HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A KID SHERIFF, FIGHTING BANDITS,
and Holding off Dead-shot Texas Rangers—Like the Rio Kid?

THE SHERIFF'S SECRET!

The Man from Mexico!

ANYONE who had seen the Rio Kid step out of Dixon's Bank at Blue Grass that sunny afternoon would never have dreamed of recognising the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande. Even Jim Hall, captain of the Texas Rangers, who knew the Kid's looks better than any other man in Texas, would have passed him by without a second glance. Neither would any Plug Hat man, had any such been on hand, have fancied for a moment that this was Mister Texas Brown, Sheriff of Plug Hat. The Kid, indeed, would not have known himself had he seen his reflection in a glass.

His skin was darkened, his hair was raven-black, his eyebrows black and bushy; and he was dressed in Mexican garb, with velvet cazoneros, a short velvet jacket, a gaudy sash, huge spurs, and an enormous sombrero. The keenest eyes in Texas would never have taken the Kid for anything but a prosperous young Mexican ranchero.

Outside the bank three or four Texas Rangers were standing, and they glanced at the young Mexican as he came out. His horse, a handsome pinto, was hitched to the post, and the Rangers had been looking at it. Now they looked at the Kid; and he smiled.

The Texas Rangers were in Blue Grass to hunt for the Rio Kid, but the Kid guessed that they did not figure how near he was to them.

"Say, Mex!" drawled one of the Rangers, as the Kid put his hand to the pinto.

The Kid glanced round.

The Ranger detached himself from the group and came towards the Mexican. The Kid knew him by sight;

TROUBLE CLOUDS BANKING ON KID SHERIFF'S HORIZON

it was the red-haired man from Austin—Austin Red—whom the Kid had last seen riding, wounded, into Plug Hat, after a chase of Cactus Carter, the road-agent.

"You hitting the trail, mister?" asked Red.

"Si, senor!" answered the Kid in soft Spanish.

"I guess all Blue Grass knows your business here," said Red. "You ain't made any secret of it. You been around Blue Grass nearly a week, and you been talking of buying a ranch in the Plug Hat country. You've let on right and left that you're taking money from the bank to-day and hitting the trail for Plug Hat. I guess there ain't a guy in the county that don't know it."

"It is no secret, senor."

Red laughed.

"You figure you'll get through with a bag of dollars on the Plug Hat trail?" he demanded. "I'm telling you you'll wake up Cactus Carter long before you hit that cow town."

"Who is Cactus Carter, senor?" asked the Kid innocently.

"Aw, you sure don't know enough to go in when it rains!" said Austin Red. "Cactus Carter is the fire-bug who used to run Plug Hat, and was run out by the new sheriff, Texas Brown, and has taken to rustling and hold-ups. And I guess if Cactus ain't blind and deaf he knows all about you, Mister Mex, and he will be looking for you between Blue Grass and Plug Hat."

The Kid smiled.

"I think I can take care of myself, senor."

"The thunder you can!" grunted Red. "I'm telling you you're hunting trouble if you ride the loneliest trail in Texas with a bag of dollars. You'll sure meet up with Cactus Carter, and I guess a greaser won't give that guy much trouble. You want to stay where you're safe."

The Mexican shook his head.

"I have business at Plug Hat, senor, and I do not fear a hold-up man," he answered. "It is kind of you to warn me, but I am riding to the cow town this afternoon."

"I'll tell a man!" grunted Red. "You've let on right and left that you're riding to Plug Hat to-day with a bag of dollars to buy a ranch. Leave it till to-morrow or the next day and you might get through."

"But if this bandolero, this Cactus, is so dangerous, why do you not rope him in?" asked the Mexican.

"I guess we're after him, but we ain't got him yet," growled Red.

"But your captain, Jim Hall, whom they call Mule-Kick Hall" said the Mexican—"cannot he put salt, as you say, on the tail of this Cactus Carter?"

"Jim Hall ain't here," grunted Red. "He ain't been seen since he was at Plug Hat weeks ago. I reckon that fire-bug Carter has got him and laid him out somewhere in the prairie; or else perhaps the Rio Kid has got him. He ain't been seen for a long while, and we're sure still hunting for him."

"The Rio Kid? Who is he?"

"A durnder fire-bug than Cactus Carter," said Red. "And I reckon he's hiding somewhere in this country—though I reckon nobody ain't seed him."

"In my country we should soon put an end to these bandoleros, senor."

"The thunder you would!" growled Red.

"Si, senor. Oh, very soon!"

Austin Red glared at the Mexican as he mounted his horse.

"Adios, senor!" said the Mexican cheerily, and he touched the pinto with

the spur and went at a gallop down the street of Blue Grass.

Red glared at the disappearing horseman.

"Dog-gone my cats!" he growled.

His hand went to a gun. But the Mexican was vanishing in a cloud of dust in the distance, and Austin Red had to content himself with a string of lurid cuss-words.

Trapped!

THE Rio Kid laughed lightly as he galloped out of Blue Grass on the dusty trail northward to Plug Hat. Austin Red had warned him that he was likely, if not certain, to "meet up" with Cactus Carter on the trail—and the Ranger had little guessed that that was exactly the object of the pseudo Mexican rancher.

Texas Brown, Sheriff of Plug Hat, was expected to rope in the bandit who was making all the trails round the cow town dangerous. Since the Kid had been sheriff, galoots who bucked against the law had had a thin time in Plug Hat.

Every citizen of the cow town, every rancher in the surrounding cow country, looked to him to wind up the lawless career of Cactus Carter. And the Kid was going to do it.

Blue Grass dropped out of sight behind the Kid, and he slackened pace.

It was a lonely trail, in places scarcely marked, that wound among the folds of the prairie. Near the town the Kid passed some cowpunchers; after that he had the trail to himself. He rode on at a canter, smiling under the black moustache that was gummed to his lip. It would not have suited his book for the Rangers to ride with him to see him safe through. It was not a ride safe through that the Sheriff of Plug Hat wanted.

Ten miles on the trail the Kid, whose eyes were keenly about him under the shadow of the big sombrero, grew more keenly watchful. Here the trail was bordered by thickets of pecan and mesquite and dwarf oak—just the cover that a road-agent would look for. And the Kid smiled as he saw a blue jay, evidently disturbed from a nest, fluttering over the mesquite. Something—or somebody—in the mesquite had startled the blue jay, and the Kid figured that that "something" was very likely called Cactus Carter.

He cantered on; and suddenly a horseman pushed out of the thickets with a gun half-lifted in his hand.

"Halt!"

The Kid pulled in his pinto.

"Buenas dias, senor!" he said politely.

Cactus Carter stared at him.

There was a jeering grin on the hard, tanned face of the gunman.

"I guess you'll be the greaser, Alvarez," he said.

"Si, senor."

"I'm sure wise to you," said Cactus. "Why, you durned dog-goned boob, you've told all Texas that you're riding this trail to-day with a grip stacked with greenbacks! I guess I wish there was a few more like you, greaser. This is pie!

"And you ain't even heeled!" said Cactus, staring at him and seeing no sign of a weapon. "I've sure met up with some boobs in my time; but you are the prize boob of America, I'll tell a man! Get down off'n that cayuse and pony up your roll!"

The swarthy face of the Mexican rancher wore a smile. The Kid had reckoned that his stunt would work—and it had worked like a charm. If there was a boob on the trail at that moment, the Kid did not figure that he was the boob. Cactus Carter had fallen into the trap like a tenderfoot from Tendertown.

The disguised Kid alighted from the pinto; he stood in the trail beside the halted horse. The gunman made a threatening motion with his Colt.

"Pony up!" he snapped.

"It is for you to order, senor, as you hold the gun," said the Mexican meekly, and he dropped his hand into a wallet that hung by his side.

Bang!

Cactus Carter gave a sudden yell.

Inside that harmless-looking wallet was a walnut-butted gun; and the Kid had fired, without drawing it out, through the leather of the wallet.

The Colt spun from Cactus' hand and flew across the trail.

The Kid had shot the gun from his grasp.

The next instant the Kid's smoking gun flashed to a level and looked the horseman in the face.

"Hands up!" said the Kid quietly, and his voice had no trace now of the soft Spanish accent.

Cactus Carter stared at him blankly.

But the levelled revolver, the gleaming eyes over it, enforced obedience, and the road-agent lifted his hands above his head. His face was convulsed with rage.

"Beat!" he muttered hoarsely. "Beaten to it by a dog-goned greaser! Carry me home to die!"

"I guess not," drawled the Kid. "I guess there ain't no more greaser about me, feller, than is stuck on outside. There's a white Texan underneath."

The gunman gave a convulsive start. He knew that cool, drawling voice.

"Texas Brown!" he panted.

"You've said it!"

"The Sheriff of Plug Hat—got up like a dog-goned greaser!" hissed Cactus Carter through his grinding teeth.

"Jest that!" smiled the Kid. "I reckoned you'd fall for this, Cactus, and you're sure fallen for it! And now I've got you! And if you don't keep them paws over your cabeza you'll get yours so sudden you won't know what boosted you over Jordan!"

The gunman was lowering his hands, but they went up again. He sat his horse quivering with rage.

"You've had a long run, Cactus," said the Kid quietly. "I sure handed you over to the Rangers and you got away from them. I guess you ain't getting away any more. You're riding into Plug Hat with this baby!"

Cactus Carter's eyes gleamed desperately. It was death to ride into Plug Hat with the sheriff, and death was no worse by a bullet on the trail. With a pressure of his knee he suddenly swung his horse away and dashed from the trail across the prairie.

Bang!

The Kid's Colt roared. The bullet tore through the Stetson on the gunman's head and clipped a lock of hair from his head.

"Halt!" shouted the Kid.

Cactus rode on desperately. He had the reins in his grip again now, and urged his horse frantically. Every moment he expected a bullet to crash through him, tearing through flesh and bone. But he was taking the chance of it; and he reckoned, too, that the Sheriff of Plug Hat wanted to take him alive if he could.

But it was not that that held the Kid from shooting him dead from the saddle; the Rio Kid hated to fire on a fleeing man, and it went sorely against the grain to drive a bullet through the gunman's back. He spurred his pinto in pursuit and swept across the grassy prairie on the track of the gunman.

The pinto was a good cayuse; not so good as the Kid's own grey mustang, but a good and swift horse. The Kid reckoned he would ride down the fleeing road-agent, and not unless Cactus' escape seemed too likely would he send a bullet through him.

Clatter, clatter! Thud, thud!

Cactus Carter was riding like the wind. But as swift the Kid rode after him, gun in hand; and when Cactus turned his head he could see the disguised Sheriff of Plug Hat close behind. With quirt and spur he urged on his horse to desperate speed, and still, when he looked back again, the Sheriff of Plug Hat was gaining.

And then for a second Cactus checked his wild career, as he saw ahead of him in the gleaming grass a dark line that stretched across the prairie.

It was a barranca, wide and deep.

The Kid had discerned it at the same moment, and he smiled grimly. The barranca was wide—too wide for the leap of the best jumping horse in Texas, unless it was the Kid's own Side-Kicker.

"I reckon," murmured the Kid, "that I've got that dog-goned galoot now, and without spilling his juice! And it sure would get my goat to put a bullet in any guy's back!"

It was only for a moment that Cactus Carter checked his wild career. Behind him was certain capture or death; before him was the yawning gulf that was too wide for his horse. But he set his teeth desperately and rode at it. Whip and spur drove on the straining horse, and from the edge of the barranca Cactus drove it to the desperate leap.

"Thunder!"

The Kid reined in his pinto.

He stared after the leaping horseman, fascinated. The forefeet of Cactus' horse crashed on the opposite side of the barranca.

But they found no hold.

The hind legs slipped down; there was a sharp squeal of terror from the horse, a gasping cry of despair from the rider; then horse and rider vanished into the black depths of the barranca.

"Sho!" murmured the Kid soberly.

And the Sheriff of Plug Hat wheeled his horse and rode away. He was done with Cactus Carter now.

The Sheriff's Secret!

COLORADO BILL lounged into the sheriff's office at Plug Hat.

"Say, sheriff!"

The Kid looked up.

"Shoot!" he said.

"The Rangers have quit Blue Grass," said Colorado.

The Sheriff of Plug Hat looked interested at that. Blue Grass was fifteen miles from Plug Hat, but the outlaw who had become a sheriff had never liked the Texas Rangers so near as that.

Colorado, watching him curiously, grinned.

"Say, you're pleased about it, sheriff?" he said.

"I guess we ain't got a lot of use for

Rangers in this county," answered the Kid. "We can run things in Sassafras County without help from Jim Hall and his boneheads."

"You said it!" agreed Colorado. "But they ain't found Jim Hall yet, sheriff. They are sure wild about it; and they ain't any too pleased at you wiping out Cactus Carter. They figured that Cactus could have told them what had happened to Mule-Kick Hall if they'd got him.

"It was sure queer, Jim Hall vanishing like that," said Colorado slowly. "You ain't forgotten, sheriff, that he accused you of being that fire-bug from the Rio Grande, the Rio Kid."

The Kid laughed, but his eyes were very keen on the face of the big cowman.

"I ain't forgotten," he said. "I guess Jim Hall had been after the Kid so long he was ready to see him in every guy he met."

"I guess it was a likely mistake," said Colorado in the same slow way; "for you sure are powerful like the Kid to look at, sheriff."

"You reckon?"

"I've seed his picture posted up at Packsaddle, and I reckon it's a cinch," said Colorado. "I guess I never thought of it till Jim Hall let on that he figured you was the Kid. But you sure are a dead ringer for the Kid, sheriff."

"I guess I'll grow me some whiskers," said the Sheriff of Plug Hat. "It sure is bad medicine for a guy to be mistaken for a fire-bug like the Rio Kid."

"Sure!" said Colorado slowly. His eyes were strangely on the sheriff's face. "I guess you're glad to hear that the Rangers are quitting. They reckon that Hall is gone up, and it ain't no use sitting around and waiting for him any longer. They're getting after the Rio Kid again without him."

The sheriff smiled.

"I sure wish them a whole lot of luck," he said.

"From what I heered in Blue Grass, they're going to comb the Los Pinos sierra for the Kid."

The sheriff started slightly.

"The Los Pinos sierra?" he repeated.

"Yep! They reckon the Kid may have found a hide-out there."

"I guess they might as well go home and grow alfalfa," said the sheriff. "If Jim Hall couldn't get the Kid, I don't reckon his bunch will do it. But I wish them a heap of luck."

Colorado nodded and lounged out of the office again. The Kid sat very still.

He had read the big cowman's thoughts like a book. Colorado was standing by him, true as steel; yet there was a half-formed suspicion in his mind that Jim Hall's startling accusation had not been unfounded.

The Kid wondered whether the same thought was in other minds in the town of Plug Hat.

It was hard luck for the Kid that Hall and the Rangers had come that way in their quest of the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande. The Kid had made good as sheriff. He asked nothing more than to live a quiet and peaceable life, doing his duty as Sheriff of Plug Hat. Only Mule-Kick Hall had stood in the way—and Mule-Kick Hall had mysteriously disappeared. And as plainly as if Colorado had said it, the Kid knew that the cowman was wondering how much the sheriff knew about that disappearance.

And Hall was still on the Kid's hands. The Kid was not the man to shoot him out of hand. He was safe in the hiding-place the Kid had found for him in the hills. But was he safe, with the Rangers combing the Los Pinos sierra for the Kid? They were not likely to find the Rio Kid there. The Sheriff of Plug Hat grinned at the thought. But it was on the cards that they might find Jim Hall.

The Kid's jaw set squarely.

Mule-Kick Hall was in his hands—at his mercy—and yet the Ranger refused to come to terms. The Kid called himself a gink for hesitating to drive lead through the man who would not hesitate to hand him over to the rope. And yet he knew that he could not do it.

"Dog-gone it!" growled the Kid.

He rose at last and went through the house to the stable and saddled the pinto. While the Rangers were in the locality the Kid's own grey mustang was kept carefully out of sight.

The Kid mounted the pinto and rode away towards the prairie trail.

His thoughts were bitter enough as he rode into the sierra.

Why couldn't that gol-darned bloodhound, Hall, leave him in peace to lead the peaceful life he wanted to lead? Why couldn't the man give him a chance to make good?

The Kid's face was hard as he rode.

He threaded his way through the lonely gulches and canyons of the Los Pinos sierra, his eyes keenly open for sign of the Rangers. Once or twice he came on sign of horsemen who had ridden that way, and his caution redoubled. But he was sure that no eye was upon him when he reached the solitary canyon where the waterfall dashed down the steep rocks. He dismounted, and concealed his horse in a thicket, and approached the torrent that fell in clouds of spray with a ceaseless roar of waters.

None, looking at the falling water, would have guessed that it screened a hiding-place. It was by chance that the Kid himself had discovered it. Looking at it, the Kid figured that it was unlikely enough that the Rangers would ever horn into the hidden cave, if they searched Los Pinos for weeks and months.

He plunged under the curtain of falling water, and disappeared. A moment later he was standing in the cave under the cliff where the torrent fell.

Through the falling water that screened the narrow entrance, came a glimmer of the sunset. But it was very dusky in the cave.

The Kid stared after the leaping horseman, fascinated. The fleetest of Cactus' horse crashed on the opposite side of the rocky wall—and then slipped back!

A man stretched on a bed of rough blankets rose to his feet, and there was a clink of a chain. Mule-Kick Hall, haggard from his long imprisonment, looked at the Kid with savage eyes. The chain locked to his wrist held him fast to the staple driven high in the rock wall of the cavern; he could move about freely and use his limbs, but he had long ago given up hope of escape. Yet his rugged, tanned, haggard face was defiant and even threatening, as he fixed his eyes on the Rio Kid.

The Sheriff of Plug Hat regarded him thoughtfully. His hand rested on a gun as he did so.

A bitter sneer curved Hall's lips.

"You come here to handle your gun, you dog-goned trail-thief!" he said, between his teeth.

"I never was a trail-thief, as you know, Jim Hall," answered the Kid quietly, "and I ain't handling my gun any. I'd sure like to let daylight through your carcass, but I can't do it. I've brought you grub again; but ain't you getting tired of bully beef and biscuit and cold water?"

"I guess I ain't asking you for that, or anything else."

"Nope! You was always a hard cuss, Jim Hall!" said the Kid. "Hard as hickory you always was; and why I don't blow a hole right through your cabeza, leaves me guessing."

"Shoot, if you like."

"I guess not!" said the Kid. "Nope! You ain't coming to terms?"

"Never!"

"I'm jest asking you to ride away and forget that the Sheriff of Plug Hat is the Rio Kid. That's all."

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The Sheriff's Secret!

(Continued from page 13.)

"Never!"

The Kid sighed.

"Well, you surely are the ornericst guy ever!" he said. "Any guy but me, I reckon, would leave you here with your mouth shut so hard that you couldn't tell tales. I guess I got a soft streak somewhere." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, there's your grub, and I guess you won't see me again for three days more. Adios!"

Without another word the Kid slipped through the screen of falling water, and vanished. He remounted his horse, and rode away, from the solitary canyon—and the captain of the Rangers was left once more to solitude.

The Ranger's Luck!

CRACK!

Austin Red fired a second time, and followed up the shot with an oath. Twice the antelope had escaped, though it was wounded, and the Ranger spat out oaths as he followed on.

The sun was setting over the sierra los Pinos. The Rangers were camped in a valley in the hills; and the red-headed man from Austin was shooting his supper. But his supper was wary, and had led the Ranger far from the valley where his comrades were camped. Up and down, by gulch and arroyo, Red had followed the elusive antelope; and still the antelope was beating him to it.

More than once Red would have lost him, but for the trail of crimson drops on the stony earth. And to that trail the Ranger stuck doggedly, determined not to go back to camp and own up to his comrades that the antelope had beaten him.

And now, the Ranger reckoned, he had got the brute. He had trailed him into a narrow rugged canyon, where a torrent came tumbling and splashing down the rocky wall, forming a stream that flowed away to lower levels. But his shot missed by a hair's breadth; and then the hunted animal vanished from his sight, plunging into the torrent.

Red ran on, his rifle ready.

He reached the edge of the torrent, and watched for the antelope.

He expected to see the animal struggling in the water, or dragging itself out on the other side.

But to his amazement the antelope had completely disappeared.

The stream below the torrent was too shallow to hide the animal if it had sunk. Yet it was not to be seen in the water, and it had not scrambled out on either side.

For some moments the Texas Ranger wondered whether he had been trailing a spook antelope that had vanished into thin air. But Red did not figure that that was the case. There was only one explanation of the brute's strange disappearance after plunging into the torrent, and that was some hollow under the cliff behind the screen of falling water. Looking at it, Red would have supposed that the cascade was tumbling down a solid cliff, as solid as the rest of the rocky walls of the canyon. But the antelope's disappearance told another tale.

"I guess there's suthin' back of that fall!" the Ranger soliloquised, "and I guess the critter's dodged into it, and I reckon I've got him dead to rights now."

And, leaving his rifle on the rocks, Red drew his knife, and plunged into the falling water, nothing doubting that he would find a hollow in the cliff it covered.

For a moment he was drenched, then he was through the fall, and standing within a dusky cave.

From the dark depths where it extended deep into the cliff, a frightened antelope leaped, and rushed past Red, and plunged once more into the screen of water to escape.

It would not have escaped had not Red's attention been fixed on something else.

But Austin Red had no eyes for his escaping supper now. Standing rooted to the rocky floor in blank amazement and bewilderment, Austin Red stared at a haggard man who stood before him — a man who was held prisoner by a steel chain locked to his wrist.

"This hyer is a dream!" gasped Red. "I sure am dreaming that you're Jim Hall!"

Mule-Kick Hall breathed hard and deep. His eyes were blazing.

"You, Red!" he said.

"Say, is it you or your ghost, Jim Hall!" gasped the astounded Ranger.

"I guess it's me, Red!" said Hall. "I guess I been here long enough, and I'm powerful glad to see you. How'd you come?"

"I was after that peaky antelope——"

"Are the boys on hand?"

"Camped a mile from here," said Red. "Say, Hall, this surely does get my goat! We figured that you'd been shot up by Cactus Carter."

"Cactus Carter nothing! I was rounded up by the Rio Kid!" said Hall bitterly.

Red jumped.

"The Rio Kid!"

"Sure!"

"Then he's in this sierra?"

"He's at Plug Hat; and by the great horned toad, we're going to get him now, dead to rights! You got to get me loose, Red." The steel chain clinked. "You got to get me loose pronto."

"But I don't get you, Hall!" stammered Red. "Mean to say the Rio Kid fixed you up this-a-way?"

"He sure did! You been hunting me?"

"Yep; but I guess we'd never have looked for you here, but for that antelope," said Red. "We figured you was gone up. Cactus Carter was the guy we reckoned had given you your ticket for soup. We was hunting him, but we never got him. The Sheriff of Plug Hat has wiped out that scallywag."

Red was startled by the fury that blazed in Hall's face at the mention of the sheriff of Plug Hat.

"Dog-gone him!" said Hall, gritting his teeth. "I'll give him sheriff! Dog-gone him! You bonehead, do you know what that sheriff called himself afore he called himself Texas Brown?"

"Search me!" answered Red.

"The Rio Kid!" snarled Hall.

"Aw! You're dreaming, Jim Hall!" Hall answered with a curse.

"Don't stand there chewing the rag! Get me loose, you gink! We got to get the Kid before he gets wise to it that I'm found! Give him a chance, and he'll be burning the wind on that cursed mustang of his'n. Get me loose, dog-gone you!"

"Sure!" gasped Red.

It was not easy to release Hall. Red hacked at the rocky wall where the staple was driven in with his knife. The rock came away in chips, and the knife broke at last. With the broken blade he went on hacking, his arm aching, sweat rolling down his face. But if he paused for a moment, the raucous voice of Mule-Kick Hall drove him on. And at last, after more than a weary hour, the staple was loosened, and the chain fell free. It was still locked to Hal's wrist; but with the lock Red could not deal; and Hall wound the chain round his arm. He was a free man now; and that was enough.

"Got a cayuse with you?" he snapped.

"Nope. I followed the antelope on foot."

Hall cursed.

"Come, then; there's no time to lose."

He plunged through the torrent from the cave. Red followed him. In the open canyon, under the stars, for night had fallen now, Mule-Kick Hall breathed deeply the fresh mountain air. Austin Red led the way, and the captain of the Rangers followed him.

Mule-Kick Hall was haggard, worn, weary. But his deep-set eyes were glinting bright, the blood was dancing in his veins as he strode rapidly away. He smiled, a deadly smile, as he sighted the camp-fire of the Rangers, glowing red through the night. He was free, free to lead the Rangers to the capture of the Rio Kid, still playing sheriff at Plug Hat, and never dreaming that his deadly enemy was loose again, and on the trail of vengeance. Plug Hat was to lose its sheriff now; and the end of his long trail had come for the Rio Kid.

THE END.

(More thrills in next week's roaring Western tale of the Rio Kid.)

HOW TO COLLECT OUR COLOURED PICTURES!

On the cover of this week's issue you will find the first of our unique series of Coloured Pictures of Famous Footballers.

By the side of the picture appears a frame, in which is a description of the subject of the coloured picture—this week, it is Syd Puddefoot, of Blackburn Rovers.

Now, all you have to do to make our coloured pictures just like a cigarette card, is to cut out the whole tablet containing the picture and the frame. Then fold this piece of paper so that the frame backs on to the coloured picture, pasts a thin piece of card between the two, and you have a coloured card that you can put in your album of cigarette cards.

NEXT WEEK:

FRED KEAN

(BOLTON WANDERERS)