



ANOTHER DRINK, MISTER STARK?

NO THANK YOU, MY DEAR.



MUST THIS TERRIBLE WAR CONTINUE UNABATED?

YOU WON'T SEE ANY FIGHTING TODAY. THAT SOUTHERN ARMY IS HERE TO SURRENDER.



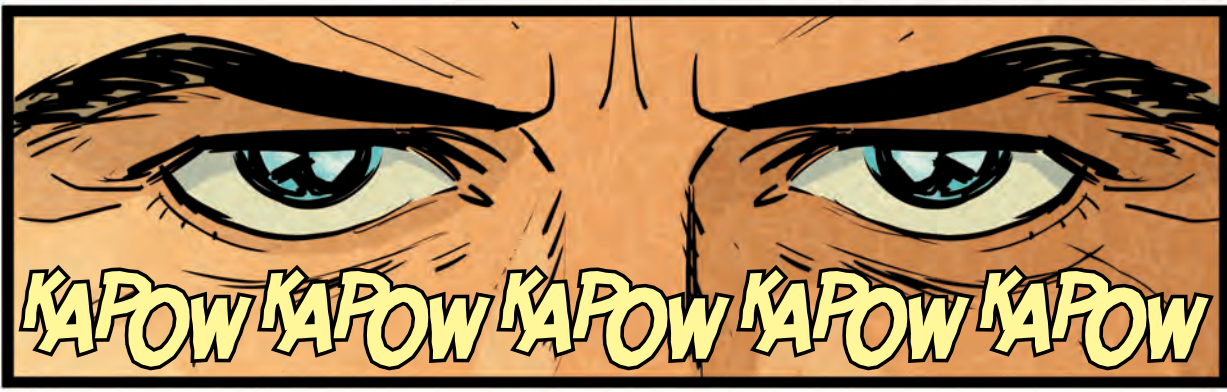
WHATEVER WOULD MAKE YOU SAY THAT, SIR?

BECAUSE MY STARK REPEATING RIFLE IS DOWN THERE IN THE HANDS OF YOUR UNION ARMY.



HAH!  
THE CONFEDERATES DON'T KNOW THAT!

H-HOW COULD YOU NOT INFORM THEM OF WHAT THEY WILL FACE?



KAPOW KAPOW KAPOW KAPOW KAPOW





THEY TOLD ME THEY WOULD DEMONSTRATE THE GUN...FORCE THE SOUTH TO THE TABLE.



HUZZAH!

FEAR NOT, SIR! I DARESAY THE SOUTH KNOWS ABOUT YOUR STARK REPEATING RIFLE NOW!



HA-HA-HA!

I SHALL TAKE THAT REFRESHMENT NOW.



1872.

UHNN.

In Timely, one became accustomed to stepping over one's fellow man.

I'd heard gossip that the undertaker had begun running short on pine.

A day of reckoning was at hand. Upon careful reflection, it's hard to say when Timely began to rot from the inside.

Perhaps when our current government was established...

LORD HAVE MERCY.

Perhaps Timely's fate was sealed when Deputy Barnes was murdered, an event about which there remain a great many oddities.

APOTHECARY  
PURIFIED EXTRACTS  
& VITAL ELIXIRS  
FOR ALL MANNER OF  
MALIGNANT HUMOURS  
Est. 1862

I know all this because my name is Benjamin Urich, and I'm a reporter. We can debate about what created the powder keg upon which we live, but one fact is undeniable:

The fuse was lit by Sheriff Rogers.