

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By
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SPIEGLE

WHEN ABIGAIL FOGG'S HIDDEN SNIPERS OPEN FIRE ON HOPPY AND THE PARTY OF TRAIL-HERDERS, THE CATTLE STAMPEDE, DRIVING THE AMBUSHERS FROM COVER....

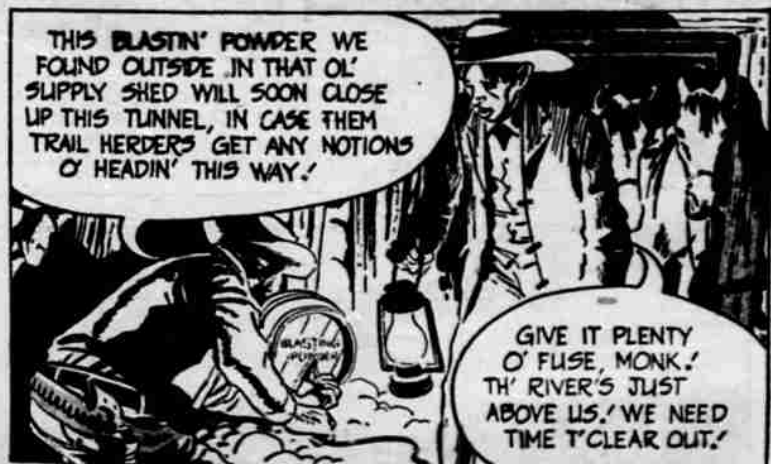


WE SURE MADE SHORT WORK OF CORRALIN' THIS NEST O' OWLHOOTS!

I DON'T SEE MONK OR BROOD AMONG THEM.



WHILE THE REST ARE ROUNDING UP THE CATTLE, YOU'D BETTER HOG-TIE THIS BUNCH. I'M GOING AFTER THE OTHER TWO!



THIS BLASTIN' POWDER WE FOUND OUTSIDE IN THAT OL' SUPPLY SHED WILL SOON CLOSE UP THIS TUNNEL, IN CASE THEM TRAIL HERDERS GET ANY NOTIONS O' HEADIN' THIS WAY!

GIVE IT PLENTY O' FUSE, MONK! TH' RIVER'S JUST ABOVE US. WE NEED TIME T' CLEAR OUT!



WHO'S THAT?

CASSIDY!



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STARTLED BY THE GUNFIRE, THE HORSES BOLT, TEARING OUT THE ROTTED SHORING....



SENDING THE RIVER WATER INTO THE TUNNEL, ENGLUFGING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!



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