

Trails to Two Moons 301

wing of hair that had fallen across the closed eyes, touching with infinite tenderness four angry marks her nails had left across the cheek such a short time before.

"My man — my man!" It was a cry now — a cry to call him back to her love.

The nearest outlaw turned and looked down in amazement. He grinned and cast a covert glance at Zang Whistler even as he nudged his companion, who was snorting in a chuckle. Zang pushed his way through his men and came to where Hilma knelt. A heavy scowl smudged his features at what he saw; then when recollection of the fight between Hilma and Original of which he had been a helpless witness, flooded on him the scowl was replaced by blank astonishment. He bent and touched the girl's shoulder.

"Hilma — what — what —"

"Oh, he still lives! I can feel his heart beat." The girl's hand had slipped inside Original's shirt. She withdrew it and looked aghast at what marked the white fingers. "Some water!" she commanded.

Zang, still grappling with questions he could not answer, brought water in a basin. Hilma already had torn strips from her dress. See-