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would find the affairs back in the Spout, he felt the urgency of action. He reëntered the cabin.

Hilma, who was sitting with Original's head in her lap, looked up at the sound of the foot-fall.

"Help me carry him to the bunk," she said. Zang put his hands under the limp shoulders, Hilma lifted at the knees and they laid him on the blankets. Then the girl turned to face Whistler.

"You'll get word to Woolly Annie for me," she said softly. "Tell her what's happened — that I'm alone. Ask her to come and bring some food and medicines, and have somebody ride to Two Moons for a doctor."

"But, Hilma, you're not — you're not goin' to stay here all alone with a man who may — die?"

"He shan't die, and this is my place — by his side to nurse him back to strength." Then the girl saw the deep pucker of utter forlornness and blasted hope between the other's eyes; for the first time realization came to her of Zang's right to know what was his part in this swift shifting of the balances. She came to him and put her hands on his shoulders.