

GOLD



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FEBRUARY

THE RIFLEMAN

NOW ONLY 12c

# THE RIFLE- MAN



Lucas McCain suddenly  
disappears... and Mark  
races South to find him!

# "The Rifleman"®



## THREE MEN FROM MONTANA



When apaches strike, Lucas McCain defies their orders, for he is on an errand to North Park... one that means more than his own safety.

## ON THE RUN



Lucas McCain finds a young soldier who is on the run, trying to escape an execution.



When Lucas hears the boy's story, he joins rank to help him bring the truth to life.

# "The Rifleman" THREE MEN FROM MONTANA

GOLLY PA, THE WIND BLUVE DID  
RIP UP THE ROOF LAST NIGHT!  
AND IT LOOKS LIKE MORE RAIN  
IS COMING!

IT SURE DOES... AND SOON!  
I'M GLAD WE ARE ALMOST  
FINISHED REPAIRING THE  
DAMAGE! WATCH YOUR  
STEP, ALBERT! THE DOOR'S  
GET AND SLIPPERY!



ADVERTISING: Please send us up on form 3276 to All Publications, Inc., Philadelphia, New York.  
THE RIFLEMAN, No. 14, January, 1952, published monthly by A. S. Publications, Inc., Philadelphia, New York in cooperation with  
Gaines Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, New York. Registration Office of the U.S.A. 450 1st Ave., 10th floor, New York  
City, N.Y. 10013. Contains 48 pages. Price 10¢ per copy. Single copies 10¢. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, New York. Registered  
and printed at the U.S.A. by A. S. Publications, Inc. Copyright © 1952, by Paul Lee Gossett.  
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MARY! SPEAK TO ME, SON! ... IT'S NO USE, HE'S UNCOULDED! ... I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!



THESE... THE BLEED HE WAS STOPPED, HOW TO GET HOME!



AS LOCAL PRACTICALLY DROVE THE WAGON TOWARD HOME FOR HIM, TWO ARMED STRANGERS SUDDENLY STOP OUT BY THE ROAD AND STOP HIM.

PULL UP, MISTER!! WE NEED YOUR ADDRESS!

STOP... OR WE'LL SHOOT!!

GET OUT OF MY WAY! I'M TAKING A BIG BOY TO TOWN!



WE SAID STOP!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, BOOBYSTER!



YOU ASKED FOR THAT, MISTER!!

SNAP!





















Looking in town.

HERE'S THE RUMORER, DOC! DON'T BEGG HIM TOO HARD! HE DISCOVERED A MESSAGE FROM LUKE THAT WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE FOUND!

I'M SORRY IF I WORE IT OUT, DOC!



TWO MEN HAVE FORGOTTEN LUKE TO RIDE SOUTH WITH THEM! THEY PROBABLY TOOK THE MAIN ROAD SOUTH! IT'D BE THE SAFEST AND FASTEST IN THE STORM!

GO AFTER THEM, AN' CAN... I'LL TAKE CARE OF MARK!



THEY'VE BEEN STOPPING BY THE BANK OF A FLOOD- FLOODED RIVER MANY MILES SOUTH OF NORTH ADOBE...

I'VE RIDDEN UP AND DOWN THE BANK! CAN'T FIND A SPOT THAT LOOKS SAFE FOR CROSSING!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK HERE 'TILL THE WATER GOES DOWN.



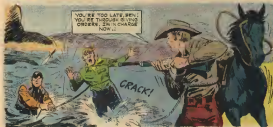
YOU SHOULD HAVE TRAVELED THE MAIN ROAD WHERE THERE'S A BRIDGE, BEN ... INSTEAD OF RIDING CROSS-COUNTRY.

WE DIDN'T DARE RISK IT!



WE CAN'T RISK STAYING HERE, D'YER! WE LEFT SHARP POINT IN THE MUD AFTER THE BAN STOPPED! SO WE'LL HAVE TO GO ACROSS THE RIVER!









# FISHERMAN'S LUCK









# THE NIGHT GUARD



A SCENE BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

The wagon camp was settling down for the night after a long, weary day on the trail.

Twenty big Conestogas with "From Hoptown, Ohio, to New Hoptown, Oregon," painted on their sides, stood in a close group among the other wagons in the big circle. The Conestogas' travelers, nicknamed "The Hoptowners," were making plans for the new town they would build together in Oregon.

The elected leader of the group was brawny Luke Baine. The Hoptowners had entrusted their money to him and had agreed to obey his orders on the long trek to Oregon.

As the campfire burned low, Mary Cooper stood up. "I'm going to see how Ted's doing. It's his first time as night guard of the stock. I want to be sure he's all right."

"You'll only shame him, if you treat him like a child," Baine said, stopping her. "Ted's a man now, doing a man's job."

"He may be as tall as a man, but he's still only seventeen," Mary Cooper protested.

A chorus of voices agreed with her.

"He's too young for such a big responsibility," one said. Another cried, "Ted wouldn't know what to do if trouble came along."

"Since Jim Clay is the wagon master, and gave him the job, he must think Ted is capable of doing guard duty," Luke Baine reminded them. "So stop worrying."

Gradually, the camp drifted into sleeping silence; but still, young Ted Cooper was wide awake. Suddenly, he heard the grass-muffled hoofbeats of an approaching horse. He leveled his rifle and rose to meet the rider.

"Hold it, mister!" he ordered. Then he saw the badge on the newcomer's shirt. "Sorry! I didn't know you were a lawman."

"I'm a federal marshal, son," the stranger said, sliding off his perching horse.

"Your horse looks best, Marshal!" Ted remarked. "You must've come a long way."

"We have. All the way from Fort Loomis! I borrowed the horse from the cavalry there. We were in a hurry to catch this train," the

marshal said crisply. "I'm looking for a man who calls himself Luke Baine! Know him?"

Ted gulped and hesitated before answering. "This is a big train. What did Baine do?"

"He's a thief! He tricked some folks into giving him their money, and he's planning to stop with it," the marshal snapped. "Where's the wagon master?"

The dazed Ted led him to the camp and pointed out Jim Clay's wagon. Then he walked slowly back to the marshal's horse.

He must do something! The marshal MUST be wrong! But he seemed so sure! Suppose Baine really WAS a thief. . .

As Ted pulled the saddle off the marshal's horse, a thought struck him. The wagon train had just passed Fort Loomis that morning. The ride was not long enough to wear out a fresh cavalry horse!

He examined the horse's breed. It was not that of the cavalry's mounts!

The stranger had lied about the horse, and he was probably lying about Luke Baine!

As Ted ran into the camp, the stranger and the wagon master were pulling Luke Baine out of his wagon. A crowd of people watched in stunned silence.

Ted gripped his rifle firmly and rushed forward. "Hold that marshal, Mr. Clay! He's a thief!"

The wagon master restrained the marshal while Ted talked.

As the stranger struggled and protested, a cavalry patrol rode into camp. The officer in command identified the "marshal" as an outlaw who had been posing as a lawman and robbing wagon trains on the trail. The cavalry had been trailing him.

"He must have heard about the large sum of money Mr. Baine was carrying," the officer said. "You're lucky to have such a quick-witted and sharp-eyed young man for your night guard." He then turned and saluted Ted.

Never again did the Hoptowners call Ted Cooper a "boy!"

LANE AND GARY BEGAN TO RIDE TOWARD THEIR HOME RANCH, HOPING THEY WOULD MEET A SQUAD OF MOUNTED CAVALRY TROOPERS FROM NEARBY FORT WARREN. . .

AFTERNOON, CAPTAIN  
WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT  
THIS WAY?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR AN ESCAPED PRISONER,  
A YOUNG TROOPER NAMED RICK LANSING. HE  
KILLED ONE OF OUR BEST INDIAN SCOUTS BY  
MISTAKE, WHEN THEY WERE ON PATROL  
YESTERDAY.



LANING AND  
GARY WERE  
RIDING AHEAD  
OF THE SQUAD.  
THE MEN HEARD  
SHOTS AND  
FOUND LANSING  
HOLDING THE GUN  
AND STANDING  
BY THE  
DEAD SCOUT.

DO YOU KNOW  
WHY WE WOULD  
THE SCOUT?

HE DENIED SHOOTING  
HIM. TOLD A WILD  
STORY ABOUT AN  
AMBUSH ATTACK.  
CLAIMED HE DIED  
AT THE ATTACKERS!





THERE WAS ALSO AN EYEWITNESS!  
A TRAVELING PEDDLER SAW THE  
SHOOTING! I WISH YOU'D KEEP A  
LOOK-OUT FOR LANSING, MARRALL!

I WILL, CAPTAIN!



A SHORT TIME AFTER LUCE AND MARRIN  
RETURN TO WARRER RANCH...

IT'S A REAL PUNDER  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
BRING HIM ON THE  
SCOUT?



GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARRIN!  
COME ON IN THE HOUSE!  
I'VE JUST MADE A POT  
OF COFFEE!

HAVEN'T TIME, LUCE! THE COLONEL AT FORT WARRER ASKED  
ME TO WARN THE RANCHERS ABOUT A KILLER WHO ESCAPED  
FROM THE SQUADHOUSE LAST NIGHT!

WE'VE ALREADY HEARD  
ABOUT HIM, MARRALL!



LANSING TELLS MARRIN ABOUT THEIR  
MISTAKE WITH THE CAPTAIN...

DOES THE  
COLONEL KNOW  
WHY LANSING  
KILLED THE  
SCOUT?

HE THINKS  
HE KNOWS,  
BUT HE'S  
NOT SURE!

SOMEBODY'S BEEN  
STEALING CAMPERS FROM  
THE FORT AND SELLING THEM  
TO THE IND-ANS! THE  
COLONEL THINKS THE SCOUT  
MAY HAVE DISCOVERED  
LANSING WAS THE THIEF  
... SO LANSING SHOT HIM.











I'LL PUT MY HORSE AND WAGON IN THE BARN, AND SLEEP IN THERE WITH THEM!

THERE ISN'T ROOM IN THE BARN FOR THE WAGON, GABBY!

MARY'S RIGHT, THE WAGON WILL BE SAFE IN THE YARD. LARRY DOESN'T WANT MY HORSE, HE'S PROBABLY PICKED UP A HORSE AND IS KILIN' AWAY FROM HERE NOW!

GABBY PIKE'S STORE ON WHEELS



PLEASE, MARY PUTS THE HORSE IN THE BARN, GABBY LOCKS AND LOCKS HIS WAGON...

NOBODY'S GOING TO STEAL ANYTHING HERE, GABBY!

LOCKING IT'S MERELY HABIT, LUCAS.



SURE...

GABBY'S MORE SCARED OF LARRY, PA!

I HAVE A FEELING HE'S SCARED OF MORE THAN LARRY. HE LOCKED HIS WAGON AS TIGHT AS A BANK VAULT!



MAVER HE'S AFRAID HE'LL STEAL SOMETHIN'!

I DON'T THINK SO, AND HE KNOWS LARRY WOULDN'T STEAL ANY MORE AND PAID, IF HE DID COME HERE.



MY GUESS IS THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THE WAGON HE DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY TO SEE. I'LL TRY TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE TOMORROW, BEFORE HE LEAVES!



WELL, WHEN THEY  
WALKED UP  
TO ME, GABBY  
SAID HE WAS  
READY TO LEAVE...

YOU'RE UP EARLY, GABBY!  
AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT  
FOR BREAKFAST?

I DON'T... ENJOY MY MORNING  
REGRET  
WHEN I WALK UP... GABBY... I HOPED  
TO DEPART WITHOUT DISTURBING YOU AND  
MARK... LUCKS! GOOD-BYE AND  
THANKS FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY!



A LITTLE LATER, MARK  
LEAVES FOR SCHOOL...

I'LL GO TO TOWN AFTER  
I SOUND UP THOSE STEAKS  
IN THE CANYON. SEE YOU  
NEED YOU AT MARK'S OFFICE



AS MARK CHARGES A STEAK OUT OF THE  
CINDERBUSH NEAR THE CANYON...

STEADY, BOY... I  
THOUGHT I SAW  
SOMEONE... HIDE  
BEHIND THAT  
CLUMP OF BUSHES!



COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS  
UP! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

D-DON'T  
SHOOT,  
MISTER!  
I'M  
NOT  
ARMED!



WHO ARE YOU?  
AND WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

NAME'S BOB... I WAS  
EVEN BEEHIVE  
FOR HOURS! I WAS  
B-BEATING...





THAT'S *MOVIE*! IS THAT TO YOUR WEEDS?

HE MUST'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THAT MAN! DO YOU KNOW HIM, JACK?

YES! HIS NAME'S TOOK! HE WORKS AT THE POST! DOES ODD JOBS! BUT HE'S NOT A TROOPER!



TOOK'S RENE'S AUNT, AND GABBY'S GETTING READY TO MOVE!

THEN WE'LL MOVE TOO, AND SURPRISE HIM! COME ON!



HELLO, GABBY! DON'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU ANYWHERE! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE AT THE POST NOW!

HEY! AND ANNE LEANING! KEEP THAT ALICE AWAY FROM ME, WE CAN!



NICK WON'T HURT YOU, GABBY! HE'S NOT A KILLER... AND HE'S NOT ARMED! MAY'ZAP YOU ZNF ABOUT HIM, GABBY?

I DON'T ZF! I SAW HIM SHOOT THE BOOZ!



YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE! I...!

HOLD IT AWAY! LET ANNE HANDLE THIS!





As they race toward the store, Garry suddenly hears his horse hit a boulder and flip back toward Luke and Ace. Garry, his bullets hitting the ground at their horses' feet...

GARRY'S HORSE  
DROPS THEM  
DOWN!

SLAM!  
BAM!



BUT GARRY WANTS HIS HORSE TO GAIN THE SPEED...

STOP THE  
HORSE...  
OR I'LL  
SHOOT YOU!



GARRY'S HORSE IS ANOTHER  
SWOP AND MORE SPEED...

I'LL  
STOP  
YOU!



Suddenly, the wagon is struck by an explosion. As one of Luke's hold-up men pulls the wagon's wheel...

BOOM!



But Luke's wagon AND STORE THE  
TERRIFIED HORSES...

BABY  
BOY! SLOW  
DOWN!





YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE ALIVE, BARREY! WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL US OR YOURSELF, YET?

I WASN'T AIMING TO KILL ANYBODY! I WAS TRYING TO BLOW UP YOUR HORSES AND B—STOP YOU, SO I SHOULD GET AWAY! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE COURT!

THAT'S LIKE A BURNING OR EXPLOSION, LUCAS!



*Lucas examines the damaged wagon...*

IT WAS SUNPOWDER... IN THE CARTS DOOR IN A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT IN THE SIDE OF THE WAGON! ONE OF MY SUSPECTS WENT THROUGH THE WOOD AND EXPLODED THEM!



LOOK! SOMETHING ELSE WAS HIDDEN THERE, TOO, BARREY CARBONELL! WE'VE FOUND THE SUNRUNNER, NICK!



WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU AND THE WAGON GET TO THE COURT, BARREY, BARREY! DID SOMEBODY HELP YOU STEAL THE CARBONELL?

YEAH! THAT FELLOW YOU SAW!



HE NAME'S TOBY! HE WORKS AT THE POST! HE SLEPPED THE SLING AND AMARILY TOOK FROM THE STOREROOM! HE MET TODAY AND DECIDED TO LIE LOW FOR A WHILE!







The Indians of North America learned about guns and ammunition from the earliest settlers who came to this country. They sold or traded guns with the Indians, to later

find their own guns being used against them. However, selling guns to Indians was much too profitable a transaction for any law against it to be wholly obeyed.



Many of the Dutch who came to America in the early 1600's engaged in fur trading. They traded with the Indians, twenty beaver pelts for one gun, and then charged \$40 to \$50 for a pound of gunpowder.



Not all guns possessed by Indians were gotten illegally. When the white settlers began to take over the Indians' lands, the government tried to pacify the Indians by giving them gifts of guns and ammunition.



Guns supplied to the Indians by the government were of good quality, but the Indians mistreated them. Transplanted west to the Plains, they often abraded the barrels, making them easier to handle on horseback.



It is small wonder that rifles broke down, for they were roughly handled or neglected altogether. If a rifle failed to work, the Indians polished it, perhaps thinking such treatment would make it work again.

# THE RIFLEMAN

PIKUP NO. 2

