

GOLD



10023-484

APRIL

THE RIFLEMAN

STILL ONLY 12¢

# THE RIFLEMAN

Lucas McCain searches for bank robbers, unaware that his son is trapped in their hide-out.



"The Rifleman"

# GHOST TOWN RAID

REPRINTED BY  
POPULAR DEMAND

IT IS EARLY SATURDAY MORNING AND LUCAS McCAIN IS ABOUT TO GO INTO NORTH FORK FOR SUPPLIES...

GLAD TO SEE YOU BOYS TAKING SUCH AN INTEREST IN YOUR SCHOOLWORK! MUST BE A RIGHTLY FINE NEW SCHOOLTEACHER WE HIRED!

WELL, MR. DODSON IS NICE, PA... BUT, TOTELL THE TRUTH, THE ASSIGNMENT HE GAVE US SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF FUN!

SURE DOES! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS NAME AND DESCRIBE THE WILD SHRUBS AND ANIMALS WE SEE TODAY... AND GET A SWELL RIDE OUT OF IT TO BOOT!

WELL, HAVE FUN! AND MIND, MARK... YOU'RE HOME BEFORE DARK!

I WILL, PA!

C'MON, MARK! I'LL RACE YOU TO THE RIDGE!

THE RIFLEMAN #3-485

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YOU'RE ON, TRO! HITYAAH!

OH, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!

OH, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, IN NORTH FORK...

MOVE SLOW AND EASY, BOYS... DON'T ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION!



A MOMENT LATER, INSIDE THE BANK...

DON'T ANYBODY MOVE! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

A HOLDUP!



THE OUTLAWS WORK WITH PRACTICED SPEED...

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

YOU JUST WATCH US, MISTER!



IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES, THE BANK IS CLEANED OUT...

NOW JUST STAY PUT! THE FIRST HEAD OUT THAT DOOR GETS BLOWN OFF!

CALMLY, THE OUTLAWS HEAD TOWARD THEIR HORSES---



BUT THEN A BRAVE TELLER TELLS SOUNDS THE ALARM---

STOP THOSE MEN! THEY ROBBED THE BANK!



AN ARGUED CITIZENRY THROWS LEAD AT THE FLEEING OUTLAWS---



OOOOOHH!



THE GUNFIRE ALERTS MARSHAL MIKAH TORRANCE, WHO IS QUICKLY ON THE SCENE---



MOMENTS LATER, LUCAS ARRIVES IN TOWN--

I HEARD SHOOTING, MICAH! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE BANK GOT CLEANED OUT! THEY HEADED OUT TOWARD EAGLE CANYON! WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THEM!

I'LL GO BACK TO MY RANCH FOR MY HORSE, THEN MEET YOU ON THE TRAIL!

FINE, LUCAS! GLAD TO HAVE YOU! AND THAT RIFLE ALONG!



LATER AT THE RANCH, LUCAS LEAVES A NOTE FOR MARK--

Mark--  
There's been some trouble in town. I'm riding with Micah. If I'm not back, tip your own supper and do your chores.

THEN HE RIDES OUT TO JOIN MICAH AND THE POSSE---



MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, UNAWARE OF THE HAPPENINGS IN NORTH FORK, MARK AND TED ARE ENJOYING THEIR SCHOOL ASSIGNMENT--

BOY, WE TOO!

BOY, THIS IS FUN! SURE WISH WE HAD AN ASSIGNMENT LIKE THIS EVERY WEEK!



SAY, I'M GETTING HUNGRY! HOW ABOUT YOU?

SURE AM! THE OLD GHOST TOWN'S JUST OVER THE RIDGE! WHAT SAY WE STOP AND EAT THERE?



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TWO BOYS ENTER THE GHOST TOWN...

BOY, I'M SURE GLAD THE SUN'S OUT! I SURE WOULDN'T LIKE TO SPEND ANY TIME HERE AT NIGHT!

ME EITHER!

LET'S GET OUR HORSES AROUND IN THE SHADE, THEN EAT IN THE OLD HOTEL.

SWELL! I'VE NEVER EATEN IN A HOTEL IN MY WHOLE LIFE!

GUESS WE'D BETTER HEAD HOME AFTER LUNCH! WE'VE GOT QUITE A RIDE!

I'LL SAY--AND IF I'M NOT HOME BEFORE DARK, MY PA'LL BE WORRIED!

GOSH, MARK... I'M NOT SO SURE I WANT TO EAT IN A HOTEL AFTER ALL!

IT IS SCARY LOOKING, ISN'T IT!

WHY DON'T WE JUST SIT ON THE STEPS OUTSIDE AND--

HEY! I HEAR HOOFBEATS! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S COMIN' INTO TOWN!

GOSH, THEY'RE A  
ROUGH-LOOKING  
BUNCH, AREN'T  
THEY?

I'LL SAY!  
WONDER  
WHO THEY  
ARE!

WE SURE  
FOOLED  
THAT  
POSSE BY  
DOUBLIN'  
BACK!

THEY'LL BE LOOKIN'  
ALL OVER BAGLE  
CANYON FOR US! WE  
CAN REST UP HERE,  
THEN RIDE ON OUT OF  
THE TERRITORY  
TOMORROW!

SAM, YOU GET THE HORSES  
OUT OF SIGHT! THEN COME  
ON IN THE HOTEL  
AND WE'LL DIVVY UP  
THE BANK MONEY!

EIGHT  
BOSS!

HOLY MACKEREL! THEY'RE  
BANK ROBBERS! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET OUT  
OF SIGHT!

I'M  
RIGHT  
BEHIND  
YOU!

THE BOYS FLATTEN  
THEMSELVES ON  
THE RICKETY OLD  
BALCONY JUST AS  
THE OUTLAWS  
ENTER...

THAT  
WAS ONE OF  
THE  
EASIEST  
JOBS  
WE'VE  
PULLED!

YEAH! LET'S SEE HOW  
MUCH WE GOT IN  
THESE SATCHELS!



HEY, WE REALLY DID ALL RIGHT!

MUST BE FOUR OR FIVE THOUSAND HERE!



WHERE'D YOU PUT THE HORSES?

DOWN AT THE OLD STABLE! NOBODY'LL SPOT 'EM!



ON THE BALCONY, THE BOYS TALK IN HUSHED WHISPERS...

WHAT... ARE WE GOING TO DO, MARK?

GUESS... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL DARK! THEN MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK OUT TO OUR HORSES!



WHA--WHAT IF THEY COME UP HERE?

LET'S JUST HOPE THEY WON'T!



MAN, OVER A THOUSAND A PIECE! PRETTY GOOD DAY'S WORK!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA WRITE THE BANK IN NORTH FORK. A THANK YOU NOTE, HUH, BOYS?



I'LL FIX US UP SOME GRUB, THEN WE'LL GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE!

I FEEL LIKE I CAN SLEEP FOR A WEEK!



AS TOOK SOON AS I  
EAT, I'LL BE OUT LIKE  
A LIGHT!



LET'S HOPE  
ALL OF 'EM  
ARE, SO WE  
CAN GET OUT  
OF HERE!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AS THE POSSE  
REINS UP IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY...



HOLD IT,  
BOYS!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GIVEN US  
THE SLIP! NO SENSE LOOKIN' ANY  
MORE. THE SUN'LL BE DOWN IN  
A HALF HOUR OR SO!

YOU SUPPOSE  
THEY DOUBLED  
BACK ON US,  
MICAH?



ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE,  
LUCAS! WE CAN HAVE A  
LOOK TOMORROW! RIGHT  
NOW, I FIGURE YOU  
GENTS SHOULD GET  
BACK TO YOUR  
FAMILIES!

WHAT-  
EVER  
YOU SAY  
MICAH!



TWO HOURS LATER, LUCAS REACHES  
THE RANCH...

NO LIGHTS!  
MARK PROMISED  
TO BE HOME BY  
SUNDOWN!



DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE HE'S EVEN  
BEEN HERE!  
THE NOTE'S  
RIGHT WHERE  
I LEFT IT!

MAYBE THEY HAD  
AN ACCIDENT...  
THIS ISN'T LIKE  
MARK AT ALL!



IT'S BETTER I RIDE OVER  
TO THE SAUNDERS'S PLACE  
AND SEE IF TED'S HOME!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER...

FRANK  
SAUNDERS!  
I WAS ON MY  
WAY TO YOUR  
PLACE, AREN'T  
THE BOYS  
THERE?

SURE AREN'T, LUCAS...  
THAT'S WHY I WAS  
HEADIN' FOR YOUR  
RANCH! THE WIFE  
AND I ARE WORRIED!



DON'T KNOW  
EXACTLY WHERE  
THEY WERE  
HEADED... BUT  
THEY RODE OUT  
NORTH THIS  
MORNIN'!

LET'S TRY  
THAT  
DIRECTION  
AND PRAY  
WE'RE  
RIGHT?



AN HOUR  
LATER...

SOMETHING  
MUST HAVE  
HAPPENED,  
LUCAS! IT'S  
NOT LIKE TED  
AND MARK  
TO DISOBEY!

I KNOW,  
FRANK...  
THAT'S  
WHY I'M  
WORRIED!



MEANWHILE, IN THE GHOST TOWN  
HOTEL...

...THEY'RE  
ASLEEP, FRANK...  
THINK WE SHOULD  
TRY IT NOW!

RECKON WE  
HAVE TO!



CAUTIOUSLY, THE BOYS START DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS...



THE OUTLAW LEADER STIRS...



BACK ON THE BALCONY, THE BOYS HOLD A WHISPERED CONFERENCE...



THAT'S RIGHT! IF WE BOTH TRY TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, I DON'T THINK WE'D EVEN MAKE IT!

THEN WHAT'LL WE DO?

YOU SWINNY DOWN THAT DRAIN PIPE TO THE HORSES!

BUT THAT WILL MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE!



I KNOW, BUT I'LL MAKE MORE NOISE TO COVER IT UP! THEY WON'T KNOW THAT THERE ARE TWO OF US!

THEY'LL PROBABLY GRAB ME, BUT IT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO ESCAPE AND GET HELP!

IF THEY FIND ME, I'LL MAKE UP SOME STORY AND TRY TO STALL THEM UNTIL YOU GET BACK!

ALL RIGHT! I'M GAME IF YOU ARE!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL MAKE IT!



A MOMENT LATER IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

WHAT'S THAT I'M SURE I HEARD SOME BODY UP THERE!

THERE IS SOMEONE UP THERE!

AFTER HIM!

CRASH



IT'S A KID!

GRAB HIM!



WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

NOTHIN'! I... WAS JUST TRYIN' TO FIND A PLACE TO SLEEP!



I... I'M RUNNIN' AWAY FROM HOME! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO BACK!

DON'T WORRY, KID... YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYPLACE!



ONE OF US CAN WATCH HIM WHILE THE OTHERS SLEEP! WE'RE STILL LEAVIN' IN THE MORNIN'!

MEANWHILE, TED RIDES HARD ON THE TRAIL BACK TOWARD NORTH FORK...



BUT JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HE'S BACK IN THE OLD GHOST TOWN! THE BANK ROBBERS HAVE HIM IN THE HOTEL!

BANKROBBERS? WHAT KIND OF A TALL TALE IS THAT?



HE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH, FRANK! THE BANK IN NORTH FORK WAS ROBBED THIS MORNING!

HONEST! THEY PLAN ON LEAVING IN THE MORNING! MARK MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO ESCAPE!



LEAVING TED ON THE SAFETY OF THE RIDGE, LUCAS AND FRANK RIDE DOWN TOWARD THE GHOST TOWN...



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY REACH THE GHOST TOWN HOTEL...





ALL RIGHT! KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR GUNS!



MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME!

**BLAM!**



OOOOHHH!

GOOD WORK, PA... MR. SAUNDERS! HOW'D YOU GET HERE SO FAST?



WE RAN INTO TED JUST A FEW MINUTES AWAY! HE TOLD US WHAT YOU DID!

STAYING HERE WAS A MIGHTY BRAVE THING TO DO, MARK!



AWW, IT WAS NOTHING, MR. SAUNDERS... TED WAS JUST AS BRAVE GOING FOR HELP!

ANYWAY, IT WAS PART OF OUR SCHOOL-WORK?

HUHE WHAT'S THAT?



THAT'S RIGHT! WE WERE TO NAME AND DESCRIBE ALL THE WILD-LIFE WE SAW TODAY...

...ONLY WE'LL NEED HELP NAMING THOSE WILD ONES!

# THE TRICK THAT FAILED

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE, YOUNG FELLA! THIS TOWN NEEDS A FREIGHT LINE! THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ANOTHER ONE!

I HEARD DIFFERENT, SHERIFF! I WAS TOLD TRAILTOWN NEEDS AN HONEST FREIGHTER WHO'LL CHARGE FAIR PRICES!

YOU WON'T LAST A WEEK, BECK! FITZ RAWL WILL DRIVE YOU OUT LIKE HE'S DRIVEN OUT THE OTHER FREIGHTERS AROUND HERE!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF RAWL! AND I DON'T SCARE EASY!

I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT RAWL'S CROOKED TRICKS AND HIS GUNSLINGING WAGON DRIVERS!

THEY'RE ALL TRUE! I WORKED FOR RAWL ONCE! I QUIT BECAUSE I COULDN'T STAND HIS DIRTY DEALINGS!

HOW DO YOU STAND, SHERIFF?

I STAND FOR LAW AND ORDER! I ~~ADMIT~~ RAWL'S A CROOK, A SUNRUNNER AND A KILLER! BUT I CAN'T ~~ADMIT~~ IT! I'D JAIL HIM TOMORROW, IF I COULD!

CAN I COUNT ON YOU IN CASE OF TROUBLE?

YOU SURE CAN! I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE, BUT IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU THAT YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST RAWL!





*THE SHERIFF LEAVES, BUT SHAWN STAYS...*

I'M STARTING SMALL, SHAWN. TWO WAGONS! TWELVE MULES! I NEED A DRIVER FOR THE SECOND WAGON! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET ONE?

YOU'VE HIRED YOURSELF A DRIVER, JERRY!

TAKE MY ADVICE AND PUT TWO MEN ON EACH WAGON FOR THE FIRST TRIP!

WHERE LL I FIND THEM? EVERYBODY, EXCEPT YOU, IS AFRAID TO WORK FOR RAWL'S COMPETITORS!

I'VE GOT THREE BROTHERS WHO HATE RAWL AS MUCH AS I DO! THEY'LL TAKE THE JOBS!

GOOD! NOW I'LL HAVE TO FIND CUSTOMERS WHO AREN'T AFRAID OF RAWL!

*THAT NIGHT, JERRY HAS A VISITOR IN HIS ROOM AT THE TRACTORY HOTEL...*

EVENING, BECK! GUESS YOU KNOW WHO I AM!

COME IN! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU, RAWL!

I'LL COME TO THE POINT, BECK: I CONTROL ALL THE FREIGHT BUSINESS IN THIS TERRITORY AND I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO GET OUT!

YOU'RE WRONG ON BOTH POINTS, RAWL! FIRST, YOU *DON'T* CONTROL ALL THE BUSINESS, BECAUSE I'VE SIGNED UP FOUR CUSTOMERS! AND, SECOND, I AM *NOT* GETTING OUT!!



I'M WARNING YOU, BECK!

IT'S MY TURN TO WARN MEN, RAWL! IF YOU TRY YOUR TRICKS ON MY MEN OR MY WAGONS, YOU'LL WALK INTO REAL TROUBLE! GOOD NIGHT!



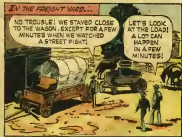
A WEEK PASSES WITHOUT TROUBLE, AND SHAWNY RETURNS FROM HIS THIRD TRIP...

I DON'T LIKE THIS PEACE AND QUIET, JERRY! RAWL'S UP TO SOMETHING!

ALL WE CAN DO IS WATCH AND WAIT!



I'M HALLING SUPPLIES TO THE INDIAN RESERVATION TOMORROW! IT'S THE FIRST RUN SINCE WE TOOK PART OF THE JOB AWAY FROM RAWL! LET'S CHECK THE WAGON NOW!



IN THE FREIGHT YARD...

NO TROUBLE! WE STAYED CLOSE TO THE WAGON, EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINUTES WHEN WE WATCHED A STREET FIGHT!

LET'S LOOK AT THE LOAD! A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN A FEW MINUTES!



THE NEXT MORNING, SHAWNY RIDES THE RESERVATION-BOUND WAGON WITH JERRY... RAWL FOLLOWING BEHIND...

I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, JERRY, BUT I HAVE ORDERS TO SEARCH THIS WAGON! BEEN INFORMED YOU'RE CARRYING GUNS TO THE INDIANS!

YOUR INFORMATION'S WRONG, SHERIFF! BUT GO AHEAD AND SEARCH!

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW GUNRUNNING IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE, BECK!



THERE ARE NO GUNS ON THIS WAGON!

THERE ~~MUST~~ BE!! MY MEN SAW THEM BEING LOADED!



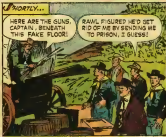
I APOLOGIZE FOR HAVING YOU STOPPED, MR. BECK!

FORGET IT, CAPTAIN! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE SEARCHED ~~MY~~ WAGON, YOU BETTER TAKE A LOOK IN RAWL'S WAGON, TOO! AND CHECK FOR A FALSE BOTTOM!



FALSE BOTTOM?

LAST NIGHT, SHAWN AND I FOUND SOME RIFLES THAT HAD BEEN SLIPPED INTO OUR WAGON! WE WENT TO ACCUSE RAWL AND ~~SAW~~ HIS MEN LOADING RIFLES IN ~~AWB~~ WAGON!



~~MORTY~~...  
MORTY...

HERE ARE THE GUNS, CAPTAIN. BENEATH THIS FAKE FLOOR!

RAWL FIGURED HE'D GET RID OF ME BY SENDING ME TO PRISON, I GUESS!



YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, RAWL! WE'VE SUSPECTED YOU WERE HAULING CONTRABAND TO THE INDIANS, BUT WE COULDN'T PROVE IT! NOW WE CAN!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE LEAVING TOWN INSTEAD OF ME, RAWL!



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"Whoops! That was the worst coffee I ever tasted," Ed Ramsey exclaimed, as he tossed the remains of a cup of coffee onto the campfire where his wrangler partner was stringing up a batch of sour dough biscuits.

Bill stood up straight. "If you can do better, then the job is yours!"

Ed laughed. "No offense. I wasn't complaining. Must have been something I ate that left a bad taste in my mouth."

"So, now it's my cooking that leaves a bad taste in your mouth?" Bill yelled as he slapped a biscuit into the frying pan.

"Not at all, pal," Ed replied. "I've been chewing on a willow twig, that's all."

The partners let the conversation drop at that, and they settled down to eat their supper. It had been a hard day in the saddle, and the stray yearlings were rounded up in a box canyon across the way. Tomorrow would be the day they would drive the few strays to the south pasture to join the big cattle drive to the railhead.

With supper finished, Bill and Ed bedded down beside the campfire, unaware that they were being watched by two men hiding in the rocks behind them.

"Shh!" whispered one man, as he quietly crept between the sleeping cowboys and, with deft hands, removed their guns from their holsters. Then with a nudge of his foot, he awoke the wranglers. "Come on in, Dandy," he called to the waiting men.

"What do you want?" Bill demanded.

"Just a swap of clothes, friend, and you better hurry it up!" the gun-purloining man hissed. "Your pal, too. Off with those duds. My buddy can use them."

It was then in the light of the dying campfire that Bill and Ed noticed that the strangers were dressed in prison garb. Realizing that their visitors were desperate men,

the wranglers quickly removed their outfits as ordered.

"Don't be nervous, friends," the other stranger said. "Nobody's gonna be hurt. We just want your outfits and your horses. Besides, our duds will fit you just fine."

As the men rode off, Ed tossed a chunk of wood on the fire and said, "You might as well brew up a pot of coffee. I can't go to sleep, knowing a posse is looking for men in duds like these."

"You're right, Ed," Bill agreed. "If a posse came on us sleeping in these outfits, they'd shoot 'fore they woke us up."

While Bill was making a pot of coffee, the posse rode in.

"The men you're after headed that way," Ed shouted, as he pointed west.

"You're the men we're after," snarled the sheriff. "Get those hands up."

"But, sheriff, we're just wranglers. The men you're after took our clothes and our horses and headed west," explained Bill.

"Not a likely story," frowned the lawman. "You're probably faking over this camp while the wranglers are changing shifts and are waiting to hold them up when they get back. Move! You're coming with us!"

"No use to hurry back, sheriff, at least not until we get a cup of this java under our belts," a posseman said, as he handed the sheriff a cup of coffee.

"PTUUI!" sputtered the lawman, as he took a drink of the brew and then poured the rest of it on the ground. "What's that awful stuff? Poison?"

"Nops, it's Bill's coffee," laughed Ed. "Guess it'd almost be worth going to jail to get a good cup of java," he grinned.

"Don't plan on it," the lawman said. "You're not the man we want after all!"

"They're not?" exclaimed the posseman. "What makes you so sure?"

The sheriff holstered his gun and with a gesture of defeat answered, "Because the two fellows we're after are prison cooks, and they'd have been hog-tied and whipped by their fellow-prisoners if they made coffee like that."

Ed turned to Bill. "Four me a cup of that coffee, partner. I'll never be one to complain about your poison again!"

# The Rifleman Mountain Giant

COME,  
JOHNNY...  
OFF THE  
STREET!

LOOK!  
IT'S A  
GIANT!

THAT FELLA LOOKS  
LIKE SOMETHING  
OUT OF PRE-  
HISTORIC TIMES!



IN THE HOTEL ---







THE STARTLED TOWNSPeOPLE GATHER TO WATCH THE STRANGE "FIGHT"...

GIVE UP, SOBUSTERS?

NOT TO YOU, FUR PEDDLER!

SOCK!

POW!

WHAM!



FINALLY, EXHAUSTED, THE MEN COLLAPSE WITH LAUGHTER...

HA! HA! DOGGONE, IF THAT WAGN'T FUN!

AND IT WAS ANOTHER TIE... JUST LIKE ALWAYS!



YOU GOING TO STAY IN TOWN A WHILE, BO?

FOR A SPELL... SONNA GET ME A HOTEL ROOM AN' ENJOY SOME O' THIS CIVILIZATION!



STAY WITH US, BO... MARK AND I HAVE PLENTY O' ROOM!

UH... YES... THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, SIR... I... I DON'T THINK YOU'D LIKE THIS HOTEL LIFE!



NONSENSE, MISTER... I BEEN UP IN THE MOUNTAINS SO LONG I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THIS HOTEL LIVIN'!

THUMP!



I... I'LL FIT YOU DOWN IN 302. IT'S AT THE END OF THE HALL...

FINE! YOU JUST SIGN MY NAME FOR ME. WILL YOU? NEVER DID KNOW MUCH ABOUT WRITIN'!



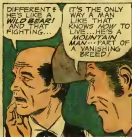
GONNA GET THIS OL' BEAVER SWELL OFF'N MY CLOTHES AN' WE'LL TALK OVER OLD TIMES, LUCAS / SEE YOU LATER!

SLIKE THING, BO!



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME, LUCAS? A MAN LIKE THAT IN MY HOTEL--

HE'S HARMLESS, ED-- JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAT'S ALL!



DIFFERENT? HE'S LIKE A WILD BEAST! AND THAT FIGHTING...

IT'S THE ONLY WAY A MAN LIKE THAT KNOWS HOW TO LIVE... HE'S A MOUNTAIN MAN... PART OF A VANISHING BREED!



HE MAY NOT BE MUCH ON MANNERS AND THE SOCIAL LIFE... BUT I'D TRUST SO FLETCHER BEFORE NINE OUT OF TEN OTHERS I KNOW!



HE SAVED YOUR LIFE ONCE UP IN THE MOUNTAINS, DIDN'T HE, PA?

HE SURE DID, MARC / I'D DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING FOR SO...











IT'S ALL EIGHT, FOLKS... THE TROUBLE'S OVER...

I'M SORRY, MISS EMILY... JUST GOT KINDA CARRIED AWAY, I GUESS...



COME ON, LUCAS... GUESS I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE 'FORE I CAUSE MORE TROUBLE!

WAIT, BO...



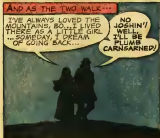
EVEN A MAN FROM THE MOUNTAINS COULD AT LEAST WALK A GIRL HOME IN THE MOONLIGHT!

YOU... YOU MEAN YOU'D WALK WITH ME, AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE F



OF COURSE I DO!

POSSONE, YOU'RE THE ANSWER TO AN OLD FUR PEDDLEK'S PRAYERS ...ONE IN A MILLION!



AND AS THE TWO WALK...

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE MOUNTAINS, BO... I LIVED THERE AS A LITTLE GIRL ...SOMEDAY, I DREAM OF GOING BACK...

NO JOSHIN! WELL, I'LL BE PLUMB CARNARNER!



AND THE NEXT DAY...

LUCAS! HOLD UP, BOY... I GOT NEWS! BEST NEWS OF MY WHOLE LIFE!

HAN



I'M GONNA GET MARRIED!

WHAT?? YOU AND EMILY HARKING?



THAT'S RIGHT, LUCAS! AND WE'RE GONNA LIVE UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! SHE DON'T LIKE THIS CITY LIVING! EITHER! ALL HAPPENED SO FAST I'M NOT SURE IT'S NOT A DREAM!



CONGRATULATIONS, BO! AND AS FOR THE WEDDING, YOU JUST LEAVE THE DETAILS TO ME...

I'M GLAD OF THAT, LUCAS! I SURE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



DON'T TIE THAT CARN-SARN THING TOO TIGHT, LUCAS... IT'S CHOKIN' ME!

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO SHAVE?



NOPE! I TOLD EMILY I WASN'T GONNA AN' SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T CARE! WEATHER'S COLD UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! WITHOUT A BEARD, A MAN' FREEZE HIS FACE!

THEN I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT, BO!



RELAX NOW, BO... THE WEDDING ISN'T FOR ANOTHER HOUR!

I'M SO SCARED, MY KNEES ARE SHAKIN'... WORSEN THE TIME I FOUGHT OFF A WHOLE PACK OF TIMBER WOLVES!

I HAVE A FEW THINGS  
TO DO FOR EMILY! YOU  
MEET ME AT THE  
CHURCH IN ONE HOUR!

I'LL  
BE  
THERE...

IT IS THE TIME FOR THE WEDDING,  
DRAWS NEAR...

YOU SURE YOU  
WANT TO GO THROUGH  
WITH THIS?

POSITIVE!

THAT BIG APE MADE A POOL  
OF US, PETE. AN' BEFORE HE  
LEAVES, I'M GONNA SEE HE  
LEARNS A LESSON!

IN HIS ROOM, BO IS UNAWARE OF THE  
DOOR OPENING BEHIND HIM...

NEVER  
THOUGHT  
I'D SEE THE  
DAY WHEN  
OLD BO  
FLETCHER  
WOULD UP  
AND GET  
MARRIED!

SURENLY, BO WOULD...

THIS  
IS FOR  
SHOWIN'  
US UP  
LAST  
NIGHT,  
RISTER!

BEFORE BO CAN ACT...









The Rifleman: **THE THIEF**

YOU LOOK WORRIED, SON. CARE TO TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?

WELL, I KNOW BETTER THAN TO ACCUSE ANYONE OF STEALING UNLESS I HAVE PROOF... BUT THINGS SURE HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING AROUND HERE LATELY!



WHAT KIND OF THINGS, SON?

OH, IT'S OUR SPOONS TODAY! TIM POTTS WAS HELPING ME SHINE 'EM UP... RIGHT HERE... THEN WE WENT OUT BY THE BARN AND PITCHED A FEW HORSE SHOES!



TIM WENT HOME... AND NOW I SEE THAT TWO SPOONS ARE MISSING! LAST TIME HE HELPED ME, A FOCK GOT LOST! WHY'D TIM TAKE 'EM, PA?

YOU DIDN'T SEE TIM DO IT, MARK, AND I DON'T THINK HE DID! WE JUST MIGHT HAVE A PACK RAT AROUND HERE, YOU KNOW!



IN THE DAYTIME, PA? I THOUGHT THEY WORKED MOSTLY AT NIGHT! ONE THING SURE... THEY DIDN'T FLY AWAY!

NOT UNDER THEIR OWN POWER, SON! BUT WHAT YOU SAID GIVES ME AN IDEA! COME ON!



WHAT DO YOU FIND, MARK?

YOU WERE RIGHT, PA! THIS CROW'S A FIRST-CLASS THIEF! ALL OUR SILVER'S HERE... AND A LOT OF STUFF THAT ISN'T OURS, TOO!



The Bison (Buffalo) stands six feet at the shoulder and weighs more than 3000 pounds. Its upward curving horns is sharp.