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with prophetic lightnings and rode off into the purpling dark. Zang Whistler, reluctantly mounting, rode his horse to the doorway, where Hilma stood. Wine and carnelian light from the west stained her cheek, made mysterious the depths of blue irises. She was beautiful in the man's eyes, but it was a beauty matching the cold white chimney of Cloud's Rest, highest watchtower of the Broken Horns. He looked down at her and was seized by a curious suffocation, a stoppage of blood at the heart. Leaning a little toward her, he stretched down his hand. Hilma took it.

"You — you're bound to be mighty lonely all by yourself here, Miss Hilma," he said huskily. The girl's steady eyes read him.

"Maybe so," she returned with a touch of ice in her voice. She withdrew her hand and stepped back into the door-frame. "Maybe so; but I'm going to learn to shoot."

Zang heard the heavy door creak shut and the sliding of the bar behind it.