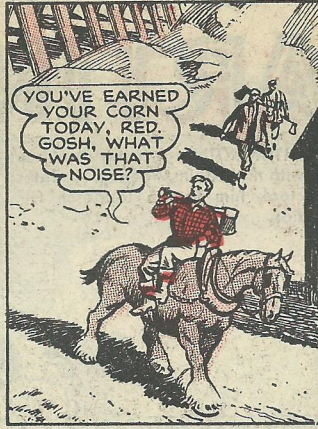
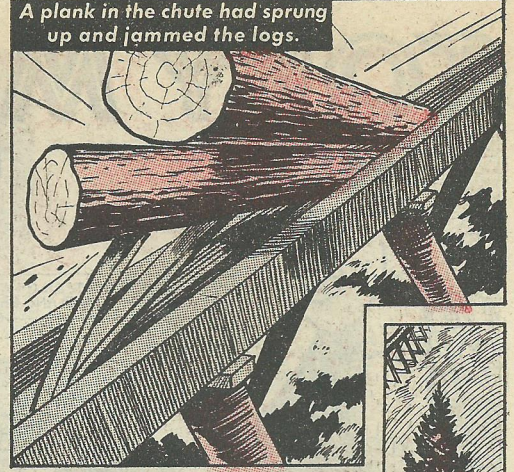


COME ON, RED, THIS IS THE LAST ONE YOU'VE GOT TO SHIFT TODAY.

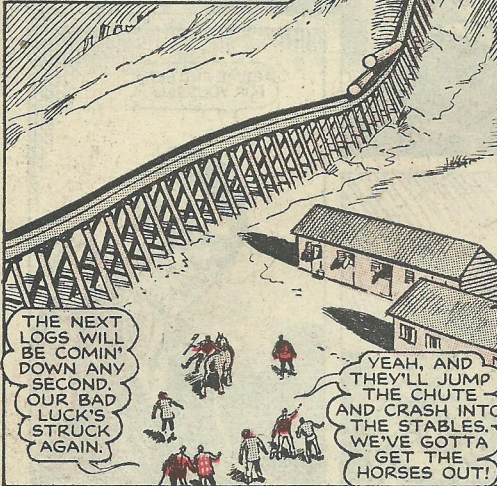
Broadaxe was a champion at all kinds of logging work and he soon finished the swamping. Then he was ready to haul out the logs.



YOU'VE EARNED YOUR CORN TODAY, RED. GOSH, WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

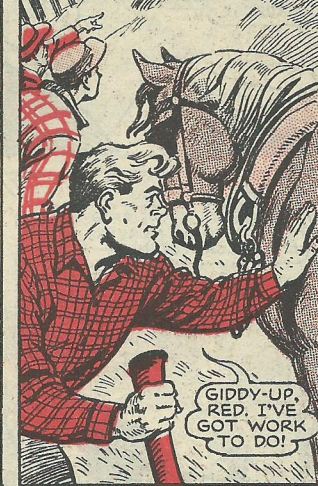


A plank in the chute had sprung up and jammed the logs.

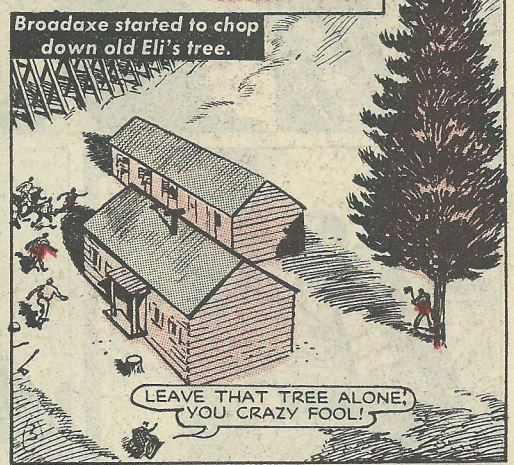


THE NEXT LOGS WILL BE COMIN' DOWN ANY SECOND. OUR BAD LUCK'S STRUCK AGAIN.

YEAH, AND THEY'LL JUMP THE CHUTE AND CRASH INTO THE STABLES. WE'VE GOTTA GET THE HORSES OUT!

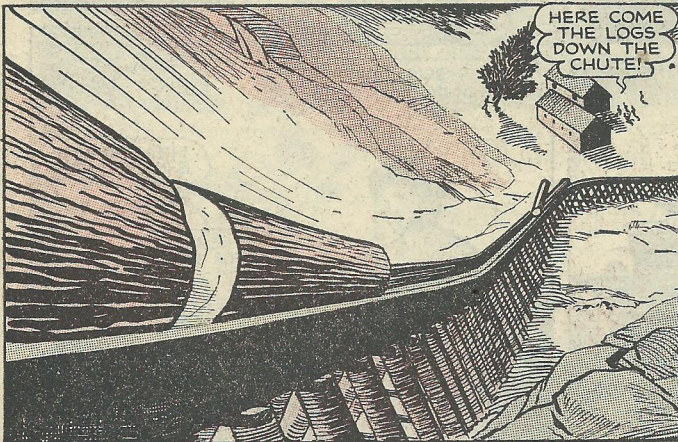


GIDDY-UP, RED. I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

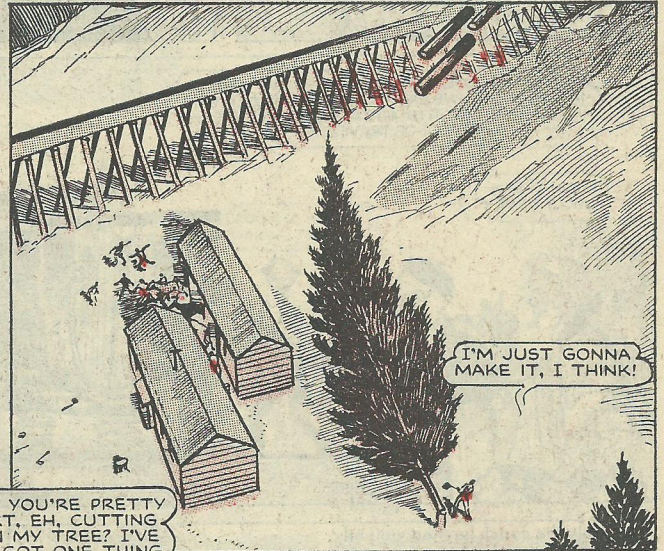


Broadaxe started to chop down old Eli's tree.

LEAVE THAT TREE ALONE! YOU CRAZY FOOL!



HERE COME THE LOGS DOWN THE CHUTE!



I'M JUST GONNA MAKE IT, I THINK!



The tree fell behind the stables and the logs crashed into it. The stables were saved.



THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, EH, CUTTING DOWN MY TREE? I'VE ONLY GOT ONE THING TO SAY TO YOU—

WELL DONE, BROADAXE.



WHAT'S THAT?

WILL YOU TAKE DOUBLE WAGES ON PAY NIGHT, SON? OUR BAD LUCK'S GONE NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE!

NEXT THURSDAY—Broadaxe is a prisoner on the Wheel of Death!