

"Ain't had but an hour or so of shuteye..."

"...Not with the thoughts of Mrs Anderson and this Wilson fella stirrin' around inside ma head..."

"...Brewin' all sorts a trouble."

"Nearly had me a change a heart at one point, but a promise is a promise."

"Damn!"

"If'n that don't mean she had the measure of me pegged right from the get go..."

"Knew me better than I knew meself I reckon."

"But I gots ta thinkin..."

"...It ain't right this Wilson fella is travellin' all over the country killing folk that he thinks are devils..."

"Mosiree... That ain't right at all."

"I figure, ya wanna know the whereabouts of a stranger in town... Then you ask at the Saloon..."

"...Or here, at Mitch Johnson's livery and stables..."

MITCH,

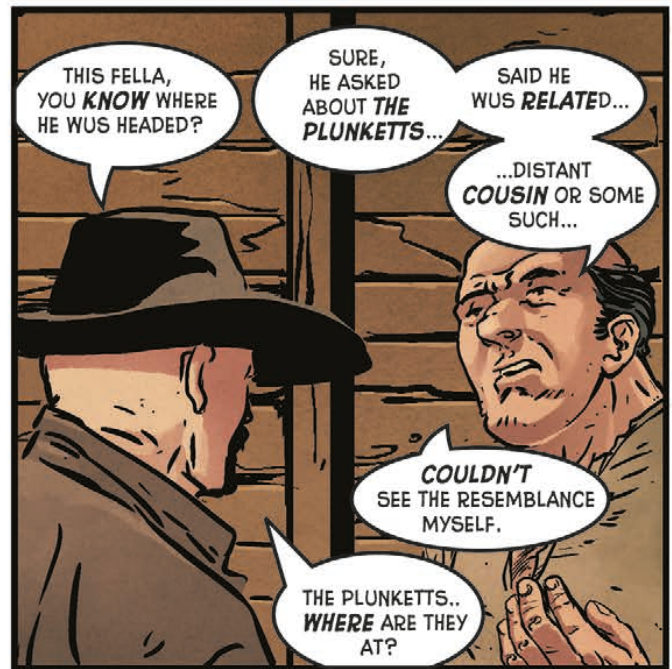
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KINDA EARLY FER YOU TA BE OUT AN' ABOUT AIN'T IT.

"You'll eventually turn up here if'n ya want ta see ta ya horse that is..."

WHAT KIN I DO FER YA?

...AN' HAS THAT HORSE O' YOURS SHOWED UP YET?



*"If'n that don't
beat all..."*

*"I mighta bin drinkin' close ta this sonavabitch
last night an' not even realised it..."*

*"Reckon he's got a couple a hours
on me...But I'm kinda hopin' he's
takin' his time a gettin' there."*

*"Jest hope I kin git there in time
ta help the Plunketts an' stop
whatever the bastard is plannin'"*

"Alright, That must be the plunketts homestead..."

"Can't see any sign a life though."

"Maybe I'm too late?"

"Or...maybe not..."

