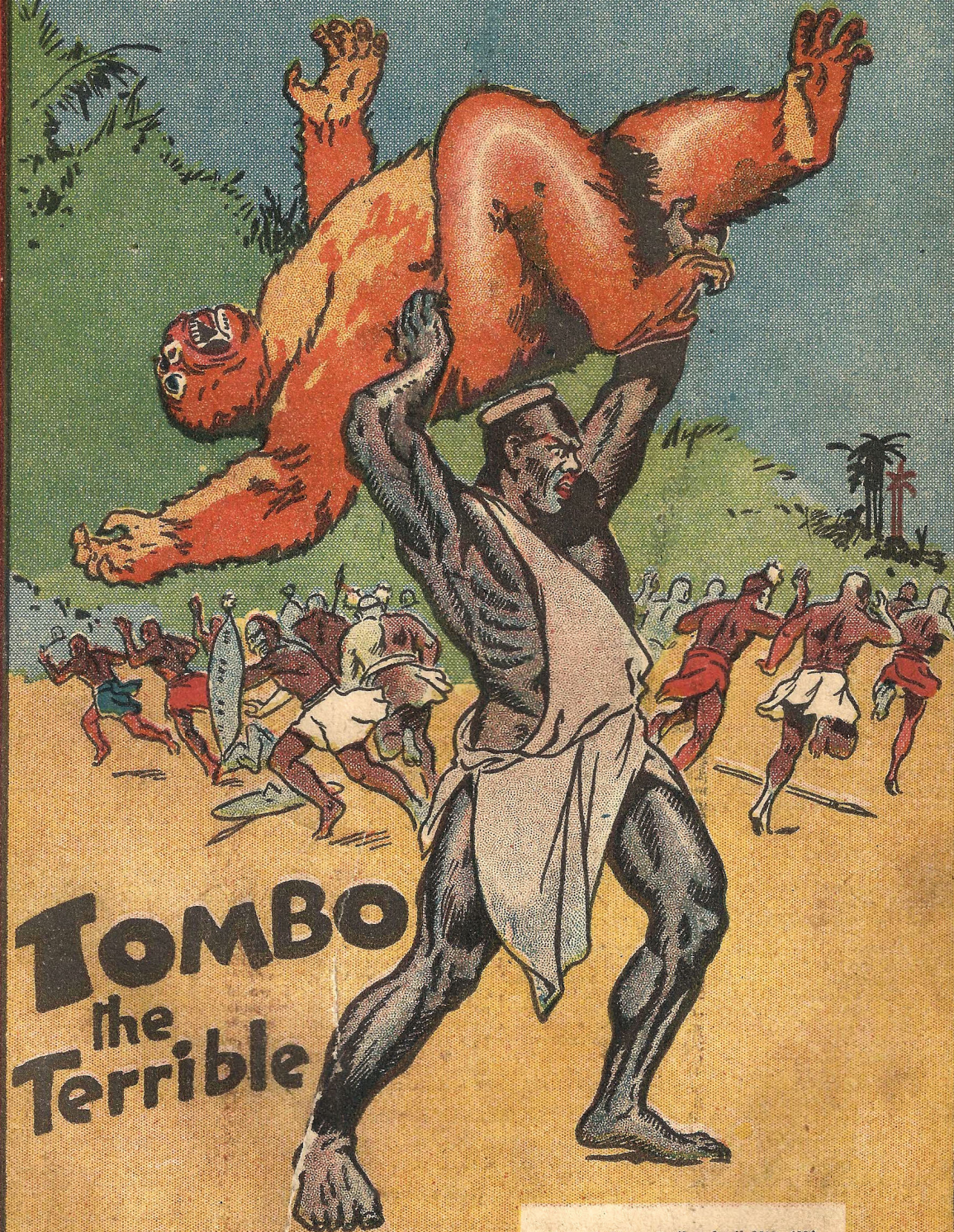


"HELL'S ANGELS" — EXCLUSIVE STORY OF — INSIDE!
THE SUPER FILM

The RANGER

2¢

EVERY SATURDAY



TOMBO
the
Terrible

No. 11.—Week Ending April 25th, 1931.

RANGER DAN'S BULL'S-EYES!

Father: "And there, son, I have told you the story of your father and the Great War!"

Son: "Yes, dad, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?"

(A pair of roller skates have been awarded to C. E. Randall, 7, Saxon Street, Hightown, Wrexham, Denbighshire.)

Pat went to his friend's house to tea. When it was time to go home they found it was raining, so Pat's friend asked him to stop the night. Pat said he would. Later on in the evening Pat rushed in wet through.

"Where have ye been?" asked his friend.

"Sure, Oi've just been home to get me pyjamas!" answered Pat.

(A table tennis set has been awarded to R. Bume, Leslie, Coronation Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.)

First Yokel: "He's been sitting a-doing nothing but waste time for six hours!"

Second Yokel: "How do you know he's been there all that time?"

First Yokel: "Cause I've been standing here watching him!"

(A grand book has been awarded to A. Wickens, Thatch Cottage, The Common, Stansted, Essex.)

Sergeant (inspecting company): "Jones, you are the dirtiest soldier in the regiment. Just turn round and look at the back of your neck!"

(A Warneford Tractor Plane has been awarded to R. Todd, 27, Bray Street, Belfast, N. Ireland.)

Murphy and Mike were in the centre of a quarrel. Said the short one: "Sure, Mike, if Oi was as big as yerself Oi'd woipe the flure wid ye, little as Oi am!"

(A pair of roller skates has been awarded to J. Colquitt, 75, Dicconson Lane, Aspull, Wigan, Lancs.)

Oculist: "Has your little boy got used to wearing his glasses?"

Mother: "Well, I can't make him wear them all day, but I can and do slip them on him when he's asleep!"

(A Warneford Tractor Plane has been awarded to E. Clayton, 115, Ealing Road, Brentford, Middlesex.)

Constable (to professor who has been run down): "Did you chance to notice the number of the car, sir?"

Professor: "Well, not exactly. But I remember noticing that if it was doubled and then multiplied by itself, the square root of the product was the original number with the integers reversed!"

(A tool chest has been awarded to J. Whitaker, Brook House, Newtownards, N. Ireland.)

Householder: "You're sure you've made no mistake?"

Plumber: "Quite certain, sir; why do you ask?"

Householder: "I thought perhaps you had when I saw the bath-room taps alight and the maid drawing water from the gas bracket!"

(A stationary engine has been awarded to E. Pickworth, 5, Royal Parade, Dawes Road, S.W.6.)



"Well, sir," he replied, "the man next to me stuttered!"

(A conjuring outfit has been awarded to A. E. Roissetor, 80, Rendel Road, Custom House, E.16.)

"Fancy you being a Scotsman and not playing golf!"

"Ah, I used to play, but I gave it up years ago!"

"Why?"

"I lost my ball!"

(A dandy speedboat has been awarded to Hugh McTeer, 2/59, Sun Street, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

Sandy prided himself that no one had ever got the better of him in a financial deal.

"Sandy" said Isaac, "I'll sell you something which cost me threepence for twopence."

Sandy bought it. It was a threepenny tram ticket.

(A table tennis set has been awarded to A. Atkinson, 230, Eastbourne Avenue, Gateshead, Co. Durham.)

Amateur Sportsman: "What is the name of that species I've just shot?"

Guide: "Says his name is Smith, sir!"

(A Fretwork Outfit has been awarded to G. Dagger, 159, Broadfield Road, Moss Side, Manchester.)

The sergeant had just given a lesson on bomb-throwing.

"First of all," he bellowed, "you release the pin from the bomb, count three, and then throw the bomb as hard and as far as you can, making sure to take cover."

With this he marched the new recruits out on the plain.

Every recruit was given a bomb.

"Get ready!" bawled the sergeant.

"Now. Away with the bombs!"

The pins were drawn, counting started; but before the third count was reached, one recruit was seen to drop his bomb and run.

Next day he was taken up to headquarters and asked why he had shirked his duty.

PRIZES FOR JOKES.

Ranger Dan's asking for rib-snorting, rib-bursting jokes. He's simply pining for 'em. So if you have got a good one up your sleeve, send it along to him, together with the coupon below, filled in IN INK. Address your efforts to: "Ranger Dan's Bull's-eyes," The RANGER, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

For jokes published in his corner, Ranger Dan—whose decision must be accepted as final—will present wonderful gifts which include cameras, tool-chests, train sets, books, etc. Attaboy!

Teacher: "What is the meaning of 'unaware'?"

Boy: "The last thing you take off when you go to bed!"

(A dandy speed boat has been awarded to N. Robinson, Church Terrace, Hohnfirth, near Huddersfield, Yorks.)

Dentist: "I didn't know you had had this tooth filled before. I see there is some gold on my drill."

Patient (faintly): "I haven't! I think you must have struck my back collar-stud!"

(A combination knife has been awarded to F. Smith, 29, Lord St., Palfrey, Walsall, Staffs.)

A paid-off seaman carrying a partly covered bird-cage approached a house and rang the bell.

When the lady of the house answered the summons, he began: "I've a fine bird here, mum. If you would cure to look—"

"Can't you read that notice?" interrupted the lady sharply, pointing to the familiar placard—"No Hawks!"

"Yes, mum—but this ain't a hawk—it's a parrot!"

(A wallet has been awarded to C. Mills, 51, Carmel St., Belfast, Ireland.)

Mother: "Well, Tommy, how did you get on with your examinations?"

Tommy: "I got five marks for everything."

Mother: "Did you really?"

Tommy: "Yes, and I can't sit down now!"

(A giant torch has been awarded to T. Silsby, 21, Garton End, Peterborough, Northants.)

Tramp: "Yes, I'm afraid I've been in prison."

Old Lady: "You should be ashamed to own it!"

Tramp: "I didn't own it, mum, I was only a lodger!"

(A combination knife has been awarded to S. Holmstrom, 47, Gray St., Bootle, Liverpool.)

----- "Ranger Dan's Bull's-Eyes." -----

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

Ranger, No. 11.

SMASHING YARN
OF THE WILD
WEST.

The OUTLAW KID!



The Kid Hits the Trail!

THE Rio Kid frowned. He was standing in the doorway of the bunk-house of the Bar-T Ranch.

The bright sunshine of Texas shone down on the ranch buildings and the rolling prairie that surrounded the Bar-T. The sights and sounds of a busy ranch were pleasant to the eyes of the Kid, a puncher born and bred, though he had long followed an outlaw's lonely trail.

Glad enough the Kid would have been to bed down at the Bar-T. He liked the ranch, he liked the outfit, and in that remote corner of Texas he was unknown; no man had a suspicion that he was the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande, or anything but the cheery young cowpuncher he looked. It would have suited the Kid fine to join the Bar-T bunch, and there was a vacant place in the outfit for him to fill.

But the Kid reckoned that it was not to be, hence his frown.

At a little distance he saw Alex Black, the foreman of the ranch, in talk with two of his bunch. Once the foreman had glanced towards the bunk-house, and his brow darkened at sight of the Kid. He did not like the Kid, and the boy puncher's recent services in helping to defeat the Mexican cattle-lifters made no difference to that. The Kid rather wondered what was at the bottom of the foreman's frown. Anyhow, there it was; it was for Black Alec to sign him on if he chose, and Black Alec did not choose. So there was nothing left for the Kid to do but mount the grey mustang and hit the trail.

"Say, Sante Fe!"

It was a voice from within the bunk-house, and the Kid, for the moment, did not heed. Then he remembered that his name was Sante Fe Smith, in the Red Dog country, and he looked round.

Texas Dave, the puncher, was sitting in his bunk, his head bandaged. Texas had stopped a Mexican bullet the night before, on the Fernandez range. He gave the Kid a nod and a grin as the boy puncher turned back into the bunkhouse.

"Say, you stopping?" he asked.

The Kid shook his head.

"I guess not, old-timer," he answered.

"Your doggoned foreman, Mister Black, has got a grouch agin this infant. He don't like this baby."

"I guess we'll all be glad for you to stop, Sante Fe," said Texas. "Mebbe Mister Black would guess again now, since you helped to rub out the Greasers last night, and to save three hundred cows that they was driving to the border. And there's a man wanted, since Panhandle was wiped out by the rustlers."

The Kid shook his head again.

"Suit me fine!" he said. "But Mister Black ain't taking any. I guess he couldn't refuse me a bunk here to bed down for the night, but he figures on me hitting the trail to-day."

"I guess if the boss knowed, he'd horn-

Bad men get an outsize in headaches when the Rio Kid strikes their Trail.

in and tell Mister Black to keep you!" growled Texas.

"I ain't seen the boss," said the Kid.

"I guess Judge Findex ain't to home now," said Texas. "He's been away some days along to Sharpville. Say, you hang on till the judge comes home. He's expected back to-day. I guess the judge would sign you on, and glad, when he hears what you have done to save the herd."

The Kid looked thoughtful.

"Mebbe Mister Black will set you goin' afore the judge comes in," went on Texas. "If he does, you take the Mesquite trail and mebbe you'll meet up with the judge on his way home. You'll be sure to meet up with him someways between this and Sharpville. And I'm telling you, the judge would be glad to sign you on."

"I'd sure like to sign on," said the Kid.

"But I dunno about joining a bunch with the foreman nursing a grouch agin me."

"Aw, can it!" said Texas. "Mister

Black's always got a grouch—you don't want to take no notice of that. I guess he's got a temper like a Mexican mule. There ain't a guy in the outfit he ain't rubbed the wrong way—cepting Injun Pete and Slick Sampson—them two guys he's chewing the rag with now." Texas gave a nod towards the open doorway, through which the foreman could be seen with the two punchers.

"Them two guys, I'm telling you, ain't at all liked in this bunch. They ain't good punchers, and they ain't white—and why Mister Black makes favourites of 'em, has got me beat."

The Kid smiled.

He would have liked to bed down on the Bar-T, for he liked the cheery friendliness of Texas Dave and Ginger, the horse-wrangler, and the rest of the bunch. But he did not reckon that it would work.

"Say, hyer comes Mister Black," added Texas. "You talk turkey to him, feller, and mebbe he'll guess again."

"I'll sure talk to that guy like a Dutch uncle, hombre," said the Kid, with a smile, and he turned back to the doorway.

Black Alec came up to the bunk-house. The two men whom Texas had described as his favourites followed him, and the Kid eyed them rather curiously.

Injun Pete was a half-breed, with a coppery face and gleaming black eyes. Slick Sampson looked more like a gunman than a puncher. The Kid had already noticed these two members of the outfit and noted that they had little to say to the rest of the bunch.

"You Sante Fe!" grunted the foreman.

"Hyer," said the Kid pleasantly.

"I guess it's time you was hitting the trail."

"You sure don't seem to hone for my company on this ranch, Mister Black," said the Kid.

"I guess you're a piece too fresh," growled the foreman. "I allow you played up like a little man agin the Mexican rustlers. You helped to save the herd, and you showed up their hide-out at the haunted rancho, and I guess rustlers won't be able to use it again. But we ain't got room for you on this ranch, and you're too fresh, anyway. You want to beat it, and beat it without giving trouble."

"I never was a galoot to hunt for trouble," answered the Kid amiably. "But I'll say I never struck such a pesky, all-fired skunk as you are, Mister Black!"

The foreman's eyes glittered.

"That's enough from you!" he snapped. "Git your crittur out of the corral and hit the trail."

"And don't chew the rag any more, feller!" added Slick Sampson. "You're told that you ain't wanted on this ranch, and you're jest asking to be booted off."

"If there's a guy here that can boot me off, hombre, I want to see that guy before I absquatulate," said the Kid. "I'm sure honing to see that guy. And if he can boot me off, I'll give him my cayuse and fixings."

Slick's hand dropped on the butt of a Colt and out came a gun.

But, like magic it seemed, the Kid swung round his arm and a long stock whip flashed through the air. The next moment the gunman's six-shooter was snatched out of his hands by the end of the whip.

"You for the long jump if you try that

again, feller!" he said. "You want to keeps your mitts off your hardware!"

"Say, that guy is sure lightning with a whip," grinned Ginger, the horse-wrangler. "You want to ride round that guy, Slick."

Black Alec had also made a motion towards his belt, but he refrained. He broke in, in sharp tones.

"Let up, you galoots! Look here, you Sante Fe, you hitting the trail?"

"Sure!" said the Kid.

"Well, beat it pronto, afore there's trouble!" growled the foreman.

"If any guy is honing for trouble, I'll sure give him all he wants before I quit!" retorted the Kid.

"Git!" said Black Alec laconically. And he swung away.

Slick Sampson and Injun Pete followed him. They went together into the foreman's shack, giving the Kid no further heed.

The Kid crossed over to the corral and called to Side-Kicker. He mounted the grey mustang and rode away from the Bar-T, several of the punchers waving their Stetsons in farewell as he went, and the rolling prairie swallowed him from sight.

The Ambush!

THE sound of distant hoof-strokes came to the Rio Kid's ears in the silence of the Mesquite sierra.

The Kid was camped in the sierra.

He had left the Bar-T Ranch twenty miles behind him when he camped for noon beside the lonely trail that ran through the hills towards the far-off town of Sharpsville.

The afternoon sun glowed down on the sierra now, but the Kid was in no hurry to break camp.

He was at a loose end.

He had camped in a clump of timber, high up the hillside, round the base of which ran the trail. Side-Kicker lay resting under the trees, every now and then turning his intelligent eyes towards his master, as if in sympathy with the Kid's sombre mood.

The Kid, leaning against a tree, looked idly down towards the trail at the foot of the hillside, winding among rocks and thickets and clumps of trees.

His brow was clouded.

He was tired of the outlaw trail, and the Bar-T would have been a welcome refuge. It was useless to think of it, but the Kid was thinking of it, all the same, with knitted brows.

Two horsemen came in sight on the trail riding into the sierra from the plains, the way the Kid had come some hours since.

"Shucks!" murmured the Kid as he sighted them.

They were distant, but he recognised the two at a glance. They were Injun Pete and Slick Sampson, the "foreman's favourites" of the Bar-T.

The Kid watched them idly, unseen by the two riders, hidden as he was by the trees among which he stood.

The clattering hoofs rang and echoed through the silence. The Kid's eyes followed the two horsemen, expecting to watch them out of sight.

But the hoof-beats ceased as Injun Pete and Slick Sampson halted on the trail.

They stopped where the trail ran by a thicket of high bush, a hundred yards down the rugged slope on which the Kid stood.

He saw them standing in the trail beside their horses, looking up and down the trail, and muttering together.

Then they led their horses into the thick bush, and disappeared from the Kid's sight.

The Kid whistled softly.

"Bush-whacking, by the great horned toad!" he murmured.

It was an ambush, and the two ruffians were laying it fairly under the Rio Kid's eyes.

The Kid watched the trail, but the two men did not emerge from the bush. Minute followed minute; no sound or

motion from the two who had concealed themselves beside the trail.

"Sho!" murmured the Kid.

He wondered.

On their looks he had judged the two favourites of the Bar-T foreman to be as tough as any galoots in the section. But tough as they looked, he would not have figured that any members of the ranch outfit would be tough enough to stage a hold-up. But if this was not an intended hold-up, the Kid reckoned that he had never seen one.

They were in ambush, watching the trail from the cover of the thick bush. They could only be watching it with hostile intent for some guy whom they expected to pass. Some enemy whom they aimed to shoot up from cover—or else some galoot who was to be held up and robbed. And back into the Kid's mind came what Texas Dave had told him that morning. This was the trail that Judge Pindex would be riding, back from Sharpsville to the ranch. He was expected home that day, and he would be riding this trail.

The Kid whistled again. The two bushwhackers were watching for some guy, and he wondered whether it was the rancher.

"Old hoss," murmured the Kid, addressing Side-Kicker, "I guess this infant is hornin' into this game. I guess them two bushwhackers is going to get a surprise, old hoss."

Leaving the mustang in the trees, the Kid descended the hillside, towards the thicket by the trail.

He crept in cover and made no sound as he went. The Kid was an old hand at this game; he made his way down the rugged hillside as silent and invisible as an Apache or a Comanche stealing upon an enemy.

On his hands and knees he wormed his way into the thicket where the two bushwhackers lay in cover. And a murmur of voices that reached his ears warned him that he was close on them. Silent, unseen, the Kid wormed nearer, till he could see the two figures among the pecans and thorny bush. And he grinned as he saw that each of them was masked now, with a cloth drawn over his face, in which eye-holes were cut. If the Kid doubted that it was a hold-up, he would have been sure now.

The Rio Kid lay in cover, and made no sign. He was not honing for trouble, but he reckoned that he was going to chip in if he was wanted. Long minutes passed, silent save for the buzz of insects in the bush.

Then from the distance came a sound—the distant sound of horse's hoofs! Instantly the two bushwhackers were alert.

"That'll be the judge, Pete!" The Kid heard the muttering voice of Slick Sampson.

"I reckon!"

There was a rustle in the bush as the half-breed put his head out, his black eyes gleaming up the winding trail, watching for the approaching horseman.

Injun Pete drew back again.

"It's sure the judge!" he said.

"Keep doggo till he's close," muttered Slick. "The judge's a good man with a gun if you give him a chance, and we don't want to spill his juice if we can help it. Let him get close, then jump on him sudden, and get him covered—"

"You bet!"

The thudding of hoofs on the rugged trail drew nearer. The two bushwhackers hugged cover, watching and waiting, their guns in their hands now. And the Kid waited, too—a grin on his face and a gun in his hand, also.

The Kid Takes a Hand!

HALT!"

"Put 'em up!"

Judge Pindex, boss of the Bar-T Ranch, dragged in his horse suddenly.

The rancher was riding at an easy trot, along the rugged trail that wound round the base of the hill. From the pecan thicket two figures had suddenly leaped, and two Colts were levelled at the rider.

With a clatter of hoofs the horse came to a halt. The rancher's right hand flew towards his belt. But he did not touch a gun. He was covered by two levelled Colts, over which gleamed two pairs of fierce eyes from the eye-holes in the cloth masks. And the rancher slowly dropped his reins and lifted his hands above his head.

His brow was knitted and his eyes glittered at the hold-up men. But the rancher knew when he had to obey, and he obeyed the order to "put 'em up."

"Keep 'em up, hombre!" said Slick Sampson gruffly. "I guess it ain't no use scowling, feller; we've got you covered."

"I guess I'll see you strung up for this, whoever you are, you doggoned scallawag!" said the rancher curtly.

"Mebbe," drawled Slick. "But jest now you're at the little end of the horn, feller, and you want to jump when you're told to jump. Keep 'em over your hat, feller, or you get yours mighty sudden."

He made a sign to his companion, and the half-breed stepped towards Pindex, drew the gun from his belt, and dropped it on the trail.

"Now I guess you can light down!" said Slick.

The rancher dropped his hands, and slid from the saddle. Injun Pete took his horse, and threw the reins over a bough of a pecan.

Slick's revolver covered the rancher all the time. Pindex was unarmed now, but the bushwhacker was taking no chances with him.

"You can go through his rags!" he muttered.

Injun Pete approached the rancher, grinning under his mask at the rage in the boss' face. His nimble fingers ran through the victim's pockets.

A wad of bills was turned out. There were several hundred dollars in the roll, but the bushwhackers were evidently not satisfied.

"Where's the rest, feller!" rapped Slick.

"I guess you got my roll!" growled the rancher.

"Aw! Forget it! You got the money from Sharpsville to pay the bunch at the Bar-T. Where you got it?"

The rancher did not answer. He cast a hurried glance up and down the trail, as if in the hope of seeing help. But the Mesquite trail was a lonely one. The bushwhackers had picked the spot carefully for the ambush.

"Mebbe it's on the cayuse," muttered Slick. "Look-see, pard! I guess we don't want to be all day here. The marshal of Red Dog is somewhere in this sierra, lookin' for rustlers. Pronto!"

Injun Pete went to the rancher's horse. From one of the saddle-bags he disinterred a thick roll of bills.

"I guess this is the goods!" he grinned.

"You said it!" chuckled Slick.

"Judge, you can sure beat it! You're leaving that cayuse along with us for a keepsake! You ain't got more'n twenty miles to walk to the Bar-T, and mebbe you'll meet up with some puncher who'll give you a lift, once you get out of the hills. You want to beat it now."

Judge Pindex drew a deep, savage breath.

"I guess I'll get you for this!" he muttered. "I guess I'll have the bunch hunting for you as soon as I strike the ranch—"

"You won't strike it this side of sun-down, hoofin' it!" grinned Slick. "And I guess the bunch can hunt for us all they want—they won't cinch us in a month of Sundays. You git going, judge, I'm sure getting tired of holdin' this gun. And if—"

Bang!

The bushwhacker broke off with a startled yell.

The sudden shot rang out from the pecans, and the gun spun from Slick's hand, shot away by the bullet.

It crashed on the trail, and Slick, yelling with agony, clasped his numbed wrist with his left hand.

Injun Pete swung round towards the bush in utter amazement. From the

pecans a lithe figure stepped, a puncher in Stetson and goatskin chaps. His smoking gun looked at the masked half-breed.

"Hands up, feller!" drawled the Rio Kid.

Injun Pete, gritting his teeth, threw up his gun to fire.

Bang!

The Rio Kid fired first.

The half-breed's bullet whizzed by a foot from the Kid's head, as the ruffian crumpled up and rolled over in the trail.

"I guess that guy would have it!" said

The rancher started.

"You ain't saying that it's a Bar-T man that's held me up on the trail!" he exclaimed.

"I sure ain't saying anything else," answered the Kid. "You uncover his face and I guess you'll know Slick Sampson."

"By the great horned toad!"

The rancher, with a grim brow, stepped to the bushwhacker, and jerked the mask from him. The face of Slick Sampson, distorted with rage, was revealed.

"You doggoned lobo-wolf! One of my own bunch!" exclaimed the rancher. "I guess I never wanted that guy on the ranch, but Alex Black figured that he was a good man."

The Kid smiled grimly. He was wondering inwardly whether Black Alec had knowledge of the hold-up by his two favourites. The Bar-T foreman, he reckoned, was none too good for it. But evidently no such suspicion had crossed the mind of the rancher.

"I reckon I can guess who the other galoot is," said Judge Pindex. "Them two guys are always

The Kid shook his head.

"I'm looking for a ranch to bed down on," he answered.

"Then you don't want to look any further than the Bar-T! You ride in with me, and I'll tell Alex Black to sign you on."

The Kid grinned.

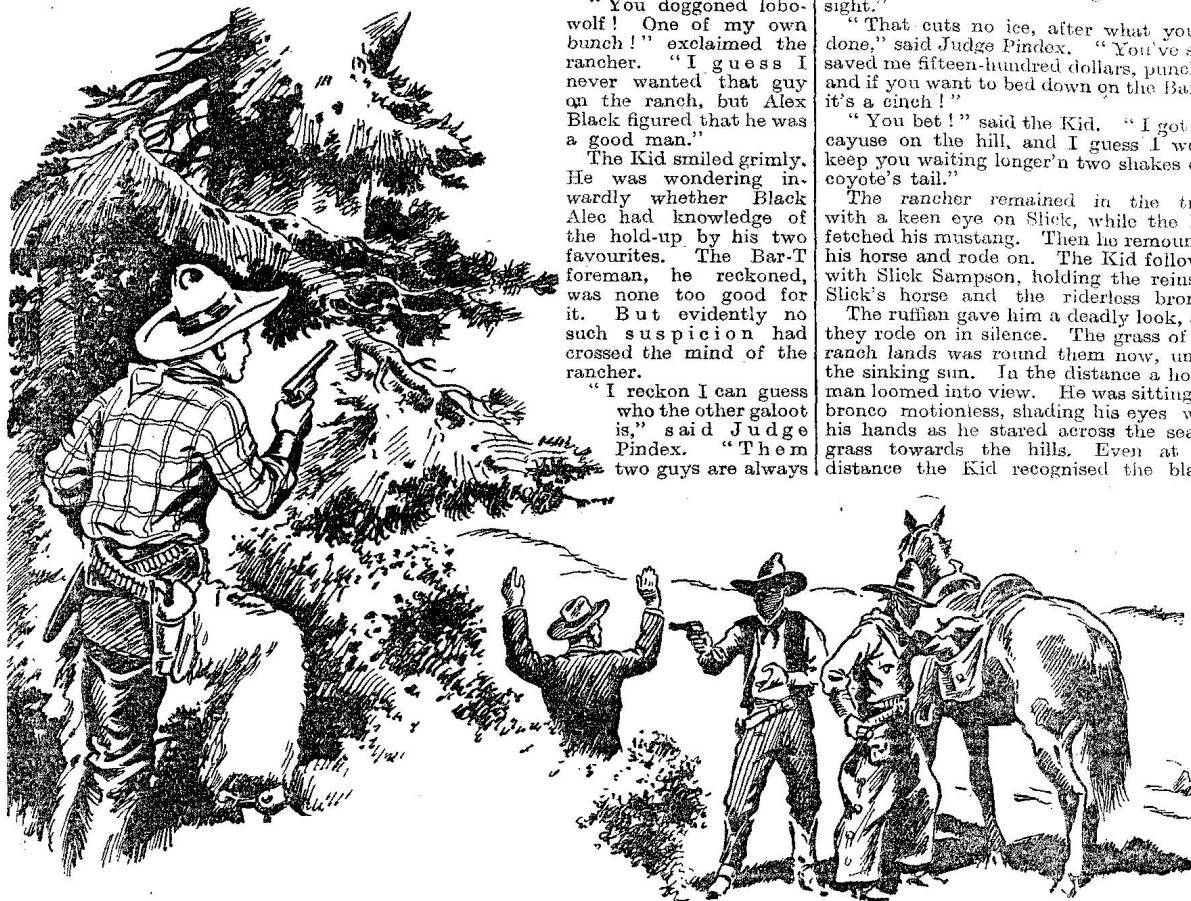
"Suits me fine," he answered. "But I better tell you, boss, that I been to the Bar-T, and your foreman don't like me a little piece. I was at the Bar-T last night, and Mister Black was sure honing for me to hit the trail and get out of his sight."

"That cuts no ice, after what you've done," said Judge Pindex. "You've sure saved me fifteen-hundred dollars, puncher, and if you want to bed down on the Bar-T, it's a cinch!"

"You bet!" said the Kid. "I got my cayuse on the hill, and I guess I won't keep you waiting longer'n two shakes of a coyote's tail."

The rancher remained in the trail, with a keen eye on Slick, while the Kid fetched his mustang. Then he remounted his horse and rode on. The Kid followed with Slick Sampson, holding the reins of Slick's horse and the riderless bronco.

The ruffian gave him a deadly look, and they rode on in silence. The grass of the ranch lands was round them now, under the sinking sun. In the distance a horseman loomed into view. He was sitting his bronco motionless, shading his eyes with his hands as he stared across the sea of grass towards the hills. Even at the distance the Kid recognised the black-



Behind the trees the Rio Kid watched the hold-up, awaiting his chance to jump in and put the wind up the masked raiders!

the Kid coolly. "You askin' for the same medicine, feller?"

Slick Sampson was still clutching his wrist. He glared at the Kid with mad rage through the eye-holes of his mask.

"You!" he panted. "You hyer, darn you! You—"

"Jest me!" grinned the Kid. "I sure been watching you for a dog's age, feller, and I guessed I'd kinder chip in! You puttin' up your paws, hombre, or askin' for your ticket for so up?"

Slick, with a savage oath, elevated his hands over his Stetson. The fate of Injun Pete was a sufficient warning to him.

The rancher was staring blankly at the Rio Kid. He was as surprised as the bushwhackers by the boy puncher's sudden and unexpected appearance on the scene.

"Say, boy, who're you, and where did you jump from?" asked Judge Pindex.

The Kid grinned.

"You can call me Sante Fe Smith, judge," he answered. "I was camping on the hill when these two bulldozers moseyed along and laid for you, and I've kinder kept tabs on them since. I kinder guessed you'd be honing for some guy to chip in, judge!"

"You've said it!" agreed the rancher. He picked up the rolls of bills that the half-breed had dropped in the trail. "I guess it would have been a clean-out, if you hadn't horned in, puncher. Keep that doggoned trail-thief covered, and I'll sure tote him along to the ranch."

"They'll know him there!" grinned the Kid. "That guy ain't no stranger on the Bar-T, judge."

together." He jerked the mask from the face of the dead half-breed. "Injun Pete! I reckoned as much!"

"Say, boss," muttered Slick Sampson. "I guess we've slipped up on this; we sure have slipped up bad. I guess I'm honing to hit the trail, boss! The boys'll sure string me up if you tote me back to the ranch."

"I guess you're going to be handed over to the marshal of Red Dog, you durned lobo-wolf," answered the rancher, "and if the boys string you up afore he gets you, I ain't the guy that will take a lot of trouble to stop them. You keep him covered, puncher."

"You bet!" said the Kid. "They got their hosses in the pecans, rancher. I'll sure fix him up for hitting the trail."

Slick Sampson gave the Kid a deadly look. The boy puncher gave him a cheery grin in return. He drew nearer to the bushwhacker, and jammed the muzzle of his gun in Slick's neck.

"Get out your cayuse!" he said.

With a sullen curse the bushwhacker tramped into the thicket, and led the horses into the trail. Under the Kid's gun, he mounted, and the rancher bound him to the saddle with his own trail rope. Then the Rio Kid holstered his gun.

"I guess he's fixed now, rancher," he said. "You can sure tote him along to the Bar-T, and mebbe Mister Black will be glad to see him again, as he's so fond of the guy."

The rancher looked at him. "You riding any range in this section, puncher?" he asked.

browed face of the Bar-T foreman, and he grinned. He figured in his own mind that Black Alec was interested in what had happened on the Mesquite trail. Judge Pindex looked round.

"That's Alex Black," he said. "I guess he was riding this way to look for me on the trail. I guess it'll surprise him some when he sees that doggoned Slick."

"It'll sure surprise him a whole lot, sir, I reckon," assented the Kid.

He had noted the eager gleam that came into Slick Sampson's eyes at the sight of the ranch foreman. They rode towards the distant figure. Black Alec was still sitting motionless in the saddle, staring towards them. The Kid had no doubt that he was surprised at what he saw. The Bar-T foreman suddenly gave his horse the quirt and came towards them at a gallop.

And the Rio Kid shifted his reins and the rope of the led horses, to his left hand and with his right hitched his gun-belt a little, to bring the walnut butt of a gun closer to his hand. The Kid figured that he might want a gun when the Bar-T foreman came up.

THE END.

(The Outlaw Kid is dead nuts on rustlers and road-agents — and he's sure laid a few of 'em by the heels. But he's not finished with these particular insects by a long way. You'll find him still waging war with the bad men of the prairie in next week's story.)