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JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



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THE PIONEERS

Illustrated by
RUDOLPH PALAIS

by JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



MALMADUNE TEMPLE WAS A QUAKER. HIS FATHER, IN MODEST CIRCUMSTANCES, MADE SACRIFICES TO SEND HIM TO A GOOD SCHOOL...

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT THE ANCESTOR WAS WILLIAM TEMPLE'S FRIEND.

I WILL DO NAUGHT TO SHAME THIS NAME.



AT SCHOOL, MALMADUNE BECAME FRIENDS WITH EDWARD EFFINGHAM, SON OF ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE COLONIES.

WE'LL ALWAYS STAY FRIENDS, DUKE, EVEN WHEN WE'RE MEN.

MYE!



UPON GRADUATION, EDWARD RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE NEW YORK. A FEW YEARS LATER....

AS A MARRIAGE GIFT, I GIVE YOU MY ENTIRE FORTUNE.

AS YOU WILL, FATHER.

YOU ARE TOO GENEROUS, MAJOR EFFINGHAM.



EDWARD REMEMBERED HIS POOR, BOYHOOD FRIEND AT PHILADELPHIA....

NO ONE'S TO KNOW BY YOUR PARTNER. I'M RETURNING TO NEW YORK.

YOU'LL NOT REGRET INVESTING YOUR MONEY. I'LL MAKE OUR BUSINESS PROSPER.



WHEN THE COLONISTS RE-VOICED, EFFINGHAM RE-TURNED TO PHILADELPHIA...

I FIGHT FOR THE CROWN, SO I'M INTERESTING MY PORTFOLIO IN YOUR CARE.

ALTHOUGH IM WITH THE COLONISTS I ACCEPT THE TRUST FOR OLD TIERD GALE.



AFTER THE WAR, EFFINGHAM FLED TO CANADA WITH OTHER TORIES. JUDGE TEMPLE THEN BOUGHT EFFINGHAM'S LAND AT AUCTION...

THIS WOULD BE EDWARD'S LAND HAD HE Fought ON THE RIGHT SIDE.



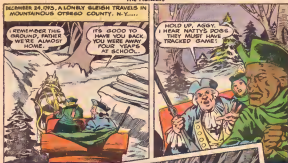
NOW, ON WITH THE STORY!.....

DECEMBER 24, 1893, A LONELY GURSH TRAVELS IN MOUNTAINOUS OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.

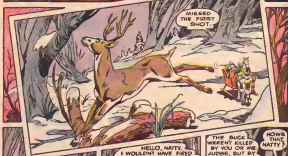
REMEMBER THE BRONCO, FATHER WE'RE ALMOST HOME.

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK YOU WERE AWAY FOUR YEARS AT SCHOOL.

HOLD UP, AGGY, I HEAR NATTY'S BOSS THEY MUST HAVE TRACKED GAMB!



MISSED THE FIRST SHOT.



HELLO, NATTY, I WOULDN'T HAVE FIRED HAD I KNOWN YOU WERE AMBUSHED. THE BUCK I KILLED, EH?

THE BUCK WEREN'T KILLED BY YOU OR ME JUDGE, BUT BY THIS YOUNG UN HERE.

HOW'S THAT, NATTY?





YOU MUST COME HOME WITH ME. I'LL SEND FOR THE DOCTOR.

NO, THE WOUND IS SLIGHT. ONLY I HAD TO PROVE TO YOU THE BUCK'S WINE.

HERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLARS. I'LL BUY MANY DEER. I WANT TO BRAG I SHOT THIS BUCK MYSELF.

NO, THERE'S SOMEBODY NEEDING THIS MEAT.



WOULD YOU PLEASE COME AND LET THE DOCTOR EXAMINE THE WOUND? I FEEL BADLY THAT MY FATHER SHOT YOU.

WELL-ER-YES, MA'AM.

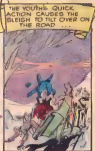
IT'S YOUR PROPERTY. JUDGE YOU CAN DEMAND THE DEER BY LAW.

NO, NATTY WE'LL SHARE IT.

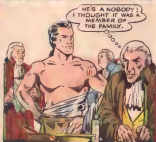
YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR. DON'T I KNOW YOU?

NO, SIR, I'VE BEEN HERE ONLY THREE WEEKS.





THE FIGHTERS





YOU NEEDN'T FROSE. THE SHOT MISSED THE BONE AND PASSED THROUGH THE ARM TO THE OTHER SIDE. IT'LL BE EASILY EXTRACTED.

VERY GOOD.



DR. TODD CUTS THE SKIN ON THE HUNTER'S SHOULDER.

THE BULLET IS NOW EXPOSED.

WAIT BEFORE YOU EXTRACT IT!



THE YOUNG MAN TWISTS HIS ARM AND CLOSES HIS FIST.

THIS MOTION CAUSED THE BULLET TO FALL OUT.



JONES QUICKLY CLAIMS GLORY

VERY NEATLY DONE! WE'VE PERFORMED A GREAT OPERATION

YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER FURTHER, DOCTOR. THERE IS A MAN AT THE DOOR WHO'LL TAKE CARE OF ME.



JOHN MOHEGAN

THE PIONEERS

YOUNG SABLE
HAS BEEN STRUCK
BY A HAND THAT
SHOULD DO NO
EVIL.

OLD JOHN
IT WAS
AN
ACCIDENT.

QUESTION
NOT THE
WAYS OF THE
LORD,
JOHN.



SOMETIMES THE EVIL SPIRIT RESTS IN THE
BEST HEART. BUT YOU ARE THE BELLAHAR'S
FRIEND, COME, YOUNG SABLE!



WE WILL NEED TO
SETTLE THE RIGHTS
TO THE DEER.

I CONCEDE IT YOURS,
I WILL PAY YOU FOR ALL
AND TAKE ONLY THE
SADDLE.



I MUST HAVE THE
SADDLE MYSELF,
PROVIDING YOUR
LAW ALLOWS ME
WHAT'S MINE.

MUST IS
A HARD
WORD TO
SWALLOW!

GIVE
HIM THE
WHOLE
DEER.



SHALL WE SEE
YOU AGAIN?

YOU HAVE
A NAME,
YOUNG MAN?



MY NAME IS OLIVER EDWARDS. I LIVE NEARBY, AND AM NOT AFRAID TO SHOW MY FACE, FOR I'VE INJURED NO ONE.

IT IS WE WHO HAVE INJURED YOU. TOMORROW'S CHRISTMAS. WONT YOU PLEASE COME VISIT US?

IF YOU WISH

THE TEMPLES AND THEIR GUESTS ATTEND CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES. TO THEIR SURPRISE.....

WELCOME TO CHURCH, GENTLEMEN.

THE YOUNG INDIAN COMES TO OUR CHURCH. WONDER WHY?

I WILL SERVE HIM. FORGET I AM A DESCENDANT OF A DELAWARE CHIEF. BUT WHEN THE TIME COMES, I WILL SHAKE HIS DUST FROM MY FEET.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, JUDGE TEMPLE OFFERS EDWARDS A JOB AS HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, SINCE JONES HAD BEEN APPOINTED SHERIFF. EDWARDS HOLDS A COUNCIL.

SHOULD I SERVE THE MAN WHO IS THE ENEMY OF MY RACE?

HE IS NO ENEMY. I SAY SO.

I AM WRESTLING OF HIS SMOOTH TALK.



THE PIONEERS

AS THE DAYS PASSED, AND SPRING CAME, EDWARDS SPENT HIS DAYS SERVING HIS NEW MASTER...



BUT SPENT THE EVENINGS WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS



HOW THEY TREAT YOUNG EAGLE NOW?

AS ONE OF THEIR OWN, ALL EXCEPT JONES, HE DISLIKES ME.

HE'S OUR ENEMY.



ONE EARLY SPRING DAY, AS THE TRAILERS AND THEIR GUESTS TOOK A RIDE THROUGH THE FOREST....



THE PARTY TOOK A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE FOREST....



EDWARDS SEES DANGER....





ARE YOU HURT, LOUISA?

NO, BUT I WAS SO TERRIFIED.



THE JOURNEY HOME CONTINUES...

DECAYED TREES ARE A MENACE IN THE FOREST. THEY FALL WITHOUT WARNING.



THE FOREST IS SAFE IF YOU DON'T COME NEAR THE ROOTS OF A ROTTEN TREE.

CAN YOU STOP TO EXAMINE EACH TREE AS YOU RIDE? MIGHT AS WELL STAY OUT OF THE FOREST.



ARRIVING HOME...

NOW BOTH MY FATHER AND HIS DAUGHTER OWE THEIR LIVES TO YOU.

ANYONE WOULD DO WHAT I DID.



THE NEXT DAY, THE WEATHER IS BALMY AGAIN....

AWAKE, COUGH BESS, AND FREE PAGE OUR BREAKFAST, THE SKIES ARE ALIVE WITH PIGEONS. WE'RE GOING HUNTING.

OH, YOU MEN!



AFTER BREAKFAST....

THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS TURNING OUT FOR THE PIGEON SHOOT.

WON'T WE HAVE FUN? LOOK UP!



THERE'S ENOUGH MEAT FOR AN ARMY AND FEATHERS FOR A BED FOR EVERY ONE!

THE PIONEERS

ON THE PLAINS, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIRDS HAS BEGUN.....



THERE'S NATTY BUMPTO!
WAI'L I SHOW THE OLD
BOY SOME REAL
SHOOTING.

SUCH WASTE OF
LIFE! WE
SHOULDN'T KILL
NO MOSEEN WE
INTENDS TO EAT.

WHAT ARE
YOU CRABBY
ABOUT A
FEW PIGEONS
FOR, OLD IVE?



YOU CALL THIS SHOOTIN?
TRY GETTIN' A SINGLE BIRD
ON THE WING.

IF YOU CAN
DO IT, SO CAN
I.



AT THAT MOMENT... A PIGEON HAS
LOST ITS FLOCK.....

THERE'S YER CHANCE
TO PROVE YER
CRABBY! BILLY
KIRBY!



KIRBY TAKES AIM AND.....

YOU MISSED HIM.
NOW WATCH OLD
NATTY SHOOT.



AS NATTY FIRED.....



THAT'S THE
ONLY PIGEON
I'LL EAT
TODAY!

NATTY'S
RIGHT. I'LL
PUT A STOP
TO THIS
CARNAGE.



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, SHERIFF JONES INVITES THE OTHERS TO WATCH HIS MOONLIGHT FISHING....

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH US SHOVE OFF.

WHAT SPORT IS THERE TO USING A NET?



THE NETS ARE CAST...

CAREFUL, MEN DON'T FOUL IT!

THAT'S AN INGLAT TO MEY PUMP WHAT SAILED HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS!



THE FISH ARE ABUNDANT AND SOON THE NETS ARE FILLED.....



THE NET LINES ARE THROWN TO THE MEN ON SHORE.....

FASTER, JUDGE THERE ARE TWO THOUSAND BASS WAITING FOR YOU!



AS THE FISHERMEN DUMP THE NETS.....

LET'S TAKE A WALK ALONG THE SHORE



THE PIONEERS

AS THE GIRLS START WALKING, THEY SEE A LIGHT NEAR NATTY'S CABIN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE.

THE LIGHT'S MOVING THIS WAY.

IT'S PROBABLY NATTY AND MOHEGAN IN THEIR CANOE FISHING ALSO.



PULL IN, NATTY, I'LL LOAD YOU UP WITH FISH.

WASTEFUL FISHING! I SPEAR MY FISH ONE AT A TIME.



GOD MADE FISH FOR MANS FOOD, IT'S SINFUL TO CATCH MOREN CAN BE EAT!

I AGREE, OUR HUNTER, AND I WISH WE COULD MAKE THE SHERIFF A CONVERT.



NAT BUMPO, LAWLESS SQUATTER AND PROFESSIONAL DEER KILLER, ARRIVES TO PRESERVE OUR GAME! BAN! CHOP BOYS! AFTER AN OTHER HALL!



IT'D LIKE A RIDE IN SUCH A FRAIL LOOKING CANOE.

IT'S THIN AS AN EGG SHELL, I WONT GO.

COME, MISS TEMPE, WE'LL SPEAR A FISH FOR YOU.





AT THAT MOMENT.....



THE FOLLOWING MORNING.....

"SURE, I WANT TO DISCUSS A SALVER WINE I THINK YOU OWN."

"NOT TODAY. I JUST RECEIVED BAD NEWS FROM ENGLAND. READ THIS LETTER."



"IN ANSWER TO YOUR LETTER.... VESSEL SAILED FROM PALMOUTH ABOUT SEPTEMBER 1 LAST YEAR.... SHALL WRITE IF ANY FURTHER NEWS REACHES ME..... ANDREW HOLT, LAWYER."



THE TEMPLE'S LAWYER IS SENT FOR

"DO YOU WANT ME, JUDGE?"

"NO, THIS IS A VERY CONFIDENTIAL FAMILY MATTER. JONES WILL DO YOUR WORK TODAY."



HERE'S ELIZABETH NOW.



AFTER ELIZABETH HAS READ THE LETTER.....

"THE NEWS IS TERRIBLE, FATHER. WHAT WILL YOU DO?"

"I'LL MAKE A NEW WILL TO COVER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES."



WHAT TERRIBLE NEWS IS CONTAINED IN THIS LETTER FROM ENGLAND?





THE SECRET NEWS OF THE LETTER HAD A LONG DEPRESSING EFFECT UPON THE FAMILY. IT WAS NOT UNTIL SUMMER ARRIVED THAT THE TEMPLES RETURNED TO THEIR NORMAL ROUTINES...

ONE JULY MORNING...

WHY ARE YOU DRAGGING ME TO THE FAR END OF MY LANDS?

BECAUSE OF THAT SILVER MINE, HERE COME THE GIRLS.



WERE TAKING A STROLL IN THE HILLS, FATHER.

DON'T GO AWAY TOO FAR ALONE THERE MIGHT BE DANGERS.

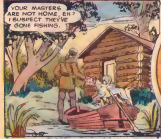
I MEANT TO GO FISHING, BUT SINCE YOU'RE WALKING, MAY I COME ALONG AS PROTECTOR?

DON'T BOTHER WE HAVE BRAVE HERE TO GUARD US.

RECALLED, EDWARDS DECIDES TO VISIT HIS FRIENDS...

WE'LL BE CAREFUL, SIR.

EDWARDS REACHES THE HUNTERS' HUT...



YOUR MASTERS ARE NOT HOME, EH? I SUSPECT THEY'VE GONE FISHING.

SUDDENLY...



THERE'S A PROWLER ABOUT, EH? WELL, I'LL FIND HIM!

THE PIONEERS

EDWARDS' KEEN EYES DISCOVER ...

CONSTABLE DOOLITTLE, ONE OF THE SHERIFF'S FERRISTS! I BETTER WARN NATTY HE'S SPYING HERE!



SEEING THAT THE HUT DOOR IS SECURELY LOCKED, EDWARDS RADDLES TO NATTY'S FAVORITE FISHING SPOT....

I SAW DOOLITTLE SPYING IN THE HILLS. HE MIGHT TRY TO ENTER YOUR CABIN SOMETIME.

HE'S A CONWARD. THE DOBELL SCARE HIM AWAY.



FUNNY, BUT I SEEM TO HEAR MY DOGS IN THE FOREST, BARKIN' AND CHASIN' AFTER GAME.

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I LEFT THEM SECURELY TIED!



SUDDENLY...

I KNEW I HEARD MY DOGS!



DON'T SHOOT, NATTY. IT'S OUT OF SEASON. REMEMBER JONES WANTS TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR US.



THE BUCK, SEEING HIS NEW DANGER, ALTERS HIS COURSE IN THE EXCITEMENT, EDWARDS FORGETS THE LAW, AND REACHES FOR A ROPE.





LEASHES CUT BY KNIFE ON A LONG POLE. CUT IS SHARP, SLANTING AND FAR DOWN ON LEASH.

DOCUTTLE WAS CARRYING A KNIFE AND A POLE!

AFTER REACHING SHORE...

I'LL GO AFTER DOCUTTLE IN THE CANOE AND GET THESE REBORN MATTY

IF HE'S BROKE INTO THE HUT, I'LL KILL HIM!

MEANWHILE, AS THE GIRLS WALK, THEIR PATH LEADS THEM HIGH ABOVE MATTY'S HUT ...

IT'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT SECRETS ARE HIDDEN IN THAT CABIN

THEY'D TELL NOTHING WORTH OF MR. EDWARDS.

PERHAPS NOT, BUT THEY MIGHT TELL US WHO HE REALLY IS



THE PIONEERS

SHERIFF JONES SAYS NATTY LIVED MOST OF HIS LIFE WITH THE INDIANS. HE BECAME FRIENDS WITH MONEGAN BY ONCE SAVING THE REDSKIN'S LIFE.



HE THINKS MR. EDWARDS IS THE SON OF MONEGAN'S DAUGHTER AND SOME BRITISH OFFICER.



HE'S SUGGESTING OLIVER IS MONEGAN'S GRANDSON... IF THAT'S TRUE, WHY ARE THEY SO SECRETIVE, AND WHY IS NATTY'S HUT ALWAYS LOCKED?



THE SHERIFF WANTS A LITTLE FURTHER AND...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH DEWEY?

HE SENSES DANGER.



A PANTHER AND HER CUB!

OH, I FEEL ILL!





AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE PANTHER SPRINGS UPON THE DOGS BACK, OPENING A DOZEN BLEEDING WOUNDS.....



BRAVE'S STRENGTH IS FAILING, BUT HIS COURAGE REMAINS.....



THE FAITHFUL DOG HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE TO PROTECT HIS MISTRESS...



POOR BRAVE MY POOR HERO!

THE PANTHER SMELLS ITS DEAD CUB, AND INFURIATED.



SPRINGS AT THE HELPLESS WOMAN....



DEAR GOD!
PLEASE HELP
US!

GRASPING THE WOMEN'S PERIL, NATTY QUICKLY
SWINGS HIS RIFLE INTO ACTION.....



A DASH OF SPRING
WATER REVIVES
LOUISA. THE GIRLS
THEN SET OUT FOR
HOME.....

A FEW MINUTES LATER,
NATTY MEETS CONSTABLE
POOLITTLE.....

NATTY'S AIM IS TRUE....



THANK
GOODNESS
YOU'VE
COME.

IT'S LUCKY
I WAS
TAKING
THE ROAD
HOME.

IF YOU GALS
BE ALL RIGHT,
I'LL GO
HOME.

I'M FEELING
FINE,
NOW.

I'LL TAKE
HER TO
THE VILLAGE.

I HEARD
A SHOT.
DID YOU
SHOOT
A DEER?

I SHOT A
PANTHER.
THE STATE
OWES ME
A REWARD.



AT THE SAME TIME, THE TROUBLE-MAKING SHERIFF JONES.....

'DUKE, YOU'LL THINK ME FOR WHAT I'M TELLING YOU.

SO FAR YOU'VE SAID NOTHING. SPEAK UP.

PROOF? LAST WINTER, BURNING MADE A MYSTERIOUS TRIP ON HIS SLEIGH. TWO WEEKS AFTER HIS RETURN, THE HALF-BRED, EDWARDS, APPEARED AND, WITH MOHEGAN, THEY'RE WORKING IN THE LOCKED HUT.

MORE PROOF? WELL, I MYSELF, HAVE SEEN NATTY WALKING WITH PICKS AND SHOVELS AND I'M LEADING YOU TO A PLACE WHERE THERE'S FRESH EXCAVATION.

JONES FINALLY ACCUSES THE JARVIS'S SUSPICION.....

WE'RE COMING TO THE TOP OF THE CAVE. BELOW THE CAVE'S THE EXCAVATION.

JONES LEADS TEMPLE TO THE CAVE ..

THAT SHOWS THE CAVE'S BEING USED.

YES.

THEN...

YOU CAN'T DENY THE FOOTINGS ARE FRESH.

I DON'T DENY IT. I WONDER IF THERE IS SILVER HERE.





NATTY JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE, AND NOW DOOLITTLE INSISTS I HAVE HIM ARRESTED FOR KILLING A DEER.

JUST A WARRANT FOR SEARCHING HIS HOUSE.

AT HOME SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



YOU'RE NOT CERTAIN OF HIS GUILT, WHY TROUBLE THE OLD MAN?

WE ARE CERTAIN, SIR. MY PARTNER, RIDDEL, SAW HIM DO IT!

MEANWHILE, DOOLITTLE AND HIS EQUALLY COWARDLY PARTNER SEEK SOMEONE TO SERVE THE SUMMONS ON NATTY. THEY MEET TOUGH BILLY KIRBY...

THE JUDGE SIGNS THE WARRANT AUTHORIZING DOOLITTLE TO SEARCH NATTY'S HUT.

I COULDN'T REFUSE, BESS. I HAD TO SHOW IM IMPARTIAL. WE'LL PAY NATTY'S TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR FINE.

THANK YOU, FATHER.

WON'T TELL ME HIS NAME, BUT THAT HE'S BIG AND TOUGH AND LIKES TO FIGHT AND WRESTLE? I'LL GO.

YOU'LL BE PAID, TOO.



DOOLITTLE DEPUTIZES KIRBY, AND THE THREE MEN GO INTO THE WOODS.

YOU TRICKED ME, SAYING SEVENTY YEAR OLD NATTY WANTS TO FIGHT.

HE KILLED A DEER. REMEMBER, YOU'RE PART OF THE LAW, NOW.



HERE'S THE PAPER. REMEMBER, HE HAS A RIFLE.

HE WOULDN'T SHOOT ME, HE'S HARMLESS. I SAY, LET HIM SHOOT DEER IF HE WANTS.



THE LAW SAYS HE CAN'T SHOOT DEER OUT OF SEASON.

BAH, THE LAW WASN'T MEANT FOR NATTY.



THE LAWS FOR EVERYONE, AND VERY MINDFUL OF THOSE WHO PERJURE.

I AIN'T SCARED OF YER PERJURE, BUT SINCE I COME THIS FAR, GIVE ME YOUR PAPER.



HELLO, NATTY, THE SHERIFF WROTE YOU A SMALL LETTER AND HE'VE BEEN HIRED TO RIDE POST.

I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY, WHY TROUBLE AN OLD MAN?



GUESS YOU SHOT ONE DEER TOO MANY, NATTY.



AIN'T SURPRISED JUDGE TEMPLE SIGNED IT, FEEL SORRY FOR HIS GAL, THOUGH, SHE SIGHT CHOOSE HER FATHER AND CAN'T HELP IT.



AS SOON AS NATTY HAD RAISED HIS RIFLE, ...



BUT BILLY KIRBY IS NO COWARD ...



YOU SCARED THEM OFF, BUT I DON'T SCARE. PUT DOWN YOUR RIFLE, MR. BUNNIPPO, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.

ALL RIGHT, BILLY, BUT IS A MAN'S HONOR TO BE RUN DOWN BY VAGABONDS? I SHOT THE BUCK SO YOU'LL TAKE THE SKIN FOR TESTIMONY. THE PANTHER BOUNTY'LL PAY THE FINE. I'LL FETCH IT.



KIRBY AGREES TO TAKING THE HIDE ...



THIS OUGHT TO SATISFY THE LAW, OLD TUB.

BY THE TIME KIRBY REACHES THE VILLAGE, DOOLITTLE HAS INFLAMED THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE OLD HUNTER.



AH, BILLY KIRBY'S PROBABLY DYING SHOT DEAD THIS VERY MINUTE.

HOLD ON, HERE'S KIRBY NOW!



WHO'S DEAD? NOT ME! I'M BRINGING NATTY'S BUCK'S SKIN FOR TESTIMONY.

HE'S WILLIN TO STAND TIGAL EN? WELL, LET'S GO HOME.

EPWARDS, LEARNING OF NATTY'S BRUSH WITH THE LAW, RUSHES TO THE JUDGE . . .

I DIDN'T BELIEVE HE'D EVER OPPOSE THE OFFICES OF JUSTICE: I THOUGHT HE'D ALLOW THE SEARCH AND ID PAY THE FINE.

WHAT HARM DID HE DO?



DO? HE ASSAULTED A MAGISTRATE, MENACED A CONSIDERABLE WITH FIREARMS. HE'LL BE PUNISHED.

WHAT WILL THE PUNISHMENT BE?



JUDGES DON'T PASS SENTENCE UNTIL THE TESTIMONY IS HEARD AND THE JURY PRO-NOUNCES A VERDICT. BUT NATTY CAN EXPECT NO MERCY FROM ME FOR HIS CRIME!



IS GUARDING A HOME A CRIME? YOU'RE THE CRIMINAL, SPORING YOUR LAND WHILE ITS OLD, RICHFUL HEIRS LIVE IN POVERTY!



YOU'LL LEAVE THIS HOUSE, ELIZABETH. SEE THAT HE'S PAID FOR ALL GRAVES RENDERED.

I'M LEAVING, SIR.



WE LEAVE AS FRIENDS?

ALWAYS. TELL NATTY I WON'T LET HIM DOWN.





THE FOLLOWING DAY....

THE STATE OF NEW YORK VERSUS MAT BLUMFED. DEFENDANT RYLL BISS AND FACE THE COURT.



THE DEFENDANT WILL REMOVE HIS HAT. CLERK, READ THE CHARGES.



INDICTMENT NUMBER ONE: THE DEFENDANT IS ACCUSED OF SMOKING OFFICER BOOLITTLE.



HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

I DID HANDLE HIM A BIT ROUGH, BUT IT WAS TO PROTECT MY HOME. I PLEAD NOT GUILTY.



THE JURY, AFTER HEARING THE TESTIMONY, REACHES A QUICK VERDICT.



WE FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY.

VERY WELL, THE CLERK WILL READ THE SECOND CHARGE.

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THE DEFENDANT IS ACCUSED OF RESISTING A SEARCH WARRANT BY FORCE OF ARMS, PARTICULARLY BY MEANS OF A RIFLE.

BILLY KIRBY WAS SWORN AS A WITNESS. HE SPOKE THE TRUTH.....

NATTY'S AN OLD MAN WHO WOULDN'T MARM ANYONE AND...

DID HE POINT THE RIFLE AT YOU AND THE OTHERS?

YES, SIR, HE DID.

THAT'S ALL. THE DEFENSE MAY HAVE THE WITNESS.

THE JURY HAS HEARD THE TESTIMONY....

BECAUSE OF YOUR AGE, YOU'RE SPARED A WHIPPING, BUT YOU ARE TO BE PLACED IN THE SICKS ONE HOUR, FINED ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, AND JAILED FOR A MONTH.

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY.





WHERE'LL I GET MONEY?
YOU'VE TAKEN AWAY
THE PANTHER BOUNTY
TO PAY FOR THE DEER.
YOU'RE SHUTTIN'
ME UP TILL I DIE.



LET ME OUT IN THE HILLS. I'LL HUNT
NIGHT AND DAY. EVEN TO PENNSYLVANIA
AND PAY THE FINE BEFORE THE
SEASONS OVER.



I MUST BE
GOVERNED BY
LAW...

... WAS IT LAW
WHEN I SHOT
THE PANTHER
ABOUT TO
STRIKE YOUR
DAUGHTER?



I LONG FOR THE
HILLS... JUDGE, FOR
THE SUN AND WIND
LET ME GO, AND I'LL
EARN THE
MONEY.

HAVE THE
PRISONER
REMOVED.
NEXT CASE.



DEER PUMP TO THE RESCUE

HOLD ON,
JUDGE.



HERE'S THIRTY-FIVE
SPANISH GOLD. YOU
KIN TAKE THE FINE
OUT OF THAT.

ENOUGH OF
THIS NONSENSE!
LEAD THE
PRISONER TO
THE STOCK.

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THE CROWD FOLLOWS HARRY TO WHERE HE IS TO BE PUBLICLY DISGRACED....



AWAY THERE, LUBBERS!

I SEE YOU'VE ROOM FOR ANOTHER GUEST, AND BY YOUR LEAVE, I'LL TAKE THE SPOT.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT

JUST LET ONE OF YOU COME CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ME TO GRAB AND YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING.



THE SPECTATORS SOON TAKE THE DIVERSION....

THE STORM WILL SOON BLOW OVER, MATE. YOU'VE SAILED ROUGHER SEAS IN YOUR TIME.



BEN SEES AN OPPORTUNITY....



NOW WE'RE ON AN EVEN KEEL.



HELP! HELP! HELP!



ORDER IS RESTORED AND SHERIFF JONES IS CALLED.....

HE HIT ME SO MANY TIMES MY FACE IS LOPSIDED.

I'D LIKE TO DO IT AGAIN.

PUT HIM IN PRISON WITH THE OLD TRAMP HERE.

THAT EVENING.....

FATHER'S GIVEN ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS TO GIVE NATTY.

WONT THAT MR. EDWARDS IN THAT CART?

THE GIRLS ARE ADMITTED INTO THE JAIL.....

WE'RE GOING TO SEE NATTY.

PLEASE HURRY, NATTY'S EXPECTING ME SOON.

THIS WILL MORE THAN PAY YOUR FINE, AND THE MONTHS IM-PRISONMENT WILL QUICKLY PASS.

I CANT ACCEPT YOUR MONEY BUT I WONT STAY HERE ANOTHER HOUR.

GET READY BEN, I HEAR THE OXEN. YOU'LL KEEP OUR SECRET, GALS?

YOU'RE DOING WRONGS, NATTY BUT GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL NEED A CANISTER OF POWDER. WILL YOU BRING IT TOMORROW ATOP VISION MOUNTAIN?

I'LL BRING IT, NATTY.





THE FOLLOWING MORNING



I'M SORRY, ELIZABETH, BUT I'M AFRAID TO GO UP THAT MOUNTAIN AGAIN.

THEN I'LL GO ALONE. I PROMISED NAVEY I'D BRING THE POWDER.

AN HOUR LATER...



AH, THERE'S THE TOP.

THE SUMMIT IS DESERTED.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JOHN?

MOHEGAN WAIT FOR GREAT SPIRIT TO TAKE HIM AWAY.

ELIZABETH CLIMBS DOWN TO THE OLD WARRIOR



WHEN MOHEGAN GO, YOURS EAGLE, WHOSE BLOOD IS WHITE, WILL BE THE ONLY WARRIOR LEFT IN THE HILLS.

OLIVER EDWARDS IS NOT AN INDIAN ?

BEFORE ELIZABETH LEARNS THE ANSWER



SMOKE! COME DOWN TO THE VALLEY WITH ME, JOHN

MOHEGAN VERY OLD. STAY AND WAIT FOR GREAT SPIRIT

EDWARDS COMES FOR MOHEGAN, AND ...



COME, MOHEGAN! RISE! TEMPLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THERE'S GRAVE DANGER!

THE FOREST IS BURNING, WE CAN'T GET DOWN!



GREAT SPIRIT SOON COME FOR HIS CHILDREN



LEAVING MOHEGAN, EDWARDS LOOKS FOR AN ESCAPE

GET BACK, GET BACK! WE'LL BE BURNED THIS WAY!

IF I COULD ONLY LOWER YOU TO THE BOULDER BELOW, BUT THIS SIDE IS TOO SMOOTH FOR FOOTING.



THIS IS ALL MY FAULT, MISS TEMPLE.

HUSH, OLIVER, IT IS THE WILL OF GOD. IF WE MUST DIE, I'M THANKFUL WE'RE TOGETHER.



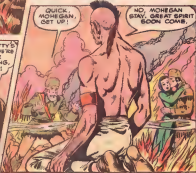
AN HOUR BEFORE, NATTY HAD ACCIDENTALLY MET LOUISE, WHO TOLD HIM THAT ELIZABETH HAD STARTED TO CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WAS ALREADY BURNING WHEN SHE STARTED HER CLIMB. SHE'S IN GREAT PERIL!



MISS TEMPLE! WHERE ARE YOU CALI!

IT'S NATTY'S VOICE! WE'RE ON THE CLASING, NATTY!



QUICK, MOHEGAN, GET UP!

NO, MOHEGAN STAY. GREAT SPIRIT SOON COME.



USING A TRAIL OF SMOKE AS A GUIDE, NATTY LEADS THE OTHERS



THIS BLANKET IS PROTECTING MY CLOTHING FROM THE FLAMES



THE OLD HUNTER'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN STANDS HIM WELL

STEADY, GAL.



WATTY LEADS THE WAY TO THE MYSTERIOUS CAVE, WHERE BEN PUMP IS NOW HINGING...



HE'S BREATHING HIS LAST.

MEANWHILE, TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE..



HELLO, REVEREND. NOW COME YOU'RE HERE?

LOUISEA TOLD ME OF MISS TEMPLE'S PERIL. I SET AFTER HER, I MET YOUR DOGS AND THEY LED ME HERE.

REVEREND GRANT PERFORMS THE SERVICES....



THE SKIES WEEP, TOO.....



I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T COME INSIDE, MISS TEMPLE.



A LITTLE LATER....

TOMORROW I'LL REVEAL THE MYSTERY OF MYSELF AND THE CAVE.

UNTIL TOMORROW -- THREE'S FATHER COME TO TAKE ME HOME, YOU'D BETTER GO BACK..

THE NEXT DAY IN THE VILLAGE

I SAY EDWARDS AND BUMPTOP STARTED THE FOREST FIRE FOR REVENGE.

LET'S GET THEM!



OLD BUMPTOP'S AWFUL HANDY WITH A RIFLE.

IT'S THE SHERIFF'S JOB TO GET HIM.



SHERIFF JONES TAKES THE PLATFORM

ARE WE TO LET VILLIANS BURN OUR FORESTS, THREATEN OUR LIVES? I WANT VOLUNTEERS TO GO WITH ME AND TRAP THEM IN THEIR CAVE.

I'LL GO. I'LL GO.



SHERIFF JONES RECRUITS AN ARMY

COME ALONG, BILLY KIRBY.

SURE! WHERE YOU GOING?



THE ARMY REACHES ITS OBJECTIVE

WHY DON'T YOU SURRENDER PEACEFUL LIKE NATTY?

SEN BUMPTOP, I ORDER YOU ARRESTED FOR STEALING MY CANNON

THERE'S A DEAD MAN INSIDE, AND THERE'LL BE ANOTHER, KIRBY, IF YOU COME CLOSER.

AYE, AND THERE'S THIRTY BULLETS TO THE SHOT IN THIS TOY.









"UNTIL THE WAR, YOUR FATHER AND I WERE PARTNERS. HE TOOK THE KING'S SIDE AND LEFT HIS FORTUNE IN MY CARE."

"I KNOW THAT."



"YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS LEFT IN CONNECTICUT, WHERE YOUR FATHER SAW THAT HE WAS TAKEN CARE OF...."

"FROM YOUR SON, CAPTAIN EFFINGHAM, IS THERE MORE YOU WANT, MAJOR?"

"NO, THANKS."

"AFTER THE WAR, YOUR FATHER WENT TO CANADA, AND THEN TO ENGLAND. I SUPPLIED HIM WITH FUNDS UNTIL"



"I WILL TAKE NO MORE MONEY FROM TEMPLE SINCE I'VE LEARNED HE'S BOUGHT MY LANDS. SEND IT BACK. WE'RE NO LONGER FRIENDS."



"I KEPT WRITING TO ENGLAND, WITH NO ANSWERS. LAST SPRING, I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM MY LAWYER. HAD I SHOWN YOU THE CONTENTS, THE SITUATION WOULD NOT EXIST."

"THE LETTER STATED THAT YOU AND YOUR FATHER HAD BEEN LOST AT SEA....."



"I HAD TRIED TO FIND YOUR GRANDFATHER, BUT HE HAD MOVED AND HAD LEFT NO TRACES."

"HE HAD BEEN BETRAYED AND CAME HERE TO LIVE, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS OLD SERVANT, NATTY BUMPPD."



"I STILL CONSIDER THE EFFINGHAMS EQUAL OWNERS TO MY ESTATE. NOW THE OLD MAJOR MUST BE FOUND, AS HE IS THE LAST SURVIVOR."

STEWARDS TAKES UP THE STORY

"MY FATHER LEFT ME IN ENGLAND TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR LIVING IN THE WEST INDIES. HIS SHIP WENT DOWN



"LEARNING OF MY FATHER'S DEATH, I WORKED PASSAGE TO THE STATES TO TRY AND FIND MY GRANDFATHER"



"WHEN I REACHED CONNECTICUT

THE MAJOR'S GONE TO NEW YORK, TO SPEND HIS LAST IN THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH



"HERE, IN THESE WILDS, I FOUND HIM WELL TAKEN CARE OF BY NATTY AND MOHEGAN, WHO HAD ONCE ADOPTED HIM AS HIS SON INTO THE DELAWARES"



"MY SON FACES LIKE THE MIST"

"DO YOU REALLY HAVE NO INDIAN BLOOD, OLIVER ?"

"ONLY BY ADOPTION"



"PEPE KEPT US FROM EXPOSING THE OLD MAJOR TO THOSE WHO ONCE RESPECTED HIM"

"HIS DAYS ARE FEW AND WE MUST GUARD THE HUT AND CAVE FROM PEYING EYES. PEOPLE MUST REMEMBER HIM AS HE WAS, NOT AS HE IS"



"BUT FATE WILLED THAT THE OLD MAJOR BE SEEN"



THE PIONEERS



SOMETIME LATER, AFTER NATTY HAD RECEIVED A PARDON FROM THE GOVERNOR . . .

THERE'S NOTHIN' HERE TO HOLD ME, NOW I'M HEADIN' FOR NEW HUNTING GROUNDS.



REVEREND GRANT WAS GIVEN A BIG NEW CHURCH



WE'RE SO PROUD, AREN'T WE, FATHER?

YES, BUT THE LORD LISTENS TO PRAYERS ANYWHERE, MY CHILD.

WHERE A MARRIAGE SOON TOOK PLACE



THE END.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1789 James Fenimore Cooper, often called America's first great novelist, was born in Burlington, New Jersey. His family, consisting of

eleven other children, moved to Otsego Lake, New York, the following year. There, his father, Judge William Cooper, bought a large tract of land and parceled it out to settlers. That land was later named Cooperstown in his honor.

At the age of eleven James was sent to school at Albany and two years later entered Yale. He was dismissed from Yale when he was sixteen for playing the boyish prank of experimenting with gunpowder and almost succeeding in blowing 'up a classmate's room.

Young Cooper's adventuresome spirit then took him to the sea as a member of the U. S. Navy, in which he became commissioned as midshipman two years later. It was while at sea that Cooper gained the experiences which were later to aid him in the writing of his sea stories.

After his father's death, Cooper retired from the Navy, married, and settled down to a quiet domestic life in Westchester, New York. During an evening at home, Cooper hurled the book he was reading to the floor and declared that he could write a better novel than the one he had discarded. Encouraged by his wife, Cooper wrote a novel of English life that was so poor that it temporarily discouraged all literary ambitions he had. Cooper's friends urged him to change the setting of his book from the unfamiliar English locale to his native American scene. This advice was followed and the result was *THE SPY*, which met with immediate public acclaim.

Having found his right medium, Cooper went to work and two years later, in 1823, *THE PIONEERS*

was published. Using *THE PIONEERS* as a basis, there followed *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, *THE PATHFINDER*, *THE DEERSLAYER* and *THE PRAIRIE*. These constituted the "Leatherstocking Tales" dealing with the doings of the internationally known woodman, Natty Bumppo.



During a discussion with some friends as to the merits of Sir Walter Scott's *THE PIRATE*, Cooper maintained that a man who had actually served before the mast could do a better job of writing a sea story. To prove his point, Cooper wrote *THE PILOT*, which became the first successful novel of sea life written by an American. In the same vein, there followed *THE RED ROVER*, *THE TWO ADMIRALS*, and *WIND AND WIND*, all successful but never quite as popular as his tales of early Americana.

In 1826, Cooper went abroad and remained on the continent of Europe almost seven years, during which time he wrote *THE BRAVO*.

After his return to this country, he became quite an irritable man. He was greatly disturbed by the English and European writers, among them Charles Dickens, who were criticizing America for its crudeness and by the Americans for evoking this criticism.

He also became involved in some legal difficulties with the people of Cooperstown over a matter concerning land. Because of this, he somewhat fell out of the public esteem in which he had been held.

In November, 1851, James Fenimore Cooper came to a quiet end on his estate near Cooperstown, New York. It was after his death that Cooper's name rose to great heights in the literary world—a position that it has held to this day.



JUNGLE PROMISE

by John Ledd

Marine Corporal Barney Ross, gripping his carbine, limped across a clearing and down a shadowy jungle path on Guadalcanal. He'd learned that Jap snipers lurked everywhere. The fact that this was Christmas Eve, 1942, would make no difference to them.

A few weeks before, three of Barney's buddies had been wounded by a hidden machine-gun nest. To protect them, he'd held out in a mortar hole through the night, against continuous attacks. When reinforcements finally arrived, they found Barney wounded too, and almost out of his head with malaria. But his slow hand still clutched his gun and all around him lay twenty-two dead Japanese soldiers.

Now, as the ex-writer and light-weight champ hurried out of the jungle, he wondered just what it was Chaplain Gehring wanted to see him about.

Barney lifted a flap of the Chaplain's tent.

"You wanted to see me, Father?"

Father Gehring looked up and smiled warmly.

"Yes, Barney. How's your wound coming along?"

"Not bad," Barney shrugged. "Malaria still bothers me, though."

"That was a fine thing you did that night, Barney. The boys are still talking about it."

"Thanks, Father. But what did you want to see me about?"

The Chaplain was silent for a moment and they could hear the relentless guns rumbling on the north Rumer had it that the Japs had landed new troops, were planning to push the Americans into the sea.

"Here's the story, Barney," the priest said. "We're holding a midnight Mass tonight—a Christmas Mass I've asked around and you're the only man here who can play the organ. Will you play for us?"

Barney hesitated, his face showing surprise.

"Gosh, Father, I'd like to play for you," he said. "But, didn't you know—I'm Jewish."

The priest spoke gently.

"I know, Barney. But it seems to me that the only fine thing about war is the way it brings men of all religions and races together, to work in a common cause . . ."



He gripped Barney's shoulder. "This may be our last Mass. Will you play for us?"

The ex-champ suddenly grinned. "Play? Sure I'll play, Father. And here's a promise, too. If we ever get out of here alive, I'm going to go out and hustle for that mission in China you're always talking about!"

Night came, and through the early hours of darkness, jungle fighters gathered before Father Gehring's tiny altar.

Then, rising over the distant rattle of guns, came the clear voice of Father Gehring. With it, the rich, sweet organ music of Barney Ross, the orthodox Jew, grew and swelled, until it filled the jungle night. And in the band of battle-worn marines who knelt at prayer, there came a new courage and a faith that would not be denied victory!

Four years later, when Father Gehring was in Florida, raising funds for his mission in Kuang, China, he was surprised to meet Barney Ross.

"What are you doing here, Barney?"

Ross took a fat envelope out of his pocket.

"Remember that promise I made on Guadalcanal, Father? Well, I'm keeping it—right now! When we heard that your mission needed money, my friends and I raised \$1,000, just to prove that guys of

all faiths can pull together in peace as well as in war!"



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