

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By
DAN
SPIEGLE

IT WAS ALL VERY SIMPLE, SANDERSON. I SWIPED TH' ASSAY REPORT ON THAT LOST SPANISH MINE, GOT HERE AHEAD O' SUNDOWN AN' LOCATED YOU. I'M DECLARIN' MYSELF IN AS A FIFTY-FIFTY PARTNER.

JUST LIKE THAT, EH? WHAT ABOUT SUNDOWN?



I'LL HANDLE SUNDOWN. YOU JUS' TAKE ME TO THOSE HIDDEN DIGGIN'S.... BUT DON'T GET ANY IDEAS. REMEMBER, I GOT THREE NOTCHES ON MY GUN, AN' ROOM FOR MORE!



AN HOUR'S TRAVEL BRINGS BADGER AND SANDERSON TO THE EDGE OF THE MYSTERIOUS, DENSE-BLACK JUNGLE....



YOU'RE IN LUCK. TH' TIDE'S LOW. YOU'D NEVER FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS SWAMP WHEN THESE PATHS 'ARE UNDER WATER... 'SIDES, THOSE 'GATORS WOULD HAVE YOU PRONTO!

WITH THIS BLASTED FOG, I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING!



THAT MUST BE IT! SPAIN'S LONG-LOST "NEBLINA LOMA" MINE / A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD... AN' IT'S ALL OURS! LEAD ME TO IT!

SORRY, MISTER BADGER... I GUIDED YOU HERE, NOW YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.



WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' T' PULL? YOU KNOW BLAMED WELL I CAN'T FIND MY WAY BACK THROUGH THAT SWAMP BY MYSELF!

AN' YOU CAN'T RISK PULLIN' THAT TRIGGER, EITHER. LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE IN REAL TROUBLE!

12-20



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