

meditatively rubbed Duke's back with the side of his shoe. Creation, with Penrod, did not leap, full-armed, from the brain; but finally he began to produce. He wrote very slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity; faster and faster, gathering momentum and growing more and more fevered as he sped, till at last the true fire came, without which no lamp of real literature may be made to burn.

Mr. Wilson reeled for his gun but our hero had him covered and soon said Well I guess you don't come any of that on me my freind

Well what makes you so sure about it sneered the other biting his lip so savageley that the blood ran You are nothing but a comon Roadagent any way and I do not propose to be baffled by such, Ramorez laughed at this and kep Mr Wilson covered by his ottomatick

Soon the two men were struggling together in the deathroes but soon Mr Wilson got him bound and gaged his mouth and went away for awhile leavin our hero, it was dark and he writhed at his bonds writhing on the floor wile the rats came out of their holes and bit him and vernim got all over him from the floor of that helish spot but he manged to push the gag out of his mouth with the end of his toungeu and got all his bonds off

Soon Mr Wilson came baek to tant him with his helpless condition flowed by his gang of deteetives and they said Oh look at Ramorez sneering at his plight and tantend him with his helpless condition because Ramorez had put the bonds baek sos he would