

48 Trails to Two Moons

teness. "Name's Blunt — Bill Blunt." Zang poised the pick over his head and whistled.

"Blunt — Original Bill, eh? You say you shot at him. Lord-ee, Miss Hilma, he did n't go for to shoot at you, now?" Hilma shook her head. "Sho! I had n't oughta set Original down as a woman shooter, even if he is a range inspector. I don't mind losing four yearlin's half's much as missing a chance to meet up with this here Original. Him and me are going to get into a mighty tight jack pot some day where we gotta shoot it out between us."

"You'll kill him then?" The girl popped the question abruptly; a note of eagerness would not be denied. The outlaw grinned.

"Why're you so mighty p'tickler 'bout this here Original Bill's passin' over?" he drawled.

"Because I hate him," Hilma answered, and she turned and walked to the house, leaving the man to finish her task.

They buried Old Man Ring at sundown. Uncle Alf said a prayer which flamed with the wrath of Jeremiah of the Captivity, Zang Whistler filled the grave, and that was an end to it. The three returned to the cabin. Uncle Alf saddled, gave Hilma a blessing crackling