

was a nuisance which ought to be abated. More than three times the stated ten minutes having now elapsed, and the mysterious stranger not having put in an appearance, the sentence was quickly executed. It took but a few minutes to demolish the hut and pile its constituent parts in a heap, with half a dozen large boulders placed on the top; but the work of writing a second notice to quit was one requiring more time and effort, since the doctor was not present to take charge of that herculean task.

Wabash Joe, having seen the doctor write the other one, was looked upon as the most competent to undertake this literary effort, and to him the task was unanimously delegated. This question having been settled, the more practical one of what to write with and what to write upon, claimed attention, and here was a difficulty which nearly relieved Joe of his onerous duty, since neither pen, pencil nor paper had been brought from Johnson's. After much deliberation, and while various suggestions of a highly impracticable nature were being showered upon him, Joe suddenly sprang from his recumbent position beneath a large fir, and exclaimed:

"You fellers just hold your clack a minute, and I'll fix this thing in no time," and he began hastily to descend the side of the hill to the stream below.

"Go it, while you're young," shouted one of them, while the others laughed, as the momentum which Joe acquired in his descent, began to render his movements far more rapid than graceful. The laugh deepened into a roar, interspersed with cat-calls and shrill whistles, as Joe lost his footing entirely and rolled like a log to the bottom, only saving himself from plunging into the creek by securing a firm grasp upon a bunch of willows growing on the bank.

Spending but a moment to take an inventory of his scratches and bruises, Joe

began walking along the bank, peering intently into the water, his movements closely watched by his companions above, who were full of curiosity as to the meaning of his actions. He soon stepped down to the margin of the water, and was for two minutes lost to sight, when he reappeared, bearing in his arms a large flat stone, worn smooth by the action of the water. After considerable puffing and blowing, he climbed the hill, and, throwing the stone upon the ground, sat down to rest.

"What you goin' to do with that 'ar?" asked Bud Jackson, while one of the others took occasion to remark that a man was "a dinged fool what 'ud roll down hill arter a stone, when the mountain was full of 'em."

"Never you mind," said Joe, with a look of wisdom and confidence in his countenance, "You fellers just hold your wind, and I'll show you a little Injin business I learned when I was a kid, on the Wabash."

Joe quickly gathered an armful of dry sticks and kindled a fire. He then stood the stone up on its edge, the smooth side turned toward the blaze, and propped it up with a few stones and a short stick. He then sat down again, filled his pipe, lighted it, and, reclining on his elbow, began to smoke in the most unconcerned and contented manner.

"What's all this funny business?" asked one, whose curiosity and impatience began to get the better of him.

"That's all right. Just you wait a few minutes, and you'll know all about it."

Thus admonished, the remainder of the committee followed their scribe's example, and soon each several individual was industriously engaged in sending upwards frequent puffs of smoke to mingle with the darker variety from the fire in contaminating the pure atmosphere of the mountains. In about ten minutes,