

WELL

10¢

THE *Lone Ranger's* FAMOUS HORSE

HI-YO

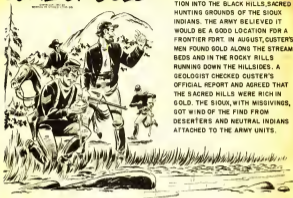
SILVER



NO. 3

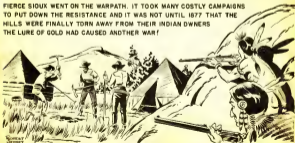
LURE OF GOLD

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IN THE SUMMER OF 1874, COLONEL CUSTER LED AN EXPEDITION INTO THE BLACK HILLS, SACRED HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE SIOUX INDIANS. THE ARMY BELIEVED IT WOULD BE A GOOD LOCATION FOR A FRONTIER FORT. IN AUGUST, CUSTER'S MEN FOUND GOLD ALONG THE STREAM BEDS AND IN THE ROCKY HILLS RUNNING DOWN THE HILLSIDES. A GEOLOGIST CHECKED CUSTER'S OFFICIAL REPORT AND AGREED THAT THE SACRED HILLS WERE RICH IN GOLD. THE SIOUX, WITH MISGIVINGS, GOT WIND OF THE FIND FROM DESERTERS AND NEUTRAL INDIANS ATTACHED TO THE ARMY UNITS.

THE NEWS SPREAD QUICKLY THROUGHOUT THE EAST AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE GOLD-HUNGRY MEN WERE FLOCKING INTO THE SACRED HILLS FOR QUICK RICHES. VAINLY, THE INDIAN CHIEFTAINS REMINDED THE WHITE MEN OF A TREATY PROTECTING THEIR HILLS FROM JUST SUCH AN INVASION. THEIR PLEAS FELL ON DEAF EARS AND THE FIERCE SIOUX WENT ON THE WARPATH. IT TOOK MANY COSTLY CAMPAIGNS TO PUT DOWN THE RESISTANCE AND IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1877 THAT THE HILLS WERE FINALLY TORN AWAY FROM THEIR INDIAN OWNERS. THE LURE OF GOLD HAD CAUSED ANOTHER WAR!





SILVER'S *Loyalty*

THOSE POOR GREN! THEY ARE MOANING WITH THIRST! ARE WE EVER GOING TO FIND WATER AGAIN, LONE RANGER?

TOMORROW, JEANNE, IF NOTHING DELAYS US!

GET YOUR PONIES, LONNY--- AND FOLLOW ME TO THE HEAD OF THE MASON TRAIN! I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY OF HOW SILVER FOUND WATER IN THE DESERT, WHEN HE WAS JUST A COLT!

OH! YOU WILL, LONE RANGER? WE'LL HURRY!

WAS SILVER LOST IN THE DESERT? HOW OLD WAS HE?

ONE THING AT A TIME--- PLEASE! IT'S A LONG STORY...

DID SOMEBODY SHOW HIM WHERE TO LOOK FOR WATER?

A LONGING FOR DISTANT PLACES HAD LED THREE-YEAR-OLD SILVER AND HIS SMALLER FRIEND, SCAMPER, A LONG WAY FROM THE SAFETY OF WILD HORSE VALLEY! ESCAPING FROM INDIAN HORSE HUNTERS, THEY SPENT MANY QUIET DAYS ON THE OPEN PLAIN.

* WISELY, THEY KEPT WITHIN REACH OF GOOD WATER...



"...UNTIL ONE MORNING WHEN SILVER'S NOSTRILS CAUGHT A TOO-FAMILIAR SCENT..."



"COMANCHE HUNTERS, WHO HAD CREEPT UP ON THE TWO COLTS, HIDDEN BY THE RIVER MIST! THEY FANDED OUT TO CIRCLE AND CAPTURE THE THREE-YEAR-OLDS WHERE THE RIVER LOOPED."



"BUT SILVER SAW THE TRAP... AND OODGED IT."



"LONG AFTER THE LAST INDIAN HAD BEEN LOST TO SIGHT, THE COLTS KEPT RUNNING... ALWAYS AWAY FROM THE RIVER."



"EVENING FOUND THEM WEARY AND THIRSTY... IN A COUNTRY AS DRY AS A SUN-BLEACHED BONE."



"MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY SHOWED THEIR THIRST-GAUNTED RIBS, AS THEY DROOPEO IN THE SHADE OF A ROCK! WITHOUT A MIRACLE, THEIR BONES WOULD SOON BE BLEACHING IN THE FURNACE-HOT SAND!"



"BUT THE MIRACLE HAPPENED! A LITTLE GROUP OF BUFFALO APPEARED, MOVING STEADILY, AS IF THEY KNEW WHERE THEY WERE GOING... AND SUCH A PLACE COULD ONLY BE A STREAM OR A WATER HOLE!



"THE FARTHER THEY WENT, THE FASTER THE BUFFALO MOVED! DESPERATELY WEAK, SILVER MANAGED TO KEEP PACE... AND FAITHFUL SCAMPER STUMBLER AFTER HIM!



AT LAST THEY TOPPED A LONG RISE OF GROUND. FAR OFF A TINY PATCH OF GREEN APPEARED... TREES! AND FAINTLY ON THE DESERT BREEZE CAME THE DELICIOUS SMELL OF WATER!



"WITH THIRSTY BELLOWINGS, THE BUFFALO BROKE INTO A LUMBERING RUN... BUT THE COLTS FLASHED PAST THEM!"



THE VERY NEARNESS OF WATER SEEMED TO GIVE NEW LIFE



"NO DELICATE SIPPING FROM THE WATER'S EDGE! RECKLESSLY, SILVER AND SCAMPER PLUNGED IN.



"BURYING THEIR THIRSTY MUZZLES ALMOST TO THE EYES, THEY DRANK IN GREAT GULFS... AND NOW DEATH HOVERED CLOSELY OVER THE FAMISHED COLTS."



"WATER CAN SAVE THE VICTIM OF THIRST... OR IT CAN KILL HIM... WITH HIS BELLY FULL, SILVER WOULD SOON HAVE BEEN SEIZED WITH DEADLY PAINS."



"BUT THE BUFFALO ARRIVED IN TIME TO STOP THAT! IN THEIR OWN EAGERNESS, THEY CROWDED THE TWO COLTS OUT OF THE POOL, BEFORE A FATAL AMOUNT OF WATER HAD BEEN DRUNK."



"UNDER THE COTTONWOODS THE GRASS GREW GREEN... SILVER AND SCAMPER SHARED IT WITH THEIR SHAGGY COMPANIONS... FOR BY NOW THE BUFFALO HAD ACCEPTED THEM."



"WHEN THE BUFFALO MOVED ON, THE COLTS WENT WITH THEM... THOSE GREAT, STUPID-LOOKING BEASTS ALWAYS KNEW WHERE FEED AND WATER WERE TO BE FOUND..."



"AND THE LEAN GRAY WOLVES THAT THEY SAW NOW AND THEN, DARED NOT APPROACH THE BUFFALO BAND."



ONE DAY THEY REACHED A BROAD, NEARLY-DRY RIVER BED...



AND THIS TIME SCAMPER'S RECKLESS DASH GOT HIM INTO TROUBLE.



AS HE DROVE, HIS FOREFEET SANK DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE QUICKSAND BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE.



STRUGGLING TO PULL THEM OUT, HE SANK HIS HIND FEET, TOO.



HIS FRIGHTENED CALL TOLD SILVER THE TRUTH, BUT NOT WHAT TO DO! BY INSTINCT, SILVER KNEW THAT THE SAME TRAP LAY WAITING FOR HIM.



THE BUFFALO, WISE ENOUGH TO AVOID THE QUICKSANDS, HAD ALREADY CROSSED OVER THERE WAS NO HELP IN THAT DIRECTION.



"AND THE WOLVES HAD HEARD SCAMPER'S DESPERATE WHINNY! LEAN AND LIGHT-FOOTED, THEY WOULD RUN NO DANGER IN THE SUCKING SANDS! THEY WOULD SOON FEAST ON A HELPLESS COLT!"



"BUT THEY HAD COUNTED WITHOUT SILVER'S LOYALTY... AND SILVER'S FLASHING HOOPS! THE FIRST GREY KILLER DIED OF A BROKEN BACK..."



"... AND THE OTHERS FLED!"



"UNKNOWN TO SILVER, HUMAN EYES HAD WITNESSED HIS BRAVE DEFENSE..."

"WITH SHRILL TELLS, THE TWO SCOUTS TRIED TO DRIVE SILVER INTO THE QUICKSANDS, BESIDE SCAMPER..."



"BUT THE TALL COLT PROVED TOO SMART FOR THEM! AVOIDING THEIR ROPES, HE BROKE BACK FROM THE RIVER TO FREEGOW."

"SKILLFULLY, THE MEN TOSSED THEIR LOOPS OVER SCAMPER'S HEAD."



"IT WAS ROUGH TREATMENT FOR SCAMPER... BUT IT WORKED!"



"AS HE STOOD TREMBLING WITH EXHAUSTION, ONE OF THE MEN TIED UP A FOREFOOT."

A THREE-LEGGED HOSS DON'T RUN AWAY!



"LATER, WHEN THE WAGON TRAIN ARRIVED, THE LITTLE CAPTIVE WAS TIED TO A BIG, WELL-BROKEN HORSE, UNTIL HE DREW ACCUSTOMED TO THE HARNESS."



"FROM A DISTANCE, A TALL WHITE COLT WATCHED THE LONG TRAIN OF TOILING HORSES AND STRANGE SHAPED WAGONS. THE SOUNDS AND THE SMELLS OF HUMAN BEINGS BROUGHT HIM A NAMELESS FEAR..."



"... BUT LITTLE SCAMPER WAS THERE, SWEATING AND STRAINING IN ONE OF THE TEAMS."



"AND WHILE SCAMPER REMAINED A CAPTIVE, SILVER WOULD NOT DESERT HIM!"



A WEEK AFTER SCAMPER'S CAPTURE, SILVER'S EYE CAUGHT A FLASH OF MOVEMENT DOWN A DRY WASH THAT CUT ACROSS THE WAGON TRAIN'S COURSE.



PAWNEE WARRIORS... RIDING TO INTERCEPT THE WAGONS!



BARELY IN TIME, THE SCOUTS RODE IN TO WARN THE TRAIN.



AS FAST AS THEY COULD, THE DRIVERS BROUGHT THEIR WAGONS INTO A ROUGH CIRCLE FOR DEFENSE.



THEY WERE NOT ABLE TO UNHITCH ALL THE HORSES BEFORE THE YELLING REDSKINS STRUCK.



"STUNG BY ARROWS, THE LEADERS OF SCAMPER'S TEAM REARED AND FOUGHT THEIR TIE ROPES."



"THE BRIDLES BROKE!" MAD WITH FRIGHT AND PAIN, THE TWO GELDINGS LUNGED AWAY, PULLING SCAMPER AND THE LITTLE BROWN MARE WITH THEM!



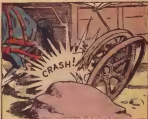
"INSTANTLY, A WEDGE OF FAWNED RIDERS MADE FOR THE GAP LEFT BY THE RUNAWAY WAGON! SMOKING RIFLES MET THEM!"



"THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE FADED, BUT THE CREAKING, JOLTING WAGON KEPT RIGHT AT SCAMPER'S HEELS..."



"UNTIL, WITH A RENDING SHOCK, THE WHOLE OUTPUT HIT A ROCK."



"FORTUNATELY THE HARNESS WAS OLD. THE TRACES BROKE, AS SCAMPER AND HIS TEAMMATES STRUGGLED



"AS THEY CALLOPED FREE, SCAMPER AND THE BROWN MARE HEARD A RINGING CALL BEHIND THEM!"



"IT WAS SILVER'S TEETH THAT FINALLY RID HIS FRIEND OF THE HATEFUL HARNESSES.



"HE HELPED THE LITTLE BROWN MARE OUT OF HER COLLAR, AFTER MANY TRIES



"BUT THE BIG SELDINGS REFUSED THE TALL COLT'S HELP. THEY ACCEPTED HIS LEADERSHIP... BUT THEY WORE THEIR COLLARS FOR MANY A DAY!"



"DID SILVER ALWAYS LEAD THEM TO WATER WHEN THEY WERE THIRSTY, LOWE RANGER?"

"YES, JEANNE! HE NEVER LET THEM REALLY SUFFER FOR A DRINK... HE'D LEARNED HIS LESSON, YOU SEE!"



"SILVER IS THIRSTY NOW--- LIKE ALL THE REST OF US... BUT WE'LL REACH THE NEXT RIVER BEFORE IT GETS TOO BAD--- WON'T WE, BOY?"

"HUR-HUR-HUR!"



"YOU YOUNGSTERS AREN'T USED TO TRAVELING DRY, THOUGH! YOU AND JEANNE MAY SPLIT THE WATER IN MY CANTEREN BETWEEN YOU!"

"NO, THANKS, LOWE RANGER! IF SILVER CAN STAND IT TILL WE REACH THE RIVER, I GUESS WE CAN, TOO!"





SILVER, YOU BEGGAR!
I'VE FED YOU HALF MY
LUNCH ALREADY!

AND SO HAVE I!
WHERE DID HE LEARN
TO BE SUCH A TEASE,
LONE RANGERT?

SILVER

AND THE RING-TAILED RASCAL



O-O-O-O-O!
AN INDIAN! IN
THAT TREE! I SAW
HIM PEERING AT
US!

IN THAT HOLLOW TREE?
YOU IMAGINED IT,
JEANNE!

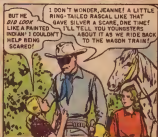


IT WOULD HAVE TO BE A SMALL
INDIAN TO GET INTO THAT HOLE!

BUT I SAW HIM---
WITH A BLACK PATCH
PAINTED ACROSS
HIS EYES!



OHO! THAT'S THE
LITTLE FELLOW WHO
FRIGHTENED YOU! A YOUNG
RACCOON!



BUT HE
DID LOOK
LIKE A PAINTED
INDIAN! I COULDN'T
HELP BEING
SCARED!

I DON'T WONDER, JEANNE! A LITTLE
RING-TAILED RASCAL LIKE THAT
GAVE SILVER A SCARE, ONE TIME!
I'LL TELL YOU YOUNGSTERS
ABOUT IT AS WE RIDE BACK
TO THE MARSH TRAIN!

"SOME OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF SILVER'S SECOND YEAR WERE SPENT WITH HIS SMALL BROTHER AND HIS MOTHER MOUSSA IN A SHELTERED RAVINE THAT LED INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY. THERE THE GRASS WAS GREEN AND THE SHADE OF THE SYCAMORES COOL, AND THE TINY BROOK LAUGHED ALL DAY LONG.



"BEST OF ALL, HE LOVED TO WATCH A FAMILY OF PLAYFUL RACCOONS THAT LIVED IN A HOLLOW TREE NEAR THE BROOK. WHEN THE OLD ONES CAME HOME AT SUNRISE, THE YOUNG 'ODDS PUT ON A CIRCUS



"LOTOR WAS THE LARGEST AND MOST MISCHIEVOUS OF THE HALF-GROWN YOUNGSTERS... HE SHOWED NO FEAR OF THE WHITE COLT."

"SOMETIMES WHEN SILVER WAS NAPPING, LOTOR WOULD CREEP CLOSE AND GIVE HIS MARE OR TAIL A SHARP TUSK.



"IT ALWAYS WAKED THE COLT WITH A VIOLENT START---WHICH PLEASED LOTOR, NO END!"

"ONE MORNING, WHEN THE SKY TURNED AN ANGRY COPPER SHADE, THE RACCOONS SUDDENLY STOPPED THEIR PLAY. FROM THE DISTANCE CAME A STRANGE WINDY MOAN...YET THE AIR AROUND WAS BREATHLESS.



"THE MOAN GREW INTO A DEEP HOWL THAT FILLED THE SKY! MOUSSA MUSTLED HER FOAL TOWARD THE SHELTER OF THE TREES."



"IT WAS NONE TOO SOON! DOWN THE RAVINE MARCHED A HOWLING GIANT... A TERRIBLE BLACK FUNNEL OF CLOUD AND DUST AND WIND... THAT SUCKED UP GROWN TREES INTO ITS UGLY MAW."



"THE DEADLY FUNNEL MISSED THE HORSES... BUT THE SHOCK-WAVE OF AIR THAT TRAVELS ON EACH SIDE OF A TWISTER... KNOCKED SILVER OFF HIS FEET."



"THE SAME AIR BLAST TOPPLED SOME OF THE OLD SYCAMORES, AND THEIR BRANCHES BORE MOUSSA TO THE GROUND."



"HER SMALL FOAL, QUITE UNHURT BUT TERRIFIED, STAMPED UP THE SIDE OF THE RAVINE."



"MOUSSA WAS PINNED DOWN BY A TREE LIMB --- UNHURT BUT UNABLE TO GAIN HER FEET. HER FRIGHTENED CALL FOR HELP RANG OUT SHRILLY."



"SILVER RAN TO HIS MOTHER'S SIDE, BUT COULD SEE NO WAY TO FREE HER. THE RACCOON FAMILY GAZED DOWN WITH BRIGHT EYES FROM THE LIMBS OF THEIR FALLEN TREE-HOME."



"NATURE HAD ANOTHER UGLY SURPRISE IN HER BAG OF TRICKS THAT DAY! A CLOUDBURST IN THE HILLS ABOVE WILD HORSE VALLEY SWELLED A THOUSAND LITTLE BROOKS AND RILLS."



"EVERY DRAIN BECAME A TORRENT, AS THE SMALLER STREAMS EMPTIED THEIR BURDEN INTO IT."



"AN OMINOUS ROAR FILLED SILVER'S SAVINE! A WALL OF CHURNING, MUDDY WATER RUSHED TOWARD HIM AND MOUSSA, TRAPPED BENEATH THE FALLEN TREE LIMBS."



"IT SWEEPED THE WHITE COLT OFF HIS FEET! BY A MIRACLE, NO SPLINTERED LOG OR UPROOTED TREE STRUCK HIM."



"IT STRUCK THE TREES THAT PINNED DOWN MOUSSA AND LIFTED THEM... SHE FOUND HERSELF SWIMMING."



MOST OF THE RACCOON FAMILY CLUNG TO THEIR FLOATING TREE.



"... BUT LOTOR ESPIED HIS FRIEND SILVER, AND HEADED FOR HIM, SWIMMING LIKE A BEAVER.



"WITH A GRUNT OF SATISFACTION, THE LITTLE FELLOW PULLED HIMSELF ONTO SILVER'S BACK, HIS LITTLE HANDS GRIPPING THE COLT'S MANE! SILVER SHORTED INOBSEANTLY."



"ONCE AN UPROOTED TREE SWUNG SHARPLY AROUND IN THE BOILING CURRENTS... ITS SPLINTERED ROOTS THREATENED SUDDEN DEATH.



"MOUSSA, TOO, WAS FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE, AS THE CURRENT GRIPPED AND DREW HER UNDER.



"WHEN HER LUNGS SEEMED TO BE BURSTING AND HER LIMBS CRAMMED OF STRENGTH, ANOTHER CURRENT TOSSED HER TO THE SURFACE.



"BUT MOUSSA'S LITTLE FOAL STOOD SAFELY ABOVE THE RAGING WATER, AND WHINNIED FOR HIS MOTHER."



"REACHING THE LEVEL OF THE VALLEY, THE FLOOD WATERS LOST THEIR FORCE WHERE THEY EMPTIED INTO WILD HORSE CREEK, MOUSSA GRABBED HERSELF ONTO SOLID GROUND.



"FOR A LONG MOMENT SHE STOOD PANTING,
EXHAUSTED WITH THE STRUGGLE."



"THOUGH TIRED HIMSELF, YOUNG SILVER
PRESSED CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER'S FLANK
TO COMFORT HER. AND AT THAT MOMENT
THE RING-TAILED RASCAL ON HIS BACK
GRABBED FOR THE MARE'S MANE."



"IT WAS ALL THE SHOCK NEEDED TO SNAP
HOUSSA OUT OF HER DEADLY WEARINESS."



"WITH A JOYFUL WHINNY, SHE TROTTED
TOWARDS HER INFANT FOAL."



"BY NOW, THE SHARP LITTLE CLAWS OF LOTOR
WERE GETTING INTO SILVER'S HAIR IN MORE
WAYS THAN ONE." IN PLAIN HORSE LANGUAGE,
HE TOLD HIS SMALL RIDER THAT ENOUGH WAS
ENOUGH.



"NOT EVEN THE COLT'S BEST BUCKING
COULD DISLODGE THAT MISCHIEVOUS
LITTLE BEAST.. HE ONLY GRIPPED
TIGHTER."



"SILVER EVEN TRIED TO SCRAPE HIM OFF AGAINST A TREE... BUT SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY CHANGED LOTOR'S MIND! THERE WAS A WOLF IN THE TREE CROTCH THAT LOOKED ATTRACTIVE."



"LOTOR NEEDED A NEW TREE-HOME. THE MORE HE EXPLORED THIS ONE, THE BETTER HE LIKED IT."



"WITH THAT POINT SETTLED, HE SET OUT TO FIND THE REST OF THE FAMILY AND LEAD THEM TO HIS FIND."

"WHEN SILVER RETURNED TO THAT NEIGHBORHOOD NEXT DAY, THE 'GDOM FAMILY LOOKED AS IF THEY HAD NEVER LIVED ANYWHERE ELSE... BUT WHERE WAS LOTOR? SILVER MISSED HIM..."

"BUT NOT FOR LONG! THAT RING-TAILED LITTLE RASCAL LANDED SUDDENLY ON THE GOLT'S BACK FROM THE LIMB ABOVE."



NO, INDEED! AFTER THAT SILVER KEPT OUT FROM UNDER LIKELY TREES, WHERE LOTOR OR ANY OTHER ANIMAL COULD DROP ONTO HIM!



--LIKE A COUGAR, YOU MEAN? I GUESS LOTOR'S TRICK TURNED OUT TO BE A PRETTY GOOD LESSON FOR YOU-- OH, SILVER?



LONG RANGER'S NAME'S
THAT NOISE AHEAD
OF US?

IT SOUNDS LIKE TWO BULL ELK
FIGHTING!
MOVE QUIETLY, AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!

SILVER

COOLS A HOTHEAD



STARTLED BY THE GREAT SILVER FORM THREATENING THEM, THE BULLS TURNED TAIL.



SAY! SILVER DID THAT AS IF FIGHTING BULLS WERE AN OLD STORY TO HIM!

THAT'S TRUE, LONNY! HE WAS ONLY A COLT WHEN HE MET HIS FIRST ONE.

OH! TELL US ABOUT THAT, WON'T YOU, LONE RANGER? NOW!



WELL--- I TOLD YOU HOW, AS A TWO-YEAR-OLD, SILVER HEADED A LITTLE BAND OF BACHELOR COLTS--- BUT HE DIDN'T ALWAYS STAY WITH THEM, DID YOU, BOY?

"SOMETIMES A RESTLESSNESS OVERTOOK HIM, AND HE LEFT THE OTHERS FAR BEHIND! THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SEEMED TO CALL HIM IRRESISTIBLY.



"IT WAS DANGEROUS, ADVENTURING ALONE... FOR COUGARS ALWAYS LURKED IN THE FOOTHILLS...

"... AND EVEN SOME OF THE BLACK BEARS HAD A TASTE FOR YOUNG HORSEFLESH! BUT SILVER LOVED TO MATCH HIS SPEED AND WITS AGAINST HIS ENEMIES.



"ALSO HE LOVED TO EXPLORE THE HIGH ALPINE MEADOWS, WHERE THE GRASS GREW GREENEST, AND THE HOT BROOKS WERE FED BY MOUNTAIN SNOW...



"SOMETIMES THE BLACKTAIL DOES VENTURED OUT TO SHARE HIS GRAZING.



"NOW AND THEN A JEALOUS BUCK CHALLENGED HIM TO MORTAL COMBAT... THIS ALWAYS AMUSED SILVER, WHO TEASED THE BLACKTAIL INTO A CHARGE AND THEN DODGED HIM.



"FOR SOME TIME HE WATCHED THE TALL WHITE COLT, WITH GROWING ANGER... HE WANTED THE MEADOW ALL TO HIMSELF."



"WITH AN ANGRY BELLOW, HE MOVED OUT OF HIDING."



"HALFWAY ACROSS THE MEADOW, A SOUND LIKE A GUNSHOT BROUGHT HIM UP SHORT! SILVER, TOO, LOOKED UP TO SEE..."



"... TWO BIGHORN RAMS, OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKY, BACKING AWAY FOR ANOTHER BATTERING CHARGE."



"HEAD-ON, THEY STRUCK WITH AN ECHOING CRACK."



"THE HINDQUARTERS OF THE SMALLER RAM GAVE WAY."



"HE TURNED AND FLED DOWN INTO THE MEADOW, WHERE SILVER AND THE BULL ELK STOOD STOCK-STILL, WATCHING."



"WHAT THE SMALLER RAM LACKED IN MAIN STRENGTH, HE MADE UP IN TRICKINESS... HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR OLD BROKEN ANTLER."



"AT THE LAST INSTANT, HE DODGED A SWEEP OF THE ELK'S POLISHED BAYONETS AND BOUNDED ON.



"THE BIGGER RAM DID NOT DOOZE! HE WAS HALF-BLIND WITH FURY, AND HIS FULL WEIGHT CAUGHT THE ELK ON THE UNPROTECTED SIDE OF HIS HEAD."



"BROKEN ANTLER WENT DOWN ON HIS KNEES, DAZED FOR A MOMENT..."



"BUT MR. BIGHORN WASN'T THROUGH. HE CHASED THE BULL ACROSS THE MEADOW."



"THINKING ONLY OF THE LIVING CANNON BALL AT HIS HEELS, OLD BROKEN ANTLER ALMOST RAN INTO SILVER! THE TALL GOLT JUMPED AHEAD WITH AN INDIGNANT SHORT."



"THAT SHORT CHANGED THE RAM'S DIRECTION! FORGETTING OLD BROKEN ANTLER, HE LUNGED AT SILVER--- AND ALMOST SCORED!"



"THEN BEGAN A GAME WHICH WAS PURE FUN FOR SILVER, AND..."



"... PURE DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE ANGRY RAM.



"SILVER COULD MOVE LIKE A COUGAR... SWAPPING ENDS TOO FAST FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW! BUT, AFTER ALL, IT WAS THE RAM WHO FIRST PLAYED ROUGH."

"BOWLED OVER AND OVER..."



"HE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET WITH A BREATHLESS BLAT OF DEFIANCE."

"BIGHORN WAS SO ANGRY NOW THAT HE WOULD HAVE CHARGED A GRIZZLY BEAR! SILVER LED HIM AROUND AND AROUND THE LITTLE MEADOW... UNTIL A DEEP SNOWBANK BLOKED THE WAY."



"THERE HE SPUN AROUND AND LEAPED INTO THE AIR! THE RAM RUSHED ON BENEATH HIM...



... AND ALMOST DISAPPEARED IN THE OLD SNOWDRIFT.



"AS THE OLD FELLOW STRUGGLED IN THE SMOTHERING MASS, SILVER KICKED UP HIS HEELS AND GAVE HIM A HEARTY HORSELAUGH!"



"IN HIGH SPIRITS, HE HEADED DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS TO REJOIN HIS FRIENDS FROM WILD HORSE VALLEY.



"HALF-HIDDEN AMONG THE BRUSH, OLD BROKEN ANTLER HURSED HIS BRUISES AND GLARED AT THE WHITE GOAT WHO HAD WITNESSED HIS HUMILIATION! JUST NOW, HE HAD NO STOMACH TO CHALLENGE SILVER, OR ANY ONE ELSE!"



"DID SILVER EVER HAVE TO FIGHT A BEAR OR A COUGAR?"

"YES, LONNY... BUT THAT IS ANOTHER STORY! WE'LL GET BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN NOW AND MAKE OUR REPORT! NO SIGN OF HOSTILE INDIANS -- GOOD COUNTRY AHEAD!"



LONE RANGER!
A GRIZZLY BEAR
STOLE A CALF
FROM THE MILK
HERD LAST NIGHT!

I KNOW, JEANNE! SILVER
SCENTED THE BRUTE AND
ROUSED ME.

SILVER

Leads to Safety

AREN'T YOU GOING
TO TRACK THAT BEAR
DOWN BEFORE THE
WAGON TRAIN
BREAKS CAMP
THIS MORNING?

NO, LONNY! MIGHT
HAVE TO TRAIL THE
BEAST FOR MILES—
AND MY BUSINESS IS TO
PROTECT THE WAGONS
FROM WORSER ENEMIES.

BUT—IF YOU SHOULD
JUST HAPPEN TO SEE
THAT OLD BEAR,
WHAT WOULD YOU
DO, LONE
RANGERY?

SHOOT HIM—SO HE
WOULDN'T FOLLOW US
AND STEAL ANOTHER
CALF.

SA-A-Y! WHAT'S GOIN'
INTO OUR PONIES?

THEY SMELL GRIZZLY!
THERE HE IS—BEHIND
THOSE BUSHES—STEADY,
SILVER!

CEE-DAH!
WROO!

ANGRY AT BEING DISTURBED, THE
HALF-TON MONSTER SNARLS DEFIANCE.





"SILVER AND THE LITTLE BAND OF HORSES THAT HE HAD LED AWAY FROM A WAGON TRAIN DURING AN INDIAN ATTACK WERE GRAZING ALONG A DRY WASH...



...WHEN THEY ROUNDED A BEND TO COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH THREE GRIZZLY BEARS! IT WAS A CLEVER AMBUSH THAT THE SILVERTIPS HAD PLANNED.



"PANICKED BY THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF THEIR DEADLIEST ENEMIES, THE HORSES WHEELED AND FLED—WITH SILVER NOW AT THEIR HEELS.



"BUT AT THE NEXT BEND BACK, TWO MORE OF THE GRIZZLY BAND SLID DOWN THE WASH'S STEEP SIDES TO BLOCK OFF THE HORSES' RETREAT.



"AT SIGHT OF TWO MORE MONSTERS, TERROR FULLY GRIPPED SILVER'S FRIENDS.



"BUT NOT THE TALL WHITE COLT, THEIR LEADER! SILVER'S QUICK EYE HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF A NARROW SIDE-GULLY, AND HE HEADED FOR IT, CALLING THE OTHERS TO FOLLOW..."



"ONE OF THE KILLINGS WAS NOT QUICK ENOUGH! HE DIED INSTANTLY WITH A BROKEN NECK."



"AT THE GULLY'S ENTRANCE SILVER HALTED AND WHIRLED TO FACE THE ENEMY."



"TO GIVE HIS FRIENDS A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE, SILVER CROUCHED IN THE GAP, SQUEALING DEFIANCE! AND BESIDE HIM STOOD FAITHFUL LITTLE SCAMPER, BACKING HIS HERO TO THE LAST."



"IT WOULD BE A BATTLE WITH ONLY ONE POSSIBLE END...AND SILVER KNEW IT! BUT HE WAS GOING TO SELL HIS LIFE DEARLY!"



"SUDDENLY, A CHANGE CAME OVER THE GRAY-BROWN KILLERS! ANXIOUS WHINES POSE FROM THEIR THROATS."



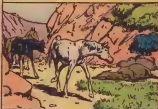
"THEY TURNED AND LUMBERED OFF, IGNORING THE COLTS...TO SILVER'S EARS NOW CAME A STRANGE VIBRATION, LIKE VERY DISTANT THUNDER."



"NERVOUSLY, HE CALLED TO BROWNIE AND THE SELDING."



"THERE WAS NOT A BEAR IN SIGHT! SOMETHING MUST BE VERY WRONG, TO FRIGHTEN THE TERROR OF THE PLAINS! THEY HAD EVEN LEFT THE DEAD HORSE!"



"THE RUMBLING SOUND WAS LOUDER NOW! BENEATH SILVER'S HOOF THE GROUND QUIVERED SLIGHTLY... AS HE SEARCHED FOR AN EXIT FROM THE WASH'S ENGLISH WALLS."



"AT LAST HE FOUND IT... WITH A CLANGING AND A SCRAMBLING OF HOOF'S, THE OTHERS FOLLOWED HIM."



"THE EARTH WAS SHAKING NOTICEABLY NOW! FROM THE WEST, A DARK MOVING LINE ADVANCED BENEATH A CLOUD OF DUST... A BUFFALO STAMPEDE?"



"RETREAT INTO THE WASH WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL... THEY WOULD HAVE PERISHED UNDER A NIAGARA OF TUMBLING BUFFALO! SAFETY LAY IN ROUNDING THE EDGE OF THE STAMPEDE... AND THEY JUST BARELY DID IT!"



"LIKE A LIVING TIDE, THE FIRST WAVE OF THE STAMPEDE SPILLED OVER THE STEEP-CUT BANK.



"THE MAIN HERD SWERVED AND FOLLOWED THE WASH, WHICH SOON BRANCHED INTO A LONG RIVER VALLEY! MILE AFTER MILE THEY THUNDERED ON, AND AHEAD RAN SILVER'S LITTLE BAND.



"BUT ALL TOO SOON THE VALLEY NARROWED! LIKE A GIANT VISE IT SQUEEZED THE EDGES OF THE STAMPEDE! THE BUFFALO TIDE BEGAN TO CHOKE THE RIVER!



"AHEAD LOOMED A WATERFALL, AND ROCKY, UNCLIMBABLE WALLS... A DEATH TRAP FOR HORSES AND BUFFALO ALIKE. THE PRESSURE OF THE ONGOING STAMPEDE WOULD CRUSH ANY ANIMALS CAUGHT HERE!



"SILVER CHOSE THE ONLY AND RISKY ALTERNATIVE! HE SPRANG UP THE SERIES OF WET, NARROW LEDGES... WITH SCAMPER AND BROWNIE AFTER HIM.



"THE HEAVY-FOOTED GELDING SLIPPED BACK! HIS SCREAM OF MORTAL FEAR WAS LOST IN THE HERD'S BELLOWING."



"SILVER'S HOOPS SLIPPED ON THE WET TOPMOST LEDGE. TO STAND STILL MEANT A CERTAIN TUMBLE! HE SCRAMBLED ON.



"THROUGH THE MISTY VEIL OF THE WATERFALL'S SIDE HE PLUNGED... TO FIND HIMSELF IN A DIMLY LIGHTED 'ROOM'... BETWEEN A WALL OF ROCK AND A WALL OF WATER."



"A MOMENT LATER, SCAMPER AND BROWNIE JOINED HIM---PANTING AND TREMBLING FROM THEIR NARROW ESCAPE.



"BEHIND THE WALL OF ROARING WATER NO OTHER SOUND COULD BE HEARD... BUT SILVER'S KEEN SENSE OF SMELL WAS UNHINDERED! HE FOLLOWED A SWEET FAMILIAR SCENT... INTO A SHADY GARDEN.



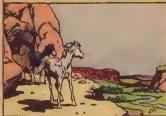
"TO A MAN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN UNBELIEVABLE---THAT STRONG SCENT OF GREEN GRASS AND WILD FLOWERS AND SUNLIT AIR---MINGLING WITH THE CAVE'S MISTY GLOOM! BUT TO THE TALL COLT SMELLING WAS BELIEVING.



"THE TANTALIZING DOORS LED HIM INTO A BLACK TUNNEL, WHERE THE AIR WAS ALMOST DRY AND THE THUNDER OF THE FALLS LESSENERD... HIS HOOPS SPLASHED IN A LITTLE BROOK.



"ABRUPTLY THE TUNNEL ENDED! BEFORE THE TWO COLTS AND THE LITTLE BROWN MALE OPENED A VALLEY CARPETED WITH GRASS AND FLOWERS...



"...WHERE ONLY A COLONY OF WHISTLING MARMOTS CHALLENGED THE NEWCOMERS..."



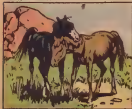
"AN EAGLE SOARED OUT FROM THE TOP OF THE VALLEY'S RIM... AND THE MARMOTS DIVED INTO THEIR BURROWS— BUT NO LARGER ENEMY WOULD DARE TO INVADE THOSE TOWERING WALLS OF ROCK..."



"SCAMPER AND BROWNIE DELIGHTED IN THEIR NEW-FOUND SAFETY, AS MUCH AS IN THE RICH FEED THAT THE HIDDEN VALLEY AFFORDED..."



"FULL FED, THEY WOULD STAND IN DREAMY CLOSE COMPANISHIP BY THE HOUR— FORGETTING EVEN THEIR FRIEND AND HERO, SILVER..."



"BUT THE TALL WHITE COLT'S RESTLESS SPIRIT COULD NOT STAND CONFINEMENT, HOWEVER SAFE AND COMFORTABLE HE LONGED FOR THE OLD THRILL OF ADVENTURE, AND WILD, FAR DISTANCES..."



"ONCE HE RETURNED THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO THE THUNDEROUS TWILIGHT OF THE WATERFALL—BUT INSTINCT TOLD HIM THAT THE WAY DOWN THOSE SLIPPERY LEDGES WOULD BE EVEN MORE IMPOSSIBLE THAN THE WAY UP HAD BEEN. . .



"DAY AFTER DAY HE CIRCLED THE VALLEY, LIKE A CAGED BEAST, SEARCHING FOR ANYTHING THAT COULD GIVE HOPE OF ESCAPE. . .



"ONE NIGHT, WITH A LOUD NOISE, A WEATHERED CHUNK OF ROCK FELL FROM THE EN CIRCLING WALL—SILVER SPANG TO HIS FEET, WIDE AWAKE ON THE INSTANT."



"HE FOUND THE FALLEN CHUNK, SMELLED OF IT, GAZED UP TO THE RAGGED NICHE FROM WHICH IT HAD TUMBLED. IN THE MOONLIGHT, THERE SEEMED TO BE A WAY UP THERE, NOW



"SUNRISE SHOWED THE WHITE COLT THE TRUTH: THERE WAS A WAY—BUT SUCH A ONE AS ONLY A MAD OR DESPERATE HORSE WOULD THINK OF TRYING! SUDDENLY HE HESITATED NO LONGER. . .



"HIS FIRST SCRAMBLING RUSH BROUGHT HIM TO THE NICHE—BUT HERE WAS NO ROOM TO PAUSE, HE MUST GO ON—OR FALL!"



ONLY THE DRIVE OF STEELY MUSCLES AND THE BITE OF HIS UNSHOD HOOPS ON THE NAKED ROCK KEPT HIM MOVING UPWARD!



AND THERE, WITH THE WIDE, FREE DISTANCES IN VIEW, SILVER TRUMPETED HIS VICTORY."



"BUT SILVER KNEW IT! HE KNEW THAT HIS FRIENDS COULD NEVER JOIN HIM-- AND THAT HE WOULD NEVER GO BACK INTO THEIR VALLEY PRISON EVEN IF HE COULD.



"SOMEHOW HE REACHED THE RIM'S SOLID SAFETY... BUT BELOW HIM ANOTHER CHUNK FELL OUT OF HIS INCREDIBLE PATH.



"DOWN IN THE LITTLE HIDDEN VALLEY, SCAMPER AND BROWNE ANSWERED HIM LIGHT HEARTEDLY... THEY DID NOT REALIZE YET IT WAS GOOD-BYE."



"IN HIS HEART BURNED THE LOVE OF LIBERTY... OF LONG BREATHLESS RUNNING... OF UNKNOWN DANGERS STILL TO BE MET! AND SOMEWHERE, AT THE END OF THE TRAIL LAY THE SWEET MEADOWS OF HIS BIRTHPLACE, WILD HORSE VALLEY!"

