

54 Trails to Two Moons

"Me!" she challenged a hundred-mile sweep of the Big Country, and there was no histrionic stiling in her voice, just a cold matter-of-factness. "Me, I'm going to fight you — fight everybody. No love, no wedding veil and hand on some man's shoulder for me. Just fight."

Speech cleared the atmosphere of introspection like a thunderstorm. Immediately she dismissed the photograph from her mind — nor did it occur to her that this hidden treasure might have been a shrine of a withered little man's devotions — and came back to hard dollars and cents. Rather the search for them, for in the box on her knees was not so much as a Mexican dollar.

The bank book showed her father had something over two thousand dollars to his credit in the Grangers' Bank at Two Moons, but the box yielded a note for fifteen hundred dollars held against Ring, once renewed and due again in five months; interest was eight per cent. The government paper was title to the homestead here on Teapot — one hundred and sixty fenced acres with the house and water rights appertaining thereto. For the rest, sheep books.