

14 Trails to Two Moons

upon him that the girl behind that rifle was different from any girl he had ever met. She was a regular stinger — that is what she was — a stinger.

Just as light struck from the far-away barrel lanced itself fair in the man's eyes the trigger was pressed. High over his head the bullet sang. Once more Original swept his hat in a mocking arc, then turned and dashed across the ford to round the scattering yearlings into a traveling unit. He did not even look back. No more shots came. But as he rode the range inspector chuckled deep down in his throat.

“Bluffed, by criminy — bluffed! Original, boy, I reckon the pot 's yours.”

For Original Bill Blunt knew that even poor shooting could not excuse that last shot so far over his head. A hand had elevated the rifle barrel at the last saving quarter second.