

DELL

NO. 332 10¢

pictureized edition of **ZANE GREY'S**

RIDERS of the PURPLE SAGE



FAST on the DRAW

THE QUICK DRAW HOLSTER



THE SO-CALLED QUICK DRAW HOLSTER IS A COMMON TYPE FOR A SINGLE ACTION REVOLVER, USUALLY THE COLT .45 "PEACEMAKER". THE "TIE STRINGS" SHOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLSTER, TIE AROUND THE LEG OF THE MAN CARRYING THE GUN. THIS ENABLES THE USER TO DRAW THE WEAPON FROM THE HOLSTER WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE RAPIDITY!

FANNING THE COLT

ONE SURE METHOD FOR THE COWBOY TO RIP OFF A DEADLY BURST OF SHOTS WAS TO "FAN HIS COLT". THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY HOLDING BACK OR WIRING DOWN THE TRIGGER OF HIS SINGLE ACTION REVOLVER. WITH HIS LEFT HAND, HE WOULD STRIKE BACK OR FAN THE HAMMER. THIS WOULD ALLOW THE HAMMER TO FALL FREE AND EXPLODE A SHELL. THIS FORM OF SHOOTING DID NOT RESULT IN AS MUCH ACCURACY AS AIMED FIRE, BUT AMONG THE RAPID BURST OF SHOTS, AT LEAST SOME WERE ALMOST SURE TO DOWN THE OPPONENT.



ZANE GREY'S RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

UTAH, DOMINATED BY POWERFUL CATTLEMEN, HAS BECOME DANGEROUS TERRITORY FOR THE HARDY SOULS WHO CHOOSE TO DEFT THEM.

VENTERS, FOR THE LAST TIME--- WILL YOU LEAVE UTAH?

NO, TULL! NOT UNTIL MY BOSS, MISS JANE WITHERSTEEN, FIRES ME! SHE'S GOT TOO FEW MEN SHE CAN TRUST--- THANKS TO YOU!



YOU BLASTED SADDLE TRAMP--- THAT WILL GET YOU WHIPPED WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!

YOU'D BE SAFER TO KILL ME, TULL!



ALL RIGHT, MEN--- ONE SIDE!

YOU'LL MAKE ME ANOTHER LASSITER!



NATHAN TULL! STOP! WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU--- IN MY OWN YARD?

GO BACK INDOORS, JANE!



BERN VENTERS IS MY COWBOY! HE'S DONE NOTHING WRONG! HAS YOUR ABOMINABLE JEALOUSY TURNED YOUR MIND?

PERHAPS! AT LEAST I'M DECIDING WHOM JANE WITHERSTEEN MAKES FRIENDS OF! YOU'VE GOT A MAN TO TAKE CARE OF THE SPREAD YOUR FATHER LEFT YOU--- NOT ANY WANDERING RIDER LIKE VENTERS! I'M MAKING HIM AN EXAMPLE--- NOW!



"I WILL LOOK UNTO
THE HILLS! FROM
WHENCE COMETH
MY STRENGTH—"



TULL! LOOK!
A STRANGE
RIDER, HEADED
THIS WAY!



HUH! IF
IT'S
ANOTHER
RANSOM
TRAMP!

SOMETHING IN THE APPEARANCE OF
THE BLACK-CLAD RIDER BRINGS
UNEASINESS TO THE MEN WITH
TULL!



HE WEARS BLACK-
BUTTED GUNS— LOW
DOWN AND TIED!

I WONDER!
YEN THINK
IT COULD
BE—

DON'T SAY
IT, JERRY!



GOOD MORNING,
MA'AM! MAY I
WATER MY HOSS?

CERTAINLY, STRANGER!
YOU'LL FIND WATER
IN THE COURT—



HMM! IN THIS COUNTRY
ALL THE BAD MEN JUST
HAPPEN TO BE NEW-
COMERS! IS THIS ONE
OF 'EM, MA'AM?

HE'S A NEW-
COMER— BUT
NOT BAD! HE'S
COME NO WARD!

HE'S DONE
PLENTY!



I'LL TAKE THE
LADY'S WORD FOR
THAT! YOU'RE
FREE, SON!

BLAST YOU WHO
ARE YOU TO HOPE
IN? I'LL —





YOUR SISTER? MILLY ERNE--- MY DEAREST FRIEND, WHO DIED IN MY ARMS? I---YES, I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU, LASSITER!

MILLY TOOK THE SECRET OF HER PAST WITH HER TO THE GRAVE! SHE NEVER SPOKE OF RELATIVES! AFTER HER LITTLE DAUGHTER DISAPPEARED, SHE PINED AWAY!

I BURIED HER HERE--- MYSELF! I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE NOW, LASSITER--- BUT FIRST, WILL YOU ANSWER ONE QUESTION?

IF I CAN!

WAS THIS YOUR ONLY REASON IN COMING HERE--- TO SEE WHERE MILLY LIES?

NO! I AM STILL ON THE TRAIL OF THE MAN WHO TOOK MILLY AWAY FROM HER HOME AND HUSBAND! WHEN I FIND HIM, HE WILL DIE!

BERN! HE MAKES ME SHIVER! HE'S SO TERRIBLY--- HARD AND BITTER!

I RECKON THAT'S NATURAL, JANE! TEXAS MEN HOLD THEIR WOMEN'S HONOR MORE SACRED THAN LIFE!

LOOK! HERE COMES JUDKINS, YOUR OTHER LOYAL RIDER--- BURNING THE WIND!

JUCKINS! YOU'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR ME! I KNOW IT!

IT'S YOUR RED HEDD, MISS JANE! THAT HUSTLER, CLORING, AND HIS GANG RAN THEM OFF INTO DECEPTION PASS!

BUT—MY RIDERS?
WERE THEY ALL
KILLED BUT YOU?

NO, MA'AM! THEY DON'T
SHOW UP ON THE MORN-
ING SHIP! AND I
COULDN'T DO MUCH—
ALONE—AGAINST
OLDING'S MEN—
AND HIS WASHED
RIDER!



THANK HEAVEN YOU
ESCAPED WITH NOTHING
WORSE THAN THIS,
JUCKINS! GO INTO THE
HOUSE AND GET WARTHA
TO SADDLE IT!

THANKS, MISS
JANE! I'D HAVE
GIVEN MY RIGHT
ARM TO SAVE
YOUR HERO IF IT
COULDN'T BEEN
GONE!



OH, IT'S WICKED! WICKED!
TO ROB ME OF ALL THAT
MY FATHER LEFT ME—
TO KILL OR BANISH THE
ONLY MEN I CAN TRUST—
TO BREAK MY SPIRIT!
I SEE IT ALL!

JANE! ARE YOU
TRYING TO SAY
THAT OLDING IS
IN CANOOTS?



— WITH TULL—OF THAT I'M SURE!
TULL WANTS TO FORCE ME INTO
MARRIAGE WITH HIM— BY ANY
MEANS AT ALL! TO MAKE ME HELP-
LESS— AND HIS UNCLE, CABOT
OTEA, IS BACKING HIM WITH ALL
THE POWER OF HIS CATTLE
KINGDOM!



YOU'RE NOT HELPLESS—
AND YOU WON'T BE,
WHILE YOU'VE GOT
JUCKINS AND ME!
LET ME TRACK YOUR
RED HERD, JANE! AND
FIND A WAY, PERHAPS,
TO GET THEM BACK!

VERY WELL, BERN!
I— I GUESS YOU'LL
BE IN AN MORE
DANGER THAN YOU
WOULD BE, STAYING
HERE! TAKE MY
RACER, WRANGLE!



IN THE CORRAL, BERN VENTERS ROMPS THE
GIANT BORREL—AND HAS HIS HANDS FULL...

EASY, WRANGLE! CALM
DOWN, YOU CRAZY HORS! YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN RIDDED
ENOUGH LATELY!





LITTLE BY LITTLE, LASSITER'S SUPREMACY AND CABING WORK TURNS THE LEADING STEERS



ON THE TRAIL OF THE VANISHED RED HERD, BERN VENTERS PLUNGES INTO WILD DECEPTION PASS

JOINED BY SIDE-CANYONS, THE PASS WINDS INTO THE MOUNTAINS





FROM THE GORGE, A GREEN VALLEY OPENS...
RED CATTLE GRAZE ON THICK,
GREEN PASTURE...



RETURNING, VENTERS IS STOPPED BY RING'S
LOW WARNING.



IT'S OLDKING'S MASKED RIDER!
—AND ANOTHER OUTLAW!
THEY'VE SPOTTED ME!



THE LEADING OUTLAW PULLS UP SHARPLY, JERKING
THE RIFLE FROM THE SADDLEBOOT



WHIPPING THE WEAPON TO HIS
SHOULDER, HE FIRES...



CUTTING THROUGH THE
SAGE STEMS, THE BULLET
STINGS VENTERS WITH
FINE SPLINTERS...



RECKLESSLY, VENTERS RISES—
FIRES TWICE IN QUICK
SUCCESSION



MORTALLY HURT, THE RIFLEMAN FITCHES
FROM HIS HORSE...



THE MASKED RIDER CLUTCHES AT AN ARM,
WITH A STRANGE, MUFFLED CRY, AND
SWAYS IN THE SADDLE—







ABOVE THE ROCKY SLOPE, VENTERS FINDS
A NARROW, WINDING CLEFT



NOSBODY WOULD USE
THIS CLIMB FOR A TRAIL, IF
HE DIDN'T HAVE TO!



WHOW! I NEVER DID SEE SO
MUCH ROCK READY TO FALL!
IF THIS BOULDER TOPPLED,
IT WOULD SURE BLOCK THE
WAY I CAME UP!



OH! OH! ONE HARD PUSH
WOULD START IT ROLLING! I
RECKON THE CLIFF DWELLERS
THAT LIVED HERE HUNDREDS
OF YEARS AGO, WORKED AT THIS
ROCK TILL IT WAS BALANCED
AND READY TO STOP
THEIR FOES!



HERE'S ANOTHER CLEFT
THAT LEADS DOWN THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
RIDGE--- I'LL SEE
WHERE IT GOES!



GOOD LAND!
ANOTHER WALLED-IN
VALLEY--- BEYOND
THAT ARCH OF STONE!



THERE'S WATER, AND
WOODS--- AND NOSBODY
WOULD EVER FIND US!
I'LL BRING BESS HERE,
AND NURSE HER TILL
SHE GETS WELL---
OR DIES!



THAT NIGHT, BY MOONLIGHT, BERN VENTERS
RETRACES HIS STEPS TO SURPRISE VALLEY
WITH A LIMP BURDEN.



AT DAWN, BESS AWAKES!



SEVERAL TIMES, DURING THE MONTH THAT BESS
IS CONVALESCING, BERN ROBS THE CATTLE
THIEVES OF A CALF... AND BRINGS IT ALIVE;
INTO SURPRISE VALLEY... A SUPPLY OF
FOOD AGAINST A DAY OF NEED!



THERE COMES A DAY WHEN BESS SPRINGS A SURPRISE---THE SOUND OF THE LITTLE WATERFALL COVERING HER MOVEMENTS...



BESS, YOU RASCAL! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD THE STRENGTH TO STAND UP YET!

I'VE BEEN PRACTISING FOR A WEEK--WHEN YOU WEREN'T AROUND! I'M GOING TO HELP YOU WITH THE CAMP CHORES FROM NOW ON, BERN!

IN ANOTHER WEEK, BESS IS GOING MORE THAN CAMP CHORES--THE ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS AT THE OTHER SIDE OF SURPRISE VALLEY BECOMES HER FAVORITE PICNIC SPOT



COME ON, CUMSBY!



BESS! I WISH WE NEVER HAD TO THINK OF TOMORROW--

WHY DO WE, BERN? I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY IN ALL MY LIFE!

WHY-- BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, BESS! I AIM TO MARRY YOU--AS SOON AS IT'S SAFE TO TAKE YOU OUT TO WHERE WE CAN BE MARRIED! I AM TO MAKE A HOME FOR YOU--IF YOU'LL HAVE ME--

YOU--LOVE ME? OLO--BING'S GIRL--A GIRL WITHOUT A NAME?



YES! I LOVE YOU WITH MY WHOLE HEART! THE PAST IS DEAD--AND I SHALL STAY DEAD--YOU UNDERSTAND?

NO, BERN! I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT'S TOO WONDERFUL! BUT I'M SO GLAD--SO GLAD!

I'M STARTING NOW---
FOR COTTAGEWOODS!
I'LL GET SUPPLIES
AND ANOTHER HORSE---
AND TRY TO LEARN
IF OLD RING IS
STILL LOOKING
FOR YOU!

OH, BERN!
I'M AFRAID
I'M AFRAID TO
LET YOU OUT
OF MY SIGHT,
NOW!

RETURNING TO THE CANYON
POCKET IN DECEPTION PASS,
BERN FINDS THE BIG SCORREL,
FAT AND FRISKY!

KREE-
DEEN!

WRANGLE OLD
BOY! I HOPE
YOU'D STILL
BE HERE!

YOU WANT TO RUN, EH?
I RECKON YOU COULD
BEAT ANY OF JANE'S
ARAB RACERS---
BUT IT'S HATE TO
TELL HER SO!



THOSE ARE BELLS AND BLACK STAR
AND NIGHT--- JANE'S RACERS!
AND ONE OF THOSE TWO RIDERS
WITH THEM IS JERRY CARO! HE'S
TULL'S SPECIAL RIDER AND
GUNMAN--- HEY! GUIT
THAT, WRANGLE!



IT'S VENTERS,
JERRY!

GET HIM--- BEFORE
HE CAN USE THAT
RIFLE!

WAAH!

ONE!

KRAOW!



AS HIS COMPANION FALLS, JERRY CARD TURNS IN FLIGHT



THEY'VE STOLEN JANE'S PETS! SHE'D NEVER LET THEM GO! THAT'S ANOTHER TRICK OF TULL'S TO BREAK HER HEART... BUT WE'LL BRING THEM BACK TO HER, WRANGLE!



THE WHEELS FLASH. IN MID-GALLOP, JERRY CARD CHANGES FROM BLACK STAR'S BACK TO NIGHT'S



YET BERN VENTERS GAINS CLOSER AND CLOSER COME HIS BULLETS



BUDDENLY, AT A CONVENIENT ARROYO, THE FROG-LIKE FIGURE OF JERRY CARD TAKES TO THE BRUSH



MEANWHILE--- IN A POOR HOME IN COTTONWOODS



PLEASE TRY TO TAKE THIS BROTH, MRS. LARKIN. IT WILL BRING BACK YOUR STRENGTH!

THANK YOU, MISS WITHERSTEEN! BUT I RECKON NOTHING IS GOING TO BRING BACK MY STRENGTH NOW! IT WAS CONSUMPTION THAT TOOK MY POOR HUSBAND, TOO!



AT DUSK THAT NIGHT, BERN VENTERS LEADS JANE'S RACERS HOME



I'LL TELL TULL---
RIGHT OFF! VENTERS
SURE WAS NERVE
COMING BACK HERE!



THAT CURSED VENTERS
BROUGHT BACK THE
WITHERSTEEN RACERS!
THEN JERRY CARD
MUST BE DEAD! GET
A POSSE TOGETHER,
AND SURROUND
THE HOUSE!

AS
QUICK AS
I CAN!



BLACK STAR! AND NIGHT!
AND BELLS! I THOUGHT I
HAD LOST YOU FOREVER!



BERN! HOW DID YOU
EVER FIND THEM?
TELL ME---WAS
THERE A FIGHT?



A SORT OF A
FIGHT, JANE!
AFTER I'D
TAKEN CHARGE
OF YOUR RACERS,
JERRY CARD SNEAKED
OUT OF THE BRUSH
AND JUMPED ON
WRANGLE!

"I STARTED SHOOTING! MUST HAVE HIT JERRY,
SO HE KNEW HE WAS DONE FOR--- BUT HE
WOULDN'T GIVE UP! ROSE WRANGLE OVER
A HUNDRED-FOOT CLIFF! IT STILL MAKES
ME SHIVER!"



I'LL HAVE JUCKINS --
TAKE CARE OF THE
HORSES--- TULL'S CROWD
WON'T STEAL THEM
AGAIN! BUT WHAT ARE
YOUR PLANS, BERN?



I'M LEAVING
THE COUNTRY---
WITH GLOOMIE'S
MASKED RIDER!



WH WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JUST WHAT I SAID!

I HEARD THAT, TOO, BERN-- AND IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



OLDRINE'S WASHED RIDER IS A GIRL--- NOT YET TWENTY! I SHOT HER--- AND NURSED HER BACK TO HEALTH IN A LITTLE VALLEY SO WELL HIDDEN THAT ONLY A BIRD COULD FIND IT WITHOUT A MAP! NOW, BESS AND I ARE HEADING OUTSIDE, TO BE MARRIED!



BERN, THAT'S ABOUT THE STRANGEST STORY I'VE HEARD! BUT SINCE IT'S TRUE--- CONGRATULATIONS, AND THE BEST OF LUCK!

THANKS, LASSITER!

I'M GLAD--- GLAD FOR YOU AND BESS! AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING OF MINE THAT YOU CAN USE, IT'S YOURS! I HAVEN'T MUCH LEFT--- THANKS TO TULL!

YOU'VE LOST MORE CATTLE, JANE?



YES! THE WHITE HERD IS GONE--- AND MOST OF MY HORSES! LASSITER AND JUCKING ARE THE ONLY ONES I CAN DEPEND ON, AND THEIR LIVES ARE IN CONSTANT DANGER!



BUT, COME INSIDE! YOU MUST BE STARVING. BERN! WE CAN TALK WHILE YOU EAT!

I'VE FOUND YOUR RED HERD--- IN OLDRINE'S CANYON! WITH A HALF DOZEN FIGHTING CONVOYS, WE COULD BRING THEM BACK!



NO, BERN! I HAVE GIVEN UP HOPE OF SAVING ANYTHING, EXCEPT OUR LIVES--- AND LITTLE FAY LARKIN! NOW THAT I HAVE MY RACERS BACK, WE CAN RISK THE GANTLET OF TULL'S SPIES!



.. BARELY ESCAPING THE CORDON OF ARMED
WATCHERS THAT TULL HAS SENT TO SURROUND
THE WITHERSTEEN HOUSE ..

IN TWO DAYS OF FORCED MARCHING, THEY
COVER THE GROUND ONCE SO SWIFTLY
CROSSED BY WRANGLER'S
FLYING STRIDE..







CABOT
OVER---
YOU SHOT
HIM!

NO, JANE! FOR
YOUR SAKE, I
SPARED HIS
LIFE. JUST SHOT
THE GUN FROM
HIS HAND---AND
AFTER HE'D GONE,
I WISHED I HADN'T!

BRACE YOURSELF,
JANE! THIS IS BAD
'NEWS'. AFTER OVER
HAD GONE, I LOOKED
FOR LITTLE PAY.
SHE'S BEEN
KIDNAPED.

KIDNAPED!
WONDERFUL
HEAVEN!

IT'S ANOTHER WICKED
TRICK---TO BREAK ME
TO THEIR WILL!
THEY'LL STOP AT
NOTHING! LEAVE ME,
LASSITER, BEFORE
THEY DESTROY YOU!

WE'RE BOTH
LEAVING NOW!
WITH JUCKINS!
HE HAS YOUR
RACERS READY!

TULL'S GUN HANDS
DIDN'T STOP US,
MISS JANE!

THEY WEREN'T
EXPECTING US TO
LEAVE, JUCKINS! BUT
WHY DOESN'T
LASSITER CATCH UP
WITH US?

WE'LL LEAVE NOTHING
HERE FOR TULL TO SLOAT
OVER! NOTHING BUT
SCORCHED STONES!

LASSITER'S COMIN'
NOW, MISS JANE---SO
I'LL BE LEAVIN' YOU
EASY RIDIN', MA AM---
AND DON'T LOOK
BACK!

I WON'T,
JUCKINS!
GOOD-BYE---
AND HEAVEN
KEEP YOU
SAFE!

THE NEXT MORNING, AS DAY BREAKS OVER THE
DESERT!

BEEN! TWO RIDERS
HEADING THIS WAY,
OUT OF THE GAWN!

THEY SEE US---
BUT THEY'RE
NOT SHOWING ANY
WEAPONS! WE'LL
LET 'EM COME UP!



BERN VENTERS! IT'S A GOOD
THING WE MET IN TIME TO WARN YOU!
TULL'S GUNMEN ARE SCOURING THE
COUNTRY FOR US, AND IF THEY
FIND YOU—



LASSITER—JANE—THIS
IS BESS— BESS OLDING!

IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
I MUST BE SEEING
THINGS—



LASSITER! I SEE
IT, TOO! SHE'S THE IMAGE
OF MILLY ERNE!



CHILD! YOU'RE MILLY ERNE'S
VANISHED BABY, GROWN UP!
THE MAN WHO STOLE HER
MUST HAVE GIVEN YOU TO
OLDING— BUT YOU WERE
TOO LITTLE TO REMEMBER!

NO! OLDING
TREATED ME LIKE A
DAUGHTER,
BUT I DO
REMEMBER
SOME THINGS
BEFORE THAT—
DIMLY! WHO
WAS MILLY
ERNE?



MILLY WAS MY ONLY
SISTER, AND YOU'RE
ELIZABETH, THE REVEREND
FRANK ERNE'S DAUGHTER!
YOU'RE AN ORPHAN NOW,
MY DEAR— BUT YOU'LL
HAVE A FINE HUSBAND
IN BERN VENTERS!

YES! AND,
OH! I'M
GLAD FOR
BERN'S SAKE
TO KNOW I'M
NOT JUST
"OLDING'S
GIRL!"

THERE'S DUST RISING A
COUPLE OF MILES AWAY!
RECKON THAT'S TULL'S
GANG--- BESS AND I HAD
BETTER HIDE! JANE, YOU
AND LASSITER HIT FOR
SURPRISE VALLEY ON
YOUR RACERS!



WE'LL NOT, LASSITER---
STRIP OUR BLANKETS, OUR
SADDLE BAGS FROM THE HORSES!
PUT THEM ON THE BURROS!
QUICKLY---QUICKLY!



GOOD-BYE, BLACK
STAR! I--- I'D HAVE TO
SAY IT SOON, ANYWAY!
NOW YOU'LL BE GOING
WHERE NONE BUT
FRIENDLY HANDS WILL
EVER SUCE YOU!



TAKE THEM, BESS---AND
BERN! TULL WILL NEVER
CATCH YOU ON MY
ARABIAN!

BUT, JANE!
IT ISN'T
FAIR!

IT'S FAIR, BERN!
NEITHER JANE NOR I
WANT TO LEAVE THIS
COUNTRY---AND YOU DO!



GOOD-BYE!

GOOD
LUCK!

GOOD-BYE! RIDERS
OF THE PURPLE SAGE!







EAGER FOR THE KILL, TWO
OF LASSITER'S ENEMY
RUSH HIM



MINUTE AFTER HORRID MINUTE, THE
SOUNDS OF BATTLE ECHO FROM THE
HIDDEN SEDGE...

DEAR HEAVEN!---HELP
LASSITER! DON'T LET
HIM BE KILLED!

AT LAST THE GUNFIRE CEASES. A WOUNDED FIGURE
STAGGERS INTO VIEW...

JANE! JANE!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

LASSITER! OH---
WHAT HAVE YOU
THERE?

LITTLE FAY! THOSE
KIDNAPERS WERE
TAKING HER TO SOME
OTHER TOWN, I RECKON!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD---
BUT FAY GOT HURT SOME
WHEN ONE OF 'EM
DROPPED HER!

SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS!
WHO WAS THE MAN WHO
DROPPED HER, LASSITER?

IT WAS
OVER--- THE
MAN WITH
WHOM MILLY
CAME LEFT HOME!

LATE THAT DAY,
THE FUGITIVES
REACH THE LAST
AND HARDEST
PART OF
THEIR JOURNEY...

WE'LL HAVE TO TURN
THE BURROS LOOSE HERE,
AND CLIMB! I'LL CARRY
THE CHILD, JANE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, LASSITER!
THIS IS THE SLOPE BORN
SHOWED ON HIS MAP!

REALIZING HE'S BEEN TRICKED, TULL AND HIS GANG RACE BACK TO TRACK JANE AND LASSITER DOWN

BUT BARELY HAVE THEY REACHED THE TOP OF THE FIRST SLOPE, WHEN BULLETS SING ABOUT THEM LIKE ANGRY BEES



LASSITER: YOU BETTER
GIVE UP! WE'VE GOT
YOU BOTTLED UP!
THROW OUT YOUR GUNS!



GIVE UP---HAY! AND
BE SHOT DOWN LIKE A
THIEVING COYOTE!
COME AND GET ME!



ALL RIGHT, LASSITER!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR
CHANCE --- NOW WE'RE
GOING TO RUN YOU DOWN!



AT TULL'S ORDER, HIS MEN CUT LOOSE WITH
A RAIL OF LEAD THAT SPLATTERS AND ROCKETS
AROUND LASSITER!



CAREFULLY RATIONING HIS DWINDLING SUPPLY
OF SHELLS, LASSITER KEEPS HIS FORD
FROM CLOSING IN...



HE HASN'T FIRED FOR FIVE MINUTES---EITHER HE'S OUT OF AMMUNITION---OR DEAD! VIC JAKE, YOU COME IN FROM THAT OVERHANGING ROCK---WE'LL CLOSE IN FROM THE WEST!

ALL RIGHT, TULL!



HIS CARBINE EMPTY, LASSITER WAITS FOR THE FINAL RUSH WITH HIS LAST TWELVE SHOTS IN HIS COLTS...

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM---SLOW THEM UP---OR IT'S ALL OVER FOR JANE, FAY AND MYSELF!



TULL'S FRUSTRATION AND RAGE KNOWS NO BOUNDS! WITH A SAVAGE YELL, HE LEADS HIS MEN IN A RUSH AGAINST LASSITER'S ROCKY BATTLEMENTS!

THEY WON'T TRY THAT AGAIN!



WOUNDED, EXHAUSTED, LASSITER SLOWLY GIVES GROUND





THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail

Chorus

Goun' to go pappy, pappy my, pappy my,

Goun' to go pappy, pappy my

Oh, a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle,—
And I'm goun' to punch 'em Texas cattle

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail

I'm up in the morning, alone daylight,
And alone I sleep the moon shines bright

Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see the girls on a sure-backed boss.

My horse throwed me off at the creek called Mud,
My horse throwed me off round the 2 U herd

Last time I saw him he was going across the level
Whacking up his heels and screaming like the devil

It's clouds on the Wyo, a looking like rain,
And my darned old tickler's in the wagon again

Crippled my boss, I don't know how,
Ropin' at the horns of a 2 U cow

We hit Caldwell and we hit her on the fly,
We backed down the cattle on the hill close by.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring down rain,
And I swear, by darn, I'll never highland again

Fast in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,
I bang and rattled with them loughorn cattle

Last night I was on guard and the leader broke the ranks
I hit my horse down the shoulder and I spurred him in the flanks

The wind commenced to blow, and the rain began to fall
It looked, by gosh, like we was goun' to lose 'em all

I jumped in the saddle and grabbed hold the horn,
Best blamed cow puncher ever was born

I don't give a darn if they never do stop,
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock

Fast in the stirrup and hand on the horn,
Best darned cowboy ever was born

Stay in the herd and the boss and kill it,
So I shot him in the rump with the handle of the skillet

We scattered 'em up and put 'em on the cars,
And that was the last of the old Two Bars.

Oh, it's bacon and beans most every day,—
I'd as soon be eatin' prairie hay.

I'm on my last horse and I'm goun' to a run,
I'm the spunkiest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun

I went to the boss to draw my roll,
He had it figured out, I was nine dollars in the hole

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can,
I won't punch cattle for no darned man

Goun' back to town to draw my money,
Goun' back home to see my honey





(SEE THREE PAGE COVER)

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