



OUR EXCITING
PICTURE-STORY!

THE RIO KID!



1.—Recovering his revolvers from Old Man Dawney's room, the Kid stole round to the horse corral in the gathering dusk. He whistled, and his mustang came trotting up. Clapping a hand over the horse's nostrils to prevent it whinnying, the Kid looked round. Nobody was in sight—but Dawney had entered the store-room and found him gone!



2.—Old Man Dawney burst out on to the veranda, firing his revolver and yelling for the cowboys. The Kid's heart gave a leap as he heard the racket; his escape had been discovered! He had hoped to be well away before that happened. Now there was no time to waste. Taking a flying leap into the saddle, he galloped off at full speed.



3.—The Kid had to pass the veranda where Old Man Dawney had already blurted out the news to Bud Wash, the foreman. Just as Bud bawled orders to the boys to get out on the Kid's trail the Kid went flying past. Old Man Dawney opened fire, but the bullets missed. "Ride him down!" yelled the boss, as the cowboys went tearing in pursuit.

Robbed of 1,000 dollars belonging to his boss—Old Man Downay—the Rio Kid is accused of stealing the money and is imprisoned in a store-room. But he breaks out, bent on escape!



4.—The Kid's mustang pounded along gallantly. But it had been hard-riden that day, and the cowboys on their fresher mounts gradually overhauled the Kid, and bullets began to sing around his head. There was only one thing for it. The Kid would have to dive to cover in the hope of throwing his pursuers off the trail. Riding towards a clump of tall bushes, he wheeled his mustang behind them.



5.—Flinging himself from the saddle, the Kid ordered his mustang to lie down, and crouched beside it, revolver drawn, ready to fight for his liberty if need be. But the shadowy figures of his pursuers went thundering past. He had outwitted them! "Come along, old horse!" he said, patting his mustang's neck. "I know you're tired, but there's no rest for us yet!"



6.—The Kid went galloping off at right-angles to his former trail. He hated having to work his tired mustang, but he had to put as great a distance as possible between himself and his pursuers before they discovered their mistake. At last his mustang stopped, exhausted. The Kid dismounted and put his ear to the ground. Was he safe, or would he hear sounds of pursuit?