

Trails to Two Moons 17

jerked at the bit. Christian sighed and took the down grade at what long years of service had established as a courtesy trot. They drew nigh the Thirst Cutter Saloon, outpost of Two Moons' convivial welcome. Old Man Ring turned yearningly in his saddle and caught a whiff of ardent spirits wafted out from swinging screen doors. But, no; he had something important to tell the sheriff of Broken Horn. "You, Christian!" Again a yank at the bridle. Main Street received them.

In those days before the railroad Two Moons was a scrawny town even in the full flush of its boom. Seat of the new county of Broken Horn, but recently cut out of the anarchy of No Man's Land and not yet smoothly geared to the machinery of law, Two Moons was scarce two decades beyond that dim historic time when its site was that of an Indian massacre. Just a plot of buffalo grass where the Poison Spider and Prairie Dog converge.

When Pack Saddle Owens hauled logs down from Piney Cañon and built his general store Till Driscoll was trail boss of the pioneer herds of longhorns up from Texas. Till stocked his outfits from Pack Saddle's store, and another store sprang up, and another. So came Two