

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE



WE SPOTTED ORMOND SNAGG, TH' INJUN AGENT, HEADED THIS WAY AN' FOLLERED HIS TRACKS. WHERE IS HE?

IN THE SACRED POOL OF ETERNAL FIRE, WHERE THE WHITE MAN'S LAW WILL NEVER REACH HIM.

SNAGG MISTOOK THUNDER BIRD FOR HIS TWIN COUSIN, WAR DRUM, AND SPILLED HOW HE AND WAR DRUM HAD GOADED THE INDIANS INTO PLUNDERING SETTLEMENTS AND WAGON TRAINS.....



....THEY STORED THEIR LOOT-HERE. WHEN HE DISCOVERED HIS MISTAKE, SNAGG TRIED TO ESCAPE AND LOST HIS FOOTING.

WELL, WE HAVE WAR DRUM. HE'LL SOON BE ON HIS WAY TO THE FEDERAL PRISON AT FORT LEAVENWORTH.



YOU CAN THANK HOPALONG CASSIDY AND HIS BAR-20 HANDS FOR PULLING YOU OUT OF A BAD MESS, THUNDER BIRD.

MY PEOPLE WILL SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE BY FOLLOWING THE WAYS OF PEACE, ONCE I RETURN TO THEM AS THEIR TRUE CHIEF.

THEN MY MISSION IS FINISHED. WE'LL MOSEY INTO MESA WELLS TO CLEAN UP BEFORE HITTING THE TRAIL FOR HOME.



LATER, AT MESA WELLS

YOUR NAME CASSIDY?

YES.



GOT A TELEGRAM FER YUH.

THANKS.



IT'S FROM MARSHAL GATES IN BUCKSKIN. KIP CRAVEN'S WON A PAROLE IN THE EAST AND MAY COME GUNNING FOR ME.

KIP CRAVEN? THAT'S TH' OWL-HOOT YOU SENT UP FIVE YEARS AGO FOR RUSTLIN' OUR STOCK! WHAT Y' GONNA DO 'BOUT IT, HOPPY?



HEAD FOR THE BAR-20 AND KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR TROUBLE!

## YOU'LL BE PLEASED!

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