

es from the ground, in doing which he continually spent the various sums paid him upon the rather infrequent occasions when his professional services were required.

"A which?"

"I mean that it is my opinion we had better find out a little more about this matter before we take such decided action as you propose," said the doctor, who had come with the volunteer committee rather for the purpose of exerting a restraining influence than with any motives of curiosity.

"That's all right, Doc, but how are ye goin' to find out. This makes three times now, an' he ain't never to home."

"O, yes he is, this fire shows that."

"Well, he hain't here when nobody else is."

"That is because we do not come at the right time."

"Well, what 'ud you do?"

"Why, I move that we pin a notice on the side of the cabin, telling him to come down to Johnson's and see us."

"Keerect!" exclaimed Wabash Joe, "that's the ticket. You write 'er, Doc."

Taking a letter from his pocket and taking it from the envelope, he turned the latter over and wrote on the back, as follows:

You are respectfully requested to come down to Johnson's, immediately, and make a few explanations to the citizens of Betsyville. This invitation is very urgent, and a compliance with it is recommended by the

COMMITTEE.

"That's the cheese! Stick 'er up an' lets git!" exclaimed Bud, with enthusiasm.

The notice was accordingly affixed to a twig, and then fastened at the cabin entrance, where it could not fail to be seen, and the committee departed in far better spirits than they had felt a short time before. The informal report they made to the citizens of Betsyville and vicinity was satisfactory, inasmuch as

it seemed to assure them that the mystery would soon be cleared up, and the miners turned their thoughts from the brush hut and its builder to a fuller consideration of the customary convivialities.

Time passed, but the invited guest did not visit Johnson's. Thus for two weeks the matter stood, and then, after a somewhat heated discussion, another Sunday visit was paid to the brush hut, this time by a regularly appointed committee, who were expected by their indignant constituents to "do something."

As on former occasions, the shanty was found without an occupant. The notice had been removed, and there were other evidences of the recent presence of somebody, chief of which was a freshly kindled fire, burning in the rude fireplace.

"I reckon he saw us a comin', and cleared out," said one of the committee.

"That's it," said another, "And I move we give him just ten minutes to come back again, or down comes his shebang."

This proposition received varied and characteristic expressions of approval, and, during the period of suspension of execution, the more curious of the visitors critically examined the surroundings of the cabin. A trail, not yet made very distinct by use, was found leading up the gulch, and this was followed with considerable eagerness, until, about three hundred yards from the hut, it became too indistinct to be easily traced. Careful inspection showed that the reason of this was, that the person who used the trail branched off in a score of directions, evidently with the purpose of preventing the making of a beaten track, by which he might be followed to his destination—at least that was the conclusion at which the investigating committee arrived—and it served to fix them in their previous conviction, that the cabin