

that not even Jack Moore has time to hedge a stack down the other way.

"'It's too late, Doc,' says pore Spellin' Book, as Peets stoops over him; 'he gets me all right.' Then he rolls a gen'ral eye on all. 'Gents,' he says, 'don't send my remainder back to El Paso. Boot Hill docs me.'

"Them's Spellin' Book's last words, an' they does him proud.

"It's the Lightnin' Bug who grabs the murderin' book-keep sharp, an' takes his gun away. Then he swings him before Enright.

"'He's your pris'ner,' says the Red Dog chief, actin' for his outfit, an' Enright bows his acknowledgments.

"Son, it's a lesson to see them two leaders of men. Enright never shows up nobler, an' you can wager your bottom *peso* that the Red Dog chief is a long shot from bein' a slouch.

"Jack Moore takes the Wells-Fargo book-keep homicide in charge, while Enright, who declar's that jestice to be effectyooal must be swift, says that onless shown reason he'll convene the committee at once. He adds, likewise, that it'll be kindly took if the Red Dog