

movement in the doorway of Ed.'s store, saw the hand go up, recognised the man who pointed, but did not see that he merely pointed; and very abruptly, with a quick look of alarm, made a rapid movement, down and up, and a white puff of smoke burst from his hand. His horse leapt like a cat, and he curbed it, as a bullet compressed the air between Ed. and Tommie—and crash! went something in the back of the store; and there followed a woman's scream.

Tommie's horse, at the telegraph-pole, stood on its fore-legs, stood on its hind-legs, squirmed this way, that way. Tommie rushed out to catch it—a stupid thing to do. That action showed Wyoming was changing. In the old days men knew better than to do things like that when guns were popping. He clutched for the horse's head, and it swept round against him.

The two cowboys were reining up now. Tommie plucked his Colt from the saddle-bag. Sheep-herders don't ride into town with guns on their hips nowadays. Up went the Colt, forward, and down—and he had the inestimable, cold, contained, demoniac satisfaction of seeing one of the men who had shot his sheep some months ago falling out of the saddle like the snapshot of a diver.

Here now came Ed., who had run indoors at the first shot, his goatee beard sticking out of the store, himself half bent, carrying a Winchester.

The other cow-puncher spurred hard and went on down the street, his horse a mere tangle of legs in the heart of a rising dust-storm, his hand coming up and down in the middle of it—quirting.

But it was in the opposite direction that Ed. suddenly looked. So did Tommie Tossplot, wrestling with his startled pony again, wrestling with it as a