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APRIL-MARCH

WAGON TRAIN

A man mysteriously
disappears from the
wagon train, setting off
a dangerous search

ROBERT
HORTON



JOHN
MONTRE





With the movement westward to such new lands as Wyoming Territory, tales of the wonders of this vast new region began to seep back to the eastern part of the country. The people had an intense curiosity about everything connected with this advancing frontier and an eagerness to see it in pictures, if not in reality.



In addition to explorers, scouts, trappers, and hunters, a new breed of pioneers developed. These were the artists who went west to immortalize on canvas the new land, its people, its scenery, and its way of life.



Many artists worked on commissions from the government, traveling with exploring parties. Some, like our modern foreign correspondents, worked on assignments for eastern newspapers or magazines.



Samuel Seymour accompanied the expedition of Major Stephen Long. His pay was \$1.50 per day for sketching in color what are considered today the earliest known pictures of the Indians of the West in their natural surroundings.



Much of our knowledge of the Indians and their way of life has been gained through the paintings of George Catlin. He lived with the Indians and learned to understand them, just as he learned their customs and spoke their languages.

WAGON TRAIN REVENGE FOR GREEN FORKS

AS WAGONMASTER CHRIS HALE BRINGS THE WAGON TRAIN TO AN OVERNIGHT CAMPSITE, THREE BROTHERS WATCH FROM A SAFE DISTANCE. . .

"THE OUGHTA BE OUR CHANCE, WADE! WE CAN MOVE IN SOON AS IT GETS DARK!"

"YEAH! WE'LL LET 'EM SETTLE DOWN GOOD AND QUIET!"

"YOU... SURE WE'RE GOING AFTER THE RIGHT MAN? WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG?"



"NO WIP' ABOUT IT, TOM! HE'S THE ONE WE WANT. ALL RIGHT!"

"AND HE'S GONNA PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO OUR PA!"

"AND YOU DON'T FORGET IT, BOY! WE'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO CATCH UP WITH THIS LOW-DOWN SKUNK!"



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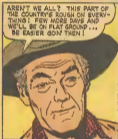
LATER, AT THE
CAMPERE...

HAVIN' TROUBLES,
OH, FRED?

NOTHING SERIOUS, MR. HALE!
THE WAGON'S JUST GETTIN'
OLD AND WEARY!



AREN'T WE ALL? THIS PART OF
THE COUNTRY'S ROUGH ON EVERY-
THING! FEW MORE DAYS AND
WE'LL BE ON FLAT GROUND...
BE EASIER GON' THEN!



EVENIN', MRS. CANTON!
GETTIN' BILLY TO BEP,
EH?

HARDEST JOB
I'VE HAD ALL DAY,
MR. HAWKS!

AWW,
MA...



YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR
REST, BILLY! WE'VE GOT A
LOT OF MILES IN FRONT
OF US!

YESSIR!



WELL, O' NIGHT...
SEE YOU ALL AT
SUNUP!

'NIGHT!



YOU'D BETTER
TURN IN, TOO,
RUTH! I'VE GOT
A FEW MORE
CHORES TO GO!

ALL RIGHT, DEAR! IF YOU'RE
NOT TOO TIRED, WE NEED SOME
WATER FOR BREAKFAST; BILLY
AND I FILLED THE
BARRELS BUT I
FORGOT TO FILL
THE BUCKETS!



I'LL FILL THEM
AFTER A BIT!
YOU GET TO
SLEEP NOW!

GOOD NIGHT,
DEAR!



SOMETIME LATER, FRED CANYON
LEAVES CAMP TO FILL HIS
WATER BUCKETS . . .



HE MADE IT MIGHTY EASY FOR US...
EXPECTED WE'D HAVE A HITE MORE TROUBLE
GETTIN' HIM FROM THE TRAIN!
GET HIM, WAGE!



HOPE YOU DIDN'T HIT HIM TOO HARD, WAGE!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SAVE HIM
FOR PA!

HE'S JUST
KNOCKED OUT!



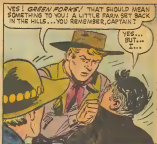






WE'VE BEEN HUNTING YOU, CAPTAIN... EVER SINCE WHAT YOU DID AT GREEN FORKS!

GREEN FORKS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



YES! GREEN FORKS! THAT SHOULD MEAN SOMETHING TO YOU! A LITTLE FARM SET BACK IN THE HILLS... YOU REMEMBER, CAPTAIN?

YES... BUT... I...



I... THERE WAS A WAR GOING ON! I HAD ORDERS TO DESTROY THAT FARM... THERE WAS AN SNOWY OUTPOST THERE!

NO THERE WASN'T, CAPTAIN! THERE WAS NO OUTPOST THERE!



BUT YOU SURE ENOUGH DESTROYED WHAT WAS THERE! YOU DESTROYED OUR PA, TOO... LEFT HIM BOY WE'D NEVER WALK AGAIN LIKE A MAN!



BUT... INTELLIGENCE REPORTED AN OUTPOST! YOU ... MUST BE WRONG!

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WAS WRONG, CAPTAIN... YOU AND YOUR INTELLIGENCE! THE HUGSONS LIVED THERE! AND PA WAS IN THE HOUSE ALONE WHEN YOU SHOT IT UP!



SOON'S WE EAT A PILL WE'VE GOT US A LONG RIDE AHEAD OF US!

AN' IT'S GONNA BE THE LAST RIDE YOU EVER TAKE!









BUT WHEN TOM FIRES, HANKS MOVES
JUST A FEW INCHES OUT OF RANGE...

I'M CLOSER THAN I
THOUGHT... BETTER
PRETEND HE
GOT ME!

ZING!



LOOKS JUST LIKE ONE OF 'EM UP
THERE! AND HE'S COMING TO MAKE
SURE HE DON'T MISS ME! I'VE GOT
TO KEEP HIM ALIVE IF I EXPECT TO
FIND OUT WHERE FRED IS!

HE FELL SOMEWHERE AROUND
HERE, AND...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!



DROP YOUR RIFLE
AND START TALKING!
WHERE ARE THE
OTHERS?

I... DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!





HERE WE ARE, CAPTAIN! THIS IS ANOTHER FARM— LOOKS PRETTY MUCH LIKE GREEN FIELDS! REMEMBER WHEN YOUR GUNS WERE DROPPIN' SHELLS TILL THERE WAS NOTHIN' LEFT? YOU ENJOY THAT, DO YOU?

NO... I DON'T ENJOY IT ...NOT EVEN WHEN I THOUGHT AN ENEMY OUTPOST WAS BEING DESTROYED! IF I'D KNOWN THE TRUTH ...I ...



SAVE IT, CAPTAIN! NOTHIN' YOU CAN SAY WILL CHANGE A THING! PA'S GONNA FIX YOU GOOD... MAKE YOU PAY!



WE GOT HIM, PA! HERE HE IS... CAPTAIN DANTON!

I BEEN WAITIN' SIX YEARS FOR THIS! MAYBE I SHOULD SALUTE YOU FIRST, CAPTAIN...



YOU SEE, MY BOYS WERE FIGHTIN' ON THE SAME SIDE YOU WERE WITH— AND NONE OF 'EM WERE CAPTAINS!



BUT I GOT NO SALUTES FOR SCUM LIKE YOU... ONLY THIS...



REPUTATION-WISE



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Mark Taylor strolled along the boardwalk, frowning as he listened to the whispers of the people in front of the stores.

"That's Mark Taylor, the gunman!" one man gasped. "What's he doing here?"

Mark stepped into the sheriff's office, as the people huddled together to discuss his appearance in Muddtown.

"You surely got here in a hurry!" Sheriff Hondo greeted Mark.

"You wrote for help and here I am," Mark said straightforwardly. "I owe you for the favor of standing behind me when I was in trouble in Loreda last year."

"Thanks," Hondo replied gratefully. "You still have quite a reputation to live down, even though you've given up your guns and turned to ranching."

"I know," Mark said, "and it isn't easy with every young hothead in the territory trying to prove himself with a gun. So far, I've managed to stay clear of them and out of trouble by sticking close to my ranch."

"I know you don't deserve your reputation as a gunslick any more," Hondo nodded. "But right now it can be used to serve the side of the law, if you're willing to take the chance. It's up to you, Mark."

"I'd be in jail right now if you hadn't seen the fight in Loreda and appeared as a witness for me at the trial," Mark reminded Sheriff Hondo. "I'll go along."

"There's a young gun in town, Matt Grove by name, who thinks he's pretty good," the sheriff explained. "He's already drawn a couple of men into fights and has wounded them, claiming self-defense. There were no witnesses to testify against him, and he's still making trouble. I've got to get him out of town before he kills somebody."

"You think if he gets a good enough scare you'll be rid of him for good..." Mark suggested before the sheriff could finish.

"It might even cure him," Hondo replied.

After discussing the matter, Mark agreed to help the sheriff.

Later that night, Mark swaggered into the Blackjack Saloon and drew his gun.

"Anybody here ever heard of Mark Taylor," he bellowed boastfully.

Conversation in the room stopped abruptly, as Mark swung his gun in an arc.

"Well?" he barked. "Have you?"

Heads nodded mutely.

"Good?" Mark laughed. "Then you all know I have a reputation to keep up, and I do it by taking on anyone who wants to stand up to me. YOU!" he pointed his gun at Matt Grove. "I've heard about you, too!"

"You have?" Matt said with surprise.

"I hear you think you're pretty good with a gun," Mark nodded, as he holstered his gun. "And now's your chance to prove it. Draw!"

"Against you?" Matt gulped. "I've heard about you... I wouldn't stand a chance."

"Go on! Draw!" Mark snapped. "You have as much chance against me as the men who've drawn against you had! You're bound to run up against a real gunman sometime, so now's your chance to prove yourself. DRAW!"

"I've had a few fights," Matt paled, "but I'm no gunslick..."

"In that case," Mark said levelly, "just drop your gun belt real easy-like and get out of town! And remember the next time you have a hankering to strap on a gun that there might be somebody else around who won't give you a chance!"

After Matt had ridden off, Mark joined Sheriff Hondo in his office.

"I think it worked," Mark sighed with relief. "But I'm sure glad you were outside backing me up. That slug I caught in my gun hand at Loreda broke everything except my reputation... and if it had come to a showdown just now, even my reputation would have been destroyed when folks found out I can't even pull a trigger anymore!"

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STRANGERS ON THE WEST-BOUND ~ STAGE ~

WHEN DANE GRANT BOARDS THE WEST-BOUND STAGE THERE ARE ONLY TWO OTHER PASSENGERS ...ONE WEARING A BADGE... THE OTHER WEARING HANDCUFFS...

WE HAVE A LONG RIDE AHEAD, YOUNG MAN, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GET ACQUAINTED: I'M SHERIFF LUKE MILLER! MY PRISONER IS HAL BLAKE!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU! MY NAME IS DANE GRANT!



I'M GOING TO NEVADA TO MEET A COUSIN OF MINE...HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR FIVE YEARS!



WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO IN NEVADA?

HELP NED WORK HIS SILVER MINE! HE'S MADE A BIG STRIKE AND HE WANTS ME TO BE HIS PARTNER!



WE'RE HEADIN' BACK FOR NEVADA, TOO! I'M TAKIN' BLAKE BACK TO STAND TRIAL FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, SHERIFF!



THE LAW WANTS TO HANG ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, DANE! HE AMBUSHED A MINER! SHOT HIM IN THE BACK AND ROBBED HIM!



WE TRACKED THE YARNINT TO A SHACK AND GRABBED HIM! HE HAD THE STOLEN MONEY WITH HIM!

THREE HOURS LATER, THE STAGE MAKES A ROUTINE STOP TO CHANGE HORSES AND REST THE PASSENGERS...



WHAT ABOUT ME? DON'T I GET ANY GRUB?

I'LL BRING IT OUT TO YOU! LET'S GO INSIDE, DANE!



THE SHERIFF FINDS AN OLD FRIEND IN THE STATION, AND DANE VOLUNTEERS TO TAKE BLAKE HIS FOOD...

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I WAS RIDIN' TO SILVER CITY THAT NIGHT, AND I SIPPED DOWN IN THAT OLD SHACK! NEXT MORNIN' THE POSSE JUMPED ME!



I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, DANE! THE SHERIFF'S WRONG! I'M NOT GUILTY!



I TOLD 'EM THE TRUTH, BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! SOMEBODY ELSE HAD THAT MONEY IN THE SHACK...NOT ME! I WANT TO LIVE, BUT I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, IF THE SHERIFF TAKES ME BACK!

AS BLAKE TALKS, DANE FINDS HIMSELF BELIEVING BLAKE'S STORY...



THE STAGE MAKES A WATER STOP JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN! THAT'S MY ONE CHANCE TO GET AWAY!



AS THE STAGE SLOWS DOWN, BLAKE'S EYES FLASHED AN URGENT SIGNAL! DANE MAKES HIS MOVE...





YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, BLAKE!

DANE! HAVE YOU GONE LOCO...? HAND ME THAT GUN!



I WAS LOCO! BUT I'VE GOT MY RIGHT MIND NOW!

LATER, AT THE WATER STOP, DANE TELLS THE SHERIFF WHAT HAPPENED...



I'M SORRY, SHERIFF! I WAS A FOOL TO BELIEVE HIS LIES!

I ALMOST BELIEVED THEM, TOO, ONCE! WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND, DANE?

I RECOGNIZED THIS HANKERCHIEF, WITH THE INITIALS, E.K.! WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE BUNER BLAKE ROBBED AND KILLED?



EDWARD KING!



EDWARD KING WAS MY COUSIN NED! MY MOTHER SENT THIS HANKERCHIEF TO HIM LAST CHRISTMAS, AND I KNEW BLAKE MUST HAVE STOLEN IT FROM HIM!



I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR COUSIN, DANE. I HOPE YOU'LL STAY IN NEVADA AND LOOK AFTER HIS MINE!

I WILL! THAT'S WHAT NED WOULD WANT ME TO DO!

CLIMB ABOARD WE'RE READY TO ROLL!

WAGON TRAIN

DECISION AT CANYON PASS





THEY'RE RIGHT ABOVE THAT PASS...
AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY THROUGH
THOSE MOUNTAINS!

LOOKS TO BE ABOUT TWENTY
OF THEM, AND I'D GUESS THEY'RE
WAITING FOR US!



WE FIGURE TO BE GOING
THROUGH THE PASS IN THE
MORNING! THAT'S WHEN
I GUESS THEY WOULD
MAKE A MOVE...

ANY CHANCE THEY'D
COME OUT AFTER US
IN THE DARK?



I CAN'T BE SURE... INDIANS OF THIS
TRIBE ARE AFRAID THEIR SPIRITS WILL
BE LOST IF THEY'RE KILLED AT NIGHT!
BUT THESE ARE RENEGADES. THEY
MIGHT FIGHT!



WITH SUPPLIES LOW, WE'RE TAKING
A BIG RISK... IF WE TURN BACK AND
TAKE THE OTHER PASS I WE'D LOOSE
TWO WEEKS!



SPREAD THE WORD WE'RE GOING TO
CAMP FOR A WHILE... I'VE GOT SOME
HARD THINKING TO DO, FLINT...

ALONE, CHRIS HALE GATHERS THE SETTLERS...



SILENTLY, HE CALLS ON A GREATER POWER FOR HELP...



A SHORT WHILE LATER, CHRIS GATHERS THE SETTLERS TOGETHER...

... I'VE TOLD YOU THE PROBLEM, JUST AS IT STANDS... BOTH FLINT AND I BELIEVE WE CAN MAKE IT IF WE RUN THAT PASS TONIGHT! IT'S A STRAIGHT RUN AND THE TRAIL IS CLEAR!

IT'S A CALCULATED RISK, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE THE BEST SOLUTION!

I'LL STAND BEHIND YOUR DECISION, MR. HALE!

ME, TOO!



THEN IT'S SETTLED... WE'LL START ONE HOUR AFTER DARK! GET BUSY, MEN!



THE MEN OF THE WAGON TRAIN PREPARE FOR THE DANGEROUS TIME AHEAD...

WITH MR. HALE LEADIN' US, WHO'S AFRAID OF A FEW INDIANS?

IT'S THIS ~~WAGON~~ ^{WINE} THAT GIVES ME COMFORT!





CHRIS HAS A TALK WITH SAM LOCKE...

...THE BOY'S SEVENTEEN, MR. LOCKE... SEEMS OLD ENOUGH TO SHARE HIS PART OF THE LOAD! MEN GROW UP FAST IN THESE TIMES!

LOOK, HALE... HE'S *ANY* BOY... I'LL DECIDE WHAT'S BEST FOR HIM! HE'S NOT READY FOR FIGHTING!



HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN HIM THE *CHANGE*?

I KNOW THE LOCKE FAMILY... EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM... THAT BOY ISN'T LIKE THE REST OF US! HE'S TOO SOFT-HEARTED - HE'D RUN FROM HIS SHADOW!



DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME! I LOVE MY SON... BUT HE'D TURN YELLOW AND RUN... DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD?

MAYBE... BUT I THINK HE MIGHT JUST PROVE YOU WRONG!



THAT'S FOR ME TO DECIDE! YOU JUST STICK TO ADVISIN' US ON WAGON TRAIN PROBLEMS... MY FAMILY MATTERS, I'LL TAKE CARE OF!

OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. LOCKE... BUT DAVE'S NOT AFRAID!



AT NIGHT THE TIME OF DEPARTURE ARRIVES AND CHRIS GIVES THE SIGNAL TO MOVE OUT...

YOU KNOW, BILL, IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I'D LISTENED TO MY UNCLE AND BECOME A *BLACKSMITH*!

WAGONS...
HOOOOOOO!



WE SHOULD REACH THE
ENTRANCE TO THAT PASS IN
LESS THAN A HALF-HOUR!

SOON, THE MOMENT IS UPON THEM...

NOW, IT'S TIME
TO BREAK!

MOVE!
FOLLOW
ME!



WITH A WILD RUSH, THE HORSES LURCH
FORWARD AND THE RUN IS ON...



COME ON, MAUDE! FASTER!

FLINT FOLLOWS AS THE LAST WAGON
HEADS INTO THE PASS...

THERE THEY GO!



THE ROUSED RENEGADE INDIANS HEAR THE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT BELOW...



FLINT OPENS FIRE AS THE INDIANS RIDE DOWN FROM ABOVE...



THE CANYON PASS ECHOES WITH GUNFIRE AS THE COURAGEOUS MEMBERS OF THE WAGON TRAIN FIRE AT THE ATTACKING RENEGADES...



WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!



SUDDENLY, SAM LOCKE'S HORSE HITS A CHUCKHOLE...



THE LAST OF THE RENEGADE INDIANS TURN BACK AS THE WAGON TRAIN MAKES GOOD THE ESCAPE INTO OPEN COUNTRY...

WE MADE IT, FLINT... THEY WON'T ATTACK AGAIN IN OPEN COUNTRY! ANY CASUALTIES IN THE REAR?

ONE MAN, CHRIS... SAM LOOKE! HIS HORSE FELL... THE INDIANS CAPTURED HIM!



HE WASN'T HURT, BUT AFTER THE WAY WE PULLED THIS OFF, I WOULDN'T BET MUCH ON HIS CHANCES OF STAYING ALIVE FOR LONG!

WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM BACK THERE!

MR. HALE...



DAVE, I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER...

I WANT TO VOLUNTEER TO GO BACK AND RESCUE HIM, SIR!



WHAT? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'D BE GETTING INTO?

I THINK SO, MR. MCCULLOUGH... AND I ~~WELL~~ WANT TO GO! HE'S MY FATHER AND I'M NOT AFRAID!

WE'LL GO TOGETHER, SON!



CHRIS, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WHAT CHANCE DO YOU THINK ONE MAN AND BOY WOULD HAVE?

TWO MEN, FLINT! WE RAN THE PASS— AND I'M CONFIDENT WE'LL BRING BACK DAVE'S PA!





CHRIS HALE AND DAVE MAKE
LAST MINUTE PLANS...

I'LL COVER YOU, SON...
IF ANYTHING GOES
WRONG...

I'LL MAKE IT,
MR. HALE... I
ANYWAY I WILL!



IN THE DARKNESS, DAVE SUCCEEDS IN
GETTING TO HIS CAPTURED FATHER...

SHHH! PA... BE READY TO
MOVE FAST WHEN I
CUT YOU FREE!



LET'S GO!

PRISONER
IS LOOSE!



THE THREE MEN RIDE
IN THE DARKNESS...

SON, THAT
TOOK REAL
COURAGE!
I'GUES I
WAS WRONG
ABOUT YOU!

WE'RE NOT OUT
OF IT YET, PA
...HANG ON
TIGHT!



A S DAWN
BREAKS OVER
THE WAGON
TRAIN CAMP...

DAVE... AND MR. HALE...
I GIVE YOU BOTH AN
APOLOGY! THIS BOY
OF MINE IS REALLY
SOMETHING!

ONE CORRECTION, MR. LOCKE... NOT BOY...
FROM NOW ON YOU CAN CALL HIM *MAN!*

FLINT'S RIGHT, SAMI YERREN!
THESE LAST TWELVE HOURS HAVE
SURE BEEN FULL OF DECISIONS... ALL
RIGHT OES! WE'RE A MIGHTY LUCKY
BUNCH OF TRAVELERS TO HAVE THAT
SUN COMING UP BEHIND
US THIS MORNING!

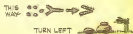


WAGON TRAIN SCOUTING FOR DANGER



JUST ABOUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS TO A SCOUT ARE SIGNS. IF HE KNOWS WHAT TO LOOK FOR AND HOW TO INTERPRET THE SIGNS HE SEES, HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF AND THE TRAVELERS IN HIS CARE MUCH MISERY AND EVEN DANGER.

DIFFERENT INDIAN TRIBES WEAR DIFFERENT TYPES OF MOCCASINS, DEPENDING UPON THE AREA IN WHICH THEY LIVE. A GOOD SCOUT CAN DETECT THE PRESENCE OF INDIANS AND THE TRIBE THEY BELONG TO BY THE PRINTS OF THEIR MOCCASINS.



ANIMAL TRACKS, TOO, TELL THE SCOUT MUCH THAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW, IF THE PRINTS WERE MADE BY DANGEROUS WILD ANIMALS. THEY ARE A WARNING TO BEWARE, BUT THE PRINTS OF SMALL GAME SHOW HIM THAT FOOD IS NEAR.

SCOUTS WHO PIONEER NEW TRAILS LEAVE MARKERS TO GUIDE TRAVELERS WHO MAY FOLLOW THEM. THEY ARE MADE OF STONES, TWIGS, OR EVEN GRASS KNOTTED INTO TUFTS ... THE FORERUNNERS OF OUR MODERN HIGHWAY MARKERS.



CAMP IS HERE COME TO COUNCIL HELP

SIGNS WERE ALSO CARVED INTO TREES OR ETCHED ON THE SMOOTH SIDES OF BouldERS. THESE WERE INVALUABLE, AND OFTEN LIFE-SAVING GUIDES, PARTICULARLY TO PIONEERS TRAVELING ALONE ALONG NEW AND UNFAMILIAR TRAILS.

SENDING MESSAGES BY SIGNAL FIRE WAS A CUSTOM OF THE INDIANS WHICH THE SCOUT LEARNED TO READ AND TO USE. THEY TOLD HIM OF INDIAN PLANS FOR ATTACK; AND HE WAS ABLE TO SIGNAL HIS OWN REMOTE WAGON TRAIN BY THIS MEANS.

SCOUTING FOR DANGER.

(CONTINUED)



SIGNS ARE ALSO IMPORTANT TO THE SCOUT WHO MUST TURN DETECTIVE ON THE TRAIL OF AN OUTLAW OR FUGITIVE. IN SUCH CASES, THE SIGNS HE LOOKS FOR ARE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, SINCE HE IS TRACKING A QUARRY WHO WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO CONCEAL HIS PRESENCE.



MANY A FLEEING FUGITIVE TRIES TO AVOID BEING FOLLOWED BY ESCAPING THROUGH ROCKY, BOULDER-STREWN TERRAIN, BUT EVEN HERE HE LEAVES A TRAIL, AND THE SHARP EYES OF A SCOUT CAN EASILY DETECT HIS DIRECTION BY A CLOSE STUDY OF THE SCRAPES MADE ON THE ROCKS.



HOOF AND BOOT PRINTS USUALLY HAVE SOME DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC WHICH MAKES THEM EASILY IDENTIFIABLE, THE TWO SIDE BY SIDE MAY MEAN THAT MAN AND ANIMAL HAVE TRAVELED FAR AND ARE WEARY AND WATER-STARVED.



ANOTHER SIGN BY WHICH A SCOUT CAN FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF HIS QUARRY IS GRASS, WHEN IT SHOWS DEFINITE MARKS OF BEING BENT IN ONE DIRECTION BY TRODDING FEET OR HOOPS, THE ROUTE OF THE PURSUED IS OBVIOUS.



SOME MEN ON THE RUN WILL BE CARELESS ABOUT LEAVING EVIDENCE OF THEIR PRESENCE AT A RECENTLY ABANDONED CAMPSITE. TO A WELL-TRAINED SCOUT, HOWEVER, THE TEMPERATURE OF A FIRE IS ENOUGH, FOR, THE COLDER IT IS, THE LONGER AGO IT WAS USED.



TRULY, A SCOUT IS THE EYES OF A WAGON TRAIN. HE MUST SEE DANGER BEFORE HIS CHARGES ARE UPON IT AND AVERT TRAGEDY BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE. THIS IS NO MEAN TASK.



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