



Exciting Picture - Story NOW STARTING!

THE RIO KID!



1.—“Here, Kid,” said Old Man Dawney, owner of the Double Bar Ranch, to the Rio Kid, the youngest cowboy in his outfit. “Take this cheque to the bank at Frio and cash it. It’s pay-day to-morrow and I must have some dollars for the boys.” “Sure, boss,” smiled the Kid, and vaulting into his mustang’s saddle he went riding down the Frio trail, cheerily waving to the boss.



2.—Watched by a group of Mexican idlers, the Kid pulled his mustang to a sliding halt in front of the Frio bank and entered. Presenting Old Man Dawney’s cheque, he counted the thousand dollar notes and stowed them away in his shirt for safety. Through the window, unnoticed by the Kid, the greedy eyes of one of the Mexicans were watching him.



3.—Singing happily, the Kid rode back towards the ranch. Suddenly the song died on his lips as four armed men, in Mexican dress, handkerchiefs covering the lower parts of their faces, sprang out at him. “Stick ‘em up!” cried the leader. The Kid reached for his revolvers. But before he could draw, one of the masked men fired, the Kid’s mustang reared, and he pitched from the saddle.

HE'S as happy as any young cowboy could be, on Old Man Dawnay's ranch in Southern Texas—until tragedy suddenly enters his life!



4.—“The fool! He asked for it, reaching for his revolvers!” growled the leader of the Mexicans, bending over the Kid and taking the dollar notes from inside his shirt. “Here’s the dollars. Let’s get away!” And they rode off. But the Kid was not dead. The bullet had grazed his head, stunning him. Coming to, he sat up, holding his aching head and trying to pull himself together.



5.—Suddenly he remembered what had happened. Staggering to his feet, he thrust a hand inside his shirt. “Gone!” he exclaimed. “I’ve been robbed of the boys’ pay! I must get back and let Old Man Dawnay know!” He whistled, and his mustang, which had been grazing near by, came trotting up. The Kid, feeling sick and weak, mounted with difficulty.



6.—His head throbbing with every step the mustang took, the Kid rode slowly back to the Double Bar Ranch, and staggered up the veranda steps into the room where Old Man Dawnay sat smoking. “Boss,” cried the Kid, “I’ve been held up! The money’s gone!” “What!” cried Dawnay. “Held up? I can’t believe it!” (Don’t miss Next Week’s continuation of this Grand New Feature!)