

DELL

10¢

OCT.-DEC.

THE *Lone Ranger's* FAMOUS HORSE

HI-YO

SILVER



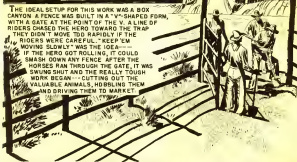
# HORSE HUNTER

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WILLIAM W. WOOD



CATCHING WILD HORSES WAS AN IMPORTANT SOURCE OF INCOME TO EARLY RANCHERS IN MANY WESTERN STATES. IT WAS A HARD BUSINESS. THE WILD HORSE OF THE AMERICAN WEST WAS A TOUGH CUSTOMER. MARES, AS WELL AS STALLIONS, WERE MUCH HARDER TO HANDLE ON THE END OF A LARIAT THAN BEEF CATTLE. IN THE FIRST PLACE, THEY WERE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN STEERS OR CALVES AND, IN THE SECOND PLACE, THEY USUALLY HAD A LOT MORE STRENGTH, AND COULD RUN AT TREMENDOUS SPEEDS WITHOUT THE LOAD OF A RIDER AND HIS GEAR.

THE IDEAL SETUP FOR THIS WORK WAS A BOX CANYON. A FENCE WAS BUILT IN A "Y"-SHAPED FORM, WITH A GATE AT THE POINT OF THE Y. A LINE OF RIDERS CHASED THE HERD TOWARD THE TRAP. THEY DIDN'T MOVE TOO RAPIDLY IF THE RIDERS WERE CAREFUL. "KEEP 'EM MOVING SLOWLY" WAS THE IDEA— IF THE HERD GOT ROLLING, IT COULD SMASH DOWN ANY FENCE. AFTER THE HORSES RAN THROUGH THE GATE, IT WAS SWUNG SHUT AND THE REALLY TOUGH WORK BEGAN— CUTTING OUT THE VALUABLE ANIMALS, HOBBLING THEM AND DRIVING THEM TO MARKET.



SCOUTING AHEAD OF THE EMIGRANT WAGON TRAIN, WITH HIS SMALL FRIENDS, LONNIE AND JEANNE, THE LONE RANGER READS A WARNING IN HIS HORSE'S SUDDEN STOP

HUH? WHAT'S WRONG, SILVER? THERE'S NOTHING AHEAD---

HEEE---  
AUGH!

# SILVER

AND THE  
INVADING  
HERD



WHAT IS IT, LONE RANGER? I DON'T SEE A THING---

RUSH, LONNIE! AND LISTEN!

WHAT ARE YOU STABBING YOUR KNIFE INTO THE GROUND FOR?

TO GIVE ME AN EXTRA EAR, SO TO SPEAK! BE QUIET, NOW



EARTH VIBRATIONS, "MAGNIFIED" BY THE KNIFE BLADE, TELL THE LONE RANGER OF ONRUSHING BARRON

HEAD FOR THAT BUTTE---  
FOR YOUR LIVES!

I HEAR IT---NOW! GET ON YOUR HORSES!

INJUNS, I'LL BET!

OOOH! WHAT---?





FOLLOW ME---TO THE TOP! SILVER  
WILL PICK THE EASIEST WAY.

WOW!  
I HOPE MY PONY  
DOESN'T SLIP!



HANG ON, AND DON'T BE AFRAID,  
JEANNE! TRUST SILVER!

I DO! BUT IT'S  
AWFULLY STEEP HERE



THERE IT COMES---  
THE BUFFALO  
STAMPEDE!

OH!! LIKE A  
BIG BROWN WAVE---  
... WITH DUST HANG-  
ING OVER IT!

IS THAT  
WHAT IS  
MAKING  
THE GROUND  
TREMBLE?



YES! SILVER FELT THE FIRST PAINT  
TREMBLING AND WARNED US! THEN  
I DROVE MY KNIFE INTO THE GROUND  
AND HEARD IT MYSELF! OTHERWISE,  
WE'D HAVE BEEN CAUGHT BY THE  
STAMPEDE BEFORE WE COULD  
REACH THIS BUTTE!

LIKE A MIGHTY RIVER THE VAST HERD OF  
BUFFALO FLOWS AROUND THE BUTTE---  
AND PASSES ON



LOWE RAMSBOY DID  
SILVER EVER HAVE  
A NARROW  
ESCAPE FROM  
A BUFFALO  
STAMPEDE,  
LIKE THIS?

MORE THAN ONCE,  
JEANNE! THAT'S HOW  
HE KNEW THE DANGER!  
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT ONE  
OF THE TIMES---WHEN HE  
JUST TURNED THREE-  
YEARS-OLD



"AFTER LONG MONTHS OF ROAMING, SILVER WAS COMING HOME, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS, TO WILD HORSE VALLEY! EVEN THE THREAT OF A LATE SPRING BLIZZARD COULD NOT DAMPEN HIS HIGH SPIRITS



BUT THE BLIZZARD'S THREAT BECAME SUDDEN REALITY! SWEEPED THROUGH THE HILLS ON THE WINGS OF A HOWLING WIND, THICK SNOW BLOTTED OUT THE WORLD



"IT SLOWED SILVER'S PACE TO A WALK... BUT EVEN THE BITTER, SUB-ZERO COLD COULD NOT CHILL HIS HOT, YOUNG BLOOD OR MAKE HIM SEEK SHELTER IN WILD HORSE VALLEY THERE WOULD BE WARMTH AND FOOD AND FRIENDS!



"BUT CAUGHT IN THAT SAME BLIZZARD WAS A LITTLE BAND OF MARES AND NEWBORN COLTS WHO HAD FOLLOWED THE NEW GRASS OUTSIDE THE VALLEY'S SHELTERING WALLS! AMONG THEM WAS MOUSSA, SILVER'S GENTLE MOTHER."



"AS THE COLD INCREASED AND THE SNOW DEEPENED, MOUSSA ANXIOUSLY PRESSED HER FOAL CLOSE TO HER FLANK SHE KNEW THE DANGER OF WAITING OUT THE STORM--- YET SHE DREADED THE TRIP HOME WITH HER TENDER INFANT."



"AS SHE STOOD, ANXIOUS AND UNDECIDED, SILVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING APPEARED. 'GET A MOVE ON YOU!' HE TRUMPETED TO THE SHIVERING MARES AND COLTS 'BACK TO THE VALLEY!'"



"NIPPING, SQUEALING, KICKING, HE URGED THE RELUCTANT MOTHERS' GREAT WISDOM AND THE STRENGTH OF MATURE YEARS WAS IN THE BIG WHITE LEADER. HE KNEW THAT TO REMAIN WOULD BE TO LOSE EVERY COLT IN THE BAND.



"IT WAS THESE SOUNDS THAT YOUNG SILVER HEARD--- AND RECOGNIZED' THROUGH THE DRIVING SNOW CAME THE SCENT OF HIS OWN KIND' ORDINARILY, SYLVAN WOULD HAVE DRIVEN ANY BACHELOR HORSE AWAY---



"--- BUT NOW HE WELCOMED HIS TALL SON'S HELP TO SAVE THE LITTLE ONES."



"WHEN A COLT WENT DOWN, THE WILD HORSE KING WOULD LIFT IT BACK UP ON ITS WEAKENING LEGS, AND URGE IT ON."



"AGAIN AND AGAIN, SILVER BOOSTED A STAGGERING BABY AFTER ITS MOTHER' BUT THE STRUGGLE WITH COLD AND SNOW GREW EVERMORE HOPELESS.



"ABOVE THE HOWL OF THE STORM, A HEAVY, MUFFLED RUMBLE GREW INTO THE DREAD THUNDER OF A BUFFALO STAMPEDE--- BEARING STRAIGHT TOWARD SYLVAN'S LITTLE BAND'.



"INSTANTLY, BOTH SYLVAN AND HIS TALL SON DROVE AT THE MARES AND COLTS, NIPPING, BAWLING, PUSHING THEM--- OUT OF THE PATH OF THE THUNDERING HERD



"DESPERATION POSSESSED THE LITTLE COLTS, TOO



"WHEN ONE STUMBLER AND FELL---



"---EITHER SILVER OR SYLVAN WOULD LIFT IT UP AND BOOST IT ALONG.



"THEN CAME THE FINAL BLOW--- OR SO IT SEEMED! STRAIGHT AHEAD LOOMED A WALL OF ROCK! THEY COULD GO NO FARTHER!



"PRESSED AGAINST THE CLIFF, THEY WAITED--- SILVER AND HIS MIGHTY SIRE READY TO TAKE THE FIRST DEADLY SHOCK OF THE STAMPEDE



"BUT THAT SHOCK DID NOT COME! AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THE EDGE OF THE STAMPEDE PASSED CLOSE--- BUT DID NOT TOUCH THE LITTLE WILD HORSE BAND! LONG MINUTES PASSED---



"---AND THEN, BEFORE THE MARES AND THE COLTS LAY A WIDE, HARD-TRAMPLED ROAD THROUGH THE SNOW, LEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD WILD HORSE VALLEY!



"DOWN THIS EAST AVENUE THE WILD HORSE KING DROVE HIS LITTLE BAND--- AND THROUGH THE VALLEY'S ROCKY GATEWAY! BUT NOW, SILVER STAYED POLITELY IN THE REAR



"FOR NOW, KING SYLVAN NEEDED NO HELP IN SHEPHERDING HIS MARES! JEALOUS OF HIS LEADERSHIP, HE WOULD HAVE PUNISHED ANY WEDDLING BY THE TALL, SILVER THREE-YEAR-OLD



"THE BUFFALO HERD HAD SMOOTHED THE WAY TO SAFETY--- BUT HOW MANY, FOR, IN THEIR SHAGGY HUNDREDS, WERE OCCUPANTS OF WILD HORSE VALLEY? THERE WAS DANGER HERE--- AND SILVER SENSED IT "

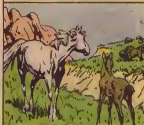


"AS THE SNOW MELTED, HE WATCHED THE HUGE, WOOLLY BEASTS UNCOVER THE HOURISHING GRASS THAT HIS WILD HORSE KIN WOULD NEED





"WHEN THE GREEN GRASS SPRANG UP,  
LATER ON, THE BUFFALO OVERRAN IT--"



"--- AND UGLY, OLD BULLS KEPT THE  
WILD HORSES AWAY"



"SYLVAN WAS FURIOUS! BUT THERE  
WAS LITTLE THAT HE COULD DO  
AGAINST SO MANY! AND HE  
WOULD NOT CALL FOR HELP!"



"SILVER HAD TAKEN UP AGAIN HIS LEADERSHIP  
OF THE BACHELOR THREE-YEAR-OLDS-- BUT  
WITH A DIFFERENCE! NO LONGER DID HE  
SHARE THEIR HAPPY GO-LUCKY  
THOUGHTLESSNESS."



"THE VANISHING GRASS AND THE  
LUMBERING, BURLY BRUTES WHO  
FILLED THE VALLEY WERE A  
PROBLEM HE MEANT TO SOLVE!  
SINCE THEY HAD STAMPEDED  
OFF THE VALLEY--"



"--- PERHAPS THEY COULD BE STAMPEDED OFF  
OF IT! ONE DAY, SILVER LED HIS LITTLE BAND  
TO THE FOOT OF THE VALLEY, WHERE MUCH  
OF THE BUFFALO HERD HAD GATHERED."



"THAT NIGHT, THE MOON ROSE CLEAR AND BRIGHT OVER THE DROWSING BRUTES. BEHIND THEM ROSE THE BROKEN CLIFFS, SPLIT BY NARROW DRAWS AND SILVERED WITH LITTLE WATERFALLS.



"THERE WAS NO SOUND BUT THE TINKLE OF A TINY WATERFALL, AS SILVER LED HIS BACHELORS BEHIND THE BEDED HERD.



"HORSES HAVE WAYS OF CONVEYING THEIR THOUGHTS---HELPED OUT WITH VOCAL SOUNDS... AND SILVER HAD SMALL TROUBLE IN PUTTING ACROSS HIS PLAN--- TO SCARE THE BUFFALO HERD!"



"PERHAPS THE PROVIDENCE THAT WATCHES OVER THE WILD HAD A HAND IN THIS--- FOR AT THE SAME MOMENT, A HUNGRY SILVERTIP EMERGED FROM A DRAW.



"THEN, A VAGRANT BREEZE BROUGHT THE NEARBY GOW A WARNING OF THE HUGE MARAUDER. BAWLING, SHE LURCHED TO HER FEET."



"WITH A HIGH-PITCHED SELLOW, SHE FACED HER ENEMY! OTHER GOWS ECHOED HER ALARM! AND THE SILVERTIP, FURIOUS AT BEING DISCOVERED, RUSHED THEM."



"AS HE RAISED HIS PAW FOR A SAVAGE, NECK-BREAKING BLOW, A NEW SOUND CHECKED HIM--"



"...THE BAWLING AND SQUEALING OF HADDLED HORSES! SILVER AND HIS BAND ON THE RAMPAGE!"



"SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE HERD WAS IN MOTION, PANICKED BY THE BEDLAM OF SOUNDS AND THE STRONG, FEARSOME SCENT OF BEAR!"



"IN A SPLIT SECOND, SILVERTIP PAID FOR HIS HESITATION--- A NEEDLE-SHARP HORN RIPPED HIS FLANK!"



"THEN THE COW WAS GONE--- AND A STORM OF FLYING HOOPS SWEEP PAST, IN THE GUST OF THE BUFFALO HERD."



"THE STAMPEDE WAS ON--- BUT THE NARROW GATEWAY OF THE VALLEY MIGHT SLOW IT UP! SILVER AND HIS LITTLE BAND OF WILD THREE-YEAR-OLDS NEVER LET THE REAR GUARD SLOW DOWN."



"SYLVAN, GUARDING HIS PRECIOUS MARES, WATCHED THE MIGHTY RIVER OF BUFFALO ROAR PAST..."



"...AND JOINED HIS SONS IN THE SCREAMING, POUNDING DRIVE!"



"ONLY WHEN THEY REACHED THE GATEWAY ITSELF DID THEY HALT---TO WATCH THE DUST OF THE DEPARTING INVADERS."



"THEN SYLVAN THE KING BROKE HIS RULE---NEVER TO WELCOME ONE OF HIS BROWN SONS INTO CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP! DELIBERATELY, HE TOUCHED SILVER'S NOSE WITH HIS OWN!"



"AND NEVER WAS ARMORED KNIGHT SO PROUD OF A BATTLEFIELD ACCOLADE AS SILVER WAS---TROTTING BACK TO THEIR VALLEY, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH HIS GREAT SIRE!"



"MY! I WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN SYLVAN AND HIS SON TOGETHER, LONE RANGER WAS THERE MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM?"

"VERY LITTLE, LONNIE! SYLVAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BIT HEAVIER---OTHERWISE THEY WERE AS ALIKE AS FATHER AND SON CAN BE!"

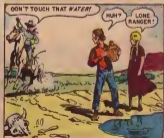


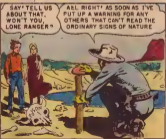
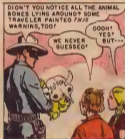
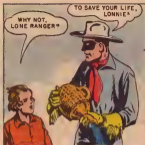
LOOK, JEANNE! ANOTHER WATER HOLE! THE SECOND ONE WE'VE FOUND TODAY!

WE'D BETTER WAIT HERE FOR THE LONE RANGER, LONNIE! HE TOLD US THIS IS DANGEROUS COUNTRY...

# SILVER

## AND THE DARK POOL





IT GOES BACK TO WHEN SILVER WAS A YEARLING! HIS MOTHER MOUSSA HAD ANOTHER BABY FOAL, AND WAS TOO BUSY TO KEEP TRACK OF HIM ALL THE TIME



--- AND ONE DAY HE WANDERED TOWARD A DARK CLEFT IN THE WALL OF A SIDE CANYON THAT BRANCHED FROM WILD HORSE VALLEY



"CURIOSITY IS A COLT'S WORST WEAKNESS! LITTLE SILVER NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THE WOLF OR BEAR OR MOUNTAIN LION THAT MIGHT BE LURKING IN JUST SUCH A PLACE



"AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SYLVAN, THE KING OF WILD HORSES, SAW HIS SMALL SON ENTERING THAT FORBIDDEN CLEFT



"THE WHICKEREO A WARNING"



--- BUT SILVER NEVER THOUGHT THAT THE WARNING WAS MEANT FOR HIM! HE TROTTED ON, TILL HE SAW, BEYOND THE GREAT BOULDERS THAT CHOKED THE CANYON, A GLEAM OF DARK WATER



"HE SAW NO MORE--- FOR BEHIND HIM BOUNDED THE ECHOING HOOFBEATS OF SYLVAN THE KING, RACING TO HEAD HIM OFF.



"NEXT MINUTE, HE CAME FLYING OUT, WITH SYLVAN'S TEETH AT HIS SMALL RUMP."



"THAT LESSON TAUGHT SILVER THAT DANGER--- OF SOME SORT--- LURKED WITHIN THE SLOOPY BOX CANYON... FOR SOME WEEKS HE REMEMBERED IT, STAYING CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER.



"THEN ALONG CAME BOBO, A CLUMSY TWO-YEAR-OLD WITH A DIZZY LOOK IN HIS EYES--- WANTING TO PLAY AT FIRST, LITTLE SILVER WAS SHOCKED BY THE CHESTMUT'S FOOLISH ANTICS."



"CURIOSITY MADE HIM FOLLOW BOBO, AFTER A WHILE--- BUT THE WHITE YEARLING COULD NOT REACH THE LOCOWEEDS WHOSE MILD POISON MADE THE TWO-YEAR-OLD SO CRAZY.



"AFTER EATING THE STUFF, BOBO BECAME A COMICAL CLOWN, CHASING SILVER HERE AND THERE, AND CUTTING THE WILDEST CAPERS! SOMETIMES HE FELL DOWN--- BUT HE NEVER CAUGHT SILVER.





"ONE DAY, SILVER FOUND HIMSELF CORNERED  
--- AND NO WAY TO RETREAT BUT INTO  
THE FORBIDDEN CLEFT



"ONCE INSIDE, IT WAS AN EASY MATTER TO  
LOSE BOBO AMONG THE BIG BOULDERS, AND  
THIS TIME, KING SYLVAN WAS NOT AROUND  
TO DRIVE HIM OUT



"SILVER FOUND A SNUG HIDING PLACE,  
AND STOOD STOCK-STILL, WITH ONLY  
HIS EARS AND NOSE IN ACTION. HE  
COULD HEAR FOOLISH BOBO BLUNDER-  
ING AROUND, NOT FAR AWAY.



"IN A FEW MOMENTS, HE CAUGHT THE SIPPING  
SOUND OF A HORSE DRINKING NOISILY...IT WAS  
BOBO, AT THE DARK POOL? THE TWO-YEAR-  
OLD WAS PAYING NO ATTENTION TO THE  
QUEER, WHITE BONES THAT RIMMED  
THE PLACE.



"ABRUPTLY, THE SIPPING STOPPED.  
BOBO STOOD STIFFLY, AS IF CAUGHT  
WITH A CRAMP OF COLIC



"HE TOOK A FEW STUMBLING STEPS, AND  
FELL TO HIS KNEES, A GROAN RASPED  
FROM HIS THROAT.



"SILVER MOVED CLOSER, WONDERING AT THIS NEW 'GAME' --- IF A GAME IT WERE! THE CHESTNUT'S SIDES HEAVED ONCE, AND WERE STILL? WAS HE PRETENDING --- ?"



"THE RUNNING PLAY OF THE PAST HOUR HAD MADE SILVER THIRSTY, TOO. HE LOWERED HIS LITTLE MUZZLE TO DRINK"



"AT THAT MOMENT, A LOOSENEED STONE BOUNCED DOWN THE CANYON WALL? SILVER'S HEAD CAME UP WITH A 'JERK' "



"A LEAN, BLACK BEAR, HOPING TO SURPRISE THE COLTS, HAD LOOSENEED A SMALL SLICE OF ORT INSTEAD HE WAS COMING DOWN THE CANYON-SIDE --- FAST"



"AND ALREADY HE HAD CUT OFF SILVER'S ESCAPE FROM THE CANYON'S NARROW ENTRANCE?"



"FOR SOME TIME, THE FRIGHTENED YEARLING STOOD TREMBLING, POISED FOR FLIGHT, HOPING HIS HIGHS PLACE WOULD NOT BE FOUND? THEN, FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE POOL CAME THE SOUND OF CRUNCHING BONES?"



"THE BEAR WAS FEEDING ON THE DEAD CHESTNUT COLT!"



"SHAKING WITH HORROR, LITTLE SILVER TIPTOED FROM SHELTER TO SHELTER, ALWAYS HOPING HE WOULD NOT BE SEEN OR HEARD"



"PEEKING AROUND THE LAST BOULDER, HE GLIMPSED THE BEAR DRINKING AT THE POOL, NOT FAR FROM BOBO'S STILL FORM"



"SUDDENLY, THE BEAR STOPPED, GASPED, AND CLAMED AT ITS MIDDLE AS IF IN PAIN"



"THAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR SILVER'S NERVES. IN PANIC, HE FLEW TOWARDS THE CANYON'S ENTRANCE--"



"--- AND OUT INTO THE SMILING SUNLIGHT, WHERE MOUSSA, HIS GENTLE MOTHER, HAD COME LOOKING FOR HIM"



"THAT'S WHY THE SCENT OF POISONED WATER HAS ALWAYS BEEN A WARNING TO HIM--- AND WILL BE ALL HIS LIFE LONG" EH, SILVER? AND YOU'VE USED IT TO SAVE OTHERS, TOO?"



OH! LOBE RANGER---  
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL  
MARE! DOWN  
THERE BY  
THE CREEK!

YES, JEANNE! I GLIMPSED HER  
A MILE BACK!

# SILVER

## AND THE RUNAWAY



SHE'S A STRAY FROM SOME  
OTHER WAGON TRAIN THAT'S  
PASSED ON, I RECKON! SPREAD  
OUT TO EACH SIDE, KIDS---AND  
I'LL LASSO HER



THE APPROACH OF THREE RIDERS DOES NOT PANIC THE  
SORREL--- AS IT WOULD HAVE DONE TO A WILD MARE  
BUT SHE ANSWERS SILVER'S CALL WITH A DOUBTFUL  
WHINNY



AT THE LAST MINUTE SHE 'SPOOKS', AND  
PLUNGES ACROSS THE NARROW CREEK



IN THE MAGNIFICENT BOUND, SILVER  
FOLLOWS





THAT WAS EASY,  
SILVER!



OH, ~~AWAY~~ ISN'T  
SHE A BEAUTY?  
WHO'S SHE GOING  
TO BELONG TO,  
LONE RANGER?

WELL--- YOU AND JEANNE  
CAN HAVE THE USE OF HER---  
UNTIL AN OWNER SHOWS UP!  
YOU MAY FIND HIM IN  
CALIFORNIA!



SILVER IS PUTTING  
HER IN HER PLACE!

egg---  
OUGHT!

egg!

SEE?  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
FOR?



YOU SEE, SHE REMINDS SILVER OF  
ANOTHER STRAY MARE THAT  
CROSSED HIS TRAIL WHEN  
HE WAS NOT YET THREE-  
YEARS-OLD.

DID IT  
HAPPEN IN  
WILD HORSE  
VALLEY?

OH!  
TELL US  
ABOUT THAT,  
PLEASE!

"IT HAPPENED AWAY TO WILD HORSE VALLEY---  
A HORSE TRADER AND HIS HELPER WERE DRIVING  
A SMALL BUNCH OF EASTERN THOROUGHBREDS TO  
THE WEST COAST, WHERE THEY'D SELL FOR A  
THOUSAND DOLLARS APIECE.

"ONE NIGHT THEY PENNED THEIR  
HORSES IN A LITTLE, STEEP-  
WALLED BLIND CANYON



"... AND PITCHED THEIR OWN CAMP NEARBY."



"TOWARD MORNING, A MOUNTAIN LION SCENTED THE PENNED-UP HORSES, THE SMOLDERING CAMPFIRE--AND THE MEN TORN BETWEEN CAUTION AND HUNGER, HE TOOK A CHANCE"



"AS HE CAME WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE, THE WIND BETRAYED HIM SNORTING AND SQUEALING, THE HORSES TURNED TO RUN!"

"THE LION MADE HIS LEAP" A BLACK HORSE SCREAMED WITH FEAR AND PAIN."



"THE BRUSH FENCE WENT DOWN AS IF MADE OF STRAW"

"AS THE HORSES PLUNGED PAST, THE TRADER FIRED AT THE DIM SHAPE OF THE BEAST ON THE LAST HORSE'S BACK? A CRY OF RAGE ANSWERED THE RIFLE'S CRACK."



"ONE FORELEG AND SHOULDER WERE NUMB FROM THE BULLET'S IMPACT, THE LION LET LOOSE ALL HOLES"



"AND LIMPED AWAY INTO THE BRUSH" IT WOULD BE MANY DAYS BEFORE THAT LION WOULD HUNT AGAIN"



"WHEN DAYLIGHT CAME, THE MEN TRACKED DOWN AND ROPED THEIR SADDLE HORSES---BUT THE THOROUGHBREDS WERE SCATTERED OVER MILES OF TERRITORY IT WOULD TAKE DAYS TO RIDE THEM DOWN"



"THE RESULT WAS THAT SHE SUDDENLY FOUND HERSELF ON A NARROWING LEDGE THAT OVERHUNG A CANYON" THERE WAS NOWHERE TO GO BUT BACK---



"---OR DOWN! BEMILDERED AND FOOLISH, THE RUNAWAY MARE MADE THE WRONG CHOICE."



"NOW SHE WAS REALLY TRAPPED---  
UNLESS SHE COULD FIND THE COURAGE  
TO TRY THE CLIMB BACK AND UP TO  
WHERE SHE CAME FROM."



"BY THE TIME SHE WAS READY FOR THAT,  
HER WAY WAS BLOCKED--- BY A PAIR OF  
HUNTING LYNXES. IN TERROR, THE  
SORREL SCREAMED FOR HELP."



"AS IT CHANCED, SILVER HEARD THAT  
SCREAM! HE WAS ROAMING THE FOOT-  
HILLS OUTSIDE OF WILDHORSE  
VALLEY, IN ONE OF HIS RESTLESS  
MOODS."



"THE CRY HAD BEEN THAT OF A YOUNG  
MARE IN TROUBLE--- TO SILVER, IT  
WAS A CALL TO BATTLE!"



"HE ARRIVED, TRUMPETING HIS CHALLENGE, JUST  
AS THE BIG, BOSTAILED CATS WERE PREPARING  
TO MAKE THEIR KILL! THEY TURNED WITH A  
SCOWL OF ANGER."



"ONLY ONE GOT PAST HIM! THE  
OTHER, STRUCK BY A BATTERING  
FOREHOOF, SPUN OUTWARD OVER  
THE FIFTY-FOOT DROP."





"IT LANDED ON ALL FOUR FEET---  
UNINJURED BY EVER THAT FALL---



"--- AND SLUNK AWAY ON BRUISED,  
BURNING PADS.



"GENTLY, SILVER SPOKE TO THE SLIM  
STRANGER, URSING HER TO JOIN HIM.  
BUT SHE ONLY WHINNIED HELPLESSLY."



"SILVER WAS NOT STUMPED YET! HE KNEW  
THE SLOPE WAS CLIMBABLE AND THE MARE  
SIMPLY SCARED AND IGNORANT... QUICKLY,  
HE JOINED HER."



"WITH PUNISHING TEETH, HE DROVE HER  
UP THE SLOPE TO SAFETY."



"FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS, BOTH SILVER  
AND THE SLIM RUNAWAY HAD A BAD  
CASE OF "PUPPY LOVE": HE WAS HER  
HERD--- AND HE LIKED HER SLEEK,  
THOROUGHBRED LINES! HE FORGOT  
ALL HER FAULTS..."



"---UNTIL HER OWNER APPEARED" TO SILVER, THEY WERE ENEMIES! HE LED HIS SORREL LADY FOR THE ROUGHEST RIMROCK IN SIGHT



"A WILD HORSE, LIKE A MOUNTAIN SHEEP, SEEMS TO HAVE HOOPS OF RUBBER, COATED WITH GLUE! HE CAN CLIMB ROCKS LIKE A CAT! HE CALLED THE SORREL TO FOLLOW--- BUT HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE CALLED A NEWBORN FOAL!"



"A MOMENT LATER, HER OWNER'S LOOP SETTLED ABOUT THE SLIM MARE'S NECK--- AND WITHOUT A STRUGGLE, SHE GAVE UP"

"ANGRY AND DISGUSTED, SILVER WATCHED IT ALL FROM THE RIM!"

"WITH A FINAL FLICK OF HIS TAIL, HE TURNED BACK TO WILD HORSE VALLEY AND HIS UNTAMED COMPANIONS"



"AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT SILVER MIGHT RUN OFF TO JOIN THE WILD HORSES AGAIN SOMETIME, LONE RANGER?"

"NO, LONNIE! SILVER GIVES HIS WHOLE LOYALTY TO ME, AND NOBODY ELSE!"

"YOU'G NEVER DESERT ME--- ANY MORE THAN I'G DESERT YOU! EH, SILVER?"



RETURNING TO THE WAGON TRAIN FOR WHICH HE IS SCOUT AND GUIDE, THE LONE RANGER IS GREETED BY AN ANXIOUS SHOUT

YES, MATTHEWS! WHAT IS WRONG?

LONE RANGER!  
IS THAT YOU?

# SILVER

TAKES THE  
LONG TRAIL  
HOME

MY KIDS---LONNIE AND  
JEANNE! THEY'RE LOST!  
THEY MUST HAVE RIDDEN  
OUT LOOKING FOR YOU,  
JUST BEFORE DARK---

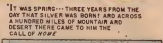
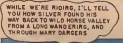
...TRUSTING THAT THEY  
WOULD FIND ME, OR I'D  
FIND THEM, EH? WELL,  
WE SHALL! SILVER  
AND I!

DON'T WORRY, MATTHEWS!  
COME ON, SILVER!

THEY PROBABLY RODE STRAIGHT AHEAD  
ON THE WAGON ROUTE---NOT KNOWING  
THAT I WAS SCOUTING THE  
HILLS TO THE NORTH! THEY  
CAN'T BE MORE THAN FIVE  
OR SIX MILES.

THERE'S A CHANCE THAT  
THEY'RE WITHIN HEARING  
NOW! CALL TO THEM,  
SILVER!

HEE-HEE-  
HEE-HEE!



"WINGED WITH YOUTH AND STRENGTH AND FREEDOM, THE WHITE COLT'S HOOFS SPURNED THE ROCKY SLOPES THAT LED TO THE PLAIN.



"HERE THE SPRING GRASS WAS AT ITS GREENEST--- MUCH EARLIER THAN IN WILD HORSE VALLEY



"BUT SILVER HAD NO DESIRE TO LINGER ON THE PLAINS--- OR TO MINGLE WITH THE FEW SCRUBBY MUSTANGS THAT HE SAW--- STEADILY, HE DRIFTED TOWARD THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS TO THE NORTH



"AS HE NEARED THEM, HIS SILVER COAT AND MAGNIFICENT FORM CAUGHT THE ATTENTION OF A BAND OF COMANCHES--- HORSE THIEVES AND HORSE LOVERS, FAR FROM THEIR OWN HUNTING GROUNDS.



"IN A LONG, CRESCENT SHAPED LINE, THEY SPREAD OUT TO HEAD OFF THE SILVER COLT! THEY WOULD CATCH HIM WHERE THE PLAIN WAS CUT BY A MIGHTY CANYON



"SPOTTING HIS ENEMIES FROM A DISTANCE, SILVER KEPT EASILY AHEAD OF THEM. WHEN HE REACHED ROUGHER COUNTRY, HE PLANNED TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP



BUT THE UNEXPECTED  
DROP-OFF OF THE CANYON'S  
RIM STOPPED HIM SHORT.



"WITH A WILD SHORT  
OF ALARM, HE  
WHEELED, TO FACE—"



"...THE CLOSING HALF-  
CIRCLE OF HIS  
PURSUERS



"THERE WAS BUT ONE OTHER CHOICE,  
AND SILVER TOOK IT.



"A NARROW, BROKEN CATWALK OF A LEDGE  
ANGLED DOWN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF



"... AND ENDED HIGH ABOVE  
THE CANYON'S FLOOR."



"HE LEAPED  
TO DEATH"

"PERHAPS NOT!  
THERE MAY BE A  
WAY DOWN!"



"IN AWE AND WONDER THE HORSE HUNTERS  
GAZED DOWN INTO THE ABYSS"

"HE IS NOT  
ON THE LEDGE"

"AND HE IS NOT AT  
THE BOTTOM! HE  
VANISHED INTO  
THIN AIR!"



"THEIR SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS AROUSED, THE  
INDIANS DID NOT LINGER!"

"HE IS A  
GHOST  
HORSE!"

"PERHAPS HE  
MEANT TO LURE  
US TO OUR DEATH  
IN THE  
CANYON!"

"LET US MOUNT  
AND RISE AWAY  
FROM THIS PLACE  
QUICKLY!"



"INVISIBLE FROM ABOVE, SILVER HEARD  
THEM DEPART... BUT WARILY KEPT TO  
HIS HIDING PLACE"



"NOT UNTIL THE MOON'S WHITE LIGHT  
DRENCHED THE CANYON WALL THAT  
NIGHT, DID THE WHITE COLT FACE THE  
PERILOUS CLIMB BACK TO THE RIM"



"ONLY A WILD HORSE OF SUPERS  
COURAGE AND SURENESS OF FOOT  
COULD HAVE MADE THAT ASCENT...  
BUT SILVER NEVER FALTERED"



"WITH THE WHITE BANNERS OF HIS MANE  
AND TAIL SLEAMING, HE SPED ACROSS THE  
MOONLIT PLAIN, MILE AFTER MILE,  
TIRELESS AS THE WIND"



"NEAR DAWN, A SMALL  
SOUND STOPPED HIM---  
THE PITIFUL WHINNY  
OF A LOST COLT!"



"FROM BEHIND A CLUMP OF  
CHAPARRAL THE LITTLE  
FELLOW CAME--- AN  
UNWEANED BABY, ROCKING  
ON ITS LONG LEGS."



"IT CROWDED CLOSE,  
TREMBLING! SILVER HAD  
NO COMFORT FOR THE  
ORPHAN'S HUNGER--- BUT  
HE COULD NOT AS ANOOR IT  
TO THE SOYOTES! NEITHER  
COULD HE FIND THE MOTHER---  
WHOM THE HORSE  
HUNTERS HAD RUN OFF--"



"ALL NEXT DAY, THE BABY FOLLOWED  
ITS TALL PROTECTOR"



"AT A WATER HOLE IT GRANK A LITTLE--- BUT  
THE SUN-WARMED WATER WAS A POOR  
SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK"



"BEYOND A RISE OF GROUND THE WIND  
BROUGHT NEWS TO SILVER'S NOSTRILS---  
A BAND OF WILD HORSES, NOT FAR AWAY"



"HERE MIGHT BE AN ANSWER TO THE  
BABY COLT'S NEED! CALLING SENTLY,  
SILVER FOLLOWED HIS NOSE, TO  
A STAND OF ASPENS--"





"THROUGH THE TREES HE MOVED CAUTIOUSLY, UNTIL-- A FEW SCORES OF YARDS UPWIND-- HE COULD SEE THE GRAZING MARES WITH THEIR COLTS-- AND THEIR LEADER, A FINE, RED STALLION!



"WITH MANY NUDDGES, AND SOFT ENCOURAGEMENTS, SILVER FINALLY MADE THE ORPHANED INFANT UNDERSTAND.



"INSTANTLY, ALL HEADS TURNED TOWARD THE NEW-COMER! BUT NONE MOVED TO WELCOME HIM--"



"-- UNTIL ONE COLTLESS MARE GAVE A SUDDEN GLAD, QUESTIONING CALL! IT WAS NOT ~~HER~~ COLT, LOST DAYS AGO TO A COUGAR, BUT--"



"MOTHER LOVE RESPONDED TO ITS MUNDY HELPLESSNESS! AND, SATISFIED, SILVER TURNED SILENTLY BACK TO THE LONG TRAIL HOME.



"AND NOW THE SENSE OF NEARNESS TO HIS OWN COUNTRY URGED THE TALL THREE-YEAR-OLD TO GREATER HASTE--"



"... AND CARELESSNESS! ORDINARILY, SILVER KEPT CLEAR OF TREES WHOSE THICK BRANCHES MIGHT HIDE A LURKING ENEMY!"



"AN OLD COUGAR WAS WAITING FOR OTHER GAME ABOVE A WELL-USED DEER TRAIL... BUT A YOUNG HORSE WOULD BE A FEAST THAT WOULD LAST FOR DAYS! AT SILVER'S UNSUSPECTING APPROACH, HE TENSED TO SPRING!"



"SILVER SAW THE TAWNY SHADOW DROPPING FROM THE TREE, AND LEAPED... BUT NOT QUITE SOON ENOUGH!"



"MISSING THE SILVER COLT'S NECK, THE LION CLUNG, CLAWING AND GROWLING, TO HIS RUMP! HE COULD WORK HIS WAY FORWARD TO A DEATH HOLD!"



"BUT SILVER, UNLIKE NINETY-NINE HORSES OUT OF A HUNDRED, DID NOT LET FEAR PARALYZE HIS THINKING! HE KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE THE DIFFICULTY OF SHAKING A COUGAR LOOSE! SO, INSTEAD OF FIGHTING, HE RAN..."

"... STRAIGHT UNDER THE LOW BRANCHES OF ANOTHER TREE! THE IMPACT SWEEPED THE BIG CAT FROM HIS BACK!"



"SMARTING WITH THE PAIN OF THE LION'S CLAW MARKS, THE WHITE COLT WHIRLED AND CHARGED! BUT ANGER DID NOT MAKE HIM RECKLESS! HE KNEW THE CAT WOULD DODGE."



"AS THE COUGAR GATHERED ITSELF FOR ANOTHER LEAP TO HIS BACK, SILVER 'SWAPPED ENDS'--"



"--- AND LANDED WITH BOTH HEELS!"



"DAZED AND HURT, THE TAWNY HUNTER NOW BECAME THE HUNTED!--"



"-- FOR AS LONG AS IT TOOK HIS CATSHIP TO CLIMB ANOTHER TREE!"



"DEEP IN THE FOOTHILLS, THE SOUND OF FALLING WATER BECAME THE SORE AND SMARTING COLT."



"FOR AN HOUR HE STOOD UNDER THE SPLASHING, SOOTHING COOLNESS, UNTIL HIS WOUNDS WERE CLEANSED"



"THE NEXT DAY DAWNED WITH THICK AND THREATENING CLOUDS, BUT EARLY MORNING FOUND SILVER ON THE MOUNTAIN CRIDGE, GAZING DOWN ACROSS THE HILLTOPS TO WHERE WILD HORSE VALLEY LAY"



"WITH A RINGING, LONGING CALL, HE STARTED DOWN THE RUGGED SLOPES TOWARD'S THE FRIENDS AND THE HOME HE HAD LEFT SO MANY MONTHS AGO."



"I KNOW JUST HOW SILVER FELT! HOMESICK---- BUT GLAD!"

"THE WAY WE FEEL NOW, JEANNE? SEE! THERE IS THE LIGHT OF THE WAGON CAMP, AHEAD OF US!"



"LOOK! OUR PONIES CAN'T WAIT TO GET THERE, NOW! COME ON, JEANNE! COME ON, LONE RANGER!"

"AND DON'T FORGET TO SING OUT, SO THE GUARDS WON'T TAKE US FOR APACHES!"



"HI-YO, SILVER--- AWAY!"

