

DELL

NO. 357

ZANE GREY'S 10¢

COMEBACK!

Picturized Edition of THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE



HANDLING RANCH STOCK

BRANDING AND DEHORNING CHUTE

A BRANDING AND DEHORNING CHUTE IS A RUNWAY EXTENDING FROM A MAIN CORRAL INTO WHICH AN ANIMAL IS DRIVEN TO BE DEHORNEO OR BRANDED. THE CHUTE, BUILT WEDGE-SHAPED, IS ONLY WIDE ENOUGH FOR THE STEER TO STAND. THE HEAD IS LOCKED TIGHT IN WHAT IS CALLED A "SQUEEZER", WHICH HOLDS THE ANIMAL WHILE THE HORNS ARE BEING SAWED OFF. BRANDING CAN BE DONE IN THE SPACE BETWEEN THE POLES.



A CORRAL IS AN ENCLOSURE OR PEN FOR LIVESTOCK. THERE ARE MANY TYPES OF CORRALS. MOST COMMON IS THE WESTERN TYPE, MADE OF POLES OR LOGS ATTACHED TO DOUBLE POSTS SET IN THE GROUND. THE POLES ARE USUALLY LAID IN PLACE AND OFTEN WIRED TOGETHER WITH ORDINARY BAILING WIRE.

THE
CORRAL

YEARS AGO, WHEN NAILS AND METAL WERE SCARCE, RAWHIDE THINGS WERE USED TO FASTEN THE POLES TOGETHER ON THE RANCH. CORRALS ARE USED FOR MANY PURPOSES. ONE CORRAL MAY BE USED SOLELY FOR ROPING AND CUTTING CATTLE, A RUNWAY BEING BUILT FROM ONE PEN TO THE OTHER.



COMEBACK

CLIFF FORREST, DISABLED WAR VETERAN, IS RETURNING TO HIS NATIVE WEST TO DIE.

THE SAME DESERT---THE SAME OLD MOUNTAINS' IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK! I'LL HAVE SIX MONTHS, AT HOME!

THERE'S 'OLD BALDY' IN TWENTY MINUTES, I'LL BE GETTING OFF!

AN' VE TAKEN YOUR BAGS TO THE DOOR, SUN' CAIN'T AN GIVE YOU A HAND?

NO, THANKS! I'LL MAKE OUT!

THANK YOU, SUN' HOPE YOU HAS AN EASY TRIP HOME, SUN'!

YOU NEED A CAR, MISTER? I'VE GOT ONE FOR HIRE!

YOU KNOW WHERE 'COTTONWOODS' IS--- BIG RANCH AT THE FOOT OF OLD BALDY?

SURE DO, MISTER! YOU'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR--- IF YOU CAN STAND THE BUMPS!

GO SLOW OVER THE BUMPS, THIS TIME THOSE ARMY MEDICOS DID THE BEST THEY COULD, BUT I'M ONLY STITCHED TOGETHER.

I SAWY? I'LL TELL OL' BETSY, HERE, NOT TO DO ANY CROW-HOPPIN', IF SHE CAN HELP IT.

ALL THROUGH THE LONG, ROUGH RIDE, CLIFF FORREST TRIES TO DULL THE PAIN OF HIS BODY WITH EAGER THOUGHTS

HOME! OLD COTTONWOODS --- WHERE I CAN FORGET THE TORMENT OF WAR'S KILLING AND HATING!



THAT'S LUNDEEN'S LITTLE 'DOBE HOUSE I CAN REMEMBER HIS DAUGHTER --- VIRGINIA --- DANGLING HER LONG, KID LEGS OVER THAT WALL



I WONDER IF THEY'RE STILL LIVING THERE? LUNDEEN WAS A SQUATTER --- A SOREHEADED CUSS, ALWAYS JEALOUS OF DAD --- BUT LITTLE DINIA WAS A FRIENDLY YOUNG ONE --- HUMPH! SHE'LL BE GROWN UP NOW



HERE WE ARE, MISTERS!



THAT WAS A TOUGH RIDE! LET ME HELP YOU INDOORS ---

NO, THANKS! JUST GET MY BAGS



WHO ---? CLIFTON FORREST? I NEVER THOUGHT ---

DINIA! HELLO! YOU'VE CERTAINLY CHANGED --- GROWN UP! ER --- WOULD YOU MIND RUNNING IN AND TELLING MOTHER? SHE DOESN'T EXPECT ME





CLIFTON, I--- OH, HAVEN'T YOU BEEN TOLD? MY FATHER OWNS COTTONWOODS NOW! YOUR FOLKS ARE LIVING DOWN IN OUR OLD ACCUSE! I'M SORRY YOU WEREN'T--- WARNED!



YOUR--- FATHER--- LUNDEEN--- OWNS COTTONWOODS?



OH! OH, IT'S A SHAME THAT NOBODY TOLO---



POOR BOY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE SPARED HIM THIS! HE'S BEEN SICK, TOO! HE'S SO THIN---



VIRGINIA! WHO'S THIS? WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU DOING ON YOUR KNEES, WITH THAT--- TRAMP?

IT'S CLIFTON FORREST, DAD.



SO IT'S FORREST'S WHELP, COME BACK! GET AWAY FROM HIM, DAUGHTER--- AND---

DAD! HE'S SICK! YOU WOULDN'T TREAT A STRAY DOG THAT WAY!











THE POINT IS, MALPASS HAS ME IN A CLEFT STICK, BECAUSE OF IT! IF I DON'T DANCE TO HIS TUNE---- IF WE DON'T, DAUGHTER---- HE'S IN A POSITION TO BREAK ME---- PUT ME IN THE PENITENTIARY! BUT IF YOU'LL HARRY HIM----



YOU--- YOU CALL YOURSELF MY FATHER--- AND YOU ASK ME THAT?

YES! I WAS A FOOL TO GET INTO THIS FIX, BUT YOU'RE A LINGERER! YOU'LL BE TARRIED WITH THE SAME BRUSH, IF I'M RUINED!



I'LL LEAVE YOU TO THINK IT OVER, GINIA. THEN WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER TALK! IT'S TOO LATE NOW FOR A NEW DEAL---- I'VE GOT TO PLAY THE ONLY CARDS I HAVE LEFT!



DESPITE HIS PAIN AND WEAKNESS, CLIFF FORREST TAKES OVER THE LITTLE STORE, AND LITTLE BY LITTLE THE TRADE PICKS UP

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING MORE, SEÑOR?

SI? A SACK OF FLOUR, PLEASE!



OH!-- SEÑOR! ¿QUE HAY? ¿QUÉ ES EL ASUNTO?

ES NADA! IT IS NOTHING, AMIGO! AN OLD WOUND----



THAT EVENING, WHEN CLIFF LOCKS UP...

QUE LASTIMA! SEE
NOW THE PAWM HAS
TWISTED HIM!

SI' IT IS TOO BAD! HE FOUGHT
AND BLEED IN THE WAR, FOR US
SPANISH AMERICANS,
TOO. BUT HE WILL
LET NO ONE
HELP HIM!



HALFWAY HOME, CLIFF'S
LEGS GIVE OUT

I'LL MAKE
IT---HOME! CAN'T
LET ANYBODY FIND
ME--- LIKE
THIS!



MUST BE ---
GETTING DARK FAST!
CAN'T SEE THE PATH---



--- GOT TO
KEEP GOING!
GOT TO---



OH!
WHO---



CLIFF! CLIFF
FORREST! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
YOU? OH, YOU
POOR BOY!





GINIA!
YOU'RE ---
CARRYING
ME!

YES! I'M STRONG!
AND YOU
(JOK?) ---
YOU WEIGH
SO LITTLE,
CLIFF!



I RIPPED SOMETHING LOOSE, LIFTING A
SACK OF FLOUR? NOT THAT IT MATTERS,
GINIA --- THE MEDICOS
SAVE ME SIX MONTHS,
AND ONE OF THEM IS
GONE ALREADY!

FIVE MONTHS!
YOU'RE BETTER
OFF THAN I AM,
CLIFF FORREST! I
HAVE FIFTEEN DAYS!



FIFTEEN DAYS!
WHAT KIND OF A
JOKER IS THAT
MEANT TO BE?
YOU'RE THE
PICTURE OF
HEALTH, GINIA!

IN TWO WEEKS,
MY FATHER WILL
FORCE ME TO MARRY
MALPASS --- AFTER
WHICH LIFE WON'T BE
WORTH LIVING!



FORCE YOU?
NO ONE COULD DO
THAT! NO ONE ---

IT'S EITHER THAT, OR
SEE YOUR FATHER
SEND MINE TO PRISON
FOR DEPRIVING HIM
OF HIS RANCH! MALPASS
HAS ONLY TO TURN IN
THE EVIDENCE!



I UNDERSTAND --- NOW! MALPASS
COULD DO IT --- BECAUSE MY FATHER
WOULD HAVE NO MERCY ON YOURS!
BUT MALPASS --- THAT HALF-
BIGGER INDIAN ---?



GINIA, CAN'T YOU FOOL
HIM? MARRY SOMEBODY
ELSE? SOME CLEAN,
HONEST COWBOY?
HAVE YOU THOUGHT ---?

YES, CLIFF, I HAVE!
BUT THE ONLY MAN
I COULD BRING MY-
SELF TO MARRY
WOULD BE ---
YOU!

I SEE! YES! THAT COULD SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM--- MUCH BETTER THAN A LOVE-LESS MATCH! IN FIVE MONTHS YOU'LL BE FREE AGAIN, AND IN THAT TIME SOMETHING ELSE CAN BE WORKED OUT--- I'LL MARRY YOU, ANY DAY YOU WISH, GINIA!



I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE--- IF YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT THE REST OF THE WAY, CLIFF! YOUR FATHER---

I KNOW! I'LL GET ALONG ALL RIGHT!



I'LL SAVE UP MY STRENGTH--- TILL A WEEK FROM TODAY, GINIA!

TILL A WEEK FROM TODAY! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE PARSONAGE!



GOOD-BYE TILL THEN!



OH, CLIFF, CLIFF, MY DEAR! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT NOW IF I TOLD YOU! BUT SOME DAY, WHEN YOU'RE WELL AND STRONG AGAIN, YOU'LL KNOW---

HEAVEN WILLING--- HOW TERRIBLY IN LOVE WITH YOU I AM!



ONE WEEK LATER

--- TO LOVE HONOR AND OBEY--- UNTIL DEATH DO YOU PART!

I DO!





CLIFF? ARE YOU ALONE? I HOPED YOU'D BE---

I AM, AS IT HAPPENS, SINIA? WHAT'S UP?

I--- I HAD TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, CLIFF? SOMETHING I'VE JUST LEARNED FROM MY TWO WRANGLERS, CON AND JAKE?

SIT DOWN --- IF YOU DON'T MIND A BROKEN CHAIR!

IT'S ABOUT THE OLD "PADRE" GOLD MINE ON OUR--- ON COTTONWOODS --- PROPERTY! IT SEEMS MY FATHER STARTED WORKING IT IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE GOT CONTROL

YOU MEAN THEY'D ACTUALLY DISCOVERED GOLD THERE IN WORKABLE QUANTITIES BEFORE HE FORECLOSED ON MY FATHER?

THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA! IT'S PROBABLY THE EVIDENCE THAT MALPASS HOLDS OVER DAD'S HEAD. IT WOULD CONSTITUTE LEGAL FRAUD, OR SOMETHING? OF COURSE, THE MINE HAS PLAYED OUT, NOW



I'M RIDING OUT THERE NOW, WITH CON AND JAKE--- TO LOOK THE OLD MINE OVER! WE JUST MIGHT DISCOVER SOME MORE EVIDENCE--- SOMETHING INVOLVING MALPASS, TOO! OH--- IT'S BEEN GOOD TO SEE YOU, CLIFF. IF ONLY FOR A FEW MOMENTS!

BUT IT'S RISKY FOR YOU, SINIA!

SINIA'S HORSE? SHE'S IN THERE, CHIRPING WITH THAT BLASTED WAR HERO --- CLIFF FOR REST!





I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT --- ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!



SO LONG, CLIFF!

AS NOON APPROACHES

SEÑOR FORREST --- SNIFF! --- I SMELL SMOKE! COULD IT BE COMING FROM YOUR BACK ROOM, BY CHANCE?

I'LL SEE, RAMON! I THOUGHT I SMELLED SOMETHING, TOO.



SNIF! ---!

FINE! TOO LATE TO FIGHT IT! HELP ME CARRY OUT EVERYTHING WE CAN FROM HERE!

SI! SI! I WILL CALL OTHERS TO HELP US!



HELP IS SNIF! IN COMING.

FUEGO! FUEGO! HELP SEÑOR FORREST SAVE HIS GOODS!



BUT ONLY HALF OF CLIFF'S STOCK IS SAVED

THE SMOKE
IS TOO THICK!
WE CANNOT GO IN
AGAIN!



GRACIAS---
MANY THANKS,
AMIGOS!
WITHOUT YOU,
I'D HAVE LOST
EVERYTHING!

WE FEEL FOR YOU,
SEÑOR FORREST!
YOUR NEIGHBORS
WILL HELP YOU
BUILD ANOTHER
STORE!



GREAT GRIEF! HOW DID
IT START, SON? THIS
IS AWFUL---

PLENTY AWFUL, DAD!
I DON'T THINK IT WAS
ACCIDENTAL!



HA, HA, HA! HOW'S
BUSINESS NOW,
FORREST? GOING
TO PUT ON A FIRE
SALE?

PERHAPS YOU
KNOW WHO SET
IT, MALPASS---
SINCE YOU ENJOY
IT SO MUCH?



MAYBE I DO KNOW! AND MAYBE IT'LL BEA
LESSON TO YOU NOT TO SEE SO MUCH OF
MY GIRL, MISS LUNDEEN! I'VE
GOT MY BRAND ON HER.



'YOU'RE A LIAR, MALPASS!
VIRGINIA IS NOTHING TO YOU!
SHE IS MY WIFE!

YOUR---
WHAT---







ALL RIGHT, DAD---
IF THAT'S THE
WAY YOU WANT
IT!

HE WAS MAGNIFICENT!
A SICK MAN--- A CRIPPLE---
FACING A FLAMING GUN---
BEATING IT OUT OF HIS
ENEMY'S HAND WITH A
WHIFF!

SI' BUT YOU HEARD
WHAT SEÑOR
FORREST SAID TO
HIM!



IT IS NOT RIGHT! THE BOY IS STILL
SICK--- ONLY HIS PRIDE KEEPS HIM ON
HIS FEET! TO BE THROWN OUT--- WITH
NO JOB, NO
SHELTER!

SI, IT IS
A GREAT
PIT, SEÑOR
LOPEZ!



FITY WON'T FEED
HIM! WORDS WON'T
CURE THAT BOY'S
WOUNDS! BUT THE
DESERT MIGHT DO
IT! I'LL SPEAK TO
HIM!



SEÑOR FORREST? ALLOW ME TO
GIVE YOU A LIFT TO YOUR
DESTINATION!

THANKS,
SEÑOR LOPEZ!
BUT I HAVEN'T
ANY---
DESTINATION---
--JUST NOW!



THAT IS ALL THE MORE REASON WHY WE
SHOULD RIDE TOGETHER, MY FRIEND! STEP
IN, PLEASE! I HAVE BUSINESS
TO TALK WITH YOU!

VERY WELL,
BUT I DON'T
SEE WHAT---



TOMORROW, MY SON JULIO, TAKES A FLOCK OF SHEEP INTO THE DESERT? IT WILL BE A LONG, SLOW DRIVE TO SUADALOURE SPRINGS, AND I WISH AN OLDER MAN TO BE WITH HIM -- A MAN I CAN TRUST. I THOUGHT IF YOU HAD NO OTHER PLANS --

SEÑOR LOPEZ, YOU ARE MORE THAN KIND!



BUT I AM A DYING MAN! I CANNOT EVEN WALK FAR! EVEN IF I WENT INTO THE DESERT WITH JULIO AND THE SHEEP, I WOULD BE LITTLE HELP TO YOUR SON ONE DAY HE WOULD HAVE TO BURY ME.



THAT LAST I DO NOT BELIEVE, AMIGO! THE DESERT HAS MADE WELL MEN WHO WERE SICKER THAN YOU! I CAN PAY YOU LITTLE BUT I WANT YOU TO START WITH JULIO TOMORROW!

YES! IF YOU WILL TELL NOBODY WHERE I AM -- NOT EVEN MY WIFE!

TOMORROW!

WILL YOU?



MEANWHILE, GINA AND HER TWO HORSE WRANGLERS ARE NEARING THE 'OLD PADRE MINE'



CON, DO YOU KNOW JUST WHEN THE MINE PETERED OUT?

WE'LL, SOMETIME AFTER THE FIRST BIG PROFIT, I RECKON. 'COURSE THE WORK KEPT UP, LOOKING FOR MORE GOLD, UNTIL A YEAR AGO!



MALPASS HIRED THE CHEAPEST LABOR HE COULD GET -- BUT THEY SURE MOVED A HEAP OF DIRT!





HERE'S THE MAIN TUNNEL! THERE'S A LOT OF SIDE STOPS, TOO. SOME OF 'EM CAVED IN!

WELL... IF YOU'D RATHER--

THAT'S WHERE THE GOING WILL BE TOUGH! I RECKON YOU'D BETTER WAIT FOR US OUTSIDE, MA'AM-- I REALLY DO!



I'LL WAIT IN THE MINE OFFICE--- BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG, OR I'LL COME LOOKING FOR YOU! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU FIND!

PROB'LY WON'T FIND ANYTHING TO PUT THE FINGER ON MALPASS--- HE'S TOO SLICK! BUT WE'LL SEE--



DO YOU RECKON THE OLD SPANISH PADRES EVER DID HAVE A GOLD MINE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, JAKE?

THAT'S HARD TO SAY, CON--- MIGHT BE JUST A STORY! NO GOLD BEARING ROCK ANYWHERE AROUND THESE PARTS!



THEN YOU RECKON ALL THIS DIGGING WAS JUST MALPASS'S SCHEME TO GET HOLD OF LUNCHEON'S MONEY? LUNCHEON IS TOO SHARP TO SWALLOW THAT!

MAYBE SO, CON! BUT I'D SUSPECT ANYTHING THAT SHAKS MALPASS HAS HIS FINGERS IN IT!



HERE'S AN OLD BLASTHOLE! NO "COLOR" SHOWING, THOUGH!

SCOOP UP SOME DUST IN THAT GOLD PAN, WHILE WE'RE HERE!



HUMPH! LOOKS LIKE A FEW YELLOW SPECKS SCATTERED THROUGH IT!

LET'S TAKE THE STUFF OUTSIDE WHERE WE CAN HAVE A GOOD LIGHT!

"DRY PANNING" IS HARD ON THE WIND! D'YOU SEE ANYTHING YET, JAKE?"

UMPH! PHOOOON!



THERE'S SOMETHING, JAKE-- A LITTLE PIECE OF GOLD THAT NEVER DREW! IN THE OLD PADRE MINE! IT WASN'T EVEN MELTED GOOD!

YOU MEAN -- THE MINE WAS "SALTED" TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF...?



GO! JAKE! DID YOU FIND SOMETHING ALREADY?

WE FOUND PLENTY, MA'AM!



FEEL THE LITTLE NOTCHES ON THAT SCRAP, MRS. FORREST? THAT WAS THE READING ON A TWENTY DOLLAR GOLDPIECE! SOMEBODY BLASTED SCRAP GOLD INTO THE ROCKS--- TO MAKE SOMEBODY ELSE THINK IT WAS PAY ROCK!

WALPASS DID IT--- TO FOOL DAD!



I'LL TAKE THIS ALONG FOR PROOF! WHEN DAD SEES IT, I THINK HE'LL BREAK WITH THAT CROOKED HALF-BREED--- AND BE FREE OF HIM!

I SURE HOPE SO, MA'AM--- FOR YOUR SAKE!



BACK AT COTTONWOODS!

I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU BOYS, CON! GIVE MY HORSE A GOOD RUBDOWN AND OATS!

SURE WILL, MA'AM! GOOD LUCK!







WHERE ARE YOU HEADING, MA'AM?

WE AIM TO TRAIL ALONG WITH YOU!

THANKS, BOYS! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR US, IN THAT CASE!



TO VAUGHN'S RANCH?

THOSE PUREBRED HORSES IN THE NORTH PASTURE ARE MY OWN PROPERTY---ALL FIFTY OF THEM! WE'RE DRIVING THEM TO THE FLYING V--- TONIGHT!



ETHEL VAUGHN IS MY CLOSE FRIEND! I'LL STAY THERE---TILL CLIFF AND I CAN MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS! WHEN MY HORSES ARE SOLD, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY FOR A START!

• TWELVE HOURS LATER, THE SAME MORNING SUN RISES ON GINIA'S OUSTY CANYON, NEAR THE CORNERS OF THE FLYING V



... AND ON THE LOPEZ FLOCK, MOVING OUT ON THE LONG DESERT DRIVE TO GUADALOUPE SPRINGS--- THE DESERT WHICH WOULD SWALLOW UP CLIFF FOREST!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF ANGUISH SEARCH, DON AND JAKE RETURN TO THE FLYING V WITH BAD NEWS CONCERNING



I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO BREAK IT TO HER, JAKE!

WON'T BE EASY, DON-- BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO SODGE IT!





POBRE AMIGO MIO!
YOU ARE BRAVE ---
BUT YOU HAVE NO
STRENGTH! PERHAPS
IN TIME ---

MONTHS LATER --- AT GUADALOUPE SPRINGS



HI, JULIO!
HERE'S A PAIR
OF CHIHUAH
TWINS!

AND IN TIME, JULIO'S HOPE BECOMES REALITY



IT WILL BE A FINE
LAMBING SEASON,
AMIGO! ALL BUT
ONE OR TWO EWES
, ARE DOING WELL!

MUT BIEN! AND
SO ARE YOU, CLIFF!
THE DESERT HAS
WORKED A MIRACLE!



AND AT LAST, SPRINGTIME'S WARMTH
REACHES THE FLYING V...

GOING FOR A RIDE
ALONE, GENIA?

YES --- I'M REST-
LESS, ETHEL! ALL
THESE MONTHS ---
AND NO WORD OF
"CLIFF" I MAY RIDE
TO TOWN!



THERE'S SOMEBODY
COMING FROM POZO
ARENAS! IT'S CON ---
RIDING HARD!



GENIA --- MA'AM! I'VE SEEN
CLIFF FORREST ---
IN TOWN!

SEEN CLIFF?
OH! HOW IS
HE...?

HE'S SPENT THE WINTER AT
SUBALOUPE, HERDING SHEEP--- AND
HE'S CURED! I TOLD HIM WHAT WE
FOUND, ABOUT THE SALTED MINE---
AND HE'S GOING OUT THERE TOMORROW
TO HAVE A LOOK AT IT. HE STUDIED
MINING IN COLLEGE, YOU KNOW



DID HE--SPEAK
OF ME, CON?

UH-HUH? ANXIOUS TO
KNOW IF YOU WERE
WELL. BUT I RECKON HE
FIGURES THAT HE HAS NO
RIGHT TO CLAIM YOU---
NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE
WANTS--- BECAUSE HE'S GOT
NOTHING TO OFFER YOU BUT
HIMSELF?



NOTHING BUT HIMSELF?
THAT'S ALL I EVER
WANTED? I'LL SEE
HIM---I'LL
MAKE HIM
UNDERSTAND
---TOMORROW



THE FOLLOWING DAY--- AT
COTTONWOODS

THAT
RISER--- LOOKS
LIKE SINIAT!



I'LL TRAIL
ALONE AND SEE
WHERE'S SHE GOING!
IF SHE'S ALONE, SO
MUCH THE
BETTER!



HUMPH! THERE'S MALPASS RIDING UP
A DRAW, LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO
KEEP OUT-OF-SIGHT!





I DON'T TRUST THAT CUSS AS FAR AS I CAN SEE HIM I RECKON I'LL RIDE AFTER HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



CLIFF ISN'T HERE YET? I'LL HIDE MY HORSE AND WAIT FOR HIM IN THE OFFICE!



HERE'S THAT OLD GOLD PAN--- WITH SOME OF THE "BALLED" DIRT! IT DOESN'T SEEM IMPORTANT NOW. ALL I CAN THINK OF, IS CLIFF!



HERE'S HER HORSE! SHE WON'T BE LOOKING FOR ANYBODY TO COME FROM THIS DIRECTION



HELLO, DINK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE--- ALONE?

OH! YOU--- MALPASS! HOW DID YOU---?

I SAW YOU COMING AND FOLLOWED YOU--- MY DEAR! WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND THAT'S SO INTERESTING IN THIS OLD GOLD PAN?

PROOF OF YOUR ROTTEN TREACHERY--- "SALTED" DIRT!

WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS? TALK FAST!

CON AND JAKE--- AND MY HUSBAND! YOU'RE NEAR THE END OF YOUR ROPE, MALPASS!



YOU'RE LYING, BLAST YOU! THAT TRAMP FORREST IS DEAD BY NOW! AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET A CHANCE TO TELL---

LET GO---OR MY FRIENDS WILL KILL YOU! THEY'RE COMING-- HE-E-ELP!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

LUNDEEN! NOW---

GAD! LOOK AT THAT PAN OF DIRT--- FROM THE MINE! "SALTED" WITH GOLD! HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED---



SHUT UP YOU---

HOLD IT, MALPASS!









Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home,
 And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam,
 Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,—
 A kinderhearted fellow you seldom ever see.

Sam left the Collins' ranch in the merry month of May
 With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills far to see,
 Sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree,—
 A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see.

On their way back to Texas they robbed the U. P. train,
 And then split up in couples and started out again,
 Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,
 With all their hard-earned money they had to meet their doom.

Sam made it back to Texas all right safe up with care,
 Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to share,
 Sam's life was short in Texas, three robberies did he do,
 He robbed all the passenger, mail, and express cars too.

Sam had four companions—lean, bold and daring lads—
 They were Barkarben, Jackson, Joe Collins, and Old Dad,
 Four more bold and daring cowboys the rangers never know,
 They whipped the Texas Rangers and ran the boys in blue.

Sam had another companion, called Arkansas for short,
 Was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas Flood,
 Oh, Tom is a big six-footer and thinks he's mighty gay,
 But I can tell you his market,—he's a deadbeat on the day.

Jim Murphy was arrested, and then released on bail,
 He jumped his bond at Tyler and then took the train for Terrell,
 But Minnie Jones had posted Jim and that was all a stall,
 'Twas only a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first,
 They planted poor Sam with rifle balls and rapped out his purse,
 Poor Sam he is a corpse, and we rest under clay,
 And Jackson's in the bushes trying to get away.

Jim had borrowed Sam's good gold and didn't want to pay,
 The only shot he saw was to give poor Sam away,
 He sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends so mourn,—
 Oh, what a scoundrel Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn.

And so he sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn,
 Oh, what a scoundrel Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn,
 Perhaps he's got to heaven, there's more of us ran say,
 But if I'm right in my idea, he's gone the other way.





On their way back to Texas they pulled the *V. P.* train
And then split up in couples and started out again.
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,
With all their hard-earned money they had to meet their doom.