

Wolf Lennox loses two more men—and the gold.

After the two men had sold the cattle.

Where is Calvert? He does not want it known he lives, but we know it! I fear he means to kill us when he has this money.

He waits for us by our horses, likely. We'll go the other way. Quick, we can escape on foot.

Hold!

Calvert!

Run! Back to the horses!

Here is your money, Calvert! Let us live!

Aye, you'll live if you ride south, away from my lands! Try to return to Wolf Lennox, and you die!

Take the road to the south! I'll not face Calvert's vengeance again!

Aye, let Wolf Lennox do his own fighting to hold Calvert's land—if he can!

Are you not riding home with my money, friends?

Wolf Lennox! Cap'n, listen to us—

I did not trust you. It seems I was right to ride after you.

Aagh!

My money, if you please!

Urrgh!

Murder!

Not so. They are thieves. They were trying to escape with money that belonged to me for the sale of my cattle.

Money, you say? There is no money on these men, nor in their saddlebags! You must explain yourself to the magistrate, stranger.

The money must be there, you dolt!

Out of my way! I'll go before no magistrate!

Ride, Lennox! You'll be safe on my land from the gallows! I have another fate reserved for you!

The Red Reiver raids Wolf Lennox's base, NEXT WEEK.