

"Pects resoomes his word-callin', an' them two heroes spells on for a hour longer.

"At last, however, the Wells-Fargo book-keep sharp commences to turn shaky; the pressure's beginnin' to tell. As for Spellin' Book Ben, he's as steady as a church.

"'By the grave of Moscs, Dan,' Tutt whispers to Boggs, 'that Red Dog imposter's on the brink of a stampede.'

"Peets gives out 'colander'; it's Spellin' Book Ben's turn. As he starts to whirl his verbal loop the Red Dog adept whips out his gun, an' jams it ag'inst Spellin' Book's ribs.

"'Spell it with a "u,"' says the Red Dog sharp, 'or I'll shore send you shoutin' home to heaven! Which I've stood all of your dad-binged eryoodition my nerves is calk'lated to endoore.'

"Spellin' Book Ben's game, game as yaller wasps. With the cold muzzle of that book-keep murderer's hint to the onconverted push-in' into his side, he never flickers.

"'C-o,' he begins.

"But that's as far as he ever gets. Thar's a dull roar, an' pore Spellin' Book comes slid-in' from his learned perch. It's done so quick