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# the Lone Ranger

## THE GHOST RIDERS

AS A BAD-C LINE RIDER CHECKS THE SOUTH RANGEL BEHIND WESTON, SUDDENLY--



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THEY LEFT FOOTPRINTS? THEY WERE BUSTLERS-- NOT GHOSTS!

I-I KNOW WHAT I SAW, BOSS! THEY WERE GHOSTS!



STeady, there! Easy! ---if it hadn't been for those damned flooded streams, we'd have been in Weston before sundown!

THE MOONLL BE UP SOON, THEN IT WON'T BE SO DARK AND YOU CAN DRIVE FASTER!



RIDERS COMING -- I-LOOK!

GHOSTS--GHOSTS ON HORSES-- ONLY I DON'T SEE THEIR MOUNTS!



NO--- IT CAN'T BE!

I'LL USE MY GUN!

**BANG!**



OH--THE SHOTS SEEM TO GO THROUGH 'EM!

I'M RELOADING IN!



LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

I'M WITH YOU! AWAY!

WANTED LATER---  
THEY'RE RIDING OFF---

---OH AWAY! I STILL  
DON'T SEE THEIR HORSES!  
THEY SEEM TO FLOAT!



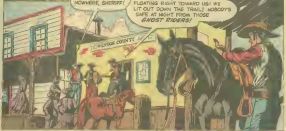
WELL, THOSE GHOSTS  
FLOATED OFF WITH  
SOMETHING ELSE---  
OUR CASHBOX!



THEY WENT AWAY---

THEY CAME OUT OF  
NOWHERE, SHERIFF!

I FEEL AT YEA, BUT THEY KEPT  
FLOATING RIGHT TOWARD US! WE  
LIT OUT DOWN THE TRAIL! NOBODY'S  
SAFE AT NIGHT FROM THOSE  
GHOST RIDERS!



HOLD ON! IF THEY ARE  
GHOSTS, WHY DO THEY  
SHOOT REAL BULLETS?  
AND WHY DID WE FIND  
HOOFPRINTS AT THE BAR-C  
AND WHY DO GHOSTS  
NEED CATTLE AND  
CASH?

SOME OF THE BAR-C  
KANGS FIGURE THEY'RE  
GHOSTS OF AN OUTLAW  
BANDS COME BACK  
TO GET EVEN!



TOMMYROT! I SAY  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
RIGHTY AWAY!  
ABOUT THAT  
BAND!

HAVE IT YOUR  
WAY SHERIFF!  
BUT I'M NOT  
GETTING CAUGHT  
OUT AFTER  
DARK!

LOOKS LIKE  
WE SCARED  
JOEY  
POLICE!



*SOON BY THE HILLS BEYOND TOWN---*

HI, SLICK! HEAR ANY WORD ABOUT THE "GHOST RIDERS"?

THAT'S ALL THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IN TOWN, BALDY!



BUT WE HAVE EM ALL SCARED!

NEARLY! ALL, FINGERS! THE SHERIFF ISN'T SO EASILY FOOLED!



WELL, HE HAIN'T BEEN ABLE TO FOLLOW OUR TRAIL THE WAY WE COVER IT AND I DECIDON HE CAN'T SCORE UP A BIG PRIZE TO SEARCH FOR GHOSTS!

TONIGHT WE'LL MAKE SURE NONE OF HIS DEPUTIES WILL DEAN DEEN WITH HIM WHEN HE HUNTS FOR US!



THE MOON DOESN'T COME UP UNTIL MORNIN'! BALDY'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AT TEN, SAYIN' HE JUST SAW THE GHOST RIDERS ON HIGH RIDGE!

WHAT'LL THAT DO?



WHEN THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES RIDE OVER TO HIGH RIDGE, WE'LL TAGS BELOW IN THE VALLEY WHERE WE CAN BE SEEN, BUT JUST OUT OF GUN RANGE! THAT'LL SHOULD CONVINCE THEM MORE THAN JUST HEARING ABOUT US! ONCE THE LAWMEN ARE SCARED, WE'LL HAVE A FREE HAND IN THIS TERRITORY!



*THAT NIGHT, AFTER HEARING BALDY'S REPORT THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES RACE TO HIGH RIDGE---*

IT'S RIGHT DARK---

SHERIFF, LOOK IN THE VALLEY!





AS THEY PICK THEIR WAY DOWN THE DARK SLOPE, THEY REACH THE HILLY FLOOR—

WE COME DOWN IN HURRY, BUT THEM NOT SHINE NOW!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE RIDDEN OUT OF NIGHT SO SOON!



WE'LL CAMP HERE, TONTO! AT DAWN, WE'LL TRY TO FIND THEIR TRAIL!



AT DAWN, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO FOLLOW THE MYSTERIOUS RIDERS' TRACKS—

THEIR TRAIL LEAD AWAY FROM HERE!

MOST LIKELY THE OTHER RIDERS WERE THE POSSEMEN! THE OUTLAWS CLEVERLY COVERED THEIR TRAIL BY MIXING IT WITH THE LAWREN'S!



BOTH TRACKS HEAD FOR TOWN!

TONTO, I'LL WAIT HERE! GO INTO WESTON AND SEE WHAT... RIDERS ARE COMING!



A MASKED MAN!

MAKDE LET'S ONE OF THE GHOST RIDERS WE'RE SEARCHING FOR! GUN 'EM!



THEY'VE SEEN US!...COME ON, SILVER! LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!







HAVING ELUDED THE PIONEERS, THEY CONTINUE TO  
SEARCH THE MOUNTAINS—



THE WALLS ARE DAMP (TO) -- LOOK, THE MOISTURE ON MY HAND FROM THE WALL MAKES IT GLOW! THE MOISTURE IS A LUMINOUS SUBSTANCE, APPARENTLY CAUSED BY A CHEMICAL REACTION OF THE MOISTURE SEEPING DOWN THE WALLS! CERTAIN PHOSPHORUS -LIKE SALTS IN THE ROCKY WALL COULD CAUSE IT!



THAT'S THE SAME GLOWING SUBSTANCE WE SAW BEFORE THE BATTLE --

TOMMY, THE OUTLAW HIDE-OUT MUST BE IN A SIMILAR CAVERN AND THEY DISCOVERED THAT THE SUBSTANCE MAKES THEIR CLOTHING GLOW! THEY USED THAT KNOWLEDGE TO GOOD ADVANTAGE! -- TONIGHT WE'LL SHOW THE SHERIFF CHECK TO HIS MEN THAT THE GHOST RIDERS ARE HUMANES!



THAT NIGHT --

AFTER WE LOST THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN, OUR LUCK RAN OUT, SHERIFF! NOT A TRACE OF THE RIDERS' BACKTRAIL --



WHAT IS T-UNDERATION --

-- DON'T REACH! I'VE DRAWN MY GUN TO PROTECT MYSELF, NOT TO HARM YOU! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU, SHERIFF!



A MASKED MAN HELPING THE LAW?

PERHAPS THE SHERIFF SHALL GET ME APART FROM OTHER MASKED MEN!



THERE IS ONE MASKED MAN WHO'S BEEN KNOWN TO -- THE LAW! BUT HE RIDES WITH AN INDIAN --

-- TOMMY IS HERE, SHERIFF! AND NOW I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT MAKES THE GHOST RIDERS GLOW!



TAKING DOWN THE LANTERN'S RICK, THE LOW BANDER SHOWS THE LAWYER HOW THE ONSET NIGHTS MAKE THEIR CLOTHING GLOW!...



THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY, THE LOW BANDER TAKES THE STAGE'S REINS!...



HERE THEY COME!  
...WHA, THERE!  
WHA!



IN THIS DARKNESS THEY CAN'T SEE ME GUP AND THE STAGE!



HERE'S THE STAGE YOU HEARD ABOUT BALDY! THE DRIVER'S GONE! WE JUSTICE SCARED THE DAYLIGHT OUT OF HIM!

THERE'S NO CASHBOX ON TOP SLICK! CHECK INSIDE! THE GOLD SHIPMENT MUST BE THERE!



WH-WHAT?

...READY AND DON'T MOVE! TELL YOUR MAN TO DROP THEIR GUNS OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!









BLAM!  
BLAM!

KIDDOW!

H-WY ARM!



BLAM!

THEY MAKE PERFECT TARGETS IN THEIR GLOWING CLOTHING! KEEEP FURRING!

BLAM!



H-WY CAN'T SEE THEM!

THEY'RE COMING FROM BEHIND SIDES!



DON'T FUSE!

TAKE THEIR WEAPONS AND LIGHT THE LANTERNS!



SOON...

HE'S THEIR LEADER... SHEET! HE'S SLICK WHEELER, WANTED FOR MURDER IN TEXAS! HE USED TO LEAD A GANG DOWN THAT WAY!

YOUR PLAN WORKED FINE! WE GOT 'EM ALL! THEY COULDN'T SEE US, BUT WE COULD SEE THEM!



RECKON THEIR OUTLAYS SHOULD HAVE REALIZED EVEN IN THEIR GLOWING OUTFITS, THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF ESCAPING OFF THE LONG RANGERS!

H-WY, SURE? QUARRY!

# the Lone Ranger

## THE IMPOSTOR

YENGO BABBY! LOOK  
ON IRON HORSE  
TRACKS!

THERE'S A JIMMY LYONS  
ACROSS THE RAILS, TONTO,  
AND THE TRAIN IS  
COMING!

COME ON, SWEET!  
LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!

GET HIM AWAY  
SCOUT!

IRON HORSE  
COME PLUNTY FAST!

THE MAN ISN'T MOVING,  
TONTO! HE'LL NOT GET  
OFF THOSE TRACKS  
UNLESS WE TAKE HIM OFF!

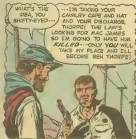
TOOT! TOOT!

YENGO BABBY,  
THERE NOT TIME!

I HAVE HIM!  
LET'S GO!







WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU SHIFTY-EYED...

...I'M TAKING YOUR CAVILRY CAPS AND HAT AND YOUR DISCHARGE, THORPE! THE LAW'S LOOKING FOR MAC JAMES SO I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM ~~AGE & B&P~~... ONLY YOU'LL TAKE MY PLACE AND I'LL BECOME BEN THORPE!



WHY YOU...  
**OWW!**



THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER! ...BEFORE HE LEFT ME ON THE TRACKS IN THESE CLOTHES OF HIS TO GET KILLED! BUT I'LL RECOGNIZE THAT **SHIFTY-EYED** HONDER AND GET EVEN!

LOOK THROUGH YOUR POCKET, BEN! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU FIND!



HERE'S AN OLD ENVELOPE... IT'S **EMPTY!**

THE RETURN ADDRESS IS NEAR HERE, BEN!

MAC JAMES  
1/2 FORT SANTA  
ARKANSAS



BEN, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A MURDERER NAMED JAMES MC KAY ALIAS MAC JAMES, SOMETHING KNOWN AS 'WACK!' I'VE ALSO HEARD RUMORS THAT JOE SANTO RUNS A HIDE-OUT FOR CROOKS IN TRAIL CITY!... WENTO, I'LL STAY HERE WITH BEN! RIDE TO TOWN AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!

**GET ON UP, SCOUT!**



LATER IN TRAIL CITY... SHERIFF REPAID I LOST OUR DRESSER AND GUNS PLAYING AT SANTO'S!

I WARNED YOU TO KEEP OUT OF HIS GAMING ROOM! BUT EXCUSE ME... I SEE A NEWCOMER AND I LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT STRANGERS!

I'M SHERIFF NEWTON!  
YOU'RE NEW HERE,  
AREN'T YOU?

YES! MY NAME'S BEN  
THORPE! MUSTERED OUT  
ON THE ARMY LAST  
MONTH...CAME HERE  
LOOKING FOR WORK!



WE'VE HAD MORE THAN OUR  
SHARE OF CROOKS IN TOWN.  
CITY GO I SORT OF INVESTIGATE  
STRANGERS? YOU SAY  
YOUR NAME'S THORPE...

—HERE, THIS'LL  
PROVE IT! IT'S  
MY ARMY  
DISCHARGE!



"NIGHT FIVE-ELEVEN—NIGHT  
ONE SEVENTY—HAIR BLACK—  
EYES GREY—" SAY! YOU  
LOOK FAMILIAR TO ME...



EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE  
"FIVE-ELEVEN ONE SEVENTY"  
BLACK HAIR, YOU COULD  
ALSO BE...

YOU'RE NOT READING  
THAT FROM AN ARMY  
PAPER!



I'M REMEMBERING IT  
FROM A MANDARIN!

PLEASANT MEMORIES,  
SHERIFF!





OH MY!

THE SHERIFF'S AWAY!



STOP HIM!

WE CAN'T! WE HAVEN'T GOT OUR SHOOTING IRONS! HE'LL GET ON THAT TRAIN!



**MINUTES LATER**

THIS ARMY DISCHARGE SAYS THE MAN'S NAME WAS BEN THORPE DOG! WE'LL GET THAT OURMAN!

FIRST, HELP ME TO MY OFFICE WITH THE SHERIFF. I'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT! IT'S TIGHT AND GO!



**LATER, TOWN REPORTS**

WHEN HE WID SCOUT BEHIND HOTEL, SEE FELLER COME OUT BACK AND DUMP SHAVING SOAP! SCOPY WATER FILLED WITH PLENTY BLACK HAIR!

DID YOU STAY UNTIL THEY RECEIVED WORD FROM THE NEXT STATION?



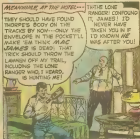
ISH! MARSHAL, THERE SAY' BUT IN FREIGHT CAR. HIA. FIND ARMY COPE AND DOOR OF CAR OPEN WIDE!

MAC JAMES JUMPED OFF THE FREIGHT CARRIAGE! HE MIGHT HAVE CIRCLED BACK TO SAN TO'S HOTEL AND HAVE BEEN THE MAN WHO SHAVED!



KEMO SAKY THORPE UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN!

HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION YONDI! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR IN TOWN! ONLY THE SHERIFF AND WE KNOW THE IDENTITY OF HIS ATTACKER AND THAT HE WASN'T BEN THORPE! SO IT'S UP TO US TO FIND MAC JAMES!



AS MAC JAMES LEAVES THE HOTEL BY THE FRONT DOOR, AT THE BACK DOOR---

A MASKED MAN!

QUIET!---JUST TELL ME WHERE JOE SANTO IS NOW!



WELL? WHOSE IS HE?

I-F HE LEAVES---A-ALL RIGHT---I'LL TELL YOU! HE'S IN ROOM TEN!



FINDING AND CHASING THE COOK, THE LONG RANGER KNOCKS ON ROOM TEN'S DOOR---

WHAT IN BLAZES---

... REACH, JOE!



Y-YOU--- YOU'RE THE LONG RANGER!

YOU MUST HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE, JOE! JUST MENTIONING THAT NAME MADE YOU TURN PALE! NOW SPEAK UP--- WHERE'S MAC JAMES?



FOR A MINUTE, JOE SANTO HESITATES---

ANSWER ME, JOE! WHERE'S JAMES?

I-HE WENT TO THE DOCS--- TO FINISH OFF THE SHERIFF!



QUICKLY BINDING JOE SANTO, THE LONG RANGER RACES FOR THE DOCTOR'S---





MEASUREMENTS...

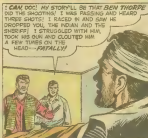
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRAGGING IN HERE AND WAVING A GUN? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

I KNOW WHO HE IS-- MAC JAMES--TH- THE MAN WHO SHOT ME!



GOOD THING I CAME HERE, SHERIFF, OR YOU'D HAVE MADE TROUBLE FOR ME!

NOW WE ALL KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND YOU CAN'T KILL FIGHT OF US AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



I CAN DO! MY STORY'LL BE THAT BEN THORPE DID THE SHOOTING! I WAS PASSING AND HEARD THOSE SHOTS! I RACED IN AND SAW HE DROPPED YOU, THE INDIAN AND THE SHERIFF! I STRUGGLED WITH HIM, TOOK HIS GUN AND CLOUTED HIM A FEW TIMES ON THE HEAD--REPELLE!



MY STORY'LL BE BELIEVED BECAUSE THORPE'S ALREADY BEING HUNTED FOR SHOOTING THE SHERIFF! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO FIND OUT HOW HE ESCAPED FROM THE TRACKS. I'VE GOT SOME FAST SHOOTING TO DO! YOU FIRST, SHERIFF!





# MAVERICK KING



As old Tuck Strong and his son, Burt, left the ranch yard of the Lazy S and headed toward the hills, their faces were grim with purpose.

"If we run into Slash Daron, it'll be at that box canyon I was telling you about," said Burt. "He's got two hundred of our best steers hidden there waiting for a chance to sneak them across the border on the next dark night."

"You sure it's Slash now?" queried the old man.

"Certain," grunted Burt. "These hoofprints of his splay-footed mare were all over that canyon floor when I checked."

"Sure hope you're right, son," said Tuck.

"Even if we don't run into Slash today we might get a crack at that big maverick bull I've been after for the past three years. He's with that herd Slash boxed up in the canyon."

"Still letting that old moshorn get your goat, Burt?" The old man grinned.

"Get my goat?" exploded the younger man. "Why that crazy critter's been raising cats on our range since I was a kid. Pa, sometimes you talk as if that old moshorn was a personal friend of yours."

"In a way he is, Burt. That maverick was on

this land when I was fighting the Comanches for this spread fifteen years ago. There wasn't a rider in the country who could put a rope on him. Why that crazy critter sired the first calves that I sold off this spread. Be a sport, Burt, and leave him alone."

But Burt's mind was made up.

Out in the box canyon, Cimarron, the huge brindle bull, flicked the flies off his back and looked possessively at the herd of white faces over which he ruled. It was three weeks since Cimarron had stalked out of the cedar brakes to drive off the short horn bull that had ruled the two hundred cows which watered here.

But it was another enemy that the old moshorn was thinking of now. It was days since Cimarron had caught the man-scent drifting down from the ridges. Since then his sixth sense warned him that the two-legged creatures were somewhere close by.

At once, Cimarron spotted the riders angling down from the ridge. The huge bull bellowed a warning and the herd looked up from their drinking. But the riders were already among the cattle, circling behind the herd, driving them away from the acres of water that lay pooled at the bottom of the canyon.



There were two men, one short and swarthy, the other long and lean with a scarred face. Both wore guns and as they worked the herd they kept looking up at the rimrock as if they were afraid of being seen.

"Get this bunch moving," said the lean rider. "I'll pick up the ones on the other side of the canyon. And move fast, Soapy. We want to be on the trail by nightfall."

Soapy grinned. "Okay, Slash. We'll be over the border before the Strongs know what happened. It'll be even easier than last time."

Soapy was still grinning as he yanked his horse around. It was only then that he noticed the huge brindle bull pawing the earth and about to charge.

In the saddle, Soapy went white with terror. "Slash," he screamed, "Slash do something!"

For a moment, Slash stared at the charging bull and then his six-gun was out, roaring. Four of the bullets missed. The two that struck glanced off harmlessly from the bony ridge at the top of the maverick's skull. And Cimarron, with a grim singleness of purpose, came in low. Soapy was sent rolling from the saddle. Dodging the sweep of those slashing



horns, he plunged headlong into the pond.

Then Cimarron turned on Slash Doran. It was all Slash could do to get his horse aside in time. But Cimarron's horns caught in the saddle girth and it parted as if made of paper. As Slash rolled to the ground, the huge bull pounced upon him like a cat. Howling with fear, the ruttler raced for the safety of the water and leaped in. From the edge of the water the brindle maverick paced the shore and bellowed his triumph, daring the two men to come out!

From the ridge above, two men looked down on the scene in the canyon. The younger man shook his head in puzzled disbelief. The wise old eyes of the older one twinkled as he watched.

"Never saw the like in all my born days," said Burt Strong. "Why Cimarron handled those ruttlers as if they were a couple of coyotes. And caught them with the goods and saved us the trouble of rounding 'em up."

As they spurred their horses toward the canyon floor, Tuck Strong looked at his son. "Still feel like flashin' off that old maverick, boy?" he asked slyly.

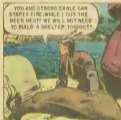
"No, Pa," Burt smiled. "Reckon that moss-horn has earned his keep!"



# YOUNG HAWK

THE PORTAGE IS FINISHED!  
WE WILL CAMP HERE FOR THE  
NIGHT, LITTLE BUCK!

UHM! I AM TOO  
HUNGRY TO GO FARTHER.  
YOUNG HAWK!



YOU AND STRONG EAGLE CAN  
START A FIRE, WHILE I CUT THE  
BEEF MEAT! WE WILL NOT NEED  
TO BUILD A SHELTER TONIGHT!



YOUR "MOONLINE" IS VERY  
STRONG, YOUNG HAWK! IT COVERS  
ALL WHO JOURNEY WITH YOU!

HOW DO  
YOU BEAM,  
STRONG  
EAGLE?



YOU SAVED ME FROM  
THE HORNS OF A BULL  
BUFFALO --- AND YOU  
CURED MY ARM! YOU LED  
THE RESCUE OF  
WHITE RAVEN!



--- AND THE CHIPPEWAS GAVE YOU A BELT  
OF PRECIOUS WAMPUM, WHICH PASSES US ALL  
THROUGH THEIR LAND! LAST NIGHT, YOU SLEW  
THE WOLF AND --- A BUCK DIED TO GIVE  
US MEAT! BRAVO!

OH! IT  
IS SO!





--- AND IN THAT MOMENT,  
YOUNG HAWK'S BOWSTRING HUNG







LIKE A SPOILED CHILD, TUMBLEWEED TRIES TO MAKE HIS FRIENDS CHANGE THEIR MIND AND COME BACK.



SUDDENLY TUMBLEWEED TAKES THE PLUNGE.





AT THE PRICK OF THE KNIFE, THE TURTLE SUDDENLY RELEASES THE LITTLE BOY'S FOOT, AND TURNS ON YOUNG HAWK

A LIGHTNING-FAST STRIKE OF THE WOLF HEAD--- AND YOUNG HAWK'S LEFT THUMB IS GAUGHT! THE SODDEN PAIN MAKES HIM GAG --- ---



WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, YOUNG HAWK STRIKES WITH HIS KEEN BLADE AT THE LEATHERY WEBB --- CUTTING IT CLEARLY THROUGH!







## the gourd lamp

of the  
Rappahannock  
Indians

The Rappahannock Indians of Virginia use a very interesting type of lamp which is called a gourd lamp. A large gourd is selected and the neck is cut off. The inside of the gourd is then lined with clay and pieces of fat wood, also known as pine lighters, are placed in the hollow of the gourd and lit. The gourd lamp throws a tremendous amount of light and men of the tribe use it while camping out and also while night fishing.

By Chief Red Thunder Cloud of the Cherokee Nation

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# the black hills



The Black Hills rise in western South Dakota and eastern Wyoming. Because the surrounding country is dry, the wooded mountains with their many streams and springs are an oasis for the traveler making his way across the plains. Game is plentiful. But, for many years, settlers did not go to the hills. The Sioux Indians guarded them jealously as their sacred hunting grounds.

In 1866, Colonel Carrington was ordered to build forts in the Black Hills so that settlers might safely enter the country. Soon, the soldiers were marching into the sacred hunting grounds and Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, called his tribesmen together.

The Sioux defeated the U. S. Army's Red Cloud was an astounding victory and the entire plan to build forts in the Black Hills had to be abandoned.

But, in 1876, gold was discovered in the Black Hills and hundreds of miners swarmed into the mountains. Soon there was trouble with the Sioux and another army was dispatched to protect them.

This time, Sitting Bull led the Indians. The army marched steadily toward the mountains. But, at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn Rivers, the Sioux and Cheyennes attacked them and one entire detachment was wiped out. The Sioux had won another great victory—Custer's Last Stand!

But the onward rush of the miners could not be stopped. Gradually, the Sioux were pushed back until they were persuaded to enter a reservation. The miners reaped a rich harvest in the hills and soon the famous western town of Deadwood was founded. The Black Hills became a part of the ever-growing American West.

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# YIPPEE! RIDE IT COWBOY!

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