

**THE BRONCO RIDER BOYS WITH
THE TEXAS RANGERS: OR THE
CAPTURE OF THE SMUGGLERS
ON THE RIO GRANDE**

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The bronco rider boys with the Texas Rangers: or the capture of the smugglers on the Rio Grande by Frank Fowler

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FRANK FOWLER

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PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER AND GRASPING HIS MARLIN
FIERMLY, ADRIAN STEPIED CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE BROKEN
DOOR. Page 100.

The Broncho Rider Boys With The Texas Rangers.

The Broncho Rider Boys With The Texas Rangers

OR

The Capture of the Smugglers
On the Rio Grande

By FRANK FOWLER

AUTHOR OF

"The Broncho Rider Boys At Keystone Ranch." "The

"The Broncho Rider Boys In Arizona." "The
Broncho Rider Boys Along The Border."

"The Broncho Rider Boys On
The Wyoming Trail."



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THE BRONCHO RIDER BOYS WITH THE TEXAS RANGERS

THE BRONCHO RIDER BOYS WITH THE TEXAS RANGERS.

CHAPTER I.

A MULE HUNT IN THE CHAPARRAL.

“CRACK!” went Broncho Billie’s revolver and the silver dollar which had been tossed into the air as a target went spinning into the yellow waters of the Rio Grande as a result of Billie’s unerring aim.

“Not a bad shot, Ad,” remarked Billie with a laugh as he ejected the shell from the cylinder and shoved a fresh cartridge into the empty chamber of the revolver. “I don’t miss ’em very often now, and this time the river is a dollar in.”

“Yes,” replied Adrian, a bit crestfallen, “and I’m a dollar out.”

“Didn’t think I’d hit it, eh?” and Billie’s round face broadened till it looked like a full moon.

“Well, I didn’t know but you might, but I hadn’t stopped to think what would happen to the dollar if you did. The river didn’t look so near.”

Billie chuckled to himself good-naturedly as he

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returned his six-shooter to its holster, while Adrian continued:

"I'll make a better guess at distances before I try it again. I can't afford to be losing dollars like that."

"Oh, that's all right, Ad!" and Billie shoved his hand down into his pocket. "Here's one to take its place."

Adrian shook his head and made no move to take the proffered coin.

"Go on, take it!" insisted Billie. "I don't want to make you lose your last dollar."

"That's all right about my last dollar," replied Adrian. "I guess I know where to get another, and the lesson is worth a peso."

"Well, if you go broke because of it, don't be afraid to tell me," was Billie's joking reply; "but what can be keeping Donald, I wonder. It's high time we were getting back over the river," and Billie cast his eye toward the mountains some miles in the distance to see how close to their tops the sun was getting.

"He'll surely be here in a few minutes," said Adrian. "He knows how long it will take us to get to town as well as we do."

And while the boys are awaiting the arrival of their companion, it might be well to explain to any reader who has not had the pleasure of reading the preceding volumes of the Broncho Rider

Boys series something about the trio of young Americans whose names have been mentioned.

Adrian Sherwood, who had so recklessly risked his silver dollar as a target for his companion to shoot at, was the owner of a ranch in Wyoming, which he had but recently inherited and come into possession of through a series of most exciting adventures as told in a preceding volume of this series, entitled "The Broncho Rider Boys on the Wyoming Trail." He was a youth of much wisdom and judgment for one of his years and a close chum of Billie, who had been christened William Stonewall Jackson Winkle.

Because of the exciting adventures through which Adrian, Billie and Donald had passed and because they had practically lived in the saddle for the past year and a half, they had become known to the cowboys and rough riders of three states as "The Broncho Rider Boys." Born in the south, but having spent most of his boyhood in New York State, Billie had come west nearly two years previous to find health and to rid himself of the superfluous weight which some good-natured doctor had said was the cause of his trouble. Months in the saddle had made very little difference in his weight and if there were a more healthy chap in the country than he, such a one would be hard to find.

When Billie first came west, he was a veritable

tenderfoot. He was always creating fun for those with whom he was thrown and was invariably in some sort of trouble. The number of times he had been thrown from the back of his broncho could hardly be enumerated, and more in fun than because he was a daring rider, he had been rechristened Broncho Billie by his cowboy friends.

But Billie had developed rapidly. Of the three there was not one who could ride or shoot better than he. His only weak spot was in throwing the lariat. He never seemed to get just the proper hang and his attempts to use the rope almost invariably resulted in disaster to himself or his friends. As is usually the case with fat people, Billie fairly bubbled over with good humor, being a fine example of Tony Lumpkin's famous advice to "laugh and grow fat."

Donald Mackay, Billie's cousin, whom he had come west to visit, was the son of the owner of a big ranch, known as Keystone Ranch. He was one of those steady, reliable boys whom we have all met and who can always be depended upon in any emergency to do the right thing, although at times he may be slower than some others in the manner in which he works. Taken all in all they were a well-balanced trio, as their actions under many trying conditions and in many hazardous adventures had justly proved. They had thwarted an unscrupulous syndicate from robbing Donald's