

Trails to Two Moons 23

the grand jury and swearing a man's neck into a noose.

"Come over to Strayman's office and tell him what you've told me," the Sheriff commanded. He heaved himself up from his chair and led the way down a corridor to the office of District Attorney Strayman. To the prosecutor Old Man Ring repeated this tale of a murder almost in identical words. Orpheus C. Strayman, a little man, all fuss and fury, cracked three knuckles in quick succession at the news Ring had brought in from Teapot.

"Got him, Agnew!" he exploded. "Same man — five murders — stone on the head of each victim. Got him cinched! I'll call a grand jury —"

"Can you get a grand jury that is right?" the Sheriff interrupted. Like him, the prosecutor was by a narrow squeak the successful candidate of the new element come to Broken Horn County to oppose the barony of the cattle clan. In answer Strayman gravely lowered one eyelid.

"That's up to you, Agnew." Then as his nimble mind leaped ahead to grapple with future contingencies: "There'll be a fight, Sheriff, a devil of a fight! This Killer, he's