

DELL

NO. 968

Still 10¢

TALES OF
**WELLS
FARGO**

starring

DALE ROBERTSON

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Special Agent for Wells Fargo may sound like an easy job . . .



It's not, when you have to do your work with a .45 . . .



Or when you're cold and wet on the trail of an outlaw . . .



But to me it's all worth it, because I know I'm in the right, working for Wells Fargo.

TALES OF WELLS FARGO

A NOSE FOR TROUBLE

WELLS FARGO OFFICES
ARE RIGHT HERE, GENTS!
OTHER BUSINESS
HOUSES, DOWN
THE STREET!

THANK YOU,
DRIVER!



THE TALL GAMBLER HEADS FOR THE NEAR-
EST PALACE OF CHANCE...

...BUT DUCKS INTO AN ALLEY AND TURNS
TO LOOK BACK AT HIS FELLOW TRAVELERS.



...WHO ARE ENTERING THE WELLS FARGO
BUILDING!



GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR!
MAY I HELP YOU?



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...MEET YOUR STAGE WHERE IT RABBES THE POINT-OF-ROCKS, ABOUT DAWN, DAY-AFTER-TOMORROW! THAT IS, IF YOU AGREE, MR. PARKER!



THE VALUE OF THE BULLION, MR. PARKER, WILL BE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THEY'RE AN UNUSUAL SUM FOR ONE SHIPMENT, MR. BAYNE, BUT WE'LL CARRY IT!



OUTSIDE THE OFFICE WINDOW THE HAWK-NOSED PASSENGER FROM THE STAGE COACH SEEMS SUDDENLY TO REMEMBER THAT HE HAS AN APPOINTMENT...



WITH A HORSE!



AS I SAID MR. BAYNE, WE'LL GO ALONG WITH YOUR PLAN, PROVIDED THAT OUR SPECIAL AGENT, JIM HARDIE, LOOKS OVER THE GROUND--AND OKAYS IT!

I AGREE, MR. PARKER!



ALL RIGHT, JIM--BAYNE HAS SONS! COME IN AND LET'S TALK THIS OVER!

RIGHT, MR. PARKER!

YOU HEARD ALL THAT BAYNE SAID, JIM!
HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU? A HUNDRED
THOUSAND IS A BIG
CONSIGNMENT!



AND A BIG RISK IF WE
INSURE IT! I WANT TO RIDE
OVER THAT STAGE ROUTE AND
FIGURE THE LIKELIEST AMBUSH
POINTS...

...AND ESPECIALLY POINT-
OF-ROCKS WHERE THEY'LL
BE LOADING THE GOLD
BULLION! I MAY EVEN
CAMP OUT THERE!



I CAN'T
SEE WHAT
COULD GO
WRONG, BUT
THERE'S ALWAYS
A CHANCE!

LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AS JIM NEARS
POINT-OF-ROCKS...



I KNOW THE STAGE
ROUTE NOW—LIKE THE PALM OF MY
HAND! IT COULD BE HELD UP AT
FOUR PLACES—
MAYBE FIVE!



I'LL HAVE JUST
ENOUGH DAYLIGHT
LEFT TO SCOUT
THIS AREA—
BEFORE I MAKE
CAMP!



AND THIS IS THE BEST
AMBUSH SPOT OF ALL—
PROVIDING BAYNE'S PLAN
HAS LEAKED OUT!





IT'S LUCKY FOR ME I HAVE A NOSE FOR TROUBLE, SALLEY! IT BEGAN TO TICKLE WHEN I SAW YOU ON THE STAGE!



YOUR GANG HASN'T COME YET, OR YOU WOULD HAVE CALLED OUT TO WARN THEM! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU ARE QUIET WHEN THEY DO COME!

USHH...
UMMP.



YOU MAY BE A LITTLE CHILLY WITHOUT YOUR HAT AND COAT-- BUT IT WON'T BE LONG TILL DAWN! I'LL SUBSTITUTE YOUR SUNBELT FOR MINE... MIGHT NEED TWO GUNS BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER!



NOT TOO BAG A FIT! AND WHEN YOUR FRIENDS SHOW UP, I MIGHT FOOL THEM! SEE YOU LATER, SALLEY!



WHOOF! I DON'T BLAME YOU, BOY! BUT I'M STILL YOUR OLD PARTNER, JIM! STEADY, NOW!



GUNS! MUST BE A MILE FROM HERE-- TOWARDS THE MINE!

BANG! CRACK!
BAM! BANG!



SALLET'S GANG!
THEY'VE JUMPED
THE GUARDS
WITH THE
GOLD!



THE GUNFIRE HAS STOPPED!
WE'RE LIKELY TOO LATE
TO HELP THE GUARDS!



WHOA, BOY! IT
WAS ABOUT HERE!



PANG! WEY!



YOU'VE PICKED THE
WRONG TARGET, MISTER!
I'M NOT A ROBBER--
I'M HUNTING THEM!
AND THESE ARE
BORROWED
CLOTHES!

COME OUT
FROM BEHIND
YOUR HORSE--WITH
YOUR HANDS UP!
AND PROVE WHAT
YOU SAY!



THAT'S FAR
ENOUGH! WHO
ARE YOU--AND
WHAT PROOF
HAVE YOU GOT
TO SHOW ME?

MY BADGE! I'M JIM
HARDIE, SPECIAL
AGENT FOR
WELLS
FARGO!



MINUTES LATER...

I WON'T NEED TO BE CAREFUL TILL I'VE GOT CLOSE TO THAT BUNCH! ALL THEY'LL SEE IS SALLIE'S BLACK CLOTHES!



THEY'VE STOPPED! ONE MAN HAS A SHOVEL!



I VOTE WE SPLIT THE GOLD AND GIVE DEUCE HIS SHARE WHEN AND IF HE SHOWS UP!

YEAH! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM, OR HE'D HAVE HEARD THE SHOOTING AND COME!

HE'LL COME SHOOTING AT US IF WE SPLIT IT WITHOUT HIM!



I SAY BURY IT AND GO LOOK FOR HIM!

THERE HE COMES NOW! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN DEUCE?







WAIT, MR. HARDIE! I'D LIKE TO CHECK THE GOLD BEFORE WE GO ON--JUST TO MAKE SURE IT'S ALL THERE! WOULD YOU MIND?

NOT A BIT!
I CAN TELL IF ANY PACK HAS BEEN OPENED!



THIS SACK HAS BEEN OPENED--WITH A KNIFE! I'LL COUNT THE BARS!



WHE-EW!

THIS BAR FEELS TOO LIGHT!



YOU WHISTLED! ANYTHING MISSING, MR. HARDIE?

I CAN'T TELL--YET!



IF IT'S HOLLOW, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



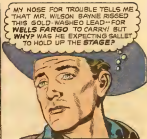
IT'S LEAD--JUST WASHED WITH GOLD! PROBABLY ALL THE BARS ARE LIKE IT! SALET'S GANG COULDN'T HAVE SWITCHED THE GOLD!





ALL THE BAGS ARE HERE! I GUESS THE ROBBERS JUST OPENED ONE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE LOOT!

THANKS, MR. HARDIE! I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU'D CHECK THE OTHERS!



MY NOSE FOR TROUBLE TELLS ME THAT MR. WILSON BAYNE RIDDED THIS GOLD-WASHED LEAD--FOR WELLS FARGO TO CARRY! BUT WHY? WAS HE EXPECTING GALLET TO HOLD UP THE STAGE?



ONLY ONE SACK HAS BEEN OPENED--AND NOTHING TAKEN OUT OF THAT! RIDE ON, FARMER! I'LL PICK UP GALLET NOW!

OKAY, MR. HARDIE!



SOON...

HARRH!

GOOD MORNING, DEUCE! I FIGURED YOU MIGHT BE COLO-- SO HERE'S YOUR COAT! I FOUND YOUR HORSE, TOO!



BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP YOUR GUN, DEUCE--JUST TO MAKE SURE WE BOTH MEET THAT STAGE!



YOU'LL HAVE YOUR GANG FOR COMPANY ON THE RIDE TO JAIL, DEUCE!

YOU WIN THIS HAND, HARGIE-- BUT THE GAME IS NOT PLAYED OUT!





I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB! BUT THERE'S ONE LAST THING...



... IF YOU GET HELD UP, DON'T MAKE A FIGHT! LET 'EM HAVE THE GOLD!



HARRY, THAT WAS A DDBSSONE FUNNY THING FOR JIM HARDIE TO SAY!

"DON'T FIGHT-LET 'EM HAVE THE GOLD!" MAYBE HE WAS JOKING!

DON'T ARGUE! THOSE WERE HIS ORDERS!



FIVE MILES FARTHER ON...

THERE'S FOUR OR FIVE GOOD PLACES FOR A HOLD-UP ... LIKE THIS HERE GULCH!



PULL UP! I WANT THAT GOLD!

WHOA!

REMEMBER JIM'S ORDERS, ROSS!



TALES OF WELLS FARGO

THEY DECLARED WAR!

DETECTIVES OF TWO RIVAL EXPRESS COMPANIES (ADAMS AND AMERICAN EXPRESS) MEET WITH JIM HARDIE AND THE SHERIFF OF PESALIA FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR!



JIM, IF WE CAN ONLY IDENTIFY THESE TRAIN ROBBERS, WE CAN CATCH THEM!

THEIR RECORD IS THREE TRAIN HOLD-UPS, FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, TWO EXPRESS MESSENGERS KILLED!..

NOT TO MENTION THE WELLS FARGO STAGES STOPPED! I KNOW, GENTLEMEN!

WE'LL HAVE TO DOUBLE OUR SEARCH FOR CLUES—LIKE GOLD COINS BEING PASSED UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES..

UM! WE CAN'T WATCH ALL THE BARS!

DR BULLION...PERHAPS AT A BAR, LIKE THAT ONE!



HERE, THIS NUGGET WILL PAY MY BILL. I RECKON! NEVER MIND THE CHANGE!

THANKS, MR. BUNTAG! YOUR GOLD IS A BIG HELP TO THIS TOWN!



I'M GOING HOME TO THE MINE—AND GET ME SOME SLEEP! WE'VE BEEN PUTTING IN LONG HOURS THERE!

LUCKY HOURS, MR BUNTAG!



OBEYING A HUNCH, JIM HARDIE CALLS OUT...

BARTENDER! ANOTHER ROUND OF LEMONADE, PLEASE!





SUNTAS'S MINE
MUST BE A RICH
PLACER, TO LET
HIM RAY OFF IN
NUGGETS!

IT'S RICH,
MISTER! BUT
IT'S NOT A
PLACER MINE!
IT'S HARD ROCK,
A VEIN OF WIRE
GOLD!



LOOK! IT'S THE PURE METAL! THEY
CAN PICK IT OUT OF THE QUARTZ
VEIN WITH A KNIFE!



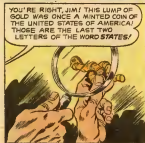
I'LL GIVE YOU
A COUPLE OF
DOUBLE-EAGLES FOR
IT, BARTENDER!

IT'S A TRADE!



HAW! GENTLEMEN,
WOULD YOU THINK IT
POSSIBLE TO MINE
A GOLD NUGGET
WITH THE LETTERS
"E S" ALREADY
STAMPED ON IT?

WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING, JIM?
GIVE ME THAT
LUMP OF
GOLD!
HUH?



YOU'RE RIGHT, JIM! THIS LUMP OF
GOLD WAS ONCE A MINTED COIN OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!
THOSE ARE THE LAST TWO
LETTERS OF THE WORD STATES!



SHERIFF, WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT THIS SUNTAS
AND HIS "NUGGETS"?

THE THREE SUNTAS BROTHERS
BOUGHT A WORKED-OUT QUARTZ MINE
NEAR PASAJIA, A YEAR AGO! AND
THEN UNCOVERED THIS GOLD-RICH
VEIN! OR SO THEY SAID!



A YEAR AGO! THAT WAS ABOUT THE TIME OF THE FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? THE BUNTAGGS ARE OUR MEN!

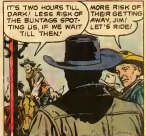


LET'S GO, SHERIFF! YOU KNOW THE WAY!



YOU'RE NOT WAITING FOR YOUR LEMON-ADE, GENTLE-MEN?

SORRY, WE CAN'T! BUT THIS WILL PAY FOR IT!



IT'S TWO HOURS TILL DARK! LESS RISK OF THE BUNTAGGS SPOTTING US, IF WE WAIT TILL THEN!

MORE RISK OF THEIR GETTING AWAY, JIM! LET'S RIDE!



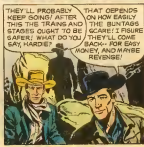
SOON...

SOMEONE'S HOME! THERE'S A FIRE IN THE SHACK!

AND THEY'VE SPOTTED US! I SAW THE BUSHES MOVE OUTSIDE THE MINE!







A FEW WEEKS LATER THE BUNTAGS RETURN-- HAVING DECLARED WAR ON EXPRESS COMPANY AGENTS!

DON'T SHOOT! HERE'S THE EXPRESS BOX-- BUT IT'S EMPTY TODAY!

FORGET IT THEN! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE COACH! WE'RE LOOKING FOR ANY BLASTED DETECTIVES TO KILL 'EM!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE THING IS REPEATED!

ANOTHER HELD-UP STAGE! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WHOA! SOMEBODY-- TAKE THIS-- TEAM! THE BUNTAGS--!



AND IN THE SUPER-INTENDENT'S OFFICE...

AN IDEA? WHAT IDEA, JIM HARDIE? WILL IT WORK?

I HOPE SO! I'LL STAKE MY LIFE ON IT! BUT I WON'T TELL EVEN YOU WHAT IT IS!

JIM, THEY'LL PUT NELLE FARGO OUT OF BUSINESS ON THIS LINE, IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE! PASSENGERS ARE AFRAID TO RIDE OUR STAGES! BANKS WON'T SHIP MONEY-- WE'VE LOST FIVE MEN!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, MR. PARKER!



THE NEXT DAY A SPUNKY OLD LADY
BOARDS THE STAGE FOR CENTERVILLE...
THERE ARE NO OTHER PASSENGERS!

YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF
GUMPTION, MA'AM--TRAVEL-
ING ALONE, WITH THE BUN-
TAGG ON THE RAMPAGE!

IF THEY
DARE TO
BOTHER ME,
I'LL SWETHEN
A PEACE OF
MY MIND!

BUNTAGGS HAVEN'T
BOTHERED THE RUN LATELY,
BUT YOU NEVER
CAN TELL!

WHOA!!
I KNEW IT! I
KNEW IT!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER--YOUR
HOSSES TIRED
ALREADY?

NOPE!
WHOA!

THERE'S A WOMAN
FLAGGING US DOWN
AT THE NEXT BEND!
IT MIGHT BE A TRICK!
WHOA!!

MESSE I'D BETTER
WHIP UP THE TEAM
AND TRY TO GET BY!

DON'T YOU DARE! YOU STOP FOR THAT POOR
GIRL DRIVER! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S WEARY TO DEATH!



POOR LITTLE THING!
LET GRANNY HELP
YOU!

"GRANNY" MY
EYE! WEARING
BOOTS!



{USH} FAINTED! AND
HEAVY AS LEAD!
THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY--



GO ON--POP YOUR
EYES LIKE A BULL--
FROG, JACK NOONAN!
BUT HOLD THAT TEAM
TILL I GET HER INSIDE!

JIM HARDY! YOU CRAZY
GALOOT! WHAT ARE
YOU CROSSED UP THAT-
AWAY FOR?



...FOR THE BUNTASS, YOU OLD'
LOON! AND I FEEL WORSE
THAN I LOOK IN THIS
GRANNY OUTFIT! DRIVE ON!



I'LL LOOSEN HER COLLAR--
SO SHE CAN BREATHE EASIER!



WHAT'S THIS CANNAS UNDER HER
JACKET? IT'S HEAVY... AS IF PADDED
WITH GOLD DUST? AND I'LL BET IT
IS! NO WONDER SHE COLLAPSED!

MMMMM...
{SIGH}





PILE OUT,
EVERYBODY INSIDE
THE COACH! MAKE
IT FAST!

THERE'S ONLY
AN OLD WOMAN AND
A YOUNGSTER



DON'T GET OUT! GET DOWN ON THE
FLOOR! LEAVE THINGS TO ME, DEARIE!

OH, GRANNY,
YOU CAN'T DO
ANYTHING!



SAKES ALIVE! YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED SCARING ME AND
MY POOR LITTLE GIRL OUT
OF OUR WITS!

OKAY GRAMMA TELL
THE KID TO COME OUT! WE'RE
LOOKING FOR EXPRESS
AGENTS AND DETECTIVES!



SHE'S FAINTED, POOR
LAMB! HERE, TAKE MY
MONEY--
DOLLARS--
-- BUT
DON'T--

OUT OF OUR WAY,
GRANDMA! WE'VE
GOT TO LOOK!



WUWK!
UHH!

BIG BILL BUNTAG HALF-TURNS--HIS GUN WHIPPING UP!

WHOO!



SCARED BY THE GUNFIRE, THE NERVOUS TEAM BOLTS--DESPITE THE DRIVER'S EFFORTS--AS JIM HARDIE, HIT IN THE MIDDLE, STAGGERS BACK OVER THE LOW CLIFF!

WHOA, YOU HOSSES! HEY!



AGHH! CRASH!



WRITHING, GASPING FOR BREATH, JIM LIES UNDER THE BUSHES WHICH BROKE HIS FALL.

UNHH!
(GAG-CHOKE)
GO-GOT ME!
IN THE
STOMACH!





MY BELT BUCKLE
CAUGHT THE BULLET!
SAVED MY LIFE! BUT
IT SURE KNOCKED
THE WIND OUT
OF ME!



MAYBE THEY FIGURED I
CLEARED OUT OR WAS
A HARD HIT! OR MAY-
BE THOSE THREE
ARE STILL LYING
THERE! AND THE
STAGE-GONE!

GETTING HIS BREATH BACK,
JIM FINDS HIS FALLEN SON.



I'LL KNOW,
PRETTY QUICK!



THEY'RE
ALL GONE!



HERE ARE THEIR
TRACKS--JUST THE
THREE BUNTASS...
AND HERE ONE OF
THEM STUMBLER!
A FLIN TRAIL
TO THEIR
HORSES!



THEY'RE TAKING MORE
CARE NOW-- TRYING TO
HIDE THEIR "SIGN!"



THIS SAME TRAIL HAS BEEN USED BY MEN AND HORSES—JUST LATELY...LAST WINTER'S SNOW BENT THOSE BIRCH TREES SOME!

PUSHING DEEPER INTO THE RIMROCK COUNTRY, JIM HARDIE "READS" THE MEANING OF EVERY DETAIL.

HE HALTS IN HIS TRACKS, AS HIS TRAIL-WISE EYE SPOTS A SPRING SNARE, ONE STEP AHEAD IN THE TRAIL...



UHH! GLAD I SAW THAT!



THIS OUGHT TO TOUCH IT OFF!



THAT STICK COULD HAVE BEEN ME, HANGING UPSIDE DOWN BY MY LEG!



I'LL WATCH SHARPER—FOR MORE TRAPS! I MUST BE GETTING CLOSE TO THE BUNTASS' HIDEOUT!

A LITTLE MEADOW—BEYOND THAT GASP!
AND I SEE A HORSE, HOBBOLED, WITH
SADDLE MARKS—FRESH ON HIS BACK!



OH-OH!
ANOTHER
TRIGGER!



A GET-SUN- AIMED
AT THE TRAIL! I'LL STEP
OVER THIS ONE!



IF ONLY THAT HORSE
DOESN'T SOUND
OFF NOW!



SLEEPING OFF THEIR
HEADACHES! THEY DIDN'T
THINK THEY'D BE TRAILED
SO SOON!

Zz-Zz!
Zz-Zz-Zz!



THEY'LL WAKE
UP FIGHTING! I'LL HAVE
TO GET MY EYES USED
TO DIMMER LIGHT BEFORE
I STEP INTO THAT
DARK HOLE





I WOULDN'T, BOYS! NOW LIE ON YOUR FACES AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOU--AND BE GOOD!

HERE'S THE REAL GOLD MINE YOU THREE WERE OPERATING--MINTED COINS TAKEN FROM EXPRESS CARS AND WELLS FARGO!

YOU OUGHT TO BE DEAD--BUT YOU'RE TOO ORNERY! NINE LIVES, LIKE A CAT!

ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS TO MELT THESE COINS DOWN INTO WHAT YOU SAID WAS WIRE GOLD DUG FROM YOUR MINE IN BASALIA! ONLY YOU WERE CARELESS AND LEFT SOME OF THE MINTED LETTERS ON! NOW THE "WAR" IS OVER FOR YOU THREE!



DELL
COMIC

A FLEDGE TO PARENTS

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FAMOUS ROAD AGENTS TOM BELL



DR. THOMAS O. HODGES, ALIAS TOM BELL, HAD A GRIM SENSE OF HUMOR. ONCE HE BOUND UP THE BULLET WOUND OF HIS ROBBED VICTIM WITH PROFESSIONAL SKILL, AND WHEN IT WAS ALL DONE, ...



... HE COLLECTED HIS "FEE" OF TEN DOLLARS FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES FROM A PASSING TEAMSTER (SINCE THE ROBBED VICTIM WAS NOW PAINLESS), AND LOADED THE "PATIENT" INTO THE WAGON.



AFTER TWO YEARS OF MURDER AND ROBBERY, BELL'S GANG HELD UP A STAGE COACH, WITH \$100,000 IN GOLD ABOARD, AND A FIGHTING EXPRESS AGENT NAMED WILLIAM COBSON! IT WAS A BATTLE ROYAL.



SOME WERE WOUNDED, OTHERS FLED! DRIVER GEAR'S HAND WAS SHOT OFF, A PASSENGER WAS KILLED, BUT AGENT COBSON FOUGHT ON.



COBSON'S BULLETS KILLED ONE OUTLAW, AND PUT THE OTHERS TO FLIGHT --- BESIDES WOUNDING THE LEADER, TOM BELL! HIS COURAGE HAD SAVED THE GOLD!



WELLS FARGO

WHEN WELLS FARGO ADDED RAILROAD SHIPMENTS TO ITS STAGE COACH BUSINESS, THE "ROAD AGENTS" BEGAN HOLDING UP THE TRAINS. IN A WELLS FARGO MESSENGER NAMED ROSS THEY MET THEIR MATCH.



ROSS WAS A BIG MAN, AND HIS COURAGE MATCHED HIS SIZE. FOR THREE HOURS HE DEFENDED THE EXPRESS CAR AND THE WELLS FARGO SHIPMENT.



EVEN WHEN THE OUTLAWS MADE THE TRAIN CREW UNCOUPLE THE ENGINE AND ONE CAR, AND RAM THE EXPRESS CAR IN HOPES OF BREAKING IT OPEN, MESSENGER ROSS DID NOT GIVE UP THE FIGHT.



FINALLY, WARNED BY THE CREW OF A PASSING TRAIN, A STRONG POSSE GALLOPED TO ROSS'S RESCUE! THE OUTLAWS RAN FOR IT---WITH NO LOOT! AND "HOLD-THE-FORT" ROSS WON HIS NEW NICKNAME!