw rancher, or the marshal's horse, was led towards the cottonwood, his arms bound. The Rio Kid did not follow. His work in the Gunsight country was done, and he had no hunch to look on the grim punishment of the man who had placed his crimes on him, and who, at long last, had been unmasked and brought to justice.

While the Gunsight bunch led the bandit to his doom, the Rio Kid mounted the black-muzzled mustang, and rode away on the trail to the south.

Not once did the Kid look back.

By the time the Gunsight men were through with their grim work, and returned to the horses, the Kid was out of sight, swallowed up in the distances of the grassy prairie.

Jud Blake and his men rode back to Gunsight. Behind them they left the raider swinging from a branch of the cottonwood—his desperate trail ended at last. They did not see the Rio Kid again; his trail led him far from the cow-town on the Rio Claro.

The Kid was riding for the Rio Grande.

In Gunsight there were many who were friendly to him now, and who would not have cared to remember that he was an outlaw in his own country. The Kid, had he ridden back to Gunsight with the marshal's bunch, would have found friends there.

But the long arm of the law was still stretched out for the boy outlaw of Frio, and in his own land of Texas there was no rest for the Rio Kid.

The sun that rose on the prairie the following day found the Kid on the south side of the Rio Grande; over the border, in Mexico. The Kid had no love for greasers, and he sighed as he looked back at the land he had left.

But the Rio Kid was not the man to grouse. He had resolved to try his fortune in a new country; and, with a cheery heart and a cheery face, he turned his back on the border and rode into Mexico.

THE END.

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