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mony might somehow be invalidated by this indiscretion.

"All right, keep your mouth shut," the Sheriff warned. "We don't want every cow-puncher in town to know what we got up our sleeve. Now, Strayman, when'll you want this man to testify?"

"Um — let me see. This is Tuesday; be here in my office at nine o'clock Friday morning, Ring. And remember what the Sheriff says: Not a word to anybody — not even to yourself. Friday — yes, Friday — so long!"

Old Man Ring went blinking out into the sun. He rode Christian down to the Fashion Stables and there arranged for the beast's board overnight. It was not to be doubted Christian approved his master's decision to remain in Two Moons until the following day; even though the drab little horse could not "see some of the boys", the near presence of a fiery bronco who kicked his stall to flinders during the night gave Christian the feeling he was enjoying metropolitan life.

As for Old Man Ring, after he had stoked to repletion at the Rhinoceros Eating House he ambled over to the Homesteaders and had a drink. At the Granger he had another.