

"Got to a road house one afternoon and found it empty. Too tired to take another step I crawled in to rest. Hadn't been there long when up came a buggy and a man got out. The buggy drove on. More afraid of being told I couldn't stay than anything else, I hid, but on peeping out I nearly died of amazement, when I saw that the man was Joe Le-roy!

"I kept out of sight. I don't know why, except that you get into the habit of keeping mum in the place where I've been living lately. You look a lot, and don't say much. I saw Joe go upstairs and heard him do a lot of scraping and hammering. Then he came down, whistled for the buggy which must have been somewhere about, and drove off. When I took a look around, I found he'd fitted the door with *three locks*, and had boarded up the window.

"'Looks funny,' thought I. 'I'll hang around.'

"Next day, as I was walking back to Bull's Gulch for food, I met the stage. Who was the first person my eyes lighted on? You've guessed — Cully Conrad! I was right pleased to notice that he looked just about as pinched and white as I do. 'Another good conduct release,' I said to myself. 'But it's queer that he should be making for Dawson!'