Kidnapped by the pretty woman bandit known only as The Wildcat, Redmask is forced to plan her robberies! If he escapes or fails to plan a perfect theft, innocent people will die! What can the crimson crime-fighter do? When he finds himself helpless and trussed in chains in—

"THE LAIR of the WILDCAT!"

As Redmask gallops the roan stallion, sun dances across the plains, a rope drops from a cliff over his head—

WHAT...?
When Redmask opens his eyes—

about time you woke up! I've got a job for you, Redmask...!

Ghnnghg!

Other outlaws depend on their own brains to pull jobs, but I've a better plan! I'm going to use your brains to plan robberies for me! Refuse, and someone in the town of bullet will be killed each day—until you agree!

Freed from his painful position, but under the watchful guns of the Wildcat's gang, Redmask plans a crime.

What can I say? I'd do anything to prevent your gang from hurting innocent people! I'll plan your robberies for you...

You're being smart, Redmask. Real smart!

The express train stops at Needle Gap for water, hide behind the bushes until she stops. Dynamite will open the baggage car doors. Go in and get the gold. Do it fast, and you'll get away before anybody suspects a thing!

It sounds foolproof. But if it isn't—somebody's going to die!

I don't trust him. I say kill him now!
I run this outfit! Nobody asked for your opinion!

It's about time I taught the Comanches kid some manners! Like this!

My medicine-bag! Everything's spilling out...

You blasted fool...

You're just a stupid savage Comanche kid! An ignorant savage! You believe those silly odds and ends will bring you luck?

They are big magic! Big medicine!

This is the only magic I need! My gun—and my brains! Now get on your feet and let's go find that train!

Left alone in the outlaw caves, Redmask hangs helpless, his wrists manacled, his booted feet roped together.

Can't let them rob that train! Got to stop them! But—how can I...?

Wrapping powerful hands about the chains that hold him, Redmask swings them gently. As he swings out, he drops the ropes that bind his feet into a puddle of spilled kerosene...
THE HEAT FROM THE OIL LAMP CHIMNEY SETS THE KEROSENE ROPES ABLAZE—

THEN, SWINGING GENTLY, REDMASK DRIVES A SPUR INTO THE WOODEN TABLETOP, DRAWING IT CLOSER...

A MOMENT LATER, THE MANACLES PANGLE EMPTY...

I'LL BORROW BACK MY COLT, AND THEN GET TO NEEDLE GAP BY A SHORT-CUT!

AS THE UNION PACIFIC EXPRESS CHUGS UP THE LONG SLOW GRADE NEAR NEEDLE GAP, REDMASK SWINGS ABOARD—

THE WATER TOWER WHERE THE WILDCAT AND HER GANG ARE HIDDEN IS AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE...

NOW TO BEND MY LEGS UP TO MY HAND SO I CAN REACH THE KEY...

I'LL REMOVE THE COUPLING PIN THAT HOLDS THE BAGGAGE CAR AND CABOOSE TO THE REST OF THE TRAIN—

THE BAGGAGE CAR AND CABOOSE WILL ROLL DOWNGRADE AT A SLOW SPEED; NO ONE WILL BE HURT—BUT THE GOLD IN THE BAGGAGE CAR WILL BE MILES AWAY WHEN THE WILDCAT TRIES TO GET IT...!
Hours later, in the outlaw cave—

I've timed this perfectly! It will seem that I've been caught in the act of escaping...

He's almost free of the chains! Looks like we got back just in time!

Tie him up again, Kid! We didn't get the gold because of a freak accident—but he planned the job right!

You stupid fool! How could he have caused the accident? He was chained up here until we got back! You saw it for yourself!

You go too far, Wildcat! I'll get revenge for that blow!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Revenge? You love me too much, Kid! You'll do what I say—and like it!

You and that stupid medicine-bag! Now get out of here while Redmask plans our next job!

This "stupid medicine-bag" will bring your downfall! You will see!

The only way to rob the Bullet Bank is by stationing men to watch the street so no one can surprise you...

I'll do that!

Late into the night, Redmask is forced to plan a bank robbery for the Wildcat...

So sleep well, Redmask. If everything goes as it should, I'll be a rich woman tomorrow! Pleasant dreams...
Next day, at high noon, in the town of Bullet—

Hands up! Somebody grab this bag and load it with greenbacks!

The boys are at their places as lookouts in case of trouble! Let's go...

The Wildcat had left her cave hideout for Bullet, Tim got busy...

I'll reach Bullet a few hours after dawn and alert Sheriff Casey as to what's happening!

And so, as the Wildcat plunges headlong into the Bullet Bank, half a dozen ropes drop from the rooftops...

After the Wildcat had left her cave hideout for Bullet, Tim got busy...

I took advantage of my former freedom to slip a lockpick into my pocket... Ahh! It's opening!

I'll reach Bullet a few hours after dawn and alert Sheriff Casey as to what's happening!

A moment later—

Look out! We're running right into hot lead!

The lookouts are all gone!

Arms pinned to their sides, the Wildcat's lookouts are stunned, one by one—

And so, as the Wildcat plunges headlong into the Bullet Bank, half a dozen ropes drop from the rooftops...
REDMASK—ACROSS THE STREET! HE GOT FREE! GOT HERE AHEAD OF US!

I KNEW WE COULDN'T TRUST HIM!

HER BOOT TOE CATCHING IN A RIPPED BOARD PLANKING, THE WILDCAT SPRAWLS—

KID—MY GUN! GRAB IT! THROW IT TO ME!

THE COMANCHE KID REACHES OUT FOR THE SIXGUN, A GRIM SMILE TWISTING HIS LIPS...

COME ON, YOU STUPID SAVAGE! THROW IT TO ME! REDMASK'S RUNNING THIS WAY!

YOU SURE TOOK YOUR TIME ABOUT IT, KID! SOON AS I PUT A BULLET INTO REDMASK'S MIDDLE, I'LL ATTEND TO YOU!

THE WILDCAT WHIRLS! HER GUN COMES UP! AND THEN—

CLICK!

CLICK!

THE COMANCHE KID TRICKED ME!

UGGH!

YOUR BULLETS WERE IN THE COMANCHE KID'S MEDICINE-BAG! HE EMPTIED YOUR GUN BEFORE HE THREW IT TO YOU. I GUESS HE WAS RIGHT, WILDCAT—HIS MEDICINE-BAG AND WHAT IT HELD BROUGHT ABOUT YOUR DOWNFALL!

THE END
STRAIGHT ARROW

The hunter on the shore laughed ... and, helpless in the quicksand, Straight Arrow knew that the chase had ended and only certain death awaited him — for he was — "the hunted!"

When Straight Arrow returns to his tribe one day, he finds them in deep mourning...

Three braves went hunting at Night Island, far, far from shore...

Two returned, drifting to shore, a golden bullet in each one's heart. The third warrior, burning feather has not come back....
Lend me your boat. I shall go to Night Island and search for Burning Feather. No, Straight Arrow! You have slain our brave! They had been warned not to hunt there! There is a strange terror on that island. It brings death!

But Straight Arrow paddles determinedly across the choppy waters to the mist-shrouded island. A dozen more strokes and I'll reach it, unless those waves swamp me first.

Strange... I almost feel as though I'm being watched!

Soon... I am Straight Arrow, a Comanche chieftain. I have come in search of Burning Feather.

Tell who you are! Excellent! Then you will understand me perfectly, for you too are a great hunter!

See those trophies I've bagged every animal in the world. There's no sport left for me in shooting them now—I know their every move. But I've found a new quarry. Cunning, always seeking escape, one whose moves I can't predict. You see, I now hunt humans!

Yes! And you will join me in the hunt. Burning Feather will be armed with a knife like the others. If one of them had escaped me for a day and a night, they'd all have been free, but my golden bullets found—

You're no hunter! You're a common murderer!!
CHEN, STOP!

THANKS, CHEN... BUT WHY CALL ME A MURDERER? IF THE QUARRY'S CLEVER, HE CAN ESCAPE AND WIN HIS FREEDOM.

WHAT IF I WERE YOUR QUARRY INSTEAD OF BURNING FEATHER?

YOU? EXCELLENT! A PRIZE CAPABLE OF MATCHING WITS WITH ME. YOU WILL BE RELEASED AND ARMED WITH A KNIFE. IF YOU ESCAPE ME UNTIL SUNSET TOMORROW, YOU AND BURNING FEATHER WILL GO FREE.

BECAUSE ABOVE ALL, I AM A SPORTSMAN—AND YOU HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE. BUT DON'T WORRY—YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE! THERE IS NO QUARRY I HAVE FAILED TO TRACK DOWN AND KILL!

So, armed only with a knife, straight arrow sets off as the quarry for the mad hunter...

HE CANNOT TRACK ME IF I LEAVE NO TRAIL....

LATER... NO PRINT ON GROUND.

WAIT, CHEN!—A SPIRIT OF LEAVES! THEY WERE RIPPED FROM THE TREE, THAT COULD EXPLAIN WHY WE'VE FOUND NO TRACKS! CLIMB UP!

A LITTLE HIGHER, CHEN! IF HE'S HIDING UP THERE, YOU'LL SEE HIM IN A SECOND!
Dawn...

He's cunning. I cannot try to hide in the water—The dogs would raise the alarm before I could cross the beach!

With the sharp hunting knife, Straight Arrow prepares a deadfall trap...

I'll leave a clear trail beyond here. When the hunter is caught, he'll be too bruised to continue the chase.

That night...

Dogs! I cannot attempt to rescue Burning Feather. My only hope to save us both is that the hunter will keep his word and I can outwit him all day tomorrow.

Aieee!

The trap worked! But the cry sounded as if the giant were caught and not the hunter...!
Well done, Straight Arrow. Chen's hurt, but it adds zest to the hunt to know there may be danger in following you! And let me warn you, I have some traps of my own waiting for you!

Go on, you clumsy oaf! We can find his trail easily from here. Move!

Leg hurt. Rest.

Straight Arrow continues to dodge the hunter—but suddenly...

I'm sinking! Quicksand!

If this live lariat will only reach those branches...

I'll only have time for one throw before I'm too far down! Caught it!

Pulling himself to safety, Straight Arrow prepares another trap. Carefully, he spreads reeds out on the edge of the bog. Then, cutting a sapling and angling it into the solid ground, he climbs out...

There! My footprints will be seen beyond the reeds. Now to climb back, remove the sapling and wait for the hunter to follow those tracks. Once he's caught in the bog, our freedom will be the price of his rescue!
AS THE FRUSTRATED HUNTER TAKES OUT HIS ANGER ON THE GIANT, CHEN RAISES HIS HUGE ARM MENACINGLY...

NO, CHEN!...START ON OR YOU'LL WIND UP WITH A GOLDEN BULLET IN YOUR HEART!

CHEN, HELP ME! YOU CAN REACH ME. LIFT ME OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE, AS STRAIGHT ARROW MOUNTS A SMALL HILL TO WATCH THE BOG...

MY FEET ARE CAUGHT!

As the giant and the hunter start across the bog, following the tracks...

CHEN TOO HEAVY. YOU GO FIRST!

ENOUGH OF YOUR INSOLENCE! CROSS ON!

QUICKSAND! IT WAS A TRICK!

CLANG CLANG
NO, CHEN! NO! QUICK! BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, PULL ME OUT! WITH A LITTLE HELP, I CAN MAKE IT TO SHORE!

NO! IF CHEN DIE, YOU DIE WITH HIM!

AS THE GIANT SINKS IN SILENCE, THE HUNTER TURNS IN DESPERATE FURY ON THE TRAPPED STRAIGHT ARROW...

IF I DIE, I'LL DIE KNOWING I'VE KILLED MY QUARRY!

ALL I CAN DO IS SWING MYSELF AND HOPE TO MAKE A DIFFICULT TARGET FOR HIM!

THE ROPE'S CUT!

NOW TO TRY TO SAVE THAT MURDERING MADMAN...

TOO LATE!

LATER...

I HEARD THE SHOTS THAT KILLED MY TWO COMPANIONS AND I KNEW THAT DEATH WOULD SOON CLAIM ME, STRAIGHT ARROW! NO. BURNING FEATHERS FOR THE HUNTER FELL VICTIM TO HIS OWN PREY!
In the town of Blue Fork, some folks anxiously await the arrival of the noon train.

You shore dead-shot Jones'll be on this train, boss? He'll be on it all right. I sent for him, with a top-hand gunslick like that ramroddin' this crew. We'll soon build up a cattle empire!

But Steve Brand's your pal, huh? Well, he's leading that gang of rustlers.

That Hombre's wanted fer murder an' robbery in a dozen states! But how'll we know him? None of us ever seen him before.

We'll know him. All right, he'll be the roughest, toughest-lookin' Hombre comin' off the train!

I tell you, Sue—after today, our troubles with Blake's rustlers will be over. I'm expectin' my old pal, Steve Brand, on this train.

Well, Dad, if Steve Brand's everything you say he is, there won't be a rustler left in town in three days!
On the train, speeding to Blue Fork...

Dead-shot Jones!
I thought it wuz you!
Reach yoreself, Marshal! Nobody gits thuh drop on me!

YIII!
You got the drop all right, mister—But it's dropsy!

Tough life, isn't it?

Beautiful!

T'hat shore wuz a great piece of work, mister. Dead-shots a dangerous hombre an' I been trailin' him a long time. Thanks.

Forget it. Marshal—Hey, here's my stop! So long!

Thet hombre must be dead-shot, boss. Right? He's the only one gittin' off. He's a cool-lookin' customer. All right.

Howdy, dead-shot. I'm Blake.

We're shore glad tuh meet yuh, dead-shot.

Yep. Thuh boss here's been telling us plenty about yuh. Gosh, yuh're wanted by thuh law in even more states than I am—an'. That's somethin'!

Oh-oh... I think I talked too loud. That's got to stop! Let's go where we can talk business in private.

Er uh-er, I guess yuh're right. Dead-shot. See, men—told yuh he wuz smart!
WAL, I'LL BE HORN'S WOOGLED, HOSTIE AN' OLD FOR BEEF! SO THAT'S YOUR OLD PAL! HE'S SIDED UP WITH BLAKE! LOOKS LIKE YOUR GREAT FRIEND WILL RIDE GUN WITH ANYBODY WHO PAYS HIM MORE MONEY, DAD!

IF I EVER GIT NEAR THET TURNCOAT STEVE BRAND, I'LL KILL TH' TRAITOR! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT TO THE END, DAD - ALONE!

THAT VERY NIGHT / OUTSIDE MASTER'S RANCH.

TOO LATE / TH' HOUNDOWN RUSTLERS TOOK OFF TH' LAST OF OUR BEEF! IT WAS BLAKE'S MEN, ALL RIGHT - AND YOUR PAL, STEVE BRAND, WAS LEADING THEM!

THE RUSTLERS RAID OTHER RANCHES, TOO.

LAY OFF THE SHOOTING, BOYS! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO US! WE SCARCE OFF THEIR HORSES! MOVE FAST!

LATER THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE BOX CANYON...

WELL, DEAD-SHOT, IF THERE WAS ANY DOUBT IN MUN MIND, THERE SHORE AIN'T ANYMORE - NOT AFTER TONIGHT! WOW! I NEVER DID SEE SUCH RUSTLIN' WE'RE GONNA BE RICH! WE GOT A THOUSAND HEAD OF BEEF IN TH' BOX CANYON.

FOUR OF YOU GUYS STICK HERE IN THE BOX CANYON AND KEEP GUARD ON TH' BEEF, COME ON, DEAD-SHOT - WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO CELEBRATE - AND DO SOME PLANNIN'!
At dawn the next morning... at a hideout not far from Box Canyon...

Wal, I'm hyar-like Stevie said. But whar's Steve?

Looking for me? Hyar anybody Durango?

Get up, too! We all got off thuh train at thuh last stop. Whut's up?

You'll find out what's up soon enough. Just follow me now— and bring plenty of rope! First thing I'm taking care of is four owlhoots guarding rustled cattle in a Box Canyon!

A half hour later... in the Box Canyon...

Whut thuh-?! Who... whot... whut-!!? The name's Durango, hombre. And it's about time we got acquainted!

Hey! Whut-?! Wuz... Thet-?

Just a little get-together, party, gents. So - get together!

Ughh!

A few minutes later... Right! I'll keep these hombres on ice— ready for whenever yuh want 'em.

Okay, Muley, it's your party from now on. I've got more work to do.
Next Day! Can't explain it, Blake—unless they turned chicken and deserted. But we soon won't have any men left if this keeps up.

Simms, I want you to foreclose on the Masters Ranch—For nonpayment of interest. Get it?

But Blake, that ain't fair. Give the guy some more time!

You heard me, Sims. I own over half the stock in this bank and what I says goes—Get it?

Y-y-yes, I-g-g-guess I get it. I'll foreclose today, Blake. They'll put the place up for auction day after tomorrow.
"Two days later, the Masters Ranch is put up for public auction...

All right, gents—what am I bid for this fine ranch? Do I hear $6000? $5000? How about $4000—?

I bid $4000!

Watch this, dead shot—nobody'll dare bid against me!

Bid $4000!

Hey, what's the idea, dead shot? Why, you double-crosser!

Make my bid six thousand!

I'll raise that again!

Seven thousand! Make him show his money, auctioneer!

All right, mister...let's see your money!

Glad to oblige! Twee-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e...

In answer to Steve's whistle, a strange caravan comes into view...

It's my boys—the one's they disappeared?

There you are—just as good as money. Everyone of those men has a reward on his head! Count 'em—ten thousand dollars worth of outlaws!

Good work! I'll take over these outlawoots!

Then slap irons on that hombre, too! Sheriff—that's dead shot Jones and he's wanted for murder!

Wrong, Blake. This is Steve Brand, deputy marshal. Dead shot Jones is in jail in the next town—Steve here helped catch him!

And what's more, Blake—I'm swearing out a warrant for you! For rustling and harboring criminals!
You'll have to catch me first! Outa my way!

Fine. I'll catch you then! I like it better that way, anyhow!

Yeeeeeeeee-yee!

Glad you made me do it the hard way, Blake - or I wouldn't have had a chance to do this!

You can turn this ranch right back to Masters and his daughter, Mister Auctioneer! You bet!

Golly, Steve - Yuh even had me fooled there. I guess I had yuh all wrong...

Forget it, Masters. Sorry we didn't get to know each other better, Sue. Hey, there's the noon train - and we've got to leave! Work to do! Let's go, Muley!

Rush, rush! Always in a hurry!

We'll be back - some day!

Make it soon, Stevie boy! I gotta lot to make up to yuh fer!

Me too...
Spooks are spooked! Eerie spirits ride the haunted trails of murder! And ghost meets ghost when the ghost rider tangles with the ghost stagecoach!

A stagecoach rolls along the cliff trail to coyote flats...

Tarnation — it's gittin' dark an' we're still on thuh cliff road. Shore wish we was past thuh haunted village afore night sets in.

The haunted village?

Yup — thar she is! Ain't nobody got thuh gumption tuh go near thet old pueblo village. Come dark an' that's all kinds o' moanin' an' groanin' goin' on thar! ... Giddap!

Suddenly...

WH-WH-Whut...? — Was... — That?

Groannnnahhh

And then — an eerie blob of light soars up from the side of the road!
The terrified horses pound down the dangerous road — completely out of control.

WHAOA! WHOA!
PULL UP, THAR!
I WANNA GIT OUTA
WAR FAST, TOO —
BUT NOT THAT
FAST.

STOP THEM —
OR WE'LL GO
OVER....

NEXT DAY...

TURIBLE!
TURIBLE!
NUTHIN' LEFT
ALIVE!

I CAN'T FIGGER
IT — OLD DRIVER
RAFE MADE THIS
TRIP HUNDREDS
O' TIMES AN' TH'EM
HOSSES KNEW
TH' UN ROAD, TOO.

LAST NIGHT WUZ
TH' UN NIGHT O' TH' UN
FULL MOON! GENTS,
TH' UN HAUNTED
VILLAGE TOOK
ANOTHER VICTIM!

NAH — IT WUZ JEST
AN ACCIDENT —
THAT'S ALL....

I THINK...

A MONTH PASSES.
ONCE AGAIN, IT IS
THE NIGHT OF THE
FULL MOON....

GOLLY — I FORGOT!
WAR IT'S TH' UN
NIGHT O' TH' UN FULL MOON AN'
I'M STUCK ON THE
ROAD — AHEAD BY
TH' UN HAUNTED
VILLAGE! AN' IT'S
GETTING DARK.

FEET —
MOVE!

CRACK!
CARACK!

WHU—WHU'T IS
THAT? I'GUL!

CLIPPITY
CLIPPITY
CLIPPITY
CLOP...

WHEEEE!!!
THAT DRIVER! I'D KNOW THEM MUSTACHES ANYWHERE — IT WUZ OLD DRIVER RAFE, YET — YET I SAW HIM DAIN WITH HIM OWN EYES / THEM PASSENGERS — THEM GHOSTS — A RIDIN' WITH THUH FULL MOON.

THE GHOST STAGE THUNDERS DOWN THE ROAD — RIGHT THROUGH TOWN.

AM I SEEIN' THINGS? GHOSTS!

I'M GITTIN' HOME, GONNA SCRUNCH UNDER MUNH BED AN' STAY TILL MORNIN'.

NEXT MORNING!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT — MURDERED!

MUSTA BEEN JUST ABOUT THUH TIME THUH GHOST STAGE CAME A RIDIN' THROUGH TOWN.

I DUNNO 'BOOUT YOU HOMBRES, BUT I'M SELLIN' EVERYTHIN' I GOT AN' I'M GITTIN' OUTA TOWN.

SOME MONTHS LATER...

EVERY MONTH, ON THUH NIGHT O' THUH FULL MOON — THUH SAME THING / THUE GHOST STAGE RIDES THUH ROADS AN' TH THAT'S A MURDER! CAN'T GIT NOBODY TUN HELP ME!

SOON WON'T BE ANYBODY LEFT, SHERIFF. LOOKIT THUH BANK. EVERYBODY'S SELLIN' OUT EVEN AT A LOSS. SO THEY KIN CLEAR OUTA TOWN.

IT'S TERROR. THAT'S WHAT.

I DONE ALL A MAN KIN DO — CAN'T DO ANYMORE, I'M GONNA WRITE THUH CHIEF MARSHAL FOR HELP!!
A few days later...

So that's it, Rex. I can't right this thing alone. As soon as that ghost stage comes a-ridin' through town, everybody hits per cover...

Which makes the killings easier, eh?

And tonight there'll be a full moon! I can tell you that this humble person has no interest in observing it.

Tonight them ghost stage rides again. I'm sure glad them chief sent you, Rex.

Here she comes! Lock to your guns, gents.

Gulp! I can't take it!

I beg you—move a bit faster, sheriff!

Wow! These ghosts are mighty quick on the trigger! Maybe I'll do better on my horse.

I'm going after those spooks even if I have to chase them right into their graves.

That night! The streets are dark and deserted. Everybody is home behind locked doors—except for three men...

Well, the sun's set and the full moon's coming up.

I g-g-guess them g-g-ghost stage oughta be along soon.
A month passes. It is again the night of the full moon, on Boot Hill...

This time, they'll meet me as the Ghost Rider! That stage ought to pass Boot Hill any minute now....

And here it comes! Scream your head off, Spectre—and I'll do the same fancy yelling myself....

A few hours later...

Where... what...? Ah, I remember. Well, Sheriff, those 'ghosts' sure sling real live bullets!

We'll be all right. Missed the horse. Should take about a month to heal.

A month! In time for the next full moon! And next time I'll be ready for 'em!

It can't be done! It just can't be done. We're finished!

Maybe—it takes a ghost to catch a ghost...!

As Confucius says—I know just what you mean, partner!
GULP! A REAL GHOST!

Turn this contraption around, Pete — let's git outa hyar!

GULP! NO THANKS! ODDAP, YUN BRONCS!

WAIT! FEAR NOT, FELLOW—GHOSTS! COME RIDE WITH ME THROUGH THE NIGHT OF DEATH! COME PLAY IN THE GRAVEYARD! LET US SWOOP THROUGH THE CLOUDS AND TOUCH THE HAUNTED MOON!

IT'S A MOVIE, PETE!

THE GHOST STAGE THUNDER'S BACK TO THE OLD PUEBLO VILLAGE....

HYAR WE ARE! GONNA GIT THIS BLASTED MUSTACHE OFF!

AN' THIS WHITE PAINT!

WE'RE THROUGH, BOSS! GIVE US OUR PAY AN' LET US GIT!

RIGHT, THAR'S REAL GHOSTS AFTER US NOW! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JOB

NONSENSE! NOT AT ALL!

WHAT? NONSENSE!

QUICK! GRAB THE STAGE — LET'S GIT OUT OF HERE!

NOW D'Y'HEAR ME WHAT WE MEAN?
At dawn, in town... 

Dawn — an' thuh ghost stage ain't come through; I think mebbe it's finished hauntin' us?

Yeow! Hyar it comes! An' thar's another ghost chasin' it!

Thuh-town's gittin' loaded with ghosts! I'm leavin'!

Wal, it's dawn. Gless it's safe 'thuh come out now.

The ghost rider has herded his quarry into town and now he spurs Spectre on.

Let us see if you can fly like real ghosts.

This is the end of the line, fellow ghosts.

Come out, citizens! Come out and see your ghosts!

Hey, them ain't ghosts at all! The't hombre... he's Elmer Biggs — Thuh town banker.

I did it, I started the whole business. I figured to scare everybody into selling me their property cheap and moving out. In time, I thought I could own the whole town.

Wal, thar's it! I reckon you hombres won't be believin' in ghosts anymore.

Oh yeah? Then who or what was the man — or thing — that captured these hombres?