

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



the GREAT WHITE BEAR



NORTHERN CANADA IS AN ARCTIC COUNTRY RICH IN STRANGE ANIMALS THAT HAVE ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO THE SEVERE LIVING CONDITIONS. THE ICE, FROZEN WASTE IMPOSES THE POLAR BEAR LIVES ON THE NORTHERN THRESHOLD BUT VENTURES FAR OUT ON THE POLAR ICE CAP IN SEARCH OF GAME. HE EATS ALMOST ANYTHING SEALS, WALRUS, FISH, CRAB AND EVEN SHELL FISH. A MALE POLAR BEAR WEIGHS ALMOST A TON AND IS EASILY DISTINGUISHED IN STRUCTURE FROM OTHER BEARS BECAUSE OF HIS VERY LONG NECK, VERY NARROW FOREQUARTERS AND HIS CURVING SHOULDER. HIS ENORMOUS FEET, WITH THICK HAIR AROUND THE PADS ARE EASILY RECOGNIZED FROM THEIR TRACKS AS THEY ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF ANY OTHER BEAR. THE OUT-OF-SIZE FEET ENABLE HIM TO TRAVEL OVER SOFT SNOW AND BROKEN ICE.



THOUGH THE ESKIMO HAS HUNTED HIM FOR CENTURIES, THIS HARDY BEAR SHOWS NO FEAR OF MAN. HE IS ONE OF THE VERY FEW ANIMALS WHO WILL ACTUALLY STALK A MAN IN ORDER TO KILL HIM. HE IS SO COURAGEOUS THAT HE OFTEN SWIMS TO THE ATTACK, SHOWING NO FEAR OF DEATH EVEN WHEN HUNTED BY MANY MEN. THIS IS PERHAPS BECAUSE HE IS MASTER OF ALL HE SURVEYS, EASILY THE MOST POWERFUL AND DANGEROUS ANIMAL IN THE CANADIAN ARCTIC.







MINUTES LATER, DOWNEY SEES THE STILL FIGURE OF THE DEERMAN.



...COFFEE? COFFEE? THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER---GRANMA COFFEE IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE ACEE WHIL-D-CAFE! TASTED MIGHTY BITTER! LIKE MY LUCK! TO BEEN PLAYING POOL WITH JOE--- PETE---DAVID GRAMM---AND STEVE WHITLAND! THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER



WHEE THE OTHERS GRAMMA?



YES---BUT NOT COFFEE! GRAMMA CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THEY'VE WANT TO KIDNAP ME---OR LEAVE ME OUTIN THE SNOW TO DIE OF FREEZING WINDS OF 'TA. KNOW ABOUT MY CACNE...

CACNE? YOU MEAN--- GOLD? GOLD ANYBODY KNOW ABOUT IT?



NOBODY BUT AAR---STEVE WHITLAND'S NICE! SHE--- WE'VE GONE TO BE MARRIED! SHE WOULDN'T TELL A SOUL--- ESPECIALLY STEVE, WHO HAD TREATED HER BADLY

BOWSER---HOLD UP THE TEAM! WE'RE STARTING FOR SNOWBALL!--- GONNA TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BUSINESS!



RIGHT, SERGEANT! PERHAPS WE CAN TAKE THE BILTY PARTIES BY SURPRISE! BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO RIDE THE sleds WITH BILL NICE!

APPROACHING THE TINY TOWN OF SNOWBALL, PRESTON BOGS STRAIGHT TO THE "ACEE WHIL-D"

I'M SERGEANT PRESTON, OF THE MOUNTED! YOU'RE NAMED GRAMM, PROPRIETOR OF THE CAFE?



YES, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOU CAN TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CARD GAME, IN YOUR BACK ROOM, EARLIER THIS EVENING.



WELL I DON'T KNOW THERE WAS ANY TROUBLE! ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY BERT OUT FOR A POT OF COFFEE ABOUT SEVEN O'CLOCK---AND WHEN I LOOKED IN AT EIGHT THEY'D LEFT--- BY THE BACK DOOR, SERGEANT YOU, WILL?









...ABOUT TO SEE IT FLY FROM HIS BUNDED HAND, STRUCK BY A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE BULLET!



ONE COLD AND DREARY
AFTERNOON THE SHAG
FROM OGDON RUMBLED
ONTO WHITE HORSE AT
RURRANT SPEED

Sergeant PRESTON

THE SHAG BOARD—
HE 'BUBBY' BY HEAD!
TOO EARLY ALERT'S
ORIGIN?

WROO-AH
WROO-AH

IN
RAINBOW
GOLD

THERE'S A SNOW
BATHERING—AROUND
THE STAFF! CAN YOU SEE
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM,
CORONABLE
SCENE IT

THE BOARD
AND WARRIOR
—IN BEING
LATTERSOWN
—LEAF AS
DEATH,
AND PEE FOR

LET'S GO,
DORNEY?

YES, SIR?

AS INSPECTOR CORNARD AND DORNEY APPEAR FROM THE
MOUNTED POLICE'S OFFICE—

ONE OF 'EM SHOT HIM!
IT WAS IN THE WOODS—
JUST THIS SIDE OF JENNARD
LAND WAS THREE MARKED
MEN STOPPED US—
WELSH RIFLES! WHEN
THEY ASKED FOR THE GOLD,
AND MADE ME PLAY—

ALLEN! THEY TOOK THE
GOLD EMPLOYMENT? DO YOU
RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM?

THAT'S RIGHT,
INSPECTION! THEY
GOT THE GUY—
FIFTEEN HUNDRED
DOLLARS, FROM APER, ON
RAINBOW CREEK! AND I
KNOW THE MAN WHO SHOT
JEE

NAMED HIM, THEN, ALLEN—?
YOU'RE SURE? YOU SAY HIS
FACE WAS COVERED

I KNOW HIS NAME—
AND HIS WHITE GOLDEN
JACKET—AND HIS PAINT
HORSE THAT WAS TIED
BACK AMONGST THE TREES.
IT WAS MINE BRABY!
I'LL SWEAR IT!





TWO WEEKS LATER...

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT—
THEY'VE KEPT TO THE SAME
AREA... EXCEPT WHEN THEY
WALKED IN THE DARK. LEFT NO
SIGN THAT EVEN AN INCH COULD
FOLLOW! I'LL GO BACK AND
RE-POST!



IF I COULD HAVE A GOOD WAY FOR TRAILING...
LIKE SHERMAN PRESTON'S HORSE... IT'S STILL ON
ON THEIR TRACK, INSPECTOR! BUT IT'S
NONE!...

I UNDERSTAND,
CORREY! ALL WE CAN DO
NOW IS TO SET EVERY
AVAILABLE MAN SEARCHING
FOR WIDE GRADY...

BACK AT WHITE HORSE, THE INSPECTOR TAKES
THE ONLY COURSE LEFT



TWO WEEKS OF SEARCH ARE WITHOUT RESULTS, AND
THEY...

SHERMAN PRESTON!
AND YOUR HORSE!
HOPE THAT MAJOR
WHISKER COULD
SPARE YOU!

YES, SIR! HE SAID
THAT HORSE AND I
WOULD BE USEFUL
ON THIS WIDE
GRADY CASE. I
KNOW MORE
PRESTON WELL!



JUST NOW
WELL DO YOU
KNOW GRADY
DECEASED?

WE'LL KNOW TO KNOW THAT IF HE HAS
TURNED KILLER—WHICH IS HARD TO
BELIEVE—HE'D NEVER BE TAKEN
ALIVE! AND IF HE'S WITH FRANK,
HE'D NEVER GIVE HIMSELF UP, OR CALL
IN THE LAW! HE'D HANDLE THE SITUATION
HIMSELF, OR DIE TRYING!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, PRESTON! HE HAS SUCCESS-
FULLY BOOMED EVERY TRAP FOR TWO WEEKS! THE ONLY
ONE WHO MIGHT POSSIBLY KNOW HIS WHEREABOUTS
IS BOSS JENKINS, HIS PLACER—BUT SHE WON'T
TELL ME A THING! BUT SHE MIGHT CONFIDE IN YOU,
AS A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY!...



BAM!
BANG!

SHOTS FROM
THE STREET!

WIDE GRADY'S
GONE ON!...







SUDDENLY KING HALTS --- POINTS AT THE GAIN!

I WAS AFRAID
OF-- JOHN BRADY!

--DROVE THROUGH THE
WOODS, WITH A BOP-NOSED
BULLET DEAD FOR SEVERAL
HOURS, COMEY!
THIS IS BLADES!



WE'LL WHIP HIM IN A SADDLE BLANKET AND TIE HIM
TO JEROME HOUSE. WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE
LANDING! PERHAPS THIS WILL PERSUADE ROSE OR
HER FATHER TO TALK-- AND SAVE NICK'S
LIFE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE GRIM
LITTLE PROCESSION RE-ENTERED
LANDING

HELLO THE
HOUSE! YOU
THERE, BART
BRADY!



WHO ARE YOU FRIENDS--
DR. BENJAMIN PRESTON?

NOT SO GOOD, I'VE
GOT A DEAD MAN ON
MY HORSE-- JOHN
BRADY!



JOHN BRADY!
NICK'S BROTHER!
HOW DID HE COME
TO BE--

WE'LL CARRY HIM INTO YOUR
HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MIND--
ANOTHER I'LL GIVE YOU
THE DETAILS. HE'S COME
UP FROM BRADWAY TO
FIND NICK!



HIS HORSE CAME BACK WITH BLOOD
ON THE SADDLE, SO WE TRAILED HIM.
BART JOHN WAS ON HIS WAY TO
TALK WITH YOU AND ROSE. BY THE
WAY, WHERE IS ROSE?

I DON'T
KNOW,
SERGEANT!



SEVERAL TIMES, SINCE HIS BRADY WAS SCOUTED OF THAT HOLDUP AND KILLING, MOSE HAD SLIPPED ON IT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD TO ME... MOSTLY IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT SHE WOULD BE RIDING OUT TO MEET ME! I COULDN'T BLAME HER... SHE WANTS HIM TO LIVE UP!



THAT'S WHAT I'D WANTED... AND WHAT I WANT, AS MINE'S FRIEND, PART OF ME'S INNOCENT, THERE IS EVERY CHANCE OF HIS GOING FREE! WE'LL TAKE MOSE'S TRAIL NOW

IN THE DARK IN THE NIGHT? EVEN YOU CAN'T DO THAT, FRIEND!



YOU FORGET, WE'VE GOT YOUR KING! HIS HOSE WORKS ALOT AS WELL, BY OUT ON MY WHEEL! COME ON, FELLOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, WITH YOUR KING IN THE LEAD...

TRAIL'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HIS BEAR VALLEY, DOWNY!

DO IT IS, BOWDANT -- I WISH THOSE WERE AS PLAIN TO US AS THE TRAIL IS TO KING!



I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THOSE STAFF ROBBERS PLAN TO DO WITH THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED OUNCES OF GUST THEY STOLE. THEY CAN'T SPEND IT IN THE TERRIBLES! A RAINBOW GOLD IS EXTRA FINE QUALITY -- EASILY RECOGNIZED ANYWHERE



I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT, TOO! PERHAPS THEY'VE FIGURED SOME WAY TO RETURN IT AND COLLECT THE FINE SHOUKING DOLLAR REWARD THAT APES MINE'S COMPANY HAS OFFERED





COME! THEN... THEN THIS NOTE THAT SOMEONE
THREW INTO MY WINDOW... WAS A TRICK! A TRICK
TO TRAP ME! AND THEY WILL TRAP ME! I'D
GONE TO CRYSTAL CANYON NOW



IT SAYS "BRADY... THE
MEN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR
ARE HIDING IN CRYSTAL
CANYON... THEY HAVE THE
BOLS WITH THEM!" IT'S
NOT SIGNED, OF COURSE!

WE MIGHT HAVE TIME
TO INTERCEPT MARK
BRADY ON HIS WAY,
SERGEANT

YES? OH, YES...
IF WE HURRY!



YOU GET BACK TO THE
LANDING, AS FAST AS
YOU CAN NO, NO? NO?
DORNEY AND I AND
KING WILL HANDLE
THEY DON'T
DELAY US!

I... ALL RIGHT,
SERGEANT! ANY
THING... TO
SAVE ME!

GO ON ON,
SERGEANT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE HEAD OF LONELY
CRYSTAL CANYON, LURE RABBIT AND BILL BRADY
START TO THEIR FEET BEHIND THEIR CAMPFIRE, THE
CHILLING BRINGS A MESSAGE

THAT'S A BUMP
THAT'S A BUMP

POSSIBLY...
POSSIBLY...

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
SURE! IT'S GOING
DOWN IN FROM
DOWN CANYON!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOB?
GET TIME OF WATCHING
FOR MARK BRADY?

NO... HE'S COMING
FROM HIS PAINT
CANYON! WHAT'S OUR
NEXT MOVE?



HIDE YOUR HORSE... AND BEYOND THAT YOU MUST
BE READY TO SHOW A GUN IN MARK'S BACK WHEN I
SAY YOU THE MEN DON'T LIKE AND I WILL NO LIEP
IN OUR BLAME TO... MARK BUT THAT WE'RE ASLEEP
WHEN HE SHOWS UP!



WHY I DON'T
SEE WHY YOU
WOULDN'T LET ME
SHOOT HIM OFF
HIS HORSE AS HE
WENT THROUGH
THE GAP.

I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WANT TO SEE
MINE BRASH CRAWL! I WANT TO
HEAR HIM SUE FOR HIS LIFE! HE'LL
PAY FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT
OUR JUMPING HORSE CHORUS!
CLAIMS LAST YEAR ---



--- AND THUNDER 'EM
OUT OF TOWN!

SM---OOO---OOO---OOO---
HEY! LISTEN TO
THAT WOLF HOWL, I
HE'D NIGHTY CLOSER!



BLOOD-CHILLING IN ITS SAVAGE MENACE, THE SERIE
HOWL ECHOES A BASH THROUGH THE CANYON ---



W---OOO---OOO---

SCARED MORE LIKE A DOG TO ME,
BELL IF I THOUGHT THAT MOUNTIE
PRESTON AND HIS TUNER WAS
WERE ANSWERED
A SOUND ---

WELL, THEY'VE
NOTED SO BRASH
UP AND TURNED!
WINE WILL BE
HERE, 'MOST
ANY TIME
NOW!



BUT, FARTHER DOWN THE CANYON MINE WHITE IN
REBUSH FOR THE TWO REEDS HE HAS HEARD
FOUNDING ALONG HIS BACK TRAIL.



I'M NOT TAKING
CHANCES ON
THESE GUYS IF
IF THEY'RE
MOUNTED, THEY'LL
NEVER GET ME---

WITHOUT WARNING, THE WOLF-LIKE SHAPE OF TUNER
KINE LEAPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS --- TO SEIZE
MINE'S GUN ARM



A---OOO---OOO---

WHAT---OO---T!

UNABLE TO SHOOT—UNABLE TO GET FREE, MIKE GRAPPLES WITH THE GREAT DOG THAT WATCHES AND GUARD STRONG THE



"KISS" PRESTON'S DOG—
CONFUSED YOU'VE!
LET'S GO—

UNWARRANT

"SNAP YOUR FISH, MIKE!"
THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH
KILLING! YOU OR ANYONE
JOHN WAS MURDERED
TODAY!



"WHAT? JOHN
WAS—"

HAD BEEN!

YES! HE WAS COMING TO PERSUADE YOU TO STAND TRAIL!
HE WAS STOPPED! AND THE REDDIE ROSE BROUGHT YOU
WAS SET FOR A TRAP THAT YOUR BROTHER'S KILLERS
HAD SET! NOW, LISTEN TO ME, MIKE GRADY!



"I'M LISTENING,
DEARDAW!" BUT MY
MIND IS WHIRLING!
I CAN'T SLOWLY—"

SOMETIME LATER, WHERE THE "SLEEPERS" WAITED
THEIR FISH—



"ROLL OUT, BORTS—AND PUNCH
FOR THE MOON!"

"WHY—IT'S
MIKE GRADY!"

US!"

"WE'VE COME TO THE TRAIL'S END,
MIKE! ROSE JENKINS GOT TO
YOU IN A HURRY WITH OUR LITTLE
BILLY-DOG! PUT DOWN YOUR
GUN—! AND THAT POOL, HARR—
AND— BE SORRY!"



"OH—IT'S YOU WHO'VE
GOT THE GUN! YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO'VE
THE STING AND KILLED
THE CLARKS! WHITE
FRANK ALLEN SPEAKED
TO PIN THE BLAME ON
ME!"

"OF COURSE!" BUT IT'S YOU THE LAW IS LOOKING FOR,
MIKE—NOT FRANK ALLEN—NOT US! YOU'D NEVER BE
ABLE TO TALK US IN! THAT'S ONE REASON WHY YOU
CAN'T TO DROP THAT GUN! AND THE OTHER REASON
IS—"



SNAP!





Sergeant PRESTON

IN WHITE WATER

THERE'S MY FINEST OF
COUNTRY! WITHOUT
WHAT I GIVE YOU, WHILE
I PUT THIS
STUFF ON MY
SHOES

GEE, JOHNNY! BUT
IT'S KIND OF HEAVY FOR
YOU -- WITH YOUR
LIGHT HEART --

IN THE LYNN CITY GENERAL STORE, AN OLD "BOURBOURN" PAIR WITH SOLD -- WHILE A PAIR OF BRISBY EYES OFFERS MATCH

I'LL BE GLAD TO
CARRY IT OUT FOR
YOU, OLD-TIME!

OH? THAT'S
NICE! KIND OF
YOU, SON? NOT
THAT I COULDN'T
DO IT --

THAT'S MY GLEE --
OVER THERE, SON?
I'M MUCH DELIGHTED

WE'LL LOAD IT FOR
YOU

I'VE NEVER SEEN
YOU GENTS AROUND
HERE BEFORE!
WHERE ARE YOU
HEADIN'?

TRAVELIN' NORTH, GENERAL,
PROSPERITY! I'M CLAY
BARTON -- AND THIS IS MY
PARTNER,
GABE!

MY NAME'S JOHNNY CLAY --
AND I'D BE PLEASED TO HAVE
YOU STOP IN MY CASH OF WILD
CARTON! THERE'S A SOLD IN
SOME OF THE CREEKS NORTH OF
THERE -- AND I
COULD BINGE YOU
SOME PRINTERS.

THANKS, JOHNNY
CLAY! WE'LL GET
OUR BATTLE, AND
MUCH ALONG WITH
YOU!

ROUND LATER, AS THEY FOLLOW THE FLOODING
WILD CAT RIVER --

THAT RIVER'S MIGHTY
WIDE -- AND MIGHTY
FAST!

ALWAYS IS, RIGHT?
AFTER SPRING
RAZOR!

—BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHITE WATER, TAKE A LOOK AT THE BARROWS, TOMORROW! IT'S JUST BEYOND THE INDIAN VILLAGE! ONLY ONE MAN HAD EVER TAKEN A CANOE THROUGH THOSE RAFTS!—HE'S LONDON, SON OF CHIEF ATOMAN!



THERE'S MY CABIN! WE MADE IT JUST BEFORE DARK!



I'LL SHOW YOU GET A FIRE STARTED!—WHILE YOU FELLERS UNLOAD THE TEAM AND UNLOAD THE sled!



DEAT, OLD-FIMER! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

WHEN DO WE TAURLE THE OLD RECCEER FOR HIS GOLD, CLEY? THAT'S WHAT WE CAME ALONG FOR, ISN'T IT?



AM HURRY I HEARD TOLD IN LONG CITY, EVEN BEFORE HE CAME IN FOR SUPPLIES!

THEY SAY HE'S GOT A FORTUNE CACHED!—SO HE DON'T HAVE TO FEAR JUST ANY MORE! THEY SAY HE'S ALWAYS BUYIN' GOOD AND BLANKETS AND LARD FOR THAT INDIAN VILLAGE, DOWNSTREAM! AND SO LARD FOR THE INDIAN BOYS! JUST THROWIN' IT AWAY!



WE'LL PUT AN END TO THAT! BUT NOT TILL AFTER WE SATT DOD GET THE BIRD SHAPENED, DACE!



DEAT!

IS THE AGREABLE WARMTH OF JOHNNY CLEY'S CABIN HOME—



THESE DRINKS TASTE SO FINE, HADE!

EX-HEARTY, BRYE! HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE, TOO!

YES BRYE! I'LL HAVE ANOTHER!









TO TELL THE TRUTH---I FORGOT! AND I
WONDERED AFTERWARD---PERHAPS
JOHNNY MEANT TO TELL SOMEBODY BUT
NOT! THESE OLD SCOUNDRELS ARE
SOMETIMES DICK!

UNWELL! I'LL CALL ON
JOHNNY, THE FIRST
THING TOMORROW!

DAVID AND PETER GROWING PROUDER
ALREADY FAR ALONG THE TRAIL.

ANOTHER HOUR AND WE'LL BE AT
JOHNNY ELK'S CASH, KENT! AND
STONY'S VILLAGE ISN'T
MUCH FARTHER!

TARD!
NAR-UR-NAR!

AND IN JOHNNY ELK'S PARASOLLED CHAIR---

THINK, BACK! THERE'S
NOT TO BE SOME PLACE
WE HAVEN'T LOOKED
OLD JOHNNY ELK MUST
HAVE KEPT HIS GOLD
WHERE HE COULD GET
AT IT!

UNWELL! IT'S NOT TO BE
HERE! WE'LL
FIND IT IF WE
HAVE TO TAKE
THIS BRACK
AWAY! LOOK IN
LOOK!

SAY! WHAT ABOUT THE FIREPLACE?
WE CAN START THERE! MUST
BE A LOOSE STONE

GET THE
AGE---TO PREY
AROUND WITH!

WE SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF IT
BEFORE! PULL IT
OUT, GABE!

THIS ONE! IT'S
LOOSE!

FEEL ANYTHING
IN THAT HOLE,
GABE?

YES! HEAR!
LITTLE BARS OR
BAMBIER! HEAVY! AND
LOADS OF 'EM! WE'VE
FOUND THE OLD MAN'S
CACHE, CLAY!

TWENTY--
WERE THIRTY
THOUSAND
THIRTY WE'RE
ON EASY STREET

NOT YET! NOT TILL WE GET TO
ALASKA, WHERE THE MOUNTIES
CAN'T TRAIL US! AND THEY WILL,
WHEN THEY FIND JOHNNY DEAD,
AND HIS EASY WEDDED UP LINE
WE'VE DONE!



WE'LL HIT THE MOUNT VILLAGE, AND HIRE THIS
FELLA, LONER, TO RUN US THROUGH THE RANGER
TRAIL. THAT'LL SAVE US GOING BACK THROUGH LYME
CITY AND WASTIN' TIME! WE'LL HAVE A
GOOD, LONG START



BUT, NOT LONG AFTER THE TWO CROSS
HAVE LEFT FOR THE MOUNT VILLAGE,
FRESTON'S TEAM FALLS INTO TRAP!



BOOM! WHAT'S THAT LYING
IN THE SNOW OUTSIDE THE CABIN?
LOOKS LIKE JOHNNY! AND THE
DOGS' ORBS!--

THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM, AND HIS
HEART JUST STOPPED! BUT YOU GENT
SOMETHING---PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE
WHO'S BEEN HERE



YOU WERE RIGHT, BOOM!
THERE'S BEEN FOUL PLAY
HERE!



THIS HOLE WAS PROBABLY WHERE HE
CACHED HIS GOLD! IT WAS BORNE LAST
WINTER ON THIS MORNING! YOU'LL HAVE
A HOT TRAIL, TO FOLLOW, BOOM!



SO THAT'S THE
DEATH OF THE
TWO THIEVES
THAT KING
HORN FOLLOWED
UP A DEAD RUN
TAKES "LONG
SHOOT" THAT
CLAY AND DAVE
BOUNDED UPON
HIS BROWN
SURROUND
VERY SURE!"

THEY'VE BOMB STRAIGHT TO
THE VILLAGE OF STOWART?

AND AT STOWART'S VILLAGE--- SPEAKING TO THE
OLD CHIEF---

I TOLD YOU WE'D PAY
LONGER A HUNDRED
DOLLARS TO SHOOT
US DOWN THE RAPIDS!
NOW, WHERE IS HE?

LONGER HUNT--- IN MY TEEPEE!
NOT KNOW ANYBODY! LONG TIME
BEFORE HE PRODUCE
CAME AGAIN!
LOSE MUCH
BLOOD!

LOSE MUCH BLOOD---"
HAY, I WONDER---

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL,
O'YES WANT TO---

LOOK! MOUNTIE
COME--- FACT! WITH
DOG TEAM!

HE'S PELLIN' A BUN!
BACE! HE'S AFTER
ME!

OWWWW!
BRAND YOUR
FACE!

SAID "OH, KING"
TAKE 'EM!

THE CRACK! WE
CAN MAKE IT,
CRACK---

WITH A YELL OF FEAR, DAVE HUNTS HIS HEARTY
FACE

YEEH! SHOOT HIM, CLAY!
I CAN'T GET MY GUN OUT---

GAAAAHHH!

CLAY'S FIRST SHOT MISSES



AND HE HAD NO CHANCE TO FIRE AGAIN!



DESPERATE WITH FEAR, THE PAIR OF CRIMINALS THREW ONLY OF ESCAPE—

SNOW OFF, CLAY! SHOVE OFF—OW!



—FORGETTING THE AGONY WHITE WATER THAT REACHES OUT TO SLICE THEIR PAIRL CRAFT!

THEY'RE DOOMED! THEY'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH THE RAPIDS!



PACKS FULL OF GOLD—HEAVY! WHO IT BELONGS TO NOW, SUSANNA PASTON!

TO YOU AND YOUR TRIBE, SPOON! IT IS JOHNNY ELA'S GOLD—THAT HE GAVE TO YOU BEFORE HE DIED



AND IT WAS HERE WHO SAVED IT FROM THE WHITE WATER—HE COULDN'T SAVE THE THIEVES! SO WE'LL CONSIDER THE CASE CLOSED. ELFELOW!

