

scourity like him outspell me?—me, who's the leadin' speller of eight States and two territories, an' never scores less than sixty-five out of a poss'ble fifty? Which I'd sooner die.'

"'So you'd sooner die?' repeats Enright, as cold an' dark an' short as a November day. 'Well, most folks don't get their sooners in this world, but it looks a heap like you will!' Turnin' to Moore, he goes on: 'Our friends from Red Dog'll hold your captive, Jack, while you-all goes rummagin' over to the corral an' gets a rope, the committee havin' come onprovided.'

"Moore gives the Wells-Fargo homicide to the Red Dog chief, an' tharupon, we Stranglers bein' ready to go into execyootive session, all hands except Enright an' the committce steps outside. We're in confab mebby it's ten minutes, an' Enright has jest approved a yoonanimous vote in favor of hangin', when thar's a modest tap at the door.

"It's the Lightnin' Bug.

"'It ain't,' he says, when we asks his mission, 'that we-all aims to disturb your deelibrations none, gents, but the chief'd like to