THE BOY RANCHERS ON THE TRAIL: OR, THE DIAMOND X AFTER CATTLE RUSTLERS

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The Boy Ranchers on the Trail: Or, the Diamond X After Cattle Rustlers by Willard F. Baker

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WILLARD F. BAKER

THE BOY RANCHERS ON THE TRAIL: OR, THE DIAMOND X AFTER CATTLE RUSTLERS





THERE WAS A SHARP CRACK AND THE HAT OF YELLIN' KID SAILED OFF HIS HEAD,
"The Boy Ranchers on the Trail" Page 156

THE BOY RANCHERS ON THE TRAIL

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The Diamond X After Cattle Rustlers

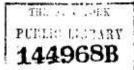
By

WILLARD F. BAKER

Author of "The Boy Ranchers," "The Boy Ranchers in Camp," etc.

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THE BOY RANCHERS SERIES

By WILLARD P. BAKER

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THE BOY RANCHERS
or Solving the Mystery at Diamond X

THE BOY RANCHERS IN CAMP or The Water Fight at Diamond X

THE BOY RANCHERS ON THE TRAIL or The Diamond X After Cattle Rustlers

Other Volumes in Preparation

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THE BOY RANCHERS ON THE TRAIL

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CONTENTS

CHAP	TER	PAGE
I	THE ROUND-UP	1
п	A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT	12
m	STARTLING NEWS	19
IV	THE SCRATCHED SAFE	26
V	THE BROKEN BOTTLE	36
VI	Missing Steers	42
VII	FOUR EYES	48
VIII	THEOWING THE ROPE	54
IX	THE FIRE	61
x	SERIOUS QUESTIONS	68
XI	THE WATCH TOWER	78
XII	IN SPITE OF ALL	85
\mathbf{m}	THE SIGNAL	90
XIV	FOUR EYES-NO EYES	98
XV.	A BIG RAID	104
XVI	ON THE TRAIL	111
XVII	WILD COUNTRY	117
IIIVZ	THE BOILING SPRING	127

CONTENTS

2000		
CHAPTE	IN A MAZE	PAGE 133
XX	A SURPRISE	139
XXI	In Pursurr	147
XXII	Bud's Discovery	160
IIIXX	THE FIGHT	177
XXIV	A DESPERATE CHANCE	185
XXV	LIEUTENANT WAYNE	193

THE BOY RANCHERS ON THE TRAIL

CHAPTER I

THE BOUND-UP

OME on, Nort! It's your turn to cut out the next one!"

"S'pose I make a mux of it, Bud?"

"Shucks! You won't do that! You've roped a calf before!"

"Yes, but not at a big round-up like this. If I make a fizzle the fellows will give me the

laugh!"

"What if they do? Everybody knows you haven't been at it long, and you've got to make a start. Besides, anybody's likely to make a mistake. That's why they put rubbers on the ends of pencils. Ride in now and snake out the next one, Nort!"

"All right, Bud! Here goes!"

Blaze, the pony Nort Shannon was riding toward the bunch of cattle gathered at Diamond X ranch for the big, spring round-up, leaped

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forward at the sound of his master's voice, and in response to the little jerk of the reins and the clap of heels against his sides. Into the herd of milling, turning and twisting cattle the intelligent animal made his way, needing hardly any guidance from Nort. The lad, by a mere touch, corrected the course of Blaze slightly, and in a moment he was heading for a calf which bawled loudly.

"Get him, Nort!" cried a voice from among

the cowboys looking on.

"Don't get me fussed, Dick!" Nort shouted back to his brother, who sat astride his pony near Bud Merkle. "It'll be your turn next!"

Into the herd he wormed his way on Blaze, dodging here and there, but with his eyes ever on the calf he hoped to cut out so it could be branded. Nort leaned forward in his saddle, and then his cousin and brother, eagerly watching from outside the herd, saw the boy rancher's hand shoot up.

Through the air the rope went, turning, twisting, writhing and uncoiling like a snake. In an instant it had flipped around the hind legs of a calf.

"Good!" velled Dick.

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"Even Babe couldn't 'a' done better!" complimented Bud, enthusiastically.

"Tisn't over yet!" gasped Nort, for he had hard work ahead of him, and the dust raised by