



OUR EXCITING  
PICTURE-STORY!

# THE RIO KID!



1.—“ You’ve lost the boys’ pay ? ” stormed Old Man Dawney, owner of the Double Bar Ranch. “ Yes,” replied the Rio Kid. “ Four masked men—Mexicans by their dress—held me up on the way back from the Frio bank. One of them shot at me and knocked me out—here’s the bullet hole in my hat. When I came to, the money was gone ! ”



2.—“ You thief ! ” exclaimed Dawney. “ There aren’t any hold-up men around here. Come, own up—you’ve taken the money and hidden it ! ” Blazing with anger, the Kid drew both his revolvers. “ I’ll shoot you,” he cried, “ if you call me a thief. I’ve told you the truth—I was held up, knocked unconscious by a bullet, and robbed of the money ! ”



3.—As suddenly as the Kid’s anger had flared up it cooled, and he put away his revolvers. He could not shoot Dawney. The man had been like a father to him. Dawney drew his own revolver and shouted for help. “ Seize the Kid ! ” he cried, when the other cowboys rushed in. “ He’s a thief ! He’s stolen the money I sent him to draw from the bank for your pay ! ”



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



4.—“Here, Jake,” ordered Dawnay, catching one of the cowboys by the arm. “Get your horse and ride for all you're worth into Frio and fetch the sheriff. Off you go!” Then Dawnay ordered the others to disarm the Kid, tie his hands, and lock him in the store-room. The Kid sank on to a packing-case as the door of the store-room closed, absolutely dumbfounded.



5.—Suddenly the Kid noticed that the rough edge of an iron hoop around a packing-case was sticking up. Could he escape? It would be easy to rub his bonds over that rough edge until they parted, then perhaps he could force the bars guarding the opening in the outer wall of the room. He got busy. His bonds parted, and he dragged one bar back and tackled a second.



6.—The bar bent and the Kid dropped to the ground outside, and peered around. Was the coast clear? But before getting his horse and making a dash for it, he stole round to Old Man Dawnay's room. His revolvers were on the table. He crept in and took them. Now to get away! (Will he do it—or will he jump out of the Fryng-Pan into the Fire? You'll see Next Week!)