



OUR EXCITING  
PICTURE-STORY!

# THE RIO KID!



1. Across the prairie charged a small herd of stampeding cattle. Instantly the Rio Kid got busy. Riding at the maddened beasts, he gradually slowed them up. "Thanks, stranger!" said a cowboy, galloping up when the job was done. "I'm rushing this lot to market. Prices are high. Care to help?" The Kid jumped at the chance of getting back to the old job again.



2. Waiting for the herd to ford a stream, the Kid noticed his companion examining their back trail. He had seen the man doing it before. "Afraid somebody else might be rushing cattle to market, I suppose!" he thought. At nightfall they halted. The Kid took first spell of night riding, and he was mighty glad to turn in and sleep when the cowboy relieved him at midnight.



3. "Rouse up!" shouted a voice. The Kid started up to find a sheriff and his posse surrounding him. Before he knew what was happening, he was disarmed and helpless, charged with rustling cattle from the Circle C Ranch. Unwittingly, he had been helping a cattle rustler. And he couldn't prove his innocence without disclosing his real name!

**OUTLAWED** on a false charge of robbing his late boss, Old Man Dawney of the Double Bar Ranch, the Rio Kid is a fugitive, hunted by the Texas sheriffs!



4. From a distance, the cowboy saw the Kid taken prisoner, and, guessing what had happened, turned tail and bolted. Ordering his men to round up the cattle and drive them back to the Circle C Ranch, the sheriff rode on ahead with his prisoner. The Kid's hands were bound behind his back, and his revolvers, tied with rope, dangled from the sheriff's saddle.



5. The sheriff called a halt at nightfall. A fire was lit and a meal prepared. After the Kid had eaten, the sheriff rebound his wrists and tied his ankles together. Soon the sheriff and posse were sleeping soundly. It was the Kid's chance! Rolling over towards the fire, he thrust his bound wrists to the flames. The flames burnt his wrists, but he held them there until the rope parted.



6. Suffering untold agonies from the pain of his burnt wrists, the Kid untied the ropes binding his ankles and crawled over towards the sheriff, meaning to recover his revolvers before bolting. The revolvers were lying near the sheriff's head. The Kid reached out for them—and the sheriff's eyes opened, staring at him in startled amazement! (What's going to happen now? See Next Saturday's extra-thrilling pictures!)