

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE



NO SIGN O' SLOAT ANYWHERE. TH' CRITTER MUSTA KNOWN WE WERE TAILIN' HIM AN' GAVE US TH' SLIP.

I HOPE THAT'S THE ANSWER. I'D HATE TO THINK HE WAS DELIBERATELY DRAWING US AWAY FROM THAT HACIENDA FOR SOME REASON.



EVERYTHING LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH.

SÍ, BUT FELIPE AND CHICO WILL BE RELIEVED TO SEE US JUST THE SAME.



CHICO'S BEEN SLUGGED.

HOW COULD EET HAVE HAPPEN? I MUS' FIND FELIPE.



I HEAR A STRANGE NOISE. WHEN I COME OUTSIDE. WHEN I COME OUTSIDE TO FIND EET... THE ROOF FALL ON ME.

FELIPE EES GONE.

THEN SLOAT'S ESCAPE WAS AN ORNERY TRICK T' LURE US AWAY SO SOMEBODY COULD GRAB THAT BOY.



THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR. MOUNT UP. WE'RE SEARCHING THE COUNTRYSIDE.



MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES AWAY....

WE SURE PULLED A SLICK JOB. NOBODY'LL EVER THINK O' LOOKIN' FER TH' KID AT AN ABANDONED STONE QUARRY.



CLIMB DOWN, FELIPE. THIS'LL BE YOUR NEW HOME FER A SPELL, TILL YOU DECIDE T'TELL US WHERE THAT MADERA SPANISH LAND GRANT IS HIDDEN.



RELAX, BOYS. WE'LL WAIT TILL PEAVY GITTS HERE.

YOU WEEL WAIT WEETH YOUR HANDS OP, I THEENK.



H-HEY! WHAT AS THIS? I THOUGHT TH' KID WAS BLIND.

I WAS.... UNTIL THE SUN BLINDNESS WEAR OFF. NOW THAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME YOUR HIDE-OUT, WE WEEL WAIT FOR THEES PEAVY EH?

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