

MAY No. 4 OVER 100 COMICS IN FULL COLOR

10¢

POPULAR COMICS



AMERICA'S FAVORITE FUNNIES

BELIEVE IT OR NOT • BECK'S CARTOONS • BIN WEBSTER'S PAGE • BERTIE • BRONC PEELER • DICK TRACY • DON WINSLOW
GASOLINE ALLEY • GINGER • HAROLD TEEN • LITTLE JOE • MAJOR STRANGE • MOON MULLINS • ORPHAN ANNIE • REOLER FELLERS
SKIPPY • SHITTY • SMOKEY • TERRY • THE GUMPS • TOM MIX • WINNIE WINKLE • STAMP AND PUZZLE PAGES • MADIC • AND OTHERS



TOM MIX REINED IN TONY AT THE HEAD OF THE DESERTED MAIN STREET OF SNAKE PRAIRIE, TYPICAL COW TOWN OF OLD TEXAS.



THE COWBOY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES. WHY WAS THE PLACE SO QUIET? WHERE WAS THE USUAL CROWD OF COWBOYS AND RANCHERS?



"DOG-GONE, I THOUGHT TOM. IT SURE LOOKS LIKE I PICKED A LIVE ONE THIS TIME. PEARLS LIKE WHILE I'M LOOKING FOR WORK I'VE RUN INTO A MYSTERY."



TOM, SIX FEET TWO, BRONZE AND LITHE AS A PANTHER, SLID OUT OF THE SADDLE, TIED HIS HORSE, AND WENT INTO THE LONG HORN BAR.



FOUR MEN WERE PLAYING CARDS AT A TABLE IN THE BIG SALOON. ONE OF THEM, TALL AND DARK, LOOKED UP AT TOM WITH A SCOWL.



TOM CROSSED TO THE BAR. "HOWDY," HE SAID TO THE FRIENDLY BARTENDER. "I WAS TOLD I MIGHT PICK UP A JOB HERE."



"WELL, NOW, STRANGER," SAID THE BARTENDER, "IF IT'S EXCITEMENT YOU'RE CRAVING, I RECKON THAT SNAKE PRAIRIE IS THE BEST SPOT YOU COULD PICK."



TOM SHIFTED THE SILVER MOUNTED REVOLVER AT HIS SIDE. "YOU SEE," WENT ON THE MAN. "OLD MAN CONWAY CAME HERE YEARS AGO, AND STARTED THIS TOWN."



"ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO," HE CONTINUED, "AN OLD RANCHER, COL. WHITE, STARTS RUNNING ON THIS HERE RANGE, TRYING TO HORN IN ON CONWAY. SO TROUBLE STARTS."



"TOM LISTENED WITH INTEREST AS THE BARTENDER WENT ON. "LAST WEEK SOME OF WHITE'S BOYS GOT INTO A FIGHT WITH SOME OF CONWAY'S, AND THERE WAS PLENTY KILLING."



"THAT'S DUNN-WILLIS FOREMAN," THE BARTENDER FINISHES. "AS THE DARK MAN TOM HAD ALREADY NOTICED, HE'LL GIVE YOU A JOB."

TOM MIX



THE FIGHTING COWBOY

"TOM MIX"
TRADE MARK



TOM REFUSED DUNHAM'S SCOWLING INVITATION TO A GAME OF CARDS BUT WATCHED THE OTHERS PLAY AT FIRST DUNHAM LOST, THEN HE STARTED PILING UP THE CHIPS.



BEFORE THE PLAYERS KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, TOM SNATCHED THE CARDS AND TORE THEM IN HALF. HE THREW THEM IN DUNHAM'S FACE. "YOU'RE A CHEAT," HE CRIED.



DUNHAM REACHED FOR HIS GUN, BUT TOM WAS QUICKER. THE FOUR CARD PLAYERS FOUNDED THEMSELVES, LOOKING DOWN THE BLACK MIZZLES OF TOM'S TWO COLTS—



"YOU'RE A BUM, CARD SHARP AND A BUM FIGHTER," TOM SAID IN BOORISH TONE. "NOW YOU BOYS GET OUT THAT DOOR AND START TRAVELING AWAY FROM HERE FAST!"



DUNHAM TURNED TO TOM AS HE LEFT THE SALOON. "NEXT TIME WE MEET, HE SHOUTED, "LOOK OUT! YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN FOR A LOT OF FIRE-WORKS!"



"HOW FAR IS IT TO COL. WHITE'S RANCH?" TOM ASKED THE STARTLED BARTENDER. THE MAN TOLD HIM BUT WARNED HIM THAT DUNHAM WOULD TRY TO GET HIM.



IT WAS A LONG AND DUSTY RIDE TO THE CIRCLE-W-RANCH AND BOTH TOM AND TONY WERE WEARY BEFORE THEY SAW THE DISTANT HOUSE AND CORALS.



COL. WHITE HIMSELF WELCOMED TOM. "I'LL HAVE THE COOK THROW TOGETHER SOME CHOW FOR YOU," HE SAID AND TOLD THE COWBOYS TO TAKE CARE OF TONY.



THEN THE COLONEL TALKED ABOUT THE FEUD WITH CONWAY AND OFFERED HIM A JOB. "IF IT'S EXCITEMENT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR," HE SAID, "I CAN GIVE IT TO YOU."



"BUT IF IT'S ADVICE YOU WANT," HE TOLD THE COLONEL, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, "HERE IT IS: LEAVE HERE TONIGHT. DUNHAM'S A BAD MAN AND A KILLER."



TOM SMILED. "I'VE BEEN RIDIN' ALL OVER TEXAS LOOKING FOR A LITTLE EXCITEMENT," HE SAID. "NOW I'VE FOUND IT, AND I RECKON YOU'VE GOT A NEW CON HAWK."

See what else happens—in our next issue

TOM MIX



THE FIGHTING COWBOY

© 1934
DUNHAM



NEXT MORNING WHEN TOM STARTED OUT TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH HIS NEW JOB, LEFTY SMARNS, ONE OF THE CIRCLE-W-COWBOYS GREETED HIM AT THE CORRALS.



"WE KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD FIGHTER, AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED," SAID LEFTY AS TOM RODE OUT OVER THE PRAIRIE TO LOOK FOR ANY SIGNS OF TROUBLE.



SHORTLY AFTER NOON HE SAW THREE COWBOYS DRIVING BEFORE THEM A SMALL HERD OF CATTLE CARRYING THE CIRCLE-W-BRAND. TOM QUICKLY OVERTOOK THEM.



"WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THOSE CATTLE?" CHALLENGED TOM. THE MEN WHEELED AND TOM WAS SURPRISED TO RECOGNIZE DUNHAM, FOREMAN OF CONWAY'S RANCH.



"WHAT ARE YOU BUTIN IN FOR?" GROWLED DUNHAM, TURNING THAT CAYUSE OF YOUR'S AROUND AND FAN OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN."



"THIS STOCK YOU'RE DOWN BELONGS TO COL. WHITE," SAID TOM. "THIS RUSTLIN'S GOT TO STOP REMEMBER. CIRCLE-W COWS ARE POISON!" LAY OFF!"



DUNHAM REACHED FOR HIS SIX SHOOTER BUT FOUND HIMSELF STARING DOWN THE BARRELS OF TWO PISTOLS AS VICIOUS LOOKING AS HIS OWN.



"THE TRICK OF DRAWING IS TO GET THERE FIRST," TOM SAID. "THEY SHOULDNT ALLOW AMATEURS LIKE YOU TO CARRY GUNS. NOW BEAT IT!"



TOM WATCHED THE RIDGERS SLOWLY TROTTING OFF, MUTTERING CURSES OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. "RECKON YELL JUST TRAIL ALONG AFTER THEM," HE SAID TO TOM.



MILE AFTER MILE TOM TRAILED THEM, FINALLY THEY MADE CAMP. TOM DISMOUNTED AND WORKED HIS WAY TO THE EDGE OF A BANK ABOVE THEM.



DUNHAM WAS TALKING ABOUT A HIDE-OUT FOR STOLEN CATTLE WHEN THE BANK SUDDENLY SLEWS WRY AND PLUNGED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE LITTLE CAMP.



TOM LOST HIS GUN AS HE FELL AND BEFORE HE KNEW IT HE WAS BOUND HAND AND FOOT. DUNHAM GRINNED DOWN AT HIM.



"I CAN'T SHOOT YOU HERE," HE SAID. "BUT NOBODY WILL BE THE WISER IF YOU RUN INTO A LITTLE ACCIDENT IN THE MOUNTAINS IN THE MORNING."



TOM WATCHED OVER BY ONE OF THE DESPERADOES, REALIZED THAT HIS CHANCE OF FINDING HIMSELF IN A LONELY MOUNTAIN GRAVE WAS EXCELLENT.



BUT THOUGH HIS EYES SEEMED TO BE CLOSED HE WAS FAR FROM DOING SO. HIS ALERT GAZE NEVER LEFT THE FORM OF HIS MENACING ARMED GUARD.



AS TOM WATCHED HIS GUARDS HEAD SLOWLY AND FORWARD, TOM RAISED HIMSELF CAUTIOUSLY TO WATCH THE MAN AS HIS RELAXING MUSCLES TWITCHED SLIGHTLY.



AS THE GUN SLIPPED FROM THE GUARD'S HAND TOM GAVE A LOW WHISTLE TO TONY, SUDDENLY THE HORSE'S SOFT MUZZLE WAS AGAINST TOM'S FACE.



TOM STRUGGLED OVER ON HIS SIDE HIS DROoping HANDS SEIZED THE DRIVING ROPE. TONY UNDERSTOOD AND HARDLY MAKING A SOUND, DRAGGED HIM SLOWLY AWAY.



ONCE OUTSIDE THE RUSTLERS CAMP TOM TRIED TO LOOSEN HIS BONDS, BUT THEY WERE OF THE TOUGHEST RAWHIDE AND THERE WAS NO TIME TO WORK THEM OFF.



CAREFULLY HE PULLED HIMSELF UP BY THE ROPE UNTIL HE STOOD BESIDE TONY, THEN HE JUMPED WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH AND FLEW HIMSELF ACROSS THE SADDLE.



JUST AS HE HAD MANAGED TO WORK ONE KNEE OVER THE SADDLE HORN HE HEARD HOOF BEATS BEHIND HIM. TONY LEAPED FORWARD AND THEY ROOE WILDLY INTO THE NIGHT.



"THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN, TOM," SAID DOC WHITE WHEN TOM TOLD HIS STORY BACK AT THE RANCH NEXT MORNING, "AND THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET YOU."

TOM MIX



THE FIGHTING COWBOY

TOM MIX



IF WE'RE GOING TO DOWN THAT ROUGH CONWAY GANG," SAID TOM TO COL. WHITE, CLENCHING HIS FIST, "WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT TO GETHER!"



THE COLONEL CALLED IN THREE OF HIS BEST MEN. "I THINK I'VE FOUND THE HIDDEN CORRAL WHERE CONWAY'S RUNNING OUR STOCK," TOM TOLD THEM.



THESE WERE ALL HARDENED COWBOYS WITH YEARS OF EXPERIENCE RIDING THE PLAINS OF TEXAS. LISTENED EAGERLY TO TOM'S PLANS, IMPATIENT TO BE OFF.



THEY ROOK AWAY WITH AN EASY GAIT, SAVING THEIR HORSES' STRENGTH. FOR HOURS THEY FOLLOWED A TRAIL ACROSS THE PLAINS TO THE GREAT FOOTHILLS.



AT LAST TOM HALTED HIS MEN. "SOMEBODY IS RUNNING CATTLE THROUGH THAT PASS," HE SAID, POINTING. THEY DISMOUNTED AND SLEIGHTLY WENT FORWARD ON FOOT.



TOM CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF A GREAT ROCK. BEFORE HIM WERE HIDDEN CORRALS THAT COULD ONLY BE REACHED THROUGH THE NARROW PASS.



HE PEERED OVER THE ROCK. JUST BELOW MEN WERE TALKING. TOM RECOGNIZED HIS CAPTORS OF THE DAY BEFORE. THEY WERE DISCUSSING HIS ESCAPE.



DUNDHAM WAS EVIDENTLY ANGRY. "WITH THAT HONORABLE BACK REPORTING OUR ACTIVITIES," TOM HEARD HIM SAY, "WE'RE NONE OF US SAFE FROM THE ROPE!"



TOM REPORTED WHAT HE HAD HEARD TO HIS MEN. THE WANTS TO CAPTURE THE CIRCLE-W BY TOMORROW NIGHT, BOYS. WE MUST SAVE IT!"



HE JUMPED INTO HIS SADDLE AND TONY WAS OFF LIKE THE WIND. "LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN GET BACK TO THE RANCH," HE SHOUTED.



BACK AT THE RANCH TOM TOLD COL. WHITE OF CONWAY'S PLANS. "I KNEW THEY WERE THIEVES," SAID THE COLONEL, "BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE WARFARE!"



"WHAT KIND OF FORT WILL THE RANCH-HOUSE MAKE? ASKED TOM. "WED BETTER PREPARE FOR A SIEGE, FOR I THINK CONWAY MEANS BUSINESS."



"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE CAN HOLD OUT," SAID THE COLONEL. "WED BETTER OIL THE GUNS AND FILL THE WATER BARRELS."



THEY FILLED THE WATER BARRELS. BY NIGHTFALL HELP FROM THE OTHER RANCHES DRIFTED IN. STRONG RANCHES AND COWBOYS, THEY WERE, AND GOOD FIGHTERS.



THE WINDOWS WERE ALL BOARDED UP, WITH LOGS, HOLES FOR OBSERVATION AND SHOOTING. SACKS OF EARTH AND MATTRESSES WERE PILED ALONG THE WALLS—



FINALLY EVERYTHING WAS TIGHT AND SHIP-SHAPE. WHEN CONWAY APPEARED IN THE DISTANCE TOM TOOK HIS STATION AS LEADER AT ONE OF THE "WINDOWS."



DUNHAM HALTED BEFORE THE HOUSE. HE FASTENED A HANDKERCHIEF ON A STICK AND CAME FORWARD UNDER THIS FLAG OF TRUCE CALLING FOR COL. WHITE.



"I AINT AIMING TO DO NO HARM HERE," HE SAID AS THE GRIZZLED OLD RANCHER APPEARED. "CLEAR OUT AND THERE WONT BE NO TROUBLE"



TOM DIVIDED HIS MEN INTO THREE COMPANIES FOR THE FIGHT AGAINST THE BIVAL RANCHERS. EACH STOOD GUARD FOR FOUR HOURS. THEN RESTED FOR EIGHT.



THE BESIEGED MEN WATCHED FOR SIGNS OF ACTIVITY TOWARD MIDNIGHT THEY SAW A FIGURE MOVE IN THE SHADOWS. TOM FIRED, AND THE FIGHT WAS ON.



IT WAS SOON OVER WITH THE FIRE FROM THE HOUSE SCATTERED THE ATTACKERS AND THEY RETIRED IN DISMAY. TOM ORDERED THE WOUNDED CARED FOR.



SEVERAL OF THE MEN HAD RECEIVED SLIGHT WOUNDS, EITHER FROM BULLETS OR FROM SPLINTERS OF WOOD KNOCKED FROM WINDOW FRAMES AND DOORBELLS.

TOM MIX



THE FIGHTING COWBOY

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TOM HELPED CARE FOR THE WOUNDED AS HE AND THE SMALL BODY OF RANCH HOUSE DEFENDERS WAITED FOR THE DESPERADOES TO ATTACK.



DUNHAM FELT THAT EVENTUALLY THE CIRCLE WOULD DEFENDERS WOULD RUN OUT OF FOOD WATER OR AMMUNITION AND THEIR CAPTURE WOULD BE EASY.



THE SIEGE WENT ON FOR DAYS. "MAYBE WE'D BETTER SURRENDER," SAID A GONN PUNKNER. "ANY ONE WHO WANTS TO MAY LEAVE," SAID TOM.



"WE'RE IN DESPERATE STRAITS," SAID COL. WHITE. "I NEVER STOP FIGHTING TILL I'M LIKED," REPLIED TOM, AND WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM LIKED."



TOM GLANCED INTO THE WATER BARREL. NOT HALF A BARREL LEFT," HE THOUGHT. "IT WON'T LAST LONGER THAN A FEW DAYS—"



"COL. WHITE," SAID TOM, "THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT. I'LL HAVE TO GO FOR HELP." "IT WILL NEVER WORK, TOM," SAID THE COLONEL SOBBERLY.



"YOU'D HAVE TO GO TO THE FORT, THE COLONEL WENT ON. "AND THE COUNTRY BETWEEN HERE AND THERE IS ALIVE WITH HOSTILE INDIANS."



THAT NIGHT AS DUSK SETTLED TOM WAS BUSY TYING TOGETHER THE SHEETS FROM HIS GUT TO MAKE A ROPE DOWN WHICH HE COULD CLIMB.



WHEN IT GREW DARK ENOUGH TO PREVENT DETECTION, HE DROPPED THE IMPROVISED LADDER FROM A WINDOW, AND QUIETLY LOWERED HIMSELF TO THE GROUND.



HE RAN TO THE GORRAL AND WHISTLED FOR TOM, SLIPPING A BRIDLE OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD, TOM LEAPED ON HIS BACK AND WAS OFF.



ONE OF DUNHAM'S MEN BIGHTED THE ESCAPING RIDER, AND SENT SHOT AFTER SHOT TEARING AFTER HIM. BUT A FEW MOMENTS RIDING TOOK TOM TO SAFETY.



TOM, GOING FOR HELP FOR THE BELEAGUERED SANDY HOUSE, PUSHED ON ALL NIGHT. HE FELT UNBELIEVING WHEN MORNING FOUND HIM WELL ON HIS WAY.



HE KNEW DAYLIGHT TOMBLING WAS DANGEROUS IN THE HOSTILE INDIAN COUNTRY, BUT HE WAS PUSHING ON WHEN THESE INDIANS BARRED HIS PATH.



THE INDIAN TOOK HIS GUN. "PALEFACE COMES WITH SIGNS OF DEATH," SAID THEIR LEADER. "BUT WE KNOW THE WHITE MAN HAS A FORGED TONGUE."



THE PARTY MOVED FORWARD FOR ABOUT AN HOUR AND AT LAST ARRIVED AT AN INDIAN VILLAGE - THEY TOOK TOM BEFORE CHIEF RED EAGLE -



"SEND TWENTY OF YOUR BRVES WITH ME TO HELP MY FRIENDS," SAID TOM, "AND I WILL PROMISE YOU TWO HUNDRED HORSES."



RED EAGLE REFUSED. "WHITE MEN ALL SPEAK WITH LYING TONGUES," HE SAID AS HE ORDERED TOM BOUND AND CONFINED IN A TEPEE -



IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS LATER WHEN TOM SAW THE PAINTED FACE OF AN INDIAN THROAT UNDER THE EDGE OF HIS TENT.



"RUNNING DEER NEVER FORGETS A FRIEND," SAID THE INDIAN, "YOU SAVED MY LIFE ONCE WHEN YOU FOUND ME HURT IN THE DESERT."



HE GAVE TOM A REVOLVER AND A LARIAT. "THEY MAY HELP YOU TO ESCAPE," HE SAID. "THIS IS ALL RUNNING DEER CAN DO."



THE INDIAN DISAPPEARED. TOM COULD HEAR THE INDIANS IN A WAR DANCE DOWN BY THE RIVER AS HE MADE HIS PLANS FOR ESCAPE -



ONCE OUTSIDE THE TENT, TOM SEARCHED FOR DARK BUT HE WAS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT THE HORSES WERE GUARDED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE.



TAKING HIS GUN AND ROPE, TOM MADE HIS WAY ON FOOT OUT OF THE INDIAN VILLAGE IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE FORT.



ALL NIGHT LONG HE PUSHED ON PAST ROVING BANDS OF INDIANS. NOW HE FOUND HIM TIRED AND WORN BUT MAKING STEADY PROGRESS.



HE STOPPED IN AMAZEMENT AS HE SAW A SMALL BAND OF WILD HORSES. HE KNEW IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO CAPTURE ONE ON FOOT.



THE DUN-COLORED LEADER LOOKED HIM WIDE-EYED WITH FRIGHT. TOM KNEW ONE FALSE MOVE WOULD SEND HIM BOUNDING AWAY.



BUT WITH A TWIST OF HIS LASSO THAT WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM A PRIZE IN ANY ROVING CONTEST, HE THREW THE HORSE ON ITS SIDE.



TOM BLIND FOLDED THE BIG HORSE WITH HIS BANDANA. SNORTING WITH FRIGHT THE ANIMAL STRUGGLED TO ITS FEET.



FASHIONING A BRIDGE FROM HIS ROPE, TOM SLIPPED IT OVER THE DUN'S HEAD WITH A LEAP HE SWUNG BACK TO THE HORSE'S BACK.



TOM GRADUALLY TURNED THE HORSE IN THE DIRECTION HE WISHED HIM TO GO AND THE ANIMAL BEGAN TO QUIET DOWN.



ON THEY RODE AND AGAIN TOM SAW THE SUN RISE IN THE EAST BUT AHEAD OF HIM SHINED THE WELCOME OUTLINE OF THE FORT.



TOM TOLD THE SENTRY HE MUST SEE THE COMMANDER IMMEDIATELY AND WAS TAKEN TO GENERAL BARTELL'S OFFICE.



WHEN HE HAD HEARD OF THE ATTACK AND THE STUBBORN DEFENSE OF THE RANCH HOUSE, THE GENERAL PROMISED IMMEDIATE AID.

See what else happens—in our next issue

TOM MIX



THE FIGHTING COWBOY

TOM MIX



GEN BARTELL AT THE FORT TOLD CAPT KNIGHT TO BE READY TO START OUT IN A FEW HOURS WITH AID FOR THE BE-LEAGUERED RANCH.



TOM HAD NOT EATEN FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AND ENJOYED THE COOK'S OFFERING OF STEAK, HOT BISCUITS, APPLE PIE AND COFFEE.



AFTER HIS HEARTY MEAL TOM WAS GIVEN A COT AND FELL INTO THE HEAVY SLUMBER OF PHYSICAL WEARINESS. HE WAS AWAKENED SOON AFTER DAWN.



MOUNTED ON A LARGE POWERFUL STALLION PROVIDED BY THE GENERAL, TOM HEADED THE COMPANY OF CAVALRY AS THEY STARTED OUT.



THE TRIP WAS UNEVENTFUL UNTIL TOM DISCOVERED AND POINTED OUT TO HIS COMPANIONS THE LODGES OF THE INDIANS WHO HAD CAPTURED HIM.



THE GENERAL LINED UP HIS TROOPS FOUR DEEP AND TOLD THE MEN HOW TO WORK OUT HIS PLAN OF ATTACK—



AT THE FIRST SOUND OF THE SOLDIERS AND THE POUNDING OF THE HORSES' HOOFES, THE INDIANS BASHED FIGHTING FROM THEIR TENTS.



AT FIRST RUTED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK, THE BRAVES SOON RALLIED AND THEIR OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY OF NUMBERS BEGAN TO TELL—



SETTING SPUR TO HIS MOUNT, TOM BROKE THRU A CIRCLE OF SAVAGES SURROUNDING THE TWO OFFICERS AND LED THEM TO SAFETY.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE TROOPS ARRIVED AND THE INDIANS GAVE WAY. RED EAGLE SAW THE ROUT OF HIS WARRIORS WITH NO OUTWARD EMOTION.



THE CHIEF AGREED THAT THEY WOULD LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS IF THE WHITE LEADERS WOULD TRY TO SECURE BETTER LANDS FOR THEM AT WASHINGTON—

TOM MIX



THE FIGHTING COWBOY

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EARLY THE NEXT MORNING TOM HEARD A LOW FAMILIAR WHINNEY. HE PLUNGED INTO THE WOODS AND THERE FOUND HIS BELOVED HORSE TONY!



HE EXAMINED THE HORSE AND FOUND HIM UNHARMED. "I HAVE A HUNCH EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW," HE SAID TO HIMSELF—



SPURRED ON BY TOM'S URGING, THE CAVALRY MADE A HURRIED BREAKFAST AND WERE ON THEIR WAY BEFORE THE SUN WAS UP—



ALL DAY LONG THE SOLDIERS, PUSHED FORWARD, BUT AS THE SUN SET THEY KNEW THE CIRCLE W WOULD NOT BE REACHED BEFORE NIGHT FALL—



WHEN THE GENERAL ANNOUNCED THAT HE WOULD MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, TOM DECIDED TO GO ON. WAVING HIS HAT TO THE TROOPS, HE WAS OFF—



WHEN HE REACHED THE RANCH HOUSE EVERYTHING WAS SILENT. ALARMED, HE WORKED HIS WAY SLOWLY FORWARD ON FOOT—



AS TOM WATCHED IN THE MOONLIGHT HE HEARD STEALTHY MOVEMENTS IN THE BRUSH AND SAW THE FIGURE OF A MAN BESIDE THE RANCH HOUSE



THE MAN'S ARMS WERE LOADED WITH INFLAMMABLES WHICH HE WAS STACKING AGAINST THE WOODEN WALL OF THE OLD RANCH HOUSE—



THEN TOM SAW THE FLARE OF A MATCH. AT THAT MOMENT HE FIRED. A YELL OF PAIN TOLD HIM HIS SHOT HAD BEEN WELL AIMED—



DROPPING THE MATCH, THE MAN SPRANG OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT. TOM, RECOGNIZING DUNHAM LEAPT FROM THE SHADOW TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE—



AN OUTLAW BLOCKED HIS PATH. TOM'S FIST CAUGHT HIM ON THE CHIN. "OUT LIKE A LIGHT," SAID TOM AS HE RACED FOR HIS HORSE—

LITTLE FOLKS

BY FLOYD KENNETH



More Adventures of Little Folks Next Month



Continued on next two pages—and then in next issue