

DELL  
A DELL COMIC

NO. 419

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# Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





# THE YUKON

WILDERNESS  
ROAD TO RICHES

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**W**HEN THE NEWS OF A BIG GOLD STRIKE IN THE KLONDIKE REGION OF NORTHWEST CANADA REACHED GOLD-HUNGRY PROSPECTORS IN WESTERN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, THIS LITTLE-KNOWN REGION WAS FLOODED WITH WILD, HARD MEN. THE ONLY WAY TO REACH THE GOLD FIELDS WAS TO TRAVEL DOWN THE YUKON RIVER AND THEN STRIKE OFF ON A SMALLER STREAM THAT LED TO THE GOLD-RICH DEPOSITS. THE YUKON RIVER, FORMERLY A "WILDERNESS ROAD" FOR TRAPPERS AND INDIANS, BECAME A FAMOUS ROUTE, TRAVELLED BY THOUSANDS OF MEN. THE YEAR WAS 1897 AND THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT WAS HARD-PRESSED IN ITS EFFORTS TO MAINTAIN ORDER.

**I**NTO THE BREACH JUMPED THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE...THE FAMOUS "MOUNTIES". THEY WERE A TERRITORIAL ORGANIZATION MUCH THE SAME AS A STATE POLICE FORCE IN THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS ONLY LATER THAT THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OF CANADA REORGANIZED THE FORCE AS ITS OWN LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY.

**T**HE GREATEST PROBLEM THE FORCE HAD WAS THE INTERNATIONAL BORDER BETWEEN ALASKA AND CANADA. A CRIMINAL WHO HAD JUMPED A PROSPECTOR AND TAKEN HIS POKE IN ALASKA WOULD COME UP THE RIVER TO CANADA WHERE THE AMERICAN POLICE COULDN'T FOLLOW AND A CANADIAN LAWBREAKER DID THE OPPOSITE, GOING DOWN THE RIVER TO THE WILDERNESS JUST OVER THE BORDER.

**B**UT IN SPITE OF THE IMMENSE DIFFICULTIES FACING THE FEW BRAVE MOUNTED POLICEMEN, ORDER WAS MAINTAINED AND THE MOUNTY BECAME FAMOUS FOR ALWAYS GETTING HIS MAN.

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# Sergeant PRESTON

AND  
THE MUTINY'S  
SURVIVOR

IN THE MUSIC HALL  
AT DAWSON,  
BEARDED "SOUR-  
DOUGHS" MINGLE  
WITH THE CREW-  
MEN FROM THE  
RIVER BOAT  
"AMELIA"...

DO YOU LOVE  
ME, MOLLY DARLING?

PIPE THAT SOURDOUGH WITH THE BEARD,  
MIKE! LOOKS LIKE HE HAD A GRUDGE  
AGAINST THE WORLD!

YOU NAMED  
IT, MATE!  
'SPECIALLY  
AGAINST US!

THAT'S JOHNNY DONAHUE--- AND I THOUGHT HE WAS  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SULU SEA! HE'S RECOGNIZED  
ME---IN SPITE OF THIS BEARD!

I'LL BE GETTING BACK TO THE SHIP,  
MIKE---WHILE I'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE  
MONEY IN MY POCKET.  
SO LONG!

SEE YOU ABOARD,  
JOHNNY--- IF YOUR  
BEARDED FRIEND DON'T  
EAT ME FIRST!  
HAW, HAW!

HUMMING THE SONG HE HEARD IN THE MUSIC HALL,  
JOHNNY DONAHUE WALKS TOWARD THE FROZEN  
WATERFRONT...

HEY! WHO--?

SHUT UP, DONAHUE! I'M  
ASKING THE QUESTIONS!





WHO ARE YOU, MISTER?  
AND WHAT'S THE IDEA  
OF SNEAKING UP  
ON ME ---?

QUIET! YOU KNOW WHO I AM!  
I SAW YOU WATCHING ME IN THE  
MUSIC HALL--- PLANNING TO  
TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE.



BUT YOU WON'T GET THE CHANCE! YOU'RE A LOT  
NEARER DEATH TH'S MINUTE THAN YOU WERE ON  
THE DECK OF THE SINKING "CHINA BELLE" WHEN I  
SAW YOU LAST! I NEVER FIGGERED YOU WOULD  
FLOAT LONG ENOUGH TO BE PICKED UP! HOW  
MANY GOT RESCUED?



**BEN BAXTER!** I KNOW  
YOUR VOICE NOW! YOU  
LEFT THE "CHINA BELLE'S"  
CREW TO DROWN--- AND THEY  
DID--- ALL BUT ME! YOU'LL  
PAY FOR THAT! YOU AND  
THE OTHER MUTINEERS---

THEY'VE PAID---HEH,  
HEH! WENT OVERBOARD  
WHEN WE SIGHTED  
LAND! DID YOU THINK  
I'D SPLIT THE SHIP'S  
MONEY WITH  
*ANYBODY?*



AND NOW--- SEEING THAT *YOU'RE*  
THE ONLY ONE ALIVE WHO COULD  
BLAB ON ME TO THE POLICE---

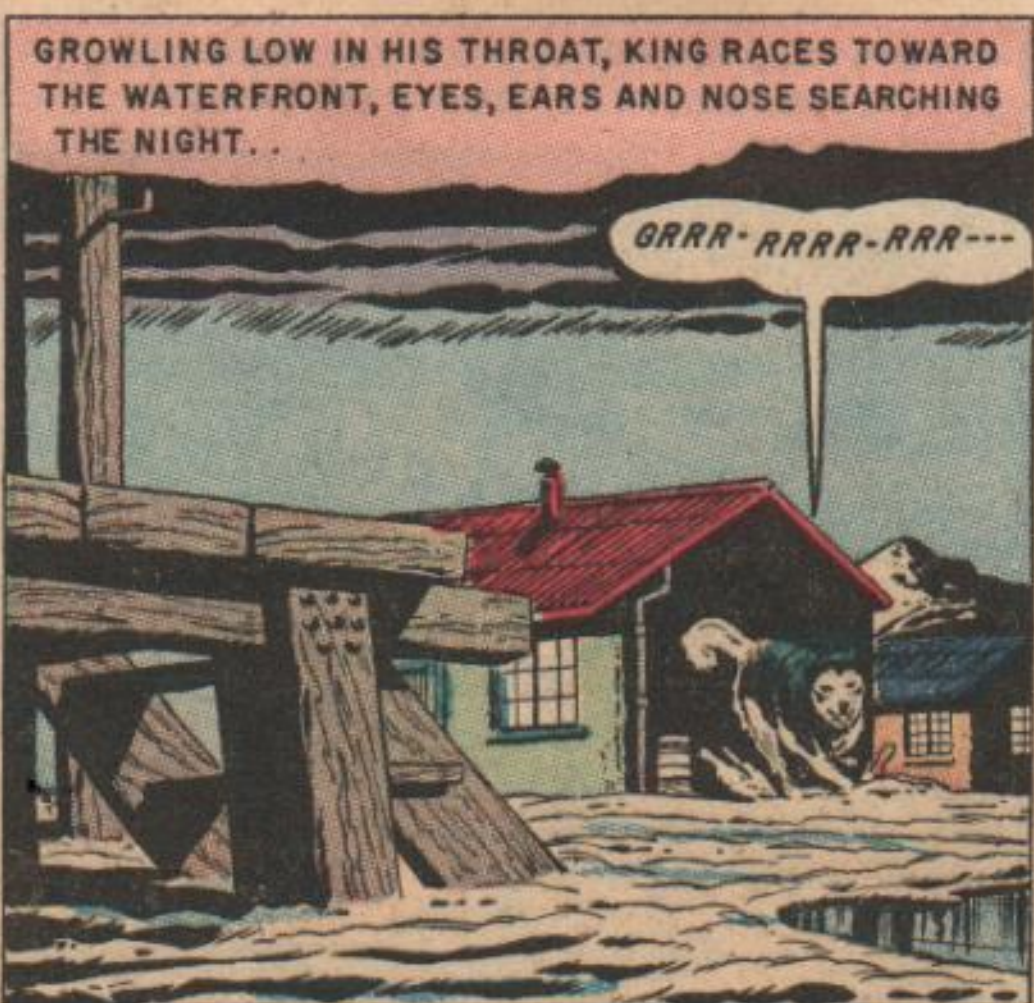
BAXTER---  
NO!  
NO-O-O-O-O!  
YOU FIEND---



HELP---OH!  
EEEYAAAAH!

GRRRRRRRR....

AS DONAHUE'S SCREAM ECHOES FROM BETWEEN THE  
WATERFRONT BUILDINGS, YUKON KING, THE GREAT SLED  
DOG OF SERGEANT PRESTON'S BURSTS OUT OF HIS BED...

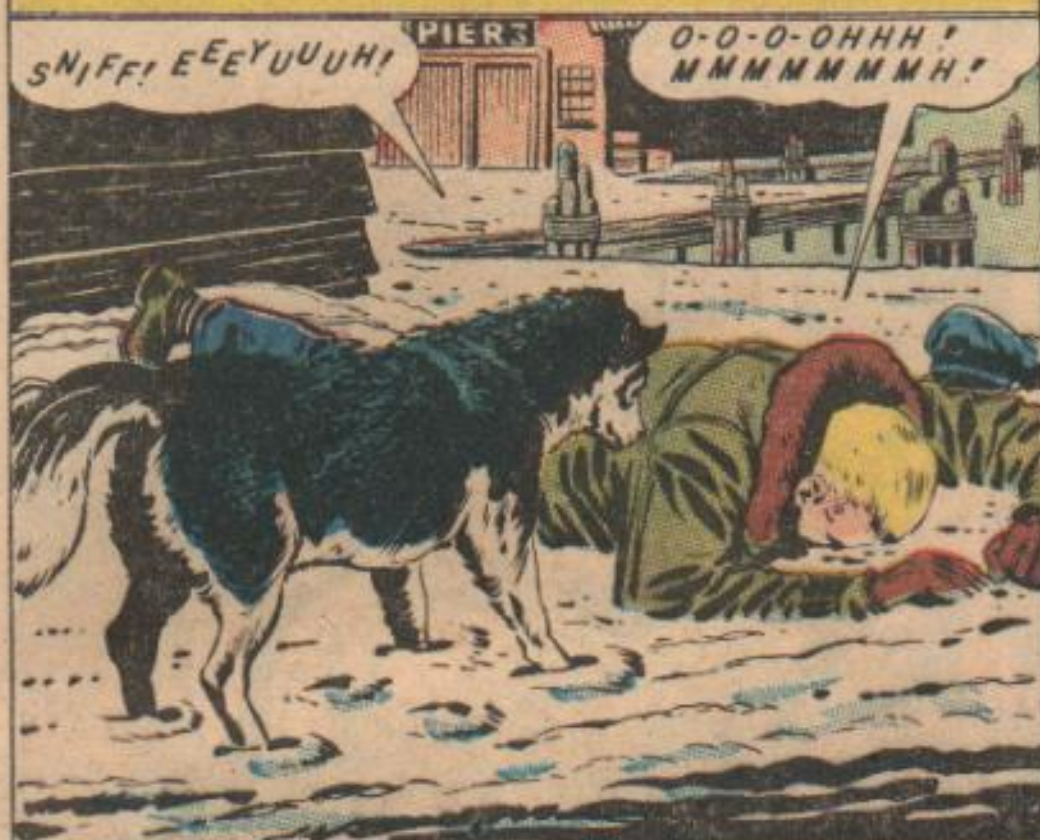


GROWLING LOW IN HIS THROAT, KING RACES TOWARD  
THE WATERFRONT, EYES, EARS AND NOSE SEARCHING  
THE NIGHT...

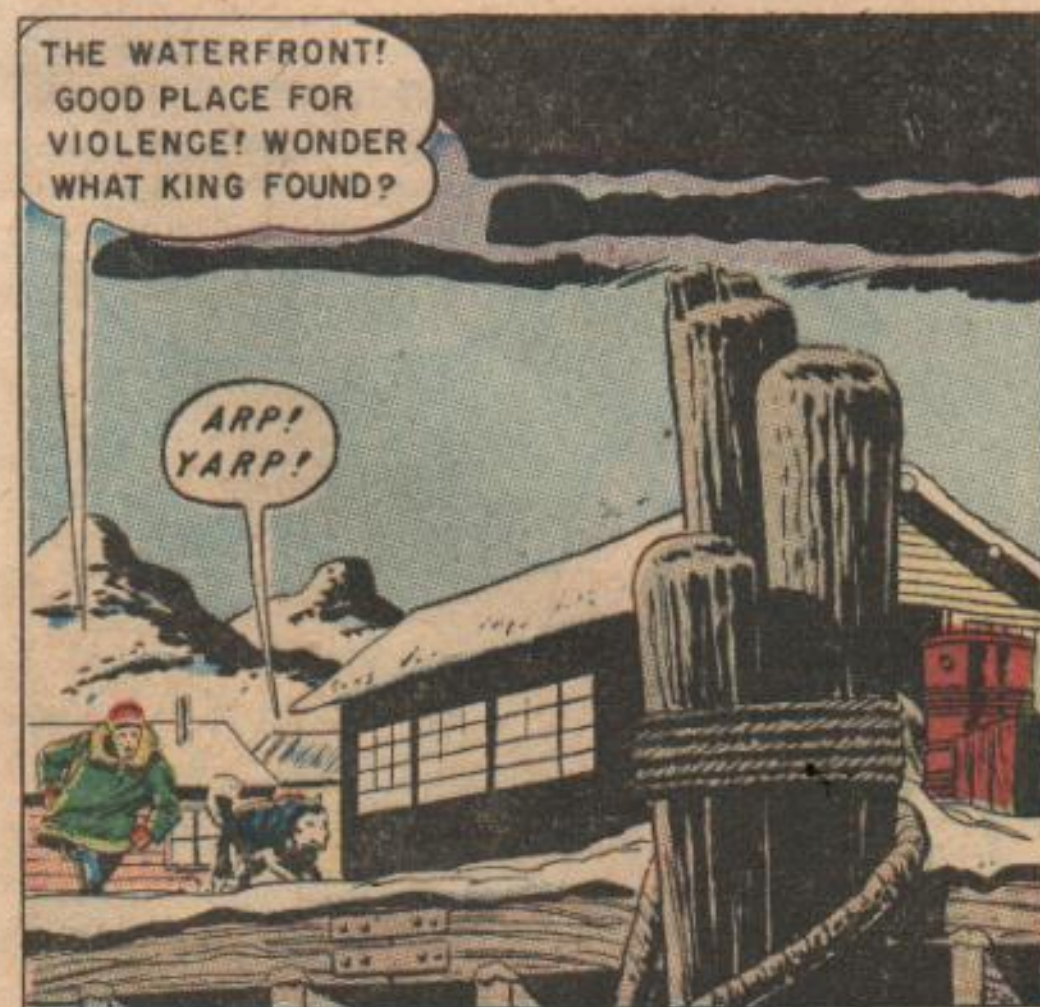
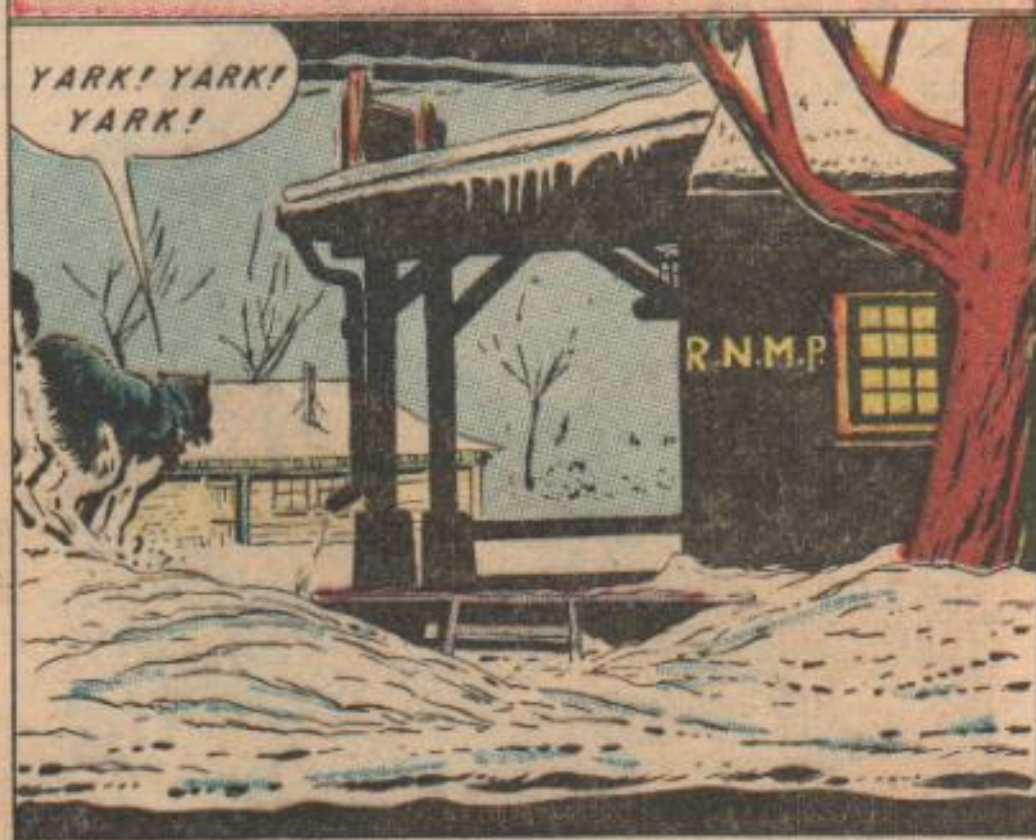
GRRR-RRRR-RRR---



SUDDENLY HE IS BESIDE THE WOUNDED MAN, SCENTING BLOOD! A WHINE OF SYMPATHY IS THE BEST COMFORT HE CAN OFFER...



THEN HE IS OFF AGAIN... HEADED FOR THE CABIN OF HIS OWNER, SERGEANT PRESTON, OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE...







HE'S ALIVE! BUT HE'S BEEN STABBED! WE'LL GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, KING---AND IF WE'RE IN TIME IT WILL BE THANKS TO YOU, OLD BOY!



GOOD MORNING, DR. MUNDAY! IS JOHNNY DONAHUE STRONG ENOUGH FOR CONSTABLE DOWNEY AND ME TO INTERVIEW HIM?

HMMM! WELL---IF YOU DON'T STAY TOO LONG, OR EXCITE HIM, SERGEANT! THE BOY IS DOING WELL TO BE ALIVE AT ALL!



HELLO, JOHNNY! HOW'S THE "AMELIA'S" SECOND MATE THIS MORNING?

STILL AFLOAT--- THANKS TO YOU, SERGEANT! DOC MUNDAY TOLD ME HOW YOU FOUND ME AND CARRIED ME IN.



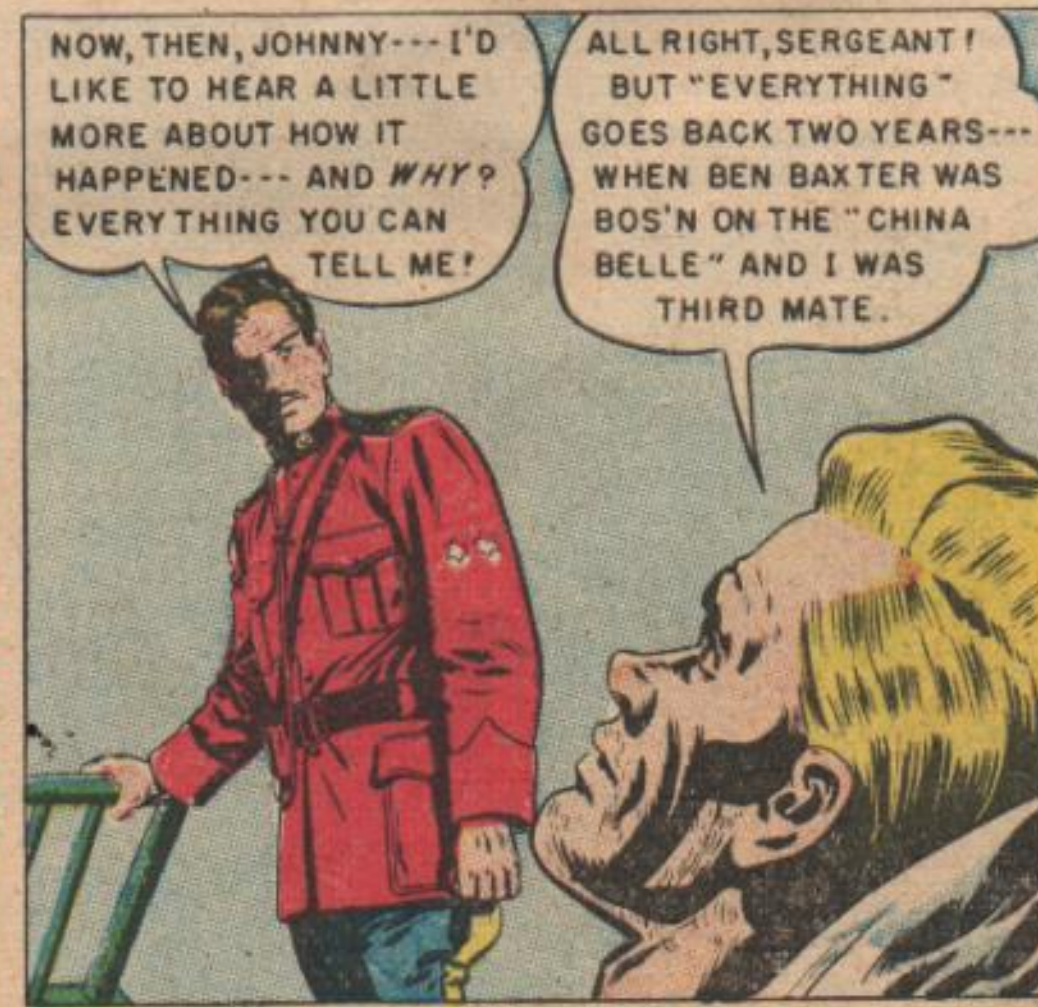
THE THANKS ARE DUE TO MY DOG, YUKON KING! HE FOUND YOU IN TIME, JOHNNY--- AND CALLED ME. YOURS ISN'T THE FIRST LIFE HE'S SAVED, EITHER! BUT NOW, CONSTABLE DOWNEY AND I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW--- WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU, LAST NIGHT?



IT WAS BEN BAXTER... A BIG MAN WITH A BLACK BEARD.

BAXTER--- I KNOW HIM! DOWNEY! SEE IF THE MAN IS STILL IN DAWSON, AND PICK HIM UP, IF HE IS!

YES, SERGEANT!



NOW, THEN, JOHNNY--- I'D LIKE TO HEAR A LITTLE MORE ABOUT HOW IT HAPPENED--- AND WHY? EVERYTHING YOU CAN TELL ME!

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! BUT "EVERYTHING" GOES BACK TWO YEARS--- WHEN BEN BAXTER WAS BOS'N ON THE "CHINA BELLE" AND I WAS THIRD MATE.





"WE WERE IN THE SULU SEA, BOUND FOR MANILA, WHEN A TYPHOON HIT US! IT WAS THE WORST STORM I EVER SAW."



"THE FIRST OFFICER WAS WASHED OVERBOARD ABOUT MIDNIGHT."



"JUST AFTER DAWN, THE SECOND MATE WAS KILLED WHEN THE FOREMAST CRACKED! THAT LEFT ME SECOND IN COMMAND TO THE SKIPPER."



"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM THE TIME THE TYPHOON STRUCK US, THE 'CHINA BELL'S' LOSS BECAME CERTAIN."

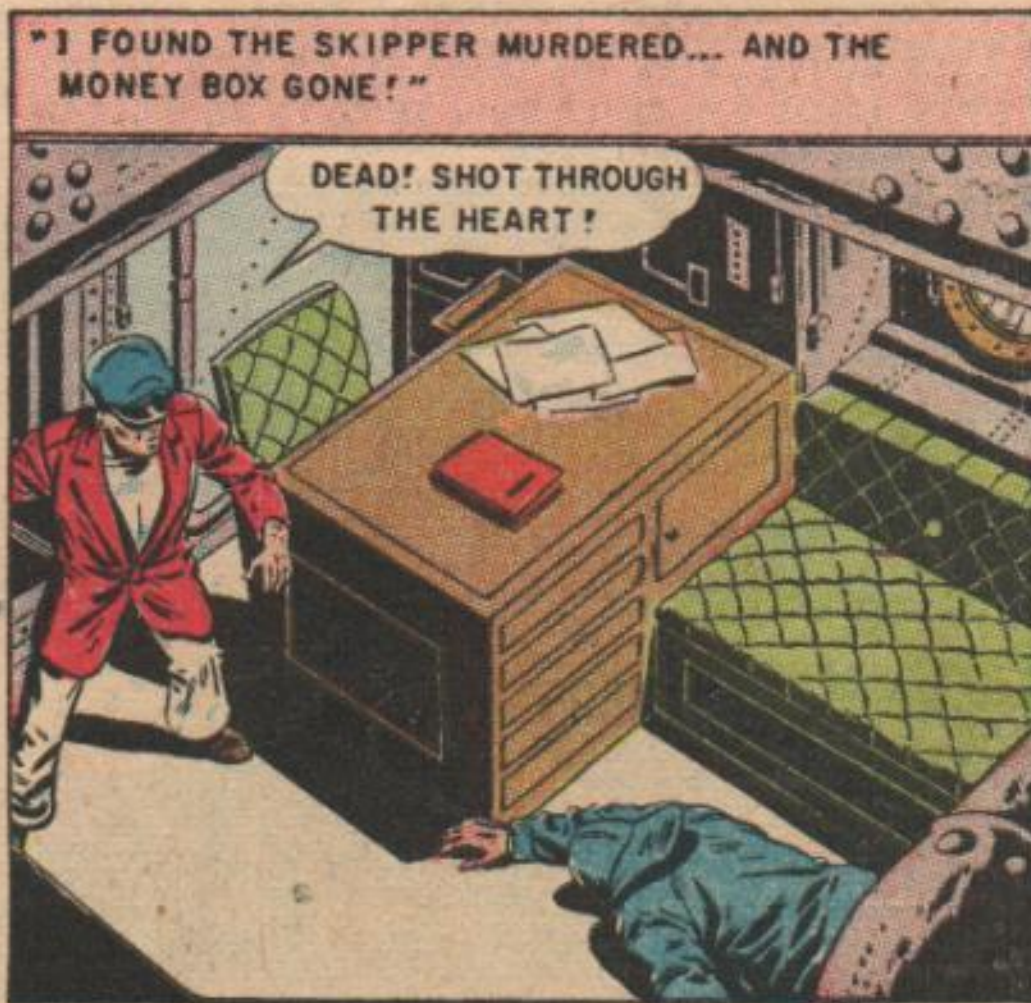
SHE'S BREAKING UP, MR. DONAHUE! I'LL GO BELOW NOW FOR THE SHIP'S PAPERS AND THE MONEY BOX. THEN WE'LL STAND BY TO ABANDON HER!



"I WAITED AS LONG AS I DARED... AND THEN TURNED THE WHEEL OVER TO ONE OF THE CREW."

HOLD HER AS WELL AS YOU CAN, LAMBERT! I'M GOING BELOW AFTER THE OLD MAN--- HE'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG!

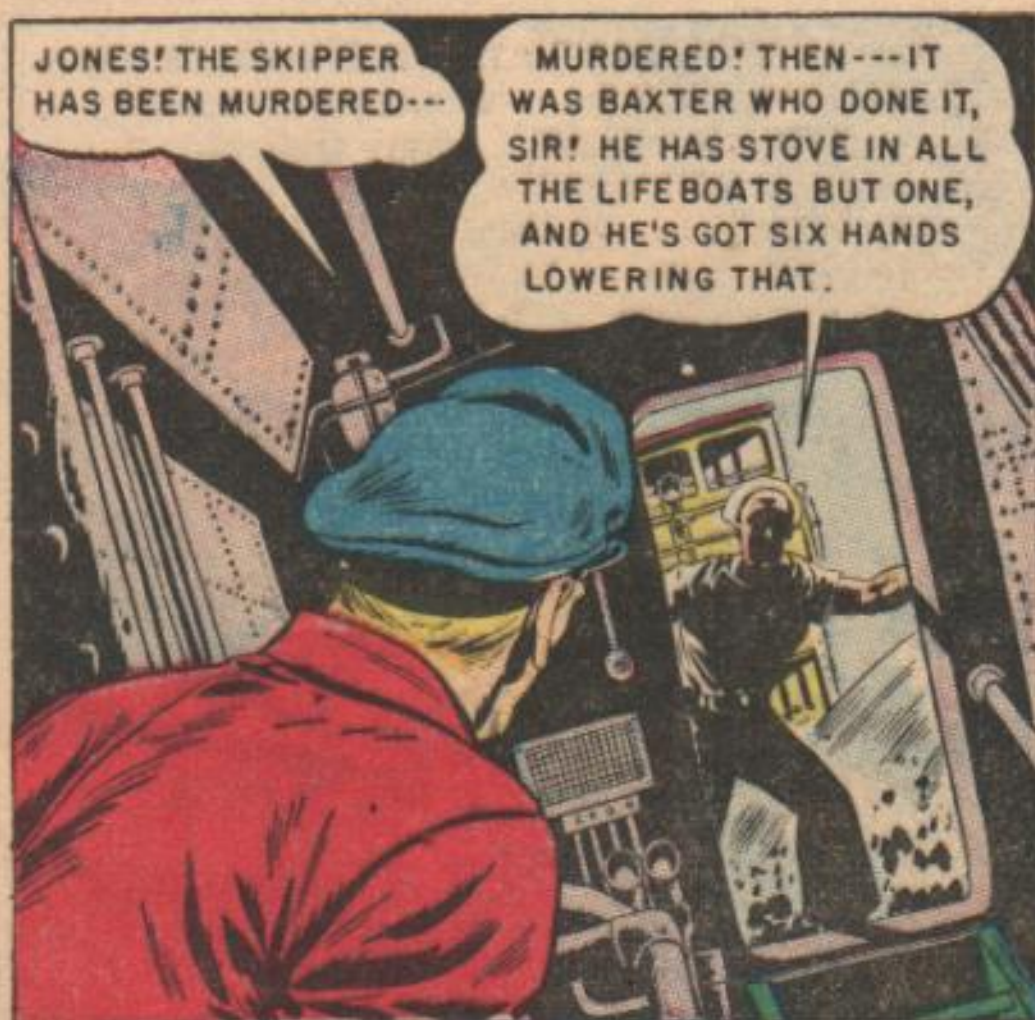
AYE, AYE, SIR!



"I FOUND THE SKIPPER MURDERED... AND THE MONEY BOX GONE!"

DEAD! SHOT THROUGH THE HEART!





JONES! THE SKIPPER  
HAS BEEN MURDERED---

MURDERED! THEN---IT  
WAS BAXTER WHO DONE IT,  
SIR! HE HAS STOVE IN ALL  
THE LIFE BOATS BUT ONE,  
AND HE'S GOT SIX HANDS  
LOWERING THAT.



LOOK THERE, SIR--- IF YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE ME! HE'S GOT THE  
CAPTAIN'S MONEY BOX UNDER  
HIS ARM--- AND A GUN!

YOU'RE RIGHT!  
IT'S MUTINY!



BAXTER, DROP THAT GUN--- AND THAT MONEY BOX!

HAW, HAW! DROP TWENTY  
THOUSAND DOLLARS---  
AND THE ONLY GUN ABOARD  
SHIP? STOP WHERE  
YOU ARE, MISTER!



"THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO TO STOP HIM!  
THE BOAT WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT IN  
THE STORM."

YOU CAN--- REPORT US--- FOR MUTINY---  
WHEN YOU GET TO--- DAVEY JONES'  
LOCKER! HAW! HAW!

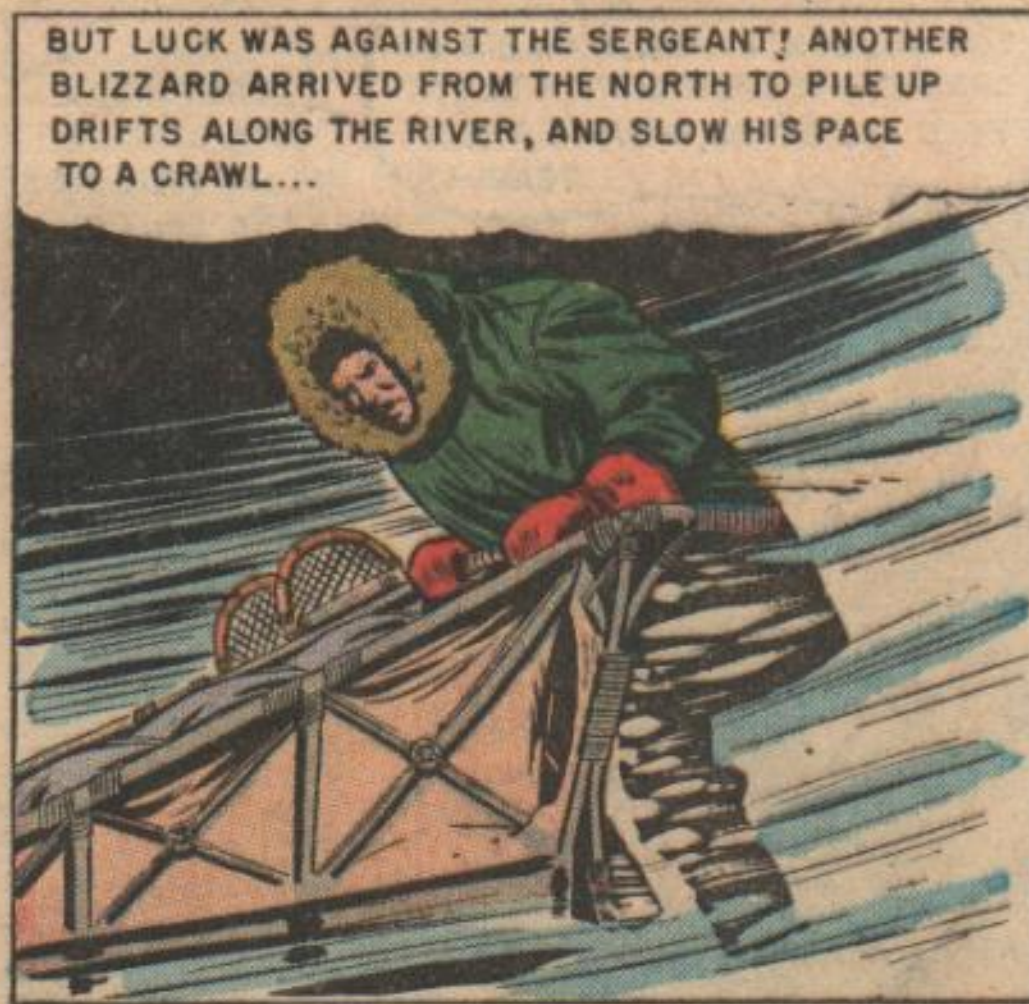
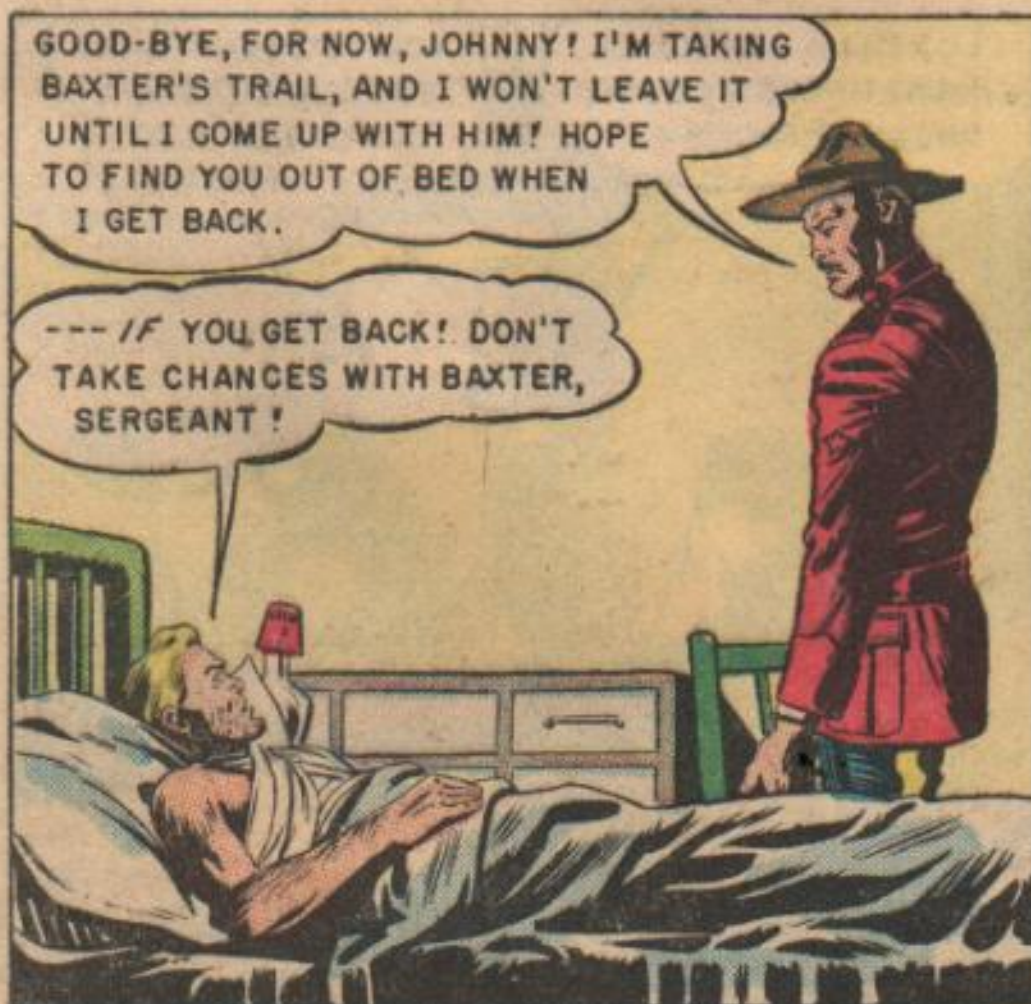


"A FEW HOURS LATER THE 'CHINA BELLE' WENT DOWN!  
A FEW HANDS WHO COULD SWIM TRIED TO SWIM CLEAR  
AND GRAB SOME WRECKAGE.



"I CLUNG ALL THE NEXT NIGHT TO A HATCH COVER...  
AND THE NEXT DAY, BY A MIRACLE, I WAS PICKED UP!  
NEITHER BAXTER NOR ANY OTHERS OF THE CHINA  
BELLE'S CREW WAS EVER HEARD OF AGAIN...







IT FORCED PRESTON TO BREAK TRAIL THROUGH THE DRIFTS...AND, WORSE STILL, IT ENDED ALL CHANCE OF FOLLOWING BEN BAXTER, EXCEPT BY GUESSWORK...



NEVER MIND, KING! WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE THAT BAXTER IS STILL HEADING SOUTH. WITH THE SNOW COVERING HIS TRACKS, HE WOULDN'T BOTHER TO LEAVE THE RIVER AND HIT INTO THE BUSH.

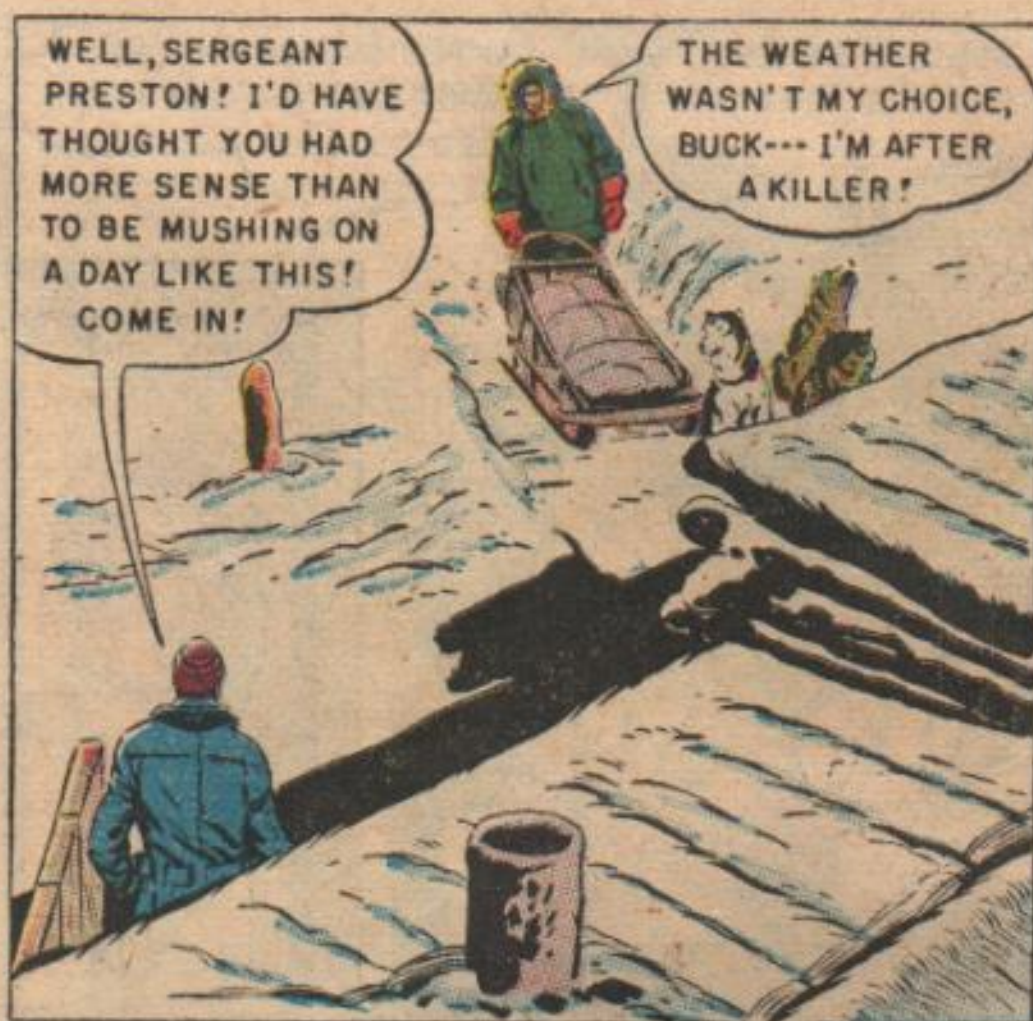


WE'LL STOP AT BUCK MARTIN'S CABIN AT THE MOUTH OF INDIAN CREEK. IT'S JUST POSSIBLE BUCK WILL HAVE NEWS!



WELL, SERGEANT PRESTON! I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU HAD MORE SENSE THAN TO BE MUSHING ON A DAY LIKE THIS! COME IN!

THE WEATHER WASN'T MY CHOICE, BUCK--- I'M AFTER A KILLER!



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM BY CHANCE--- A BIG MAN WITH BLACK EYES AND BEARD, DRIVING A DOG TEAM---

YUP!

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON!

HE LEFT HIS DOGS HERE AND WENT ON.

SAID HE HAD TO REACH A SICK FRIEND, UP INDIAN CREEK.



I'LL REST A COUPLE OF HOURS! FEED MY DOGS, WILL YOU, BUCK?

YOU BET, SERGEANT! BUT YOU'LL TAKE A CUP OF HOT TEA FIRST?





JUST TWO HOURS LATER, BUCK IS HELPING SERGEANT PRESTON HOOK UP...

THE BLIZZARD'S STOPPED, BUCK! MY TEAM CAN CATCH UP WITH BAXTER NOW.

YOU MAY FIND HIM DEAD ON THE TRAIL!

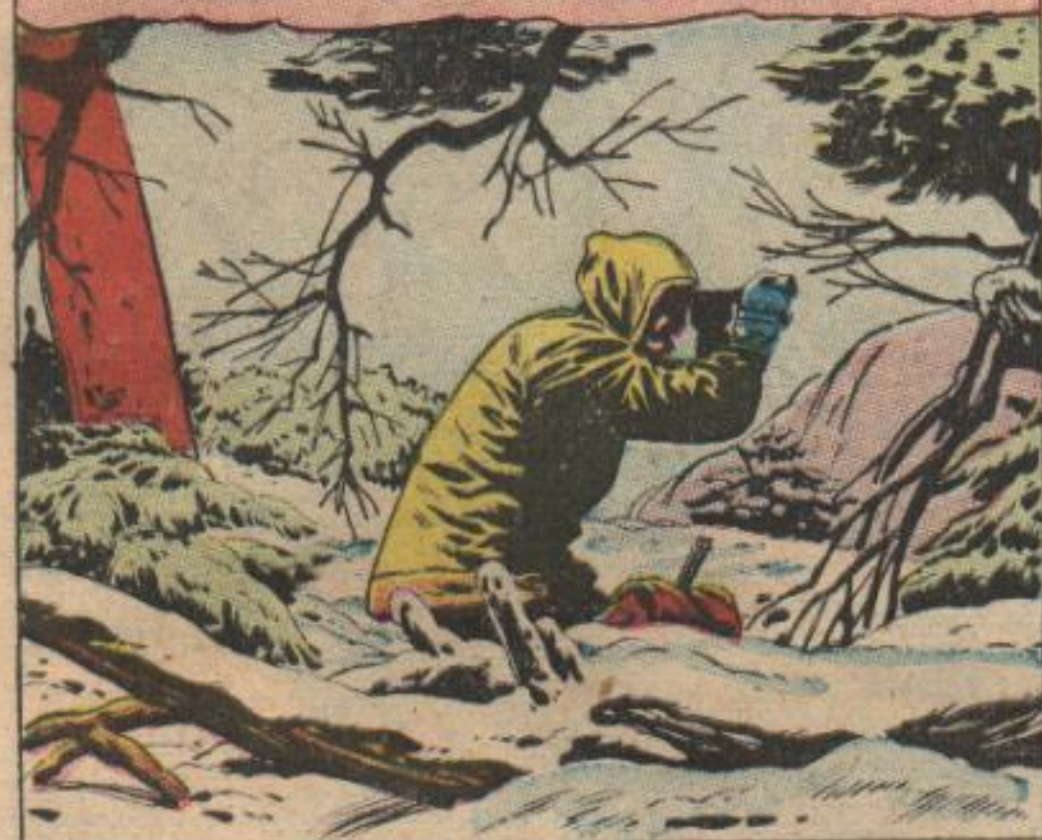


BAXTER WON'T BE DEAD--- HE'S A TOUGH MAN! SO LONG, BUCK!

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, SERGEANT!



THREE DAYS LATER... AT THE FORESTED RIM OF A LONG VALLEY, BEN BAXTER STOPS FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME TO SCAN HIS BACK TRAIL...



SUDDENLY, IN THE CIRCLE OF THE LENS APPEARS A DOG TEAM...



THAT'S A MOUNTIE--- PROBABLY SERGEANT PRESTON! I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING, TILL I CAN FIGURE A WAY TO TRAP HIM! IT WILL BE DARK SOON.



THERE'S A CABIN! PRESTON WILL STOP THERE--- SO I'LL HIDE CLOSE BY AND PLUG HIM WHEN HE'S OFF GUARD!





BUT A YOUNG MAN AT THE CABIN'S WOODPILE SPOTS THE KILLER'S SHADOWY FIGURE, AND HAILS HIM...



MY PARTNER AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANOTHER SOUL FOR A MONTH. HEY, MATT--- OPEN THE DOOR! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!



GO ON IN, MISTER---

THANKS! SAY, MATT, LOOK WHO'S HERE---



KLUNK!



YOU--- GET YOUR HANDS UP AND FACE THE WALL! QUICK!

YOU---YOU'VE KILLED TOM---MY PARTNER!



--- BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! ---















DON'T SHOOT, MATT! YOU'D HIT KING!

KRANG!  
KRANG!

MOMENTS LATER,  
PRESTON'S RIFLE  
SPEAKS FROM THE  
BRUSH---



THE GRAY CIRCLE MELTS AWAY, LEAVING KING ALONE  
WITH THE CRUMPLED HUMAN FORM IN THE SNOW...

KRANG!



YOUR PARTNER'S ALIVE,  
MATT--- STUNNED, I  
THINK! NO BLOOD!

THANK HEAVEN! AND  
THANKS TO YOUR  
DOG, SERGEANT!



I'LL CARRY HIM BACK  
TO THE CABIN!

WE'LL TAKE TURNS,  
SERGEANT! MY  
HEAD'S FEELING  
BETTER NOW!



BREAK OF DAY FINDS BAXTER SLOGGING WEARILY  
INTO VIEW OF A CLUSTER OF LOG  
BUILDINGS...

THERE'S THE BLACK  
FOREST TRADING POST! I  
GOTTA SLEEP--- AND I  
GOTTA HAVE A DOG TEAM!  
GET BOTH THERE---  
BEFORE PRESTON CAN  
CATCH UP.



'MORNIN', MA'AM! I'M JONAS  
SMITH! LOST MY DOGS THROUGH  
THIN ICE, AND BEEN MUSHING ALL  
NIGHT TO GET HERE! YOUR  
MAN AROUND?

NO--- HE'S GONE  
TO BEAVER CITY---  
BUT COME IN!  
WE'LL PUT UP  
A COT FOR YOU.





I'LL COVER YOU  
WITH THIS---

MA! I HEAR DOGS COMING!  
AND THEY AREN'T PA'S!

WAIT A  
MINUTE---



I KNOW THAT TEAM---  
IT'S SERGEANT  
PRESTON'S! BUT  
WHERE'S KING,  
HIS LEAD DOG?

PRESTON, IS IT? HOW'D  
HE TRAIL ME SO  
FAST--- AT  
NIGHT?



OKAY--- I'LL SHOOT IT OUT-  
WITH HIM NOW--- AND USE  
YOU FOR A SHIELD,  
BUDDY!

YEOW!  
SERGEANT  
PRESTON---  
LOOK OUT!

NO-O!  
STOP---



HEY---  
OWW!

GAAAAARGH!

KING! KING!  
GET HIM---



TAKE THAT---  
MAN-EATER---  
OFF ME!  
OWW---  
TAKE HIM!

ALL RIGHT! PUT  
YOUR HANDS  
BEHIND YOU  
AND I WILL,  
BAXTER!

GRRRRRRR...



WELL, KING--- THIS MAKES ANOTHER CASE  
CLOSED--- WITH YOUR HELP, OLD FELLA!

EEYUUUUH!  
YARP!

CLICK!



SERGEANT,  
YOU SAVED  
MY BUDDY---

NO, MRS. HAYNES--- IT WAS KING!  
I SENT HIM AHEAD TO BE READY FOR  
SOME TRICK SUCH AS BAXTER TRIED.  
I'D RATHER HAVE HIM IN  
A PINCH, THAN A WHOLE  
POLICE DETACHMENT!

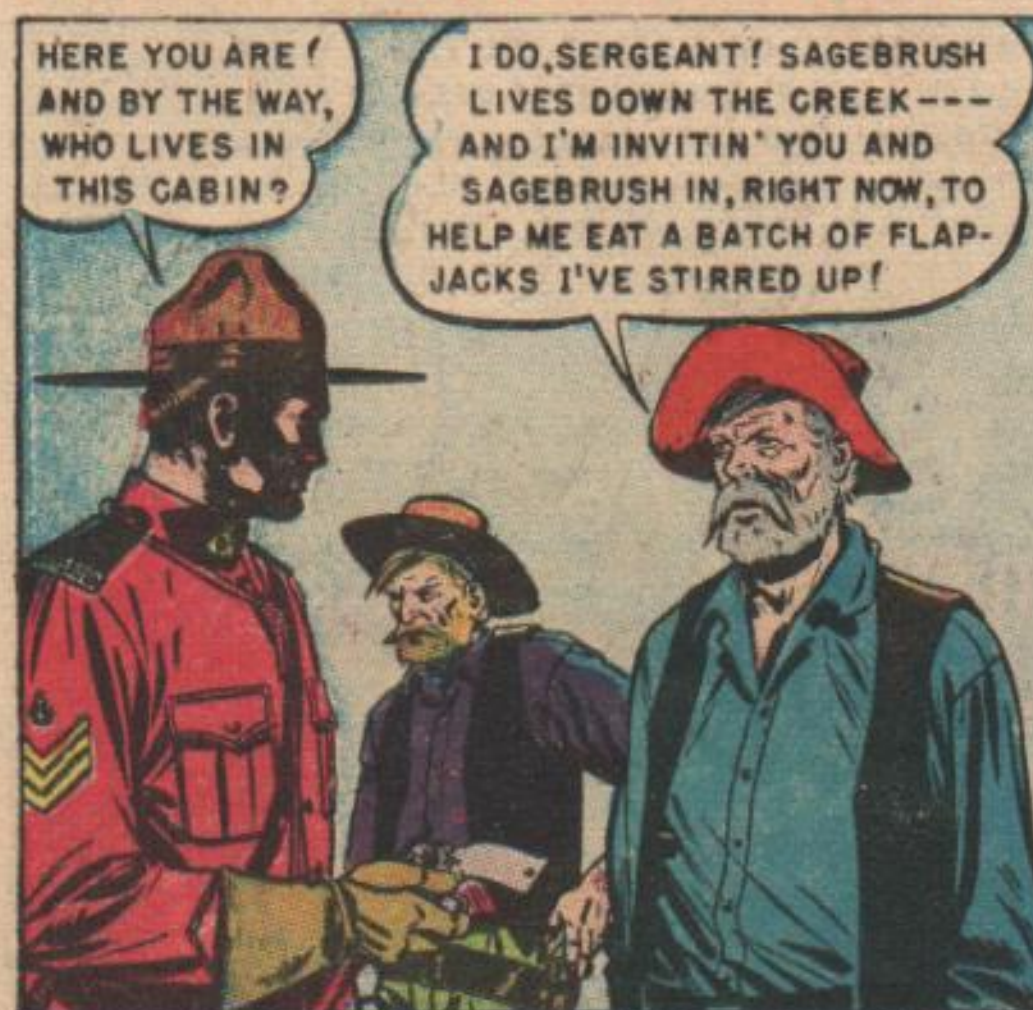
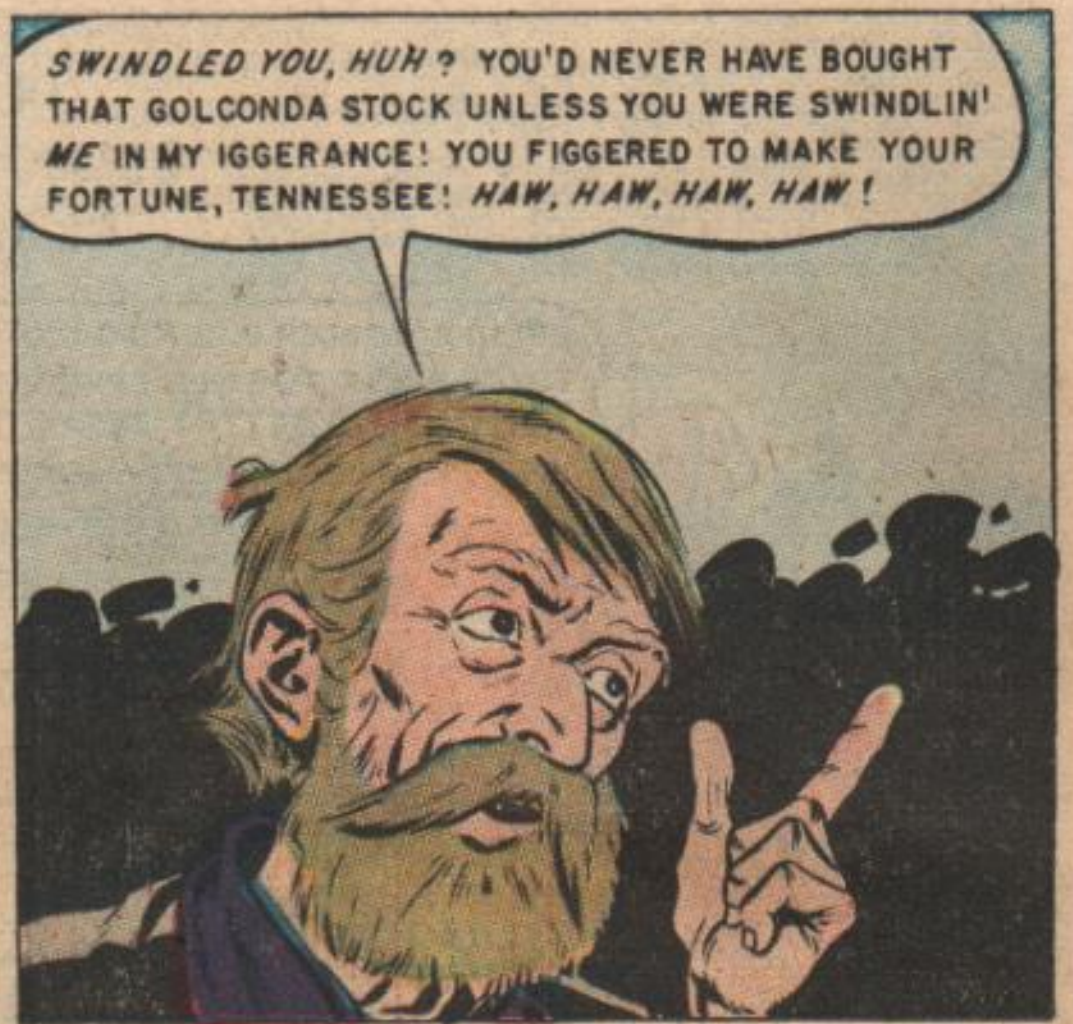
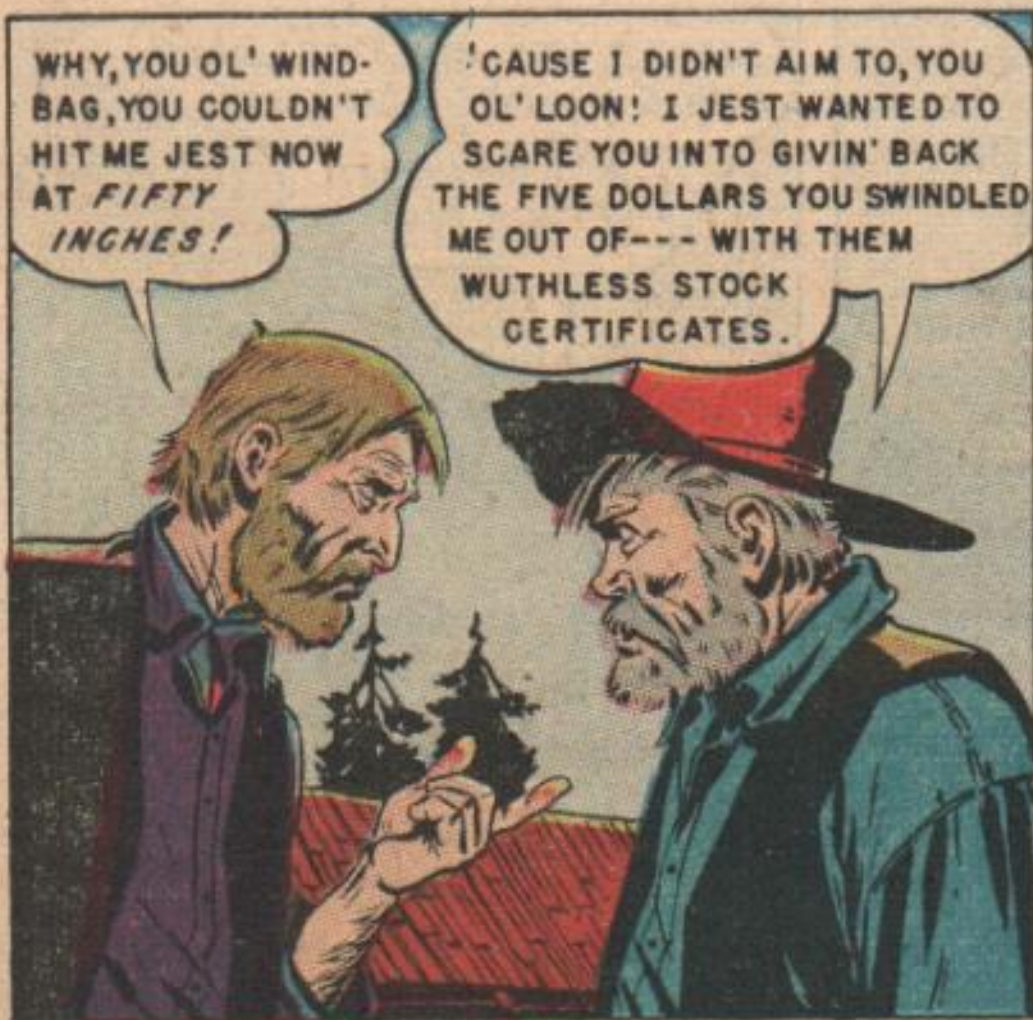


# Sergeant PRESTON

IN GOLCONDA CLAIM





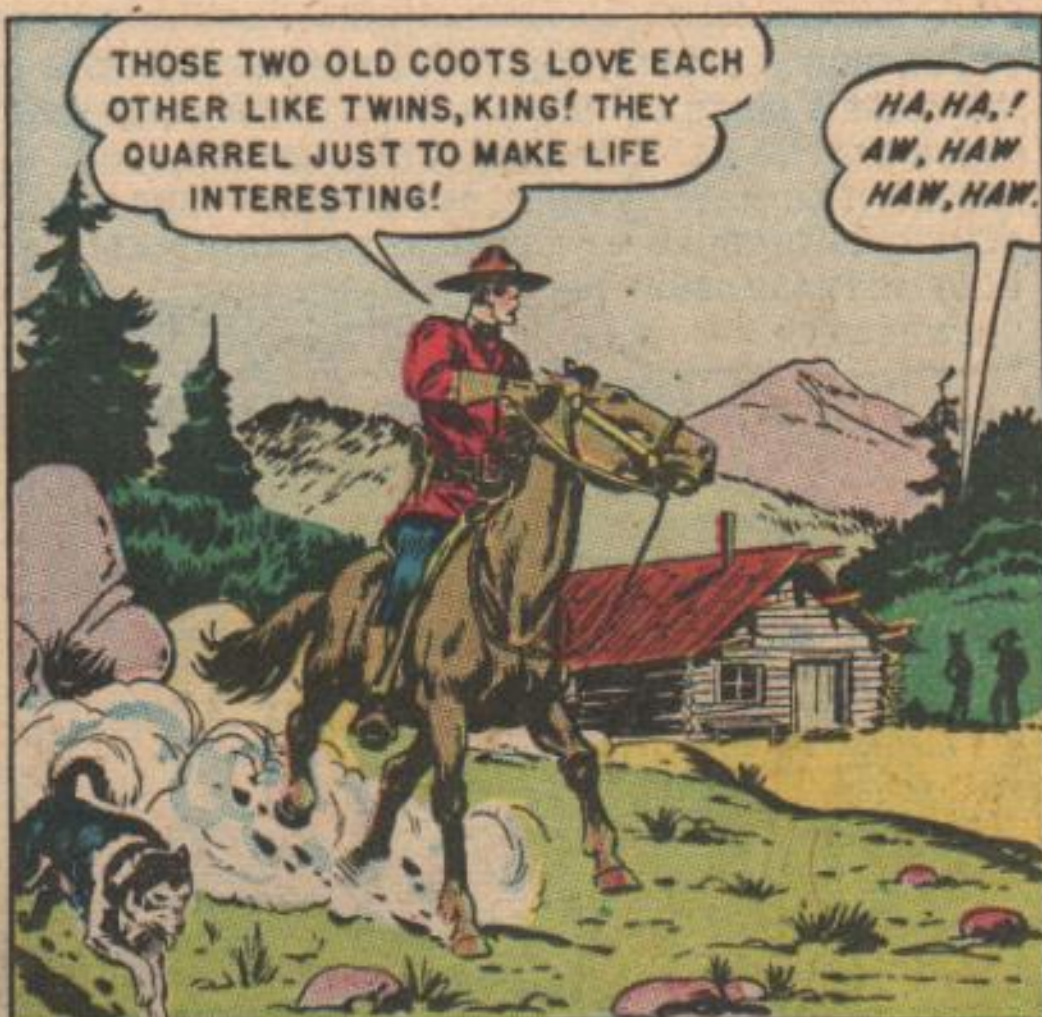






DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE FILLED UP ALREADY, SERGEANT! HAVE SOME MORE TO EAT!

NO, THANKS, I SIMPLY COULDN'T! BESIDES I'VE GOT TO REACH GOPHER CAMP BEFORE DARK. THANKS AGAIN, TENNESSEE!



THOSE TWO OLD COOTS LOVE EACH OTHER LIKE TWINS, KING! THEY QUARREL JUST TO MAKE LIFE INTERESTING!

HA, HA,!  
AW, HAW  
HAW, HAW.



HELLO, BARLUM! LEFTY AND I ARE ON OUR WAY TO DAWSON TO UNLOAD SOME MORE GOLCONDA STOCK ON SUCKERS. THOUGHT WE'D STOP FOR THE NIGHT!

GOOD THING YOU DID, SLADE! GET DOWN!

THAT SAME EVENING, TWO MEN ARRIVE AT THE ABANDONED GOLCONDA MINE...



COME INTO THE OLD TUNNEL! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!

YOU MEAN THE PLACE THAT YOU'VE "SALTED" WITH REAL GOLD, TO FOOL ANY SUCKER THAT WANTS PROOF BEFORE HE BUYS STOCK?



NO! WHILE I WAS DIGGING AROUND FOR A SPOT TO "SALT", I STRUCK THE RICHEST VEIN OF HIGH GRADE THAT I'VE EVER SEEN!

YOU'RE FOOLING US?

SHOW IT TO US-- QUICK! IF YOU'RE NOT GIVING US A WINDY!



THERE!

WOW! IT'S ROTTEN RICH WITH GOLD!

AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO SELL THE REST OF OUR STOCK IN THIS MINE, CHEAP! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE BUYING STOCK!



YOU'RE RIGHT, LEFTY!  
AND THERE'S QUITE A  
BUNCH OF IT TO BE  
HAD RIGHT NEARBY!  
REMEMBER THAT OLD  
COOT WE HEARD ABOUT  
IN NUGGET?

TENNESSEE? YEAH! THEY SAID  
HE'D BOUGHT A LOT OF GOLCONDA  
SHARES FROM ANOTHER OLD-  
TIMER, SAGEBRUSH--- AND HE  
FIGURED HE WAS SWINDLED!

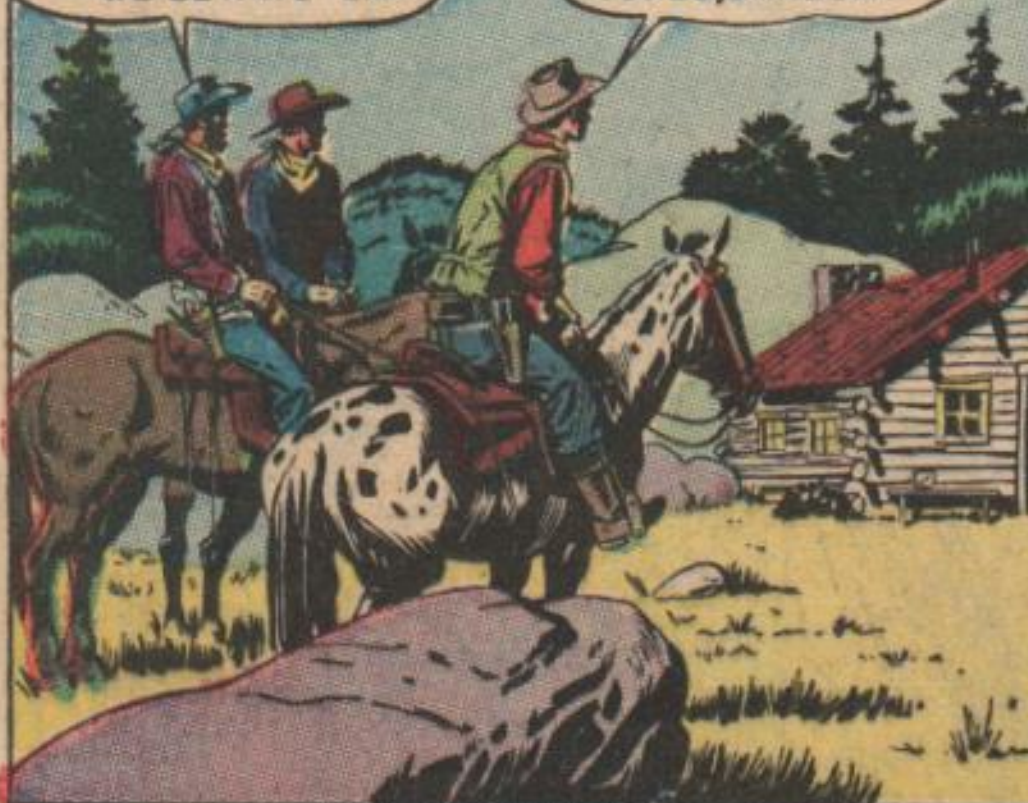


I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT OLD TENNESSEE! I KNOW  
WHERE HE LIVES! WE'LL CALL ON HIM TONIGHT, BOYS-  
--- AND RELIEVE HIM OF HIS "WORTHLESS" SHARES!



THERE'S HIS CABIN! IF HE  
HASN'T LIGHTED FIRES  
WITH THE CERTIFICATES,  
WE'LL HAVE 'EM!

LIGHTED FIRES WITH 'EM!  
YOU SURE CAN THINK OF  
SOME MIGHTY SOUR  
JOKES, BARLUM!



HELLO, TENNESSEE!

HUH? WHAT'S THE IDEA---  
BUSTIN' IN ON A MAN WITH-  
OUT EVEN KNOCKIN'?



WE'VE HEARD YOU OWNED SOME STOCK IN THE GOLCON-  
DA MINE, TENNESSEE! IT ISN'T WORTH MUCH NOW, BUT  
THERE'S A LONG CHANCE IT MIGHT BE, SEVERAL YEARS  
FROM NOW. WE'RE WILLING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER OF  
TWENTY DOLLARS---

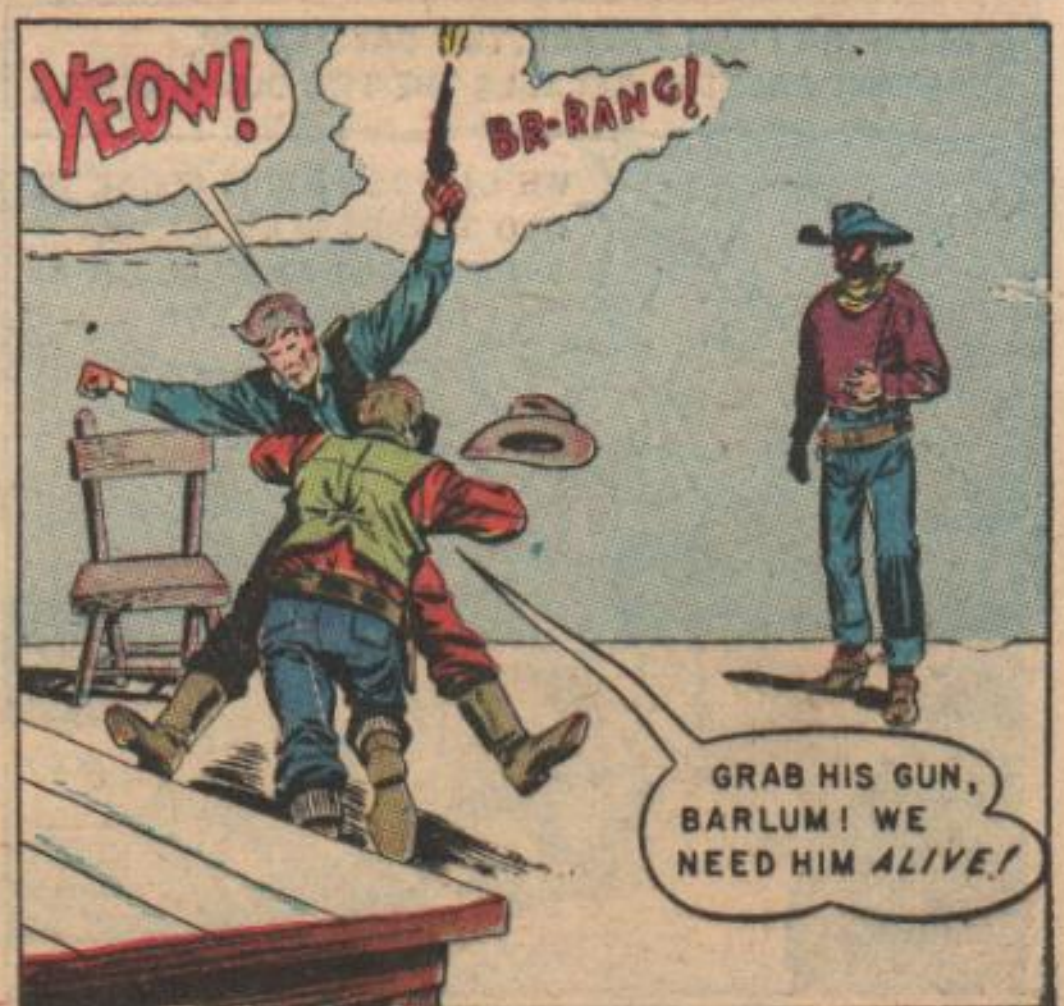
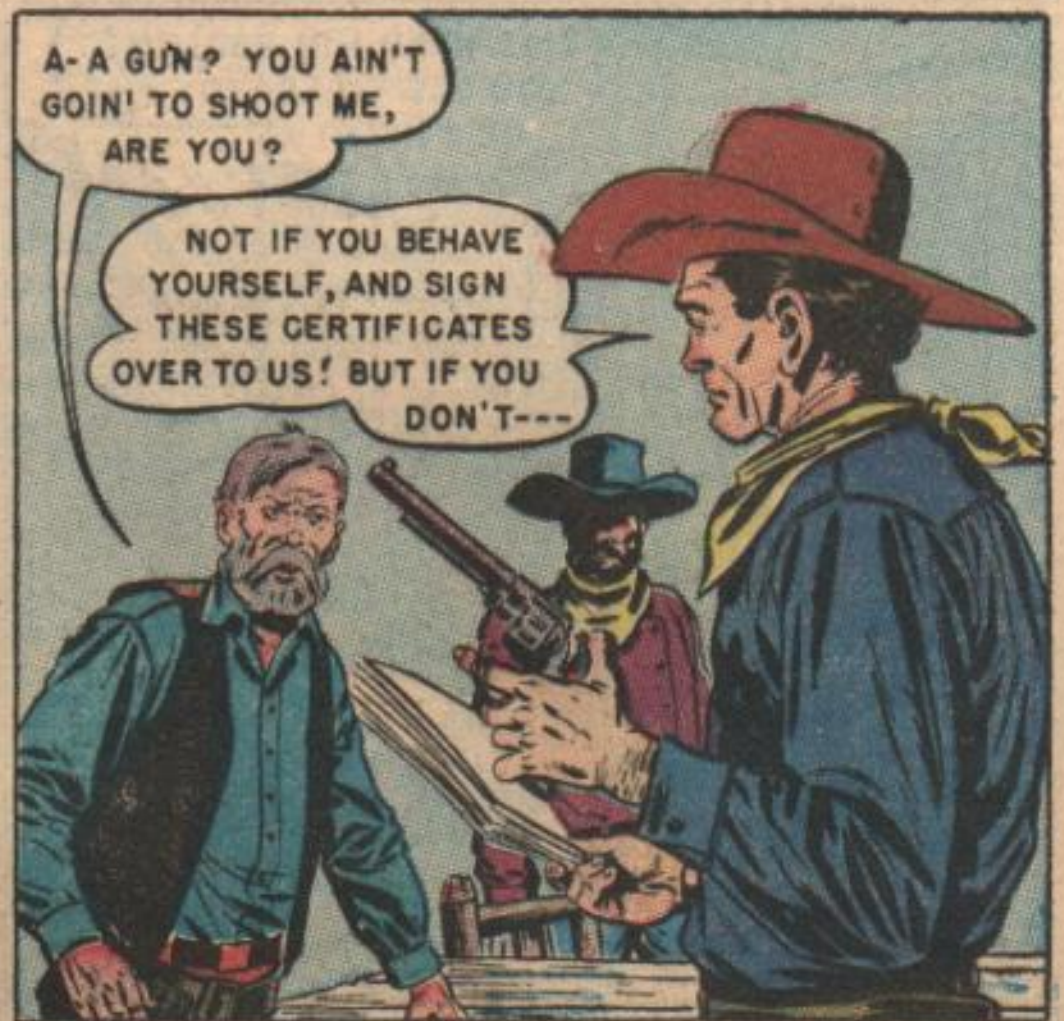
**NO!**



I WOULDN'T SELL YOU POLEGATS THE MUD OFF  
MY BOOTS IF YOU OFFERED ME PURE GOLD FER IT!  
I WOULDN'T DEAL WITH *ANY* MAN WHO BUSTS INTO  
MY HOUSE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS BY-YOUR-LEAVE!









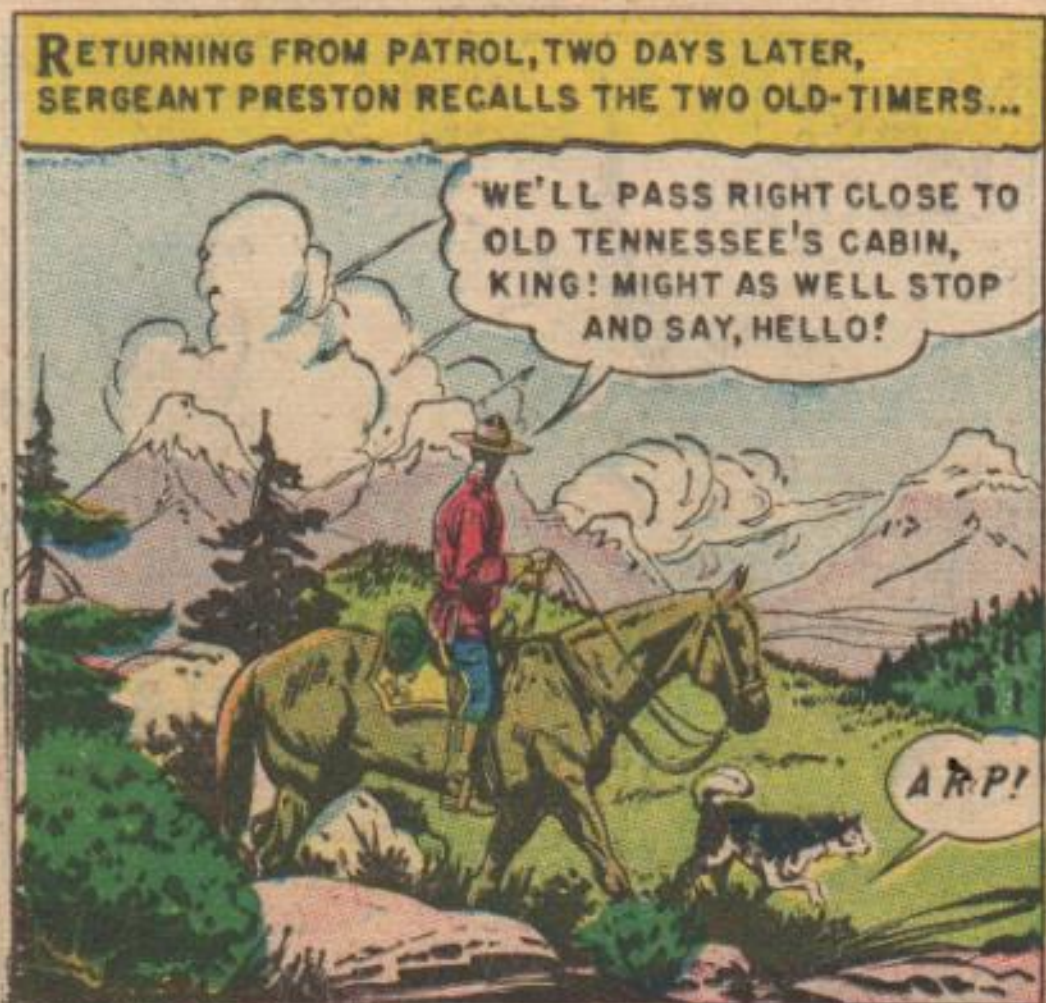


COME ON, THEN! THE  
CABIN'S AFIRE!

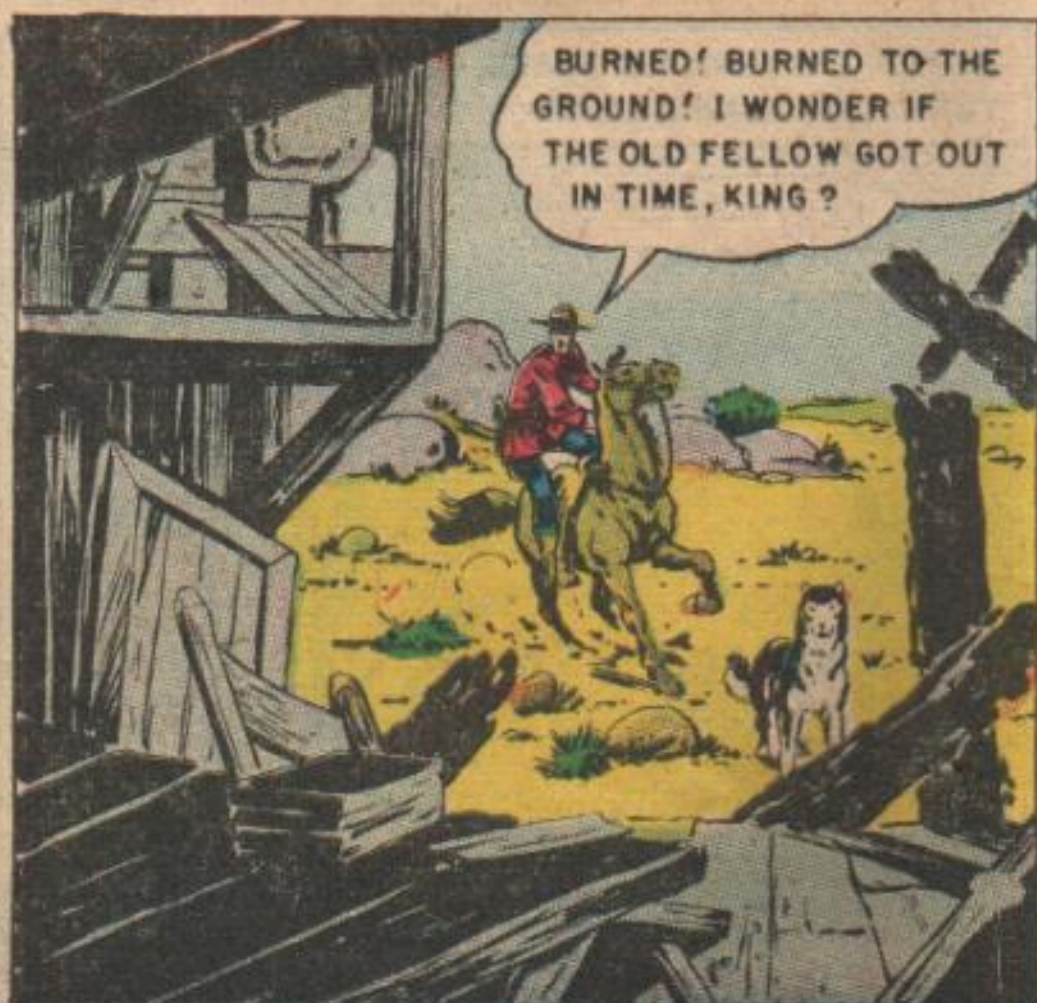
YOU ORNERY  
POLEGATS!  
LEAVE ME GO!



ALL RIGHT,  
BARLUM--- BACK  
TO THE MINE! WE  
WILL MAKE HIM  
SIGN THERE!



A R-P!





A BODY LAY HERE, KING! IT'S BEEN REMOVED--- BY A POLICEMAN, TO JUDGE BY THE BOOT TRACKS! PROBABLY CONSTABLE MEANS OF NUGGET! POOR OLD TENNESSEE!



HUMPH! HORSE TRACKS, TWO DAYS OLD--- THREE HORSES--- STOPPED HERE! PERHAPS THE BURNING OF TENNESSEE'S CABIN WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! IT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE TO HIDE--- MURDER!

MMMMH!  
EEE-UUUUH!



AND HERE'S THE CONSTABLE'S HORSE--- HEADED FOR OLD SAGEBRUSH'S CABIN--- TO ARREST HIM, PROBABLY! BUT I DON'T BELIEVE---



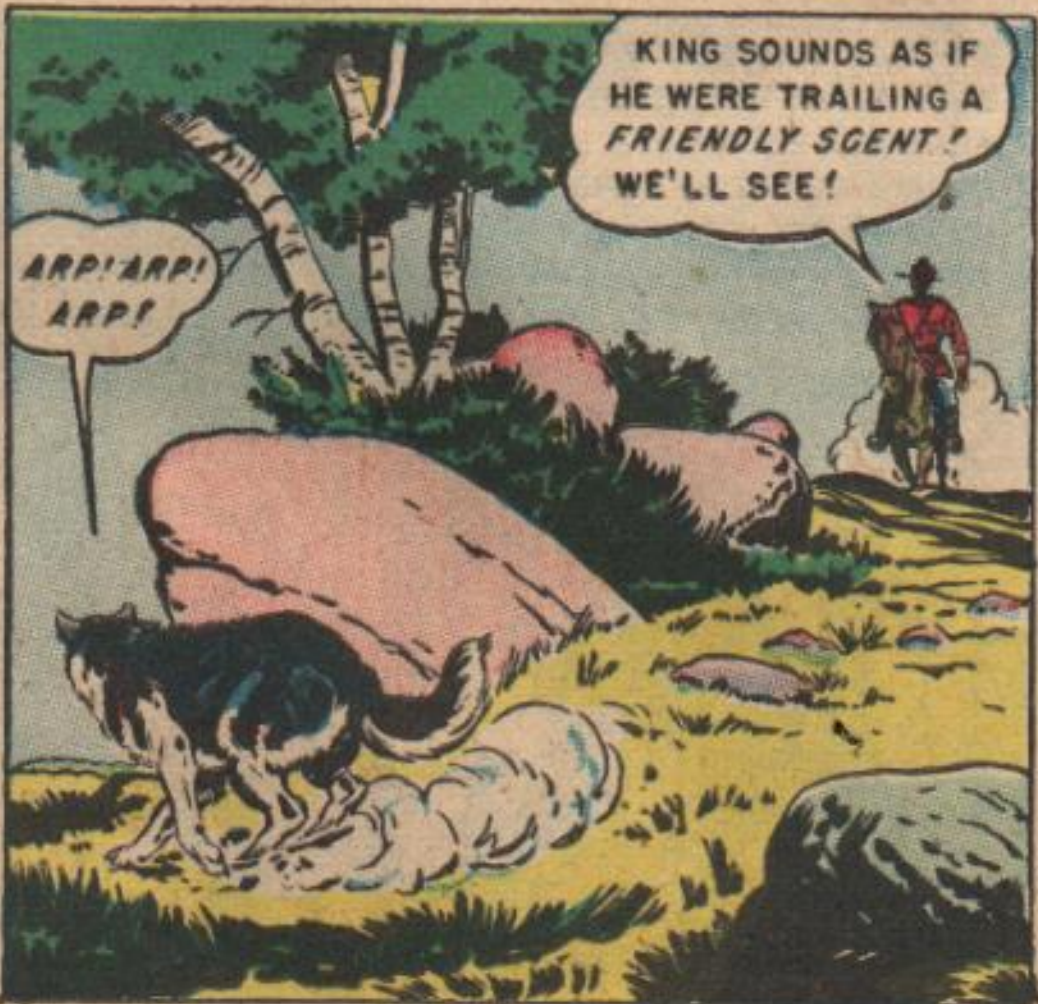
KING! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME? YOU WANT TO FOLLOW THE TRACKS OF THOSE THREE HORSES?

HAH, HAH!  
EEE-UUUUH!



KING SOUNDS AS IF HE WERE TRAILING A FRIENDLY SCENT! WE'LL SEE!

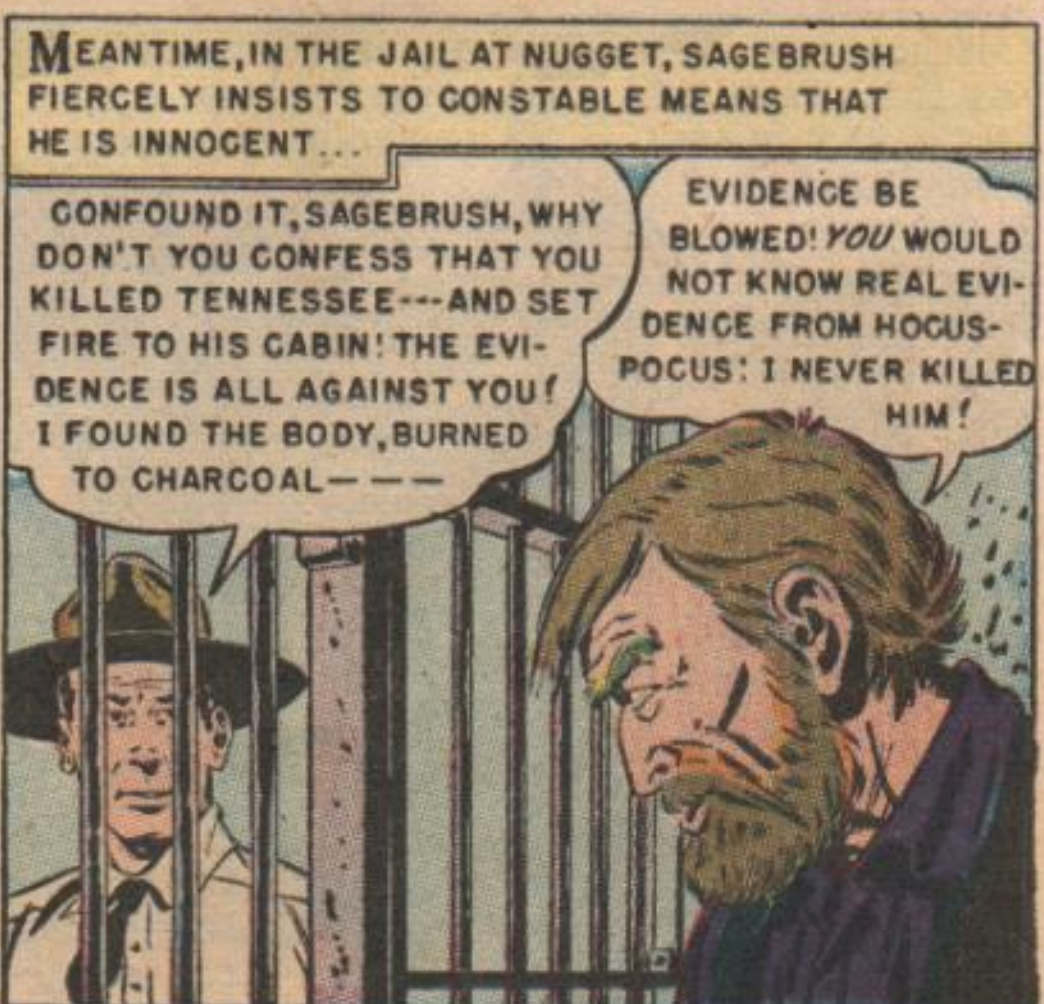
ARPI! ARPI!  
ARPI!



MEANTIME, IN THE JAIL AT NUGGET, SAGEBRUSH FIERCELY INSISTS TO CONSTABLE MEANS THAT HE IS INNOCENT...

CONFOUND IT, SAGEBRUSH, WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS THAT YOU KILLED TENNESSEE--- AND SET FIRE TO HIS CABIN! THE EVIDENCE IS ALL AGAINST YOU! I FOUND THE BODY, BURNED TO CHARCOAL---

EVIDENCE BE BLOWED! YOU WOULD NOT KNOW REAL EVIDENCE FROM HOCUS-POCUS! I NEVER KILLED HIM!





EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT YOU TWO HAVE THREATENED FOR YEARS TO BLOW EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT! IF YOU CONFESS, THE JURY MIGHT CALL IT MAN-SLAUGHTER, INSTEAD OF MURDER! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH FOR YOU, SAGEBRUSH!

SHUCKS! WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT MY LIFE--- NOW THAT OL' TENNESSEE IS GONE! ALL I WANT TO SEE IS HIS MURDERER CAUGHT!



--- AND MILES AWAY, SERGEANT PRESTON IS COMING IN SIGHT OF THE GOLCONDA'S ENTRANCE TUNNEL...



INSIDE THE TUNNEL, OLD TENNESSEE IS TOUGHING OUT HIS SECOND DAY OF CAPTIVITY...

ALL THE WATER YOU WANT TO DRINK, AS SOON AS YOU SIGN OVER THESE STOCK CERTIFICATES, TENNESSEE!

YOU'LL DIE HERE IF YOU DON'T, OLD MAN!

NOPE! YOU'LL FINISH ME *WHEN* YOU GET MY SIGNATURE--- NOT BEFORE!



A DOG! SOMEONE'S COMING, BARLUM! CARRY THE OLD COOT FARTHER BACK INTO THE MINE! I'LL SEE WHO IT IS!



WELCOME TO GOLCONDA, SERGEANT! MY NAME'S SLADE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

THERE ARE THREE HORSES OUTSIDE. WHERE ARE YOUR PARTNERS?

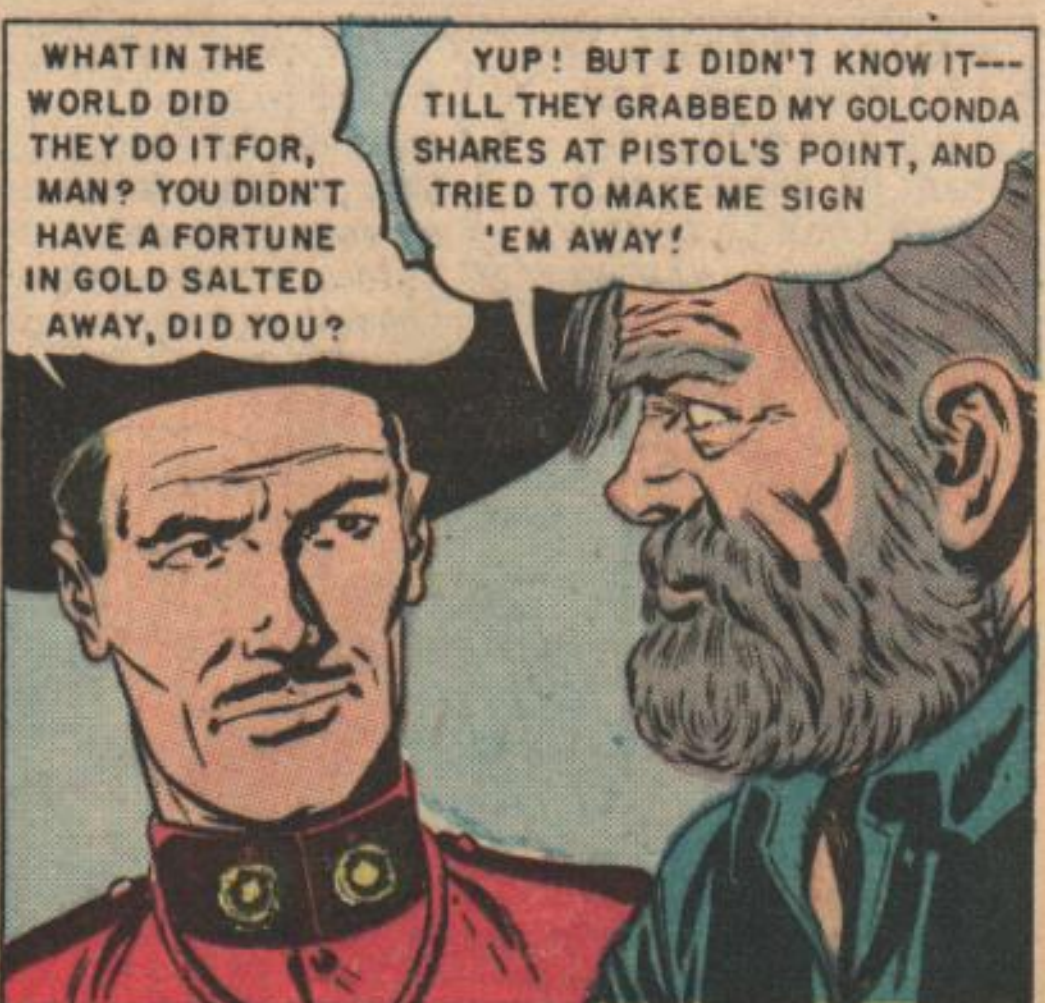


MY---UH---PARTNERS? WHY, THEY'RE BACK IN THE MINE SOMEWHERE! WE ALL GOT STUCK WITH SOME MINING SHARES--- AND CAME HERE TO SEE HOW BADLY WE'RE HOOKED---UH--- COME BACK HERE, FELLOW!

LET HIM GO, SLADE---









SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE ACCIDENTALLY UNCOVERED A VEIN OF MIGHTY RICH ORE IN THIS ABANDONED MINE--- SO THOSE SHARES OL' SAGEBRUSH SOLD ME FOR FIVE DOLLARS ARE WUTH A FORTUNE, AFTER ALL--- HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!



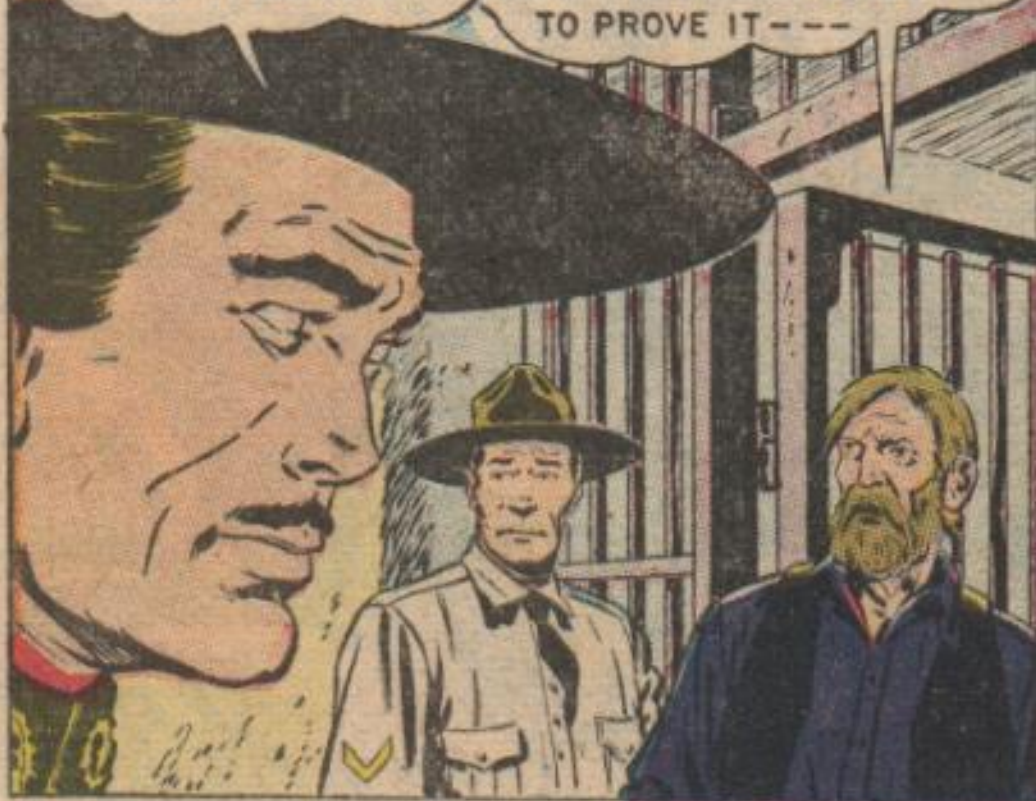
SAGEBRUSH, I'VE GOT GOOD GOOD NEWS FOR YOU! SERGEANT PRESTON HAS CAPTURED THE TWO OUTLAWS THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR BURNING DOWN TENNESSEE'S GABIN!

WHOO! H'RAY FER YOU--- SERGEANT! NOW THE REAL MURDERERS WILL PAY WITH THEIR LIVES---



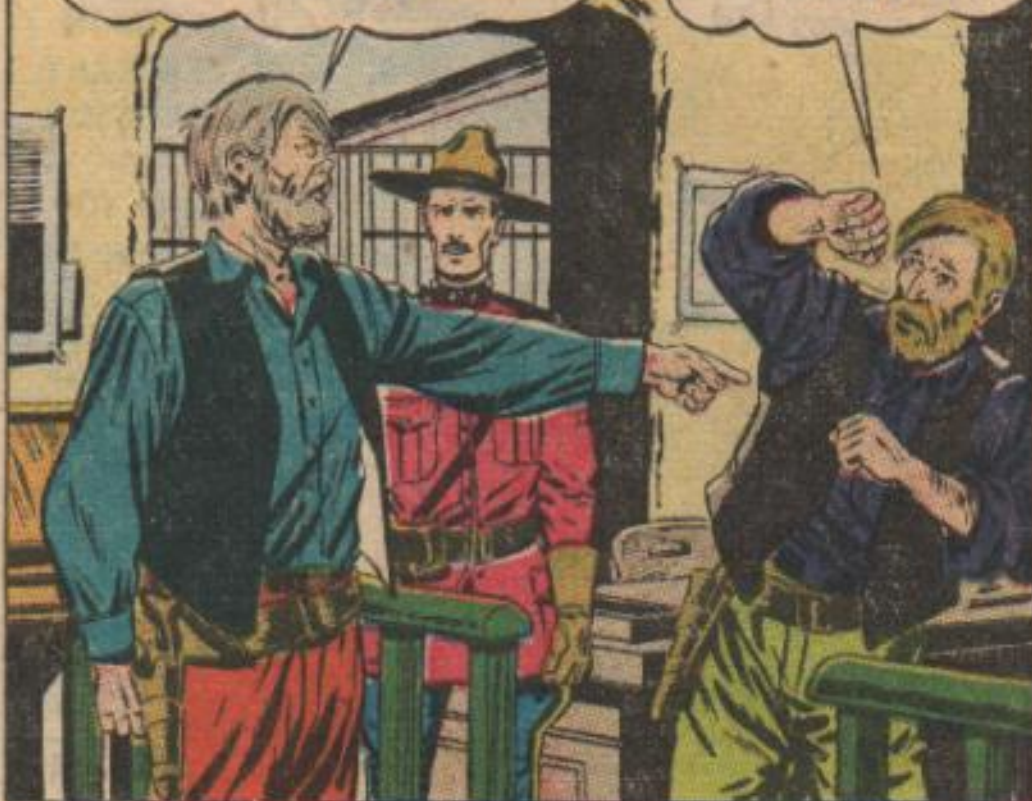
NO! I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T PROVE THAT THEY ACTUALLY KILLED TENNESSEE!

HUH? YOU MEAN THAT, SERGEANT? THAT TAKES ALL THE JOY OUT OF ME GOIN' FREE! YOU'VE GOT TO PROVE IT---



WHY, YOU DAD-RATTLED OLD VILLAIN! I BELIEVE YOU WANT ME DEAD! LEASTWAYS TO HEAR YOU TALK---

**TENNESSEE**  
---ALIVE!



WHOO! YEE-HOO! H'RA-A-AY! YOU ARE ALIVE, YOU OL' MOSS-HEAD! NO GHOST COULD EVER LOOK SO ORNERY! HAW, HAW!

EASY, THAR, YOU CRAZY GALOOT! I AIN'T ET FOR TWO DAYS, OR I'D PUT YOU ON YOUR BACK AN' TROMP ON YOU-- FOR HURTIN' MY HAND!

ARPI ARP!

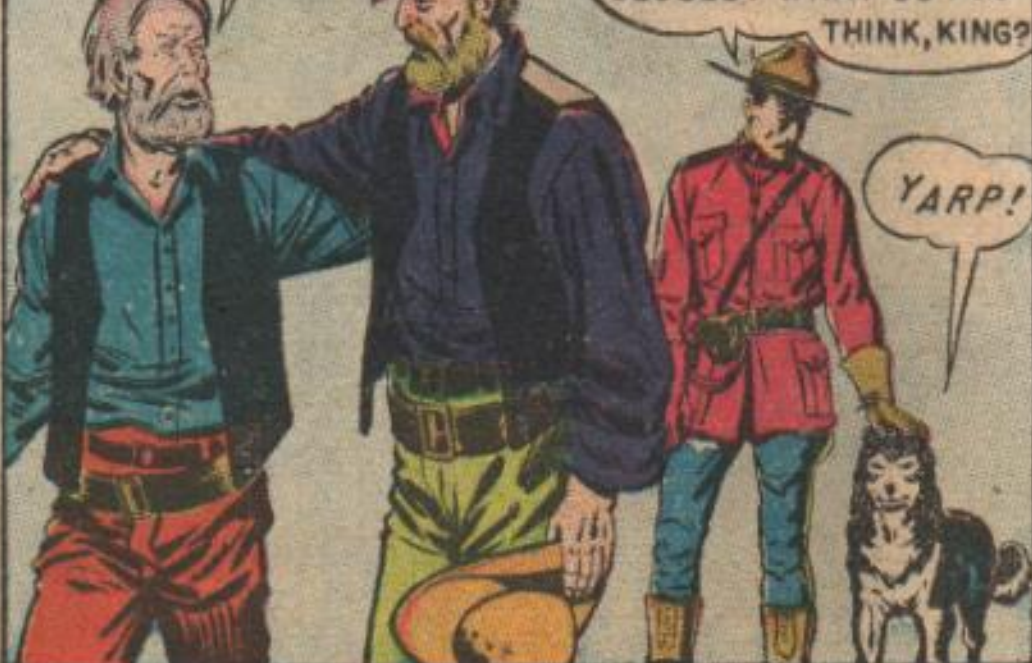


MOVE IN WITH YOU, YOU OL' LOON? NOT SO'S YOU'D NOTICE IT! I'M RICH ENOUGH TO BUILD A REAL HOUSE FER THE TWO OF US!

NOW, YOU LOOKY HERE, TENNESSEE---

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF THIS GASE WERE CLOSED! WHAT DO YOU THINK, KING?

YARP!





# Sergeant PRESTON

AND THE PRINTED TIP-OFF



YEAH? HAS THAT CHEECHAKO EDITOR STARTED PRINTING JOKES, STONY?

HUH, HUH, HUH! LISTEN TO THIS IN THE WHITEHORSE DAILY NEWS, FELLAS!

HOLED UP IN AN ABANDONED CABIN ON WOLF CREEK, THE NOTORIOUS "STONY" LOGAN AND HIS GANG WAIT FOR THE MANHUNT FOLLOWING THEIR LATEST ROBBERY TO DIE DOWN...

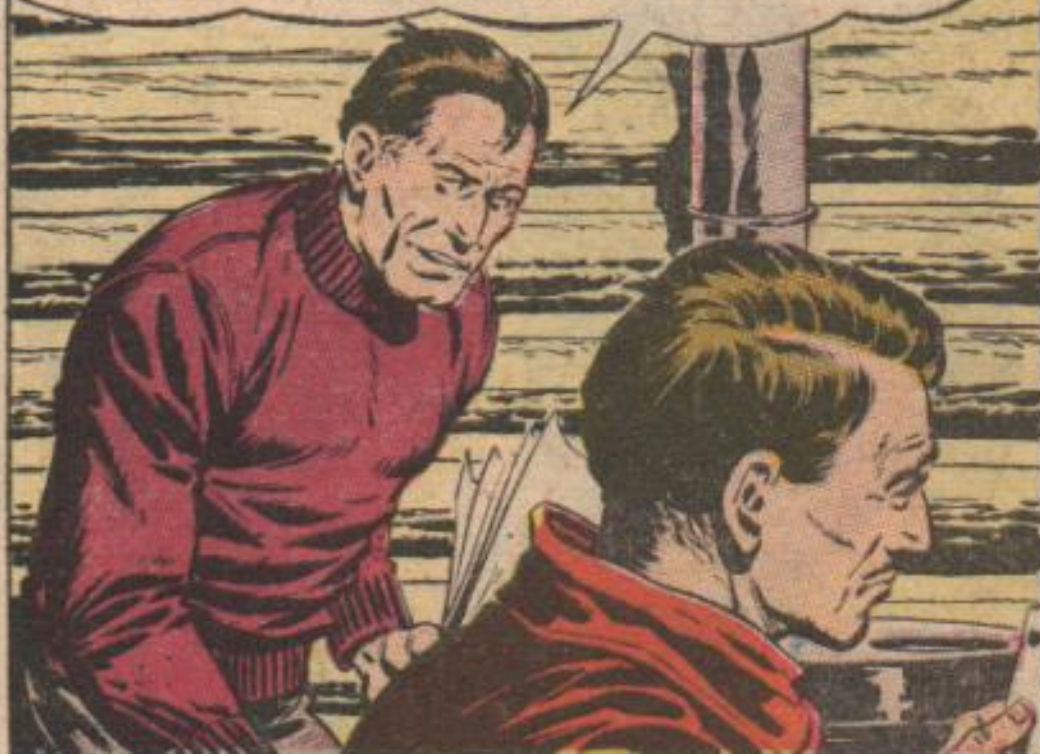
IT'S GOIN' TO BE A JOKE--- BUT NOT ON US, SOAPY! LISTEN--- "THE NUGGET CAFÉ HAS DONE A LANDSLIDE BUSINESS SINCE IT OPENED, A WEEK AGO." AND HERE'S ANOTHER BIT--- "THE BOAT FROM DAWSON WILL ARRIVE FRIDAY, CROWDED WITH NEWCOMERS TO THE GOLD CREEKS."



SO WHAT! THEY HAVEN'T DUG ANY GOLD FOR US---YET!



AH, YOU BONEHEADS COULDN'T MAKE FOUR OUT OF TWO-AND-TWO! THIS IS FRIDAY NIGHT--- AND THE NUGGET'S CAFÉ'S TILL WILL BE RUNNIN' OVER--- NOT TO MENTION THE CASH IN THE POCKETS OF EVERYBODY THERE! GET IT NOW?



GRAB YOUR PARKAS--- AND YOUR GUNS! WE'RE GOIN' TO WALK INTO THAT CAFÉ, JUST TWO HOURS FROM NOW!



STONY---YOU'VE GOT A SKOOKUM IDEA THERE! WE'LL BE THE LAST CUSTOMERS THEY'LL EXPECT! HAW, HAW, HAW!



THAT EVENING, AT THE NUGGET, YOUNG HARRY BURNS, THE DAILY'S EDITOR, GIVES THE PROPRIETOR A FRIENDLY WARNING...

JIM, YOU OUGHT NOT TO KEEP ALL THAT MONEY ON THE PLACE! ONE OF THESE DAYS, SOMEBODY WILL STEAL IT!

I KNOW, HARRY! WHEN WE GET THAT BANK YOUR PAPER'S CAMPAIGNING FOR, I'LL PUT IT THERE!









LATER, IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE ...

HARRY, YOU OUGHT TO BE IN BED, INSTEAD OF PUTTING OUT A NEWSPAPER! THAT WOUND'S JUST STARTED TO HEAL!

THE *DAILY* IS COMING OUT ON SCHEDULE, JIM... WITH AN EDITORIAL THAT'S GOING TO MAKE THE MOUNTIES DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE STONY LOGAN GANG!



I'LL SEND A COPY TO MOUNTED POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS BY THE NEXT BOAT DOWN TO DAWSON... WE'LL GET ACTION--OR KNOW THE REASON WHY! ONE CONSTABLE ISN'T ENOUGH TO HANDLE LOGAN!



THE MORNING THAT THE NEWSPAPER ARRIVES AT DETACHMENT HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR MAYNARD CALLS SERGEANT PRESTON INTO HIS OFFICE...

YOU SENT FOR ME, INSPECTOR?

YES, SERGEANT. I'M SENDING YOU..AND KING.. TO WHITEHORSE.



A SMALL GANG, HEADED BY ONE "STONY" LOGAN, IS TERRORIZING THAT DISTRICT. CONSTABLE WELLAND HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO CATCH THEM, AND THE NEWSPAPER IS RIPPING US UP THE BACK FOR DOING NOTHING! SO I'M SENDING YOU AND TWO OTHER MEN--



IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR--I'D RATHER TRY IT ALONE! WITH KING, OF COURSE...

HUMPH! YOU LOVE THE DANGEROUS WAY, DON'T YOU, SERGEANT? BUT YOU ALWAYS GET THE RESULTS WE WANT...



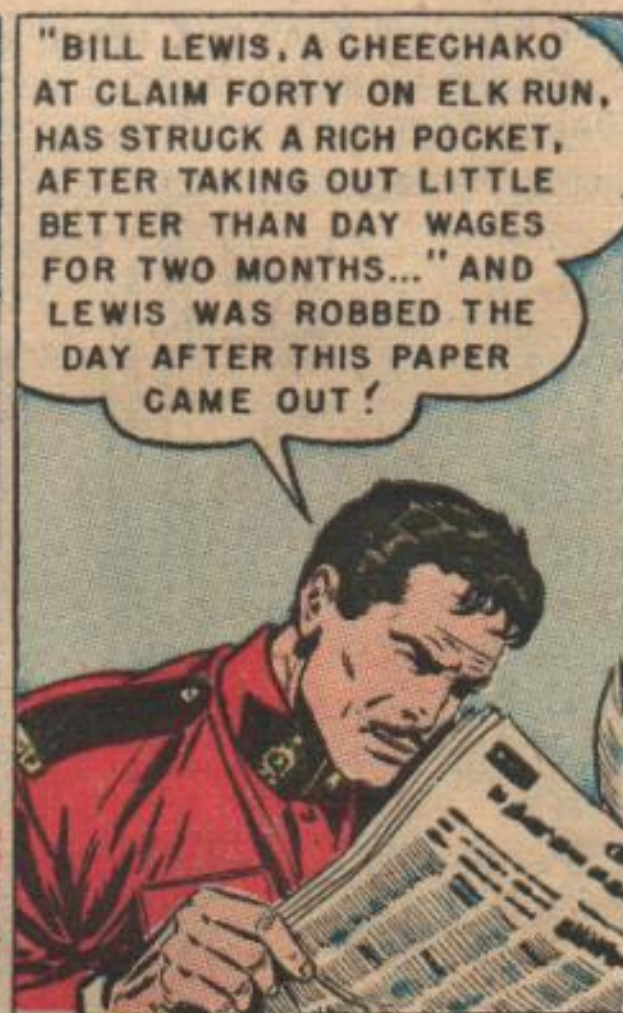
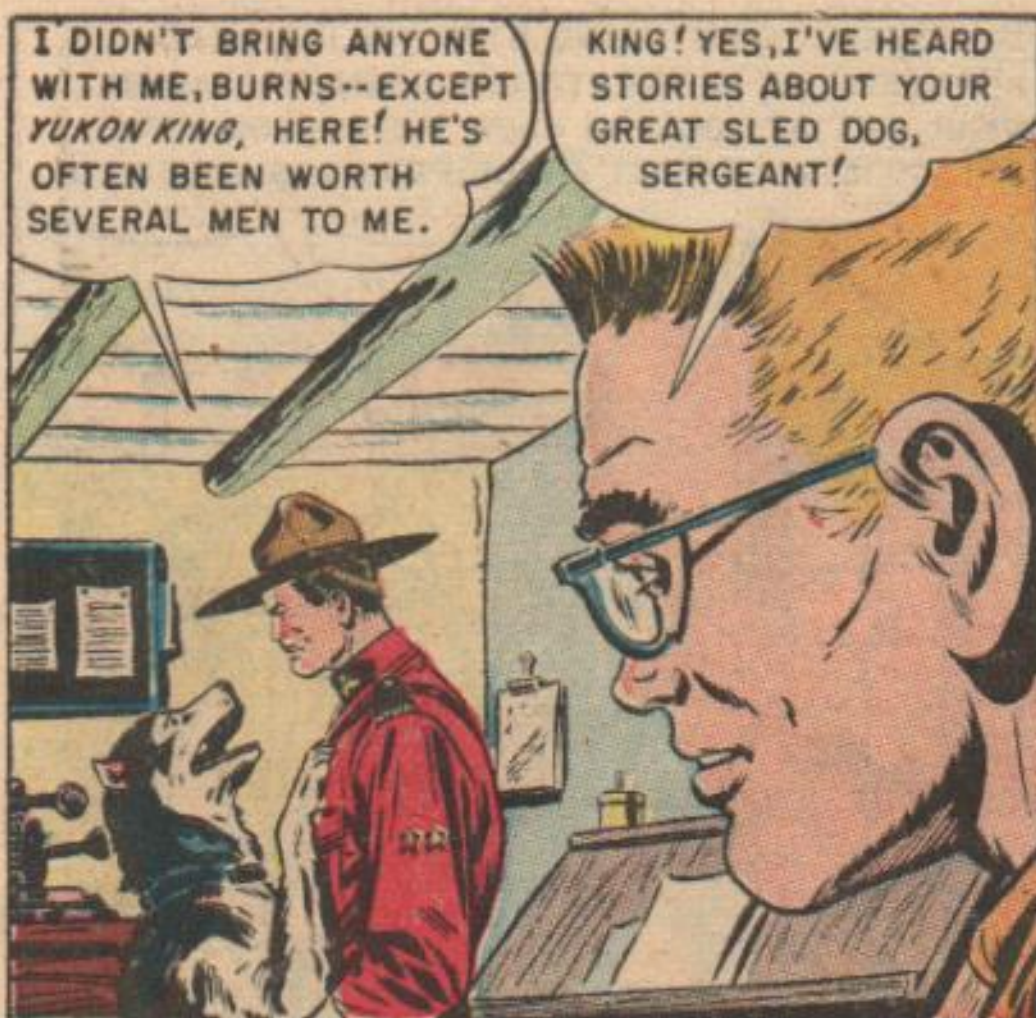
AT THE END OF A FAST TRIP UPRIVER TO WHITEHORSE, PRESTON CALLS AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

GOOD AFTERNOON! YOU'RE BURNS--EDITOR OF THE *WHITEHORSE DAILY*, AREN'T YOU? I'M SERGEANT PRESTON, FROM DAWSON.

YES, I'M HARRY BURNS, AND I'M VERY GLAD INDEED THAT YOU'VE ARRIVED, SERGEANT! HOW MANY MEN DID YOU BRING?









AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, HERE'S ANOTHER TIP-OFF IN *TODAY'S* PAPER, WELLAND! SEE THERE...WHERE IT SAYS THAT ROBERT MERRILL, AN OLD-TIMER ON THE GOLD CREEKS, HAS STRUCK IT RICH ON CLAIM TWENTY-TWO?

YOU...MEAN THAT HARRY BURNS, THE EDITOR, IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE LOGAN GANG?

NO---LOGAN NEARLY KILLED BURNS IN THE CAFÉ RAID! THAT YOUNG MAN IS ALL RIGHT. GET INTO YOUR PARKA, CONSTABLE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YET, SERGEANT! WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO CLAIM TWENTY-TWO! DON'T YOU SEE... THE NEWS OF ROBERT MERRILL'S STRIKE IS A TIP-OFF FOR LOGAN... AND FOR US TOO!

IF WE CAN REACH MERRILL BEFORE LOGAN DOES, WE MAY BE ABLE TO TRAP THE WHOLE GANG THERE!

RIGHT, SERGEANT! THE TROUBLE WITH ME IS, I WASN'T SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE IT OUT.

THERE'S MERRILL'S CABIN. LOOKS AS IF HE WAS JUST LEAVING, SERGEANT!

HELLO, MERRILL! IT SEEMS THAT WE REACHED HERE JUST IN TIME.

YEAH! I WAS JUST LEAVING FOR TOWN! CAN I HELP YOU, SERGEANT?

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, OLD-TIMER! WE BELIEVE THAT THE LOGAN GANG HAS LEARNED BY NOW OF YOUR NEW STRIKE, AND WILL PROBABLY TRY TO ROB YOU! YOU AREN'T CARRYING ANY GOLD TO TOWN, BY ANY CHANCE?

YEP! MATTER OF FACT, I AM.



IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, MERRILL! LOGAN MAY WAYLAY YOU ANYWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND WHITEHORSE! WE'LL STAY WITH YOU HERE TONIGHT, AND SEE YOU SAFELY TO TOWN TOMORROW OR NEXT DAY.



NOPE! AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY! C'M HERE, BOUNCER.

KNOW WHAT THIS IS THAT I'M PULLING OUT FROM UNDER BOUNCER'S FUR, SERGEANT?



IT LOOKS LIKE A WILD GOOSE QUILL ..WITHOUT THE FEATHER.

YEP! A GOOSE QUILL IT IS! AND WHEN I UNPLUG THE END OF IT, YOU SEE WHAT COMES OUT? GOLD DUST!



BETWEEN BOUNCER AND BOOMER, I'VE GOT A HUNDRED OUNCES OF DUST IN GOOSE QUILLS, HIDDEN IN THEIR FUR! QUILLS ARE TIED DOWN, CLOSE TO THE SKIN..CAN'T BE SEEN! SAFE AS A BANK!



NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

MAKE YOURSELVES TO HOME IN MY CABIN, GENTS... OR COME ALONG BACK TO TOWN! ANYBODY HOLDS ME UP, THEY WON'T FIND ANY GOLD!

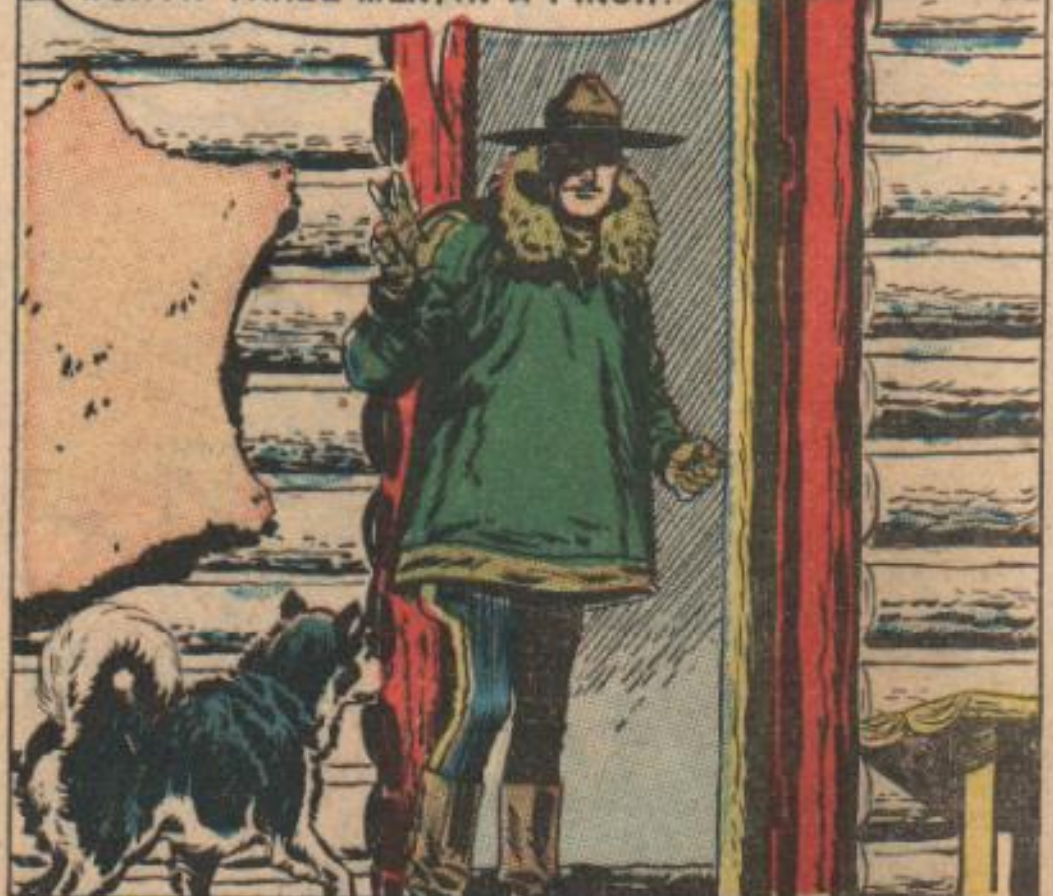


WE'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO FORGE MERRILL TO STAY. SO YOU'D BETTER GO ALONG WITH HIM, CONSTABLE. LOGAN'S GANG MIGHT SHOOT FIRST, AND SEARCH FOR HIS GOLD AFTERWARDS! I'LL STAY HERE...



...AND TRY TO CATCH THAT GANG ALONE? IT'S SUICIDE, SERGEANT!

I WON'T BE ALONE, CONSTABLE! KING IS WORTH THREE MEN, IN A PINCH!











PSST! THEY'RE COMIN' CONSTABLE!  
SMEAR BLOOD ON YOUR CHEST OR HEAD...  
LIKE I'M DOIN'... SO THEY'LL THINK  
WE'RE FINISHED, SURE 'NUF!

... AND LIVE TO FIGHT  
ANOTHER DAY? MAYBE YOU'RE  
RIGHT, OLD-TIMER!



I'LL SHOOT THOSE  
TWO DOGS, TOO!

NO! WE'VE DONE ENOUGH  
SHOOTIN'! MORE MIGHT  
MAKE SOMEBODY CURIOUS  
ENOUGH TO COME AND  
SEE WHAT IT WAS  
ALL ABOUT!



STONY! THERE AIN'T  
AN OUNCE OF GOLD  
ON MERRILL!

...OR ON THE  
MOUNTIE, EITHER!  
WE DREW A BLANK  
THIS TIME!



THE GOLD MUST BE IN HIS CABIN!  
COME ON!

THE CABIN, O' COURSE!  
THAT'S WHERE IT IS,  
STONY!



GRRRRRR

HEARING THE DISTANT RIFLE  
FIRE, SERGEANT PRESTON  
HAS SLIPPED OUT TO  
INVESTIGATE ...

WHAT IS IT, KING? OHH...  
I SEE! THE GANG'S HEADING  
FOR MERRILL'S CABIN...



WE'LL GET BACK INSIDE AHEAD  
OF THEM AND AMBUSH THEM  
THERE, KING! IT'S GETTING  
DARK... AND THAT WILL  
MAKE IT EASIER...



