

Dear Lord...

...PLEASE  
WATCH OVER  
ME.



AND...  
PLEASE...

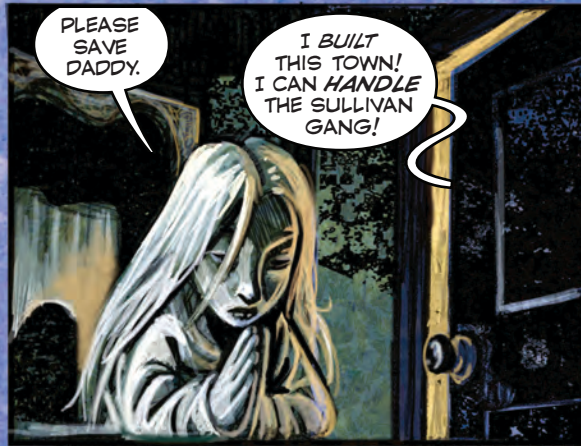


*nonono  
helpme  
pleasaveme  
deargod  
pleaseno  
don't...*



PLEASE  
SAVE  
DADDY.

I BUILT  
THIS TOWN!  
I CAN *HANDLE*  
THE SULLIVAN  
GANG!



PLEASE  
PROTECT  
MOMMY.

I DON'T CARE  
ABOUT YOUR  
DAMN TOWN...

...OR THE  
DAMN SILVER  
MINE!



GOD  
BLESS  
TEXAS?



AMEN.







DON'T DISAPPOINT ME, TARA.



DON'T DISAPPOINT YOUR FATHER.

FIND. MY. DAUGHTER.

MISTER HUNTER, PLEASE.



MY FATHER IS GONE...

...AND WE DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES.

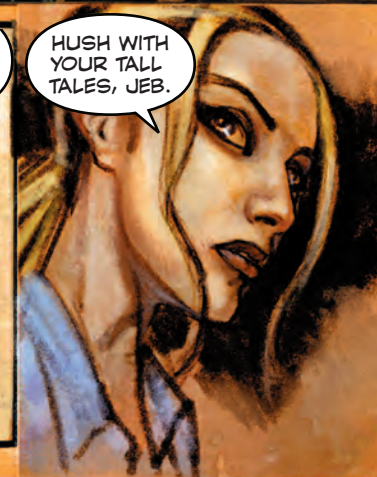


YOU BETTER FIND THE RESOURCES, TARA.



HELL, MAYBE THE WOLVES GOT HER...

...WITH THE CATTLE AND ALL.



HUSH WITH YOUR TALL TALES, JEB.



ALL DUE RESPECT, WE ALL KNOW WHAT THE SULLIVAN GANG WANTS--

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MA'AM...













"DON'T  
WANT THE  
REWARD."

JUST  
PEACE OF  
MIND.









MARGARET'S ROOM IS *THIS* WAY.

TOUCH ANYTHING?

NOTHING.

LAST NIGHT? YOU LEAVE THIS WINDOW OPEN?

NOT THAT I CAN REMEMBER.  
MAYBE MY WIFE...

THERE'S PEOPLE OUT THERE.  
THEY PREY ON CHILDREN.





CONROY IS SUCH A FELLA. THOUGHT THIS WAS HIM.



SO, YOU THINK SOMEONE ELSE DID THIS?



NO MAN DID THIS.



SEEP I TOLD YA IT WAS THE WOLVES.



I MEAN...MY CONDOLENCES, SIR.

NO.



THIS WASN'T WOLVES.