

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By DAN SPIEGLE



HERE COMES ONE O' THEM BAR-20 PLUNCHERS, KIP!

HE HAIN'T SPOTTED US, YET! YOU KNOW WHAT T'DO, SQUINT.

YEAH!



HE'S OUT COLD!

GET HIS RIFLE FROM THE SADDLE BOOT, DUKE. I'LL RIDE ON AHEAD.



HELLO, UNCLE HANK! I'VE COME HOME!

YOU GOT NO HOME HERE IF Y' COME BACK T' CAUSE MORE TROUBLE, KIP! TH' BAR 20 AN' TH' CIRCLE B ARE ON FRIENDLY TERMS AND I AIM T' KEEP IT THAT WAY!



FIVE YEARS IN JAIL CONVINCED ME I WAS A FOOL T' LET DUKE NESTER AN' HIS BUNCH STEER ME WRONG. BUT I'M THROUGH WITH THAT LIFE NOW. ALL I WANT IS T' BE FRIENDS WITH CASSIDY.

HOPPY'S A FINE MAN, KIP.



TH' SHOT CAME FROM THAT BRUSH!



HE DROPPED HIS RIFLE! THESE CARVED INITIALS BELONG TO MESQUITE JENKINS, A BAR-20 HAND!

HE TRIED T' KILL YOU, UNCLE HANK! NOW THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY FRIENDLY T' ME!

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