

ANOTHER VERSION.

When the frost is on the pumpkin, And the cornstalk's yet to cut, The wood-pile short of "fodder," The big logs yet to "butt,"

The Chase in Assam.

Being Real Experiences of a British Officer.

III.—A Rhinoceros Chase.

SATISFIED with our day's pig-sticking we resolved to continue the same sport on the next—going out in two parties as before, but with a change of partners. This time it was a match of even numbers; the police superintendent and myself, against his brother and Edwards. Mr. James, whose foot was inflamed from the bite of the bear, thought it better to lie up a day, and so stayed in camp.

been under the belief such a thing was impossible. "So most people think," he rejoined, with a derisive smile; "they who only know our Indian rhinoceros by what they read in books. And indeed, so it is in places, and at times."



The mother rhinoceros takes her revenge.

gret. I wouldn't have taken a hundred pounds for that horse. During all the time occupied in our dialogue the calf rhinoceros stayed close by; though neither silent, nor at rest. Instead, it kept coursing around the dead body of its dam, uttering plaintive cries, now and then bunting her with its snout, as if to say, "There are enemies beside us—why don't you get up and come away?"

neither food nor drink given, it became hungry and thirsty. Then the Cacharee commenced the taming process, by pouring water upon it, or rather allowing a small stream to trickle down upon its head, and filter around the corners of its mouth. At first it seemed surprised; showing anger, also, by a loud snuff and curl of the upper lip. But as the cool liquid entering its mouth came in contact with the tongue, a sudden change was observable; and holding up its head it allowed the water to run down its throat in a continuous stream.



Saved By a Child.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK. TOM COLLINS was a man with a history, and the story was told in a single word—grog. He had started in life as a cabin-boy and worked his way up through the different grades to that of captain, and then he began to travel down hill and struck the bottom again, and was glad to ship before the mast, all because he loved grog. He was on the upgrade again, and let the sailors drink as much as they might, Tom Collins would not touch a drop now. He straightened up when Jed Coffin had finished and said:

thought it over. He ran rapidly over the events of his life from the day he shipped until now, and wondered what had changed him so that he could even think calmly of a horrible crime, and not blench. Just think it over, mates. This man had been a good sailor all his life, and had even been in command of a ship. He had never done a wrong to any man, knowingly, and had always made obedience to his superiors a virtue; and now he was on the verge of a mutiny.



from the sailor's heart; but he didn't, and he became angry again. "I'm too low for him to speak to, then," he muttered. "Look out, Captain Phipps, you haven't got the whole world at your back, you even a man you despise as you do me may chance to do you harm."

"No, sir, not till I've earned it. I serve two years before the mast before I take a dicky's place again." "So they shook hands on it, and he went down to the fok'sel and told the men it wouldn't do, and they must drop it. Black Pedro was inclined to kick, and Tom turned to and gave the Spaniard an awful whipping, right there in the fok'sel, and served out the same sauce to two or three others, inside of a week. When they got to Honolulu he advised the captain to send Black Pedro and two others ashore, and he did it, and took on better men, and the rest did well enough. But from that day to this never a drop of grog has passed that man's lips."

Ethiopian Ethics.

BY REV. JULIUS JOHNSON.

Their Lines Have Gone Out Through All the Earth.

"WHEN de great Psalm singer 'mong de Jews writ dat line, what he intended, I reckon, fer poetry, 'tain't mo' dan likly he had a realizin' sense ob how much oximised pulpit truffe dere war comprised inter it. "Dar was mo' dan one kine ob lines in dose days, putty much as we see it now; only I don't reckon it war quite so much so. First, dar war de lines what we call 'de lines what de time, to 'muse hisself wid when he had'n't no better to do, one ob whom de one you've jest hearn am done. Nexly, dey had de tender lines, I ain't a-meanin' by dat, de spoonery, 'lasses canny an' gum-drap lines what some o' de young folks send round on Voluntary, an' other sich folk's 'casion. I means de tender lines what makes yer mouf water, only jest to hear 'em spoke 'bout; an' de same which King David couldn't ha' bin 'ludin' at, kase no part ob de hog meat war 'lowed onto his table. Den dar war clo's lines, an' surwayer's lines, 'lasses what de author hisself girded up mo' dan onc', when he lit out from de presence ob Saul. "An' 'sides all dese, dey had mail lines, as we-tans has at de present day. I doesn't think likly dat dey had female lines. Dey seems ter be a modern invention, when de one ob de Civil Service Reform business, Mought ha' had somefin ob de kine in de nex' reign, for Solomon bragged putty steep dat dar war nuffin new under de sun; so mebbe he foteh dem in, 'long ob de Mormon persuasion. Dar ain't no theology dese days what kin keep track ob what dat ole smarty didn't either imitate or 'riginate. "Speakin' ob de mail lines, it ain't to be'sposed dat dey war equal in all perticklers, in de time what David refers to, to what we has now. Dat would be crowdin' ob our latter-day skep sticks a leetle too heavy, 'sides 'em ancient nations mo' credit fer progress in de arts an' sciences ob civilized life dan is due 'em. Jest to gib a single instance, We don't read ob dat one Star Route case, an' dat war de one what de free wise men followed 'round 'em, 'sides 'em strand cl'ar to Palestine; an' nobody seemed disposed ter 'vestergate dat 'ceptin' Herod, an' it didn't pan out in his case w'oth a cent. Fur as that goes, dere doesn't seem to be anybody axin' for 'vestergatin' commutes on de subje'c' now; leastways, not to no very larnin' ext'nt. "But folks what reads dis, an' a heap mo' right smart 'tins dat de same party got off in his day, an' gits a leetle mixed when dey tries to lucubrate de matter, is mighty apt to forget if dey ever did know 'bout de matter, 'bout de gift ob prophecy. Dar is whar de 'tain' am. An' we has to bar dat in mind, when we seeks to 'rive at de full meamin' ob heeps o' passages dat we mought wrestle wid till de trumpet blows. 'Speeshly am dis de case wid de p'int-blank statement we is now considerin'. We meets wid it in de only corrugated statement ob facts, outside de deily papers. Dat bein' de case, we is ready to stake our individual reputations on de truffe ob it. But when we comes to 'plain it, we see de law an' de law an' de law, an' you has plenty ob company whar you is. Den you comes to me, as one ob de doctors ob de law—or if you doesn't, you'd order do it—an' you has de full glow ob de 'lectric light ob de new revelation flung 'squad' onto it. Dar's what I'm axin' you to 'tain' am. "De lines am gone out into all de earr'. If dey doesn't believe it, any ob you, jest look outen de sanctoary winders, whar dey is clean enough to permit yer vision to have free cou'se an' be glorified, as de Scrip'tur' says, an' tell me—but ye needn't speak it out—whar de lines you-sees. Dar am mo' dat meets de eye dan de long list what I jest 'numberated. You perceives a lot ob lines stretchin' from one end ob de alley to de nex', an' from dis end ob de city to de furdere'st, an' 'up an' down de 'cross de breadth, an' 'up an' down de 'cross de whole lan', an' I axes you whar dey am? De youngest pickaninny what knows who his own mammy am kin answer de question. Dey is de poligraph lines. An' whar is dey gwine? Ye hearn me jest now? I de truffe, 'tain' 'fio', but I didn't tell de hull whar, as bofe de law an' de gospil requires. I kep' back de biggest part till you was better prepar'd for de reveelin' ob it. Dar's de rule I'llen 'ollers in cornuciatin' 'stairtlin' intelligence ob ary kind whatso-ebber. "Dam lines goes, not only up an' down, an' straight across, an' slantin' dicker ob de hull center, but dey 'stends 'cross de Rockygany Monnt'ns, an' under de great Atlantic ocean, an' to de very end ob de christen world. Dat makes ye open yer eyes. But I wants it ob mo' dan dat. I 'tends dat my treatin' ob de subje'c' shall git to de lowest stratum ob yer understandin', so dat ye may comprehend de full meamin' ob de passage. On dat hangs all de law an' de prof'it. An' dar am de covenant 'twixt de two parties to dat case before me to-day. I gibs ye de law, I lays it down widout cuttin' de cloff—dat am my part ob de corn-track. De part what 'volves on you is to see dat I gibs my full shar' ob de profits. At de present time ob axin' 'em look like it mought take de full strength ob de law, 'fore dey is 'to'becomin'."

JIM CURRIE, who murdered the actor Ben Porter, now holds the office of city marshal at Comarcual, New Mexico. THE heat in the Comstock mine's lower level 120 degrees Fahrenheit. It is evident that the fire is not far off. The water that pours out of the tunnel, which taps and ventilates the several mines of the great lode is scaldin' hot. THERE are 12,000 head of Jersey cattle on the Isle of Jersey, and 6,000 on the I-le of Guernsey. The exportations from both are nearly three thousand head per year, of which fully one-half come to this country. The J- Jersey stock has gained a wide-spread celebrity here. GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORNE of Canada comes out flat-footed for prohibition, and the temperance sentiment has taken a strong grip on the people. Lorne is credited with saying:—"The absolute prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors throughout the whole North-west has secured the most perfect peace and order to those infant territories. THE city of Texarkana, though small in comparison to some of the other cities of the Union, is the most phenomenal. It lies in two States—Texas and Arkansas; hence its name. The State line runs through the center of its chief street. Its population is 8,000. It is only eight years old, but has the air of a city of twenty-five years.

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No. 3



'Here comes the hearse; now for some lively music!'

LION-HEARTED DICK; OR, THE GENTLEMAN ROAD-AGENT. A WILD TALE OF CALIFORNIA ADVENTURE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "TALBOT OF CINNABAR," "CAPTAIN DICK TALBOT," "THE RED MAZEPPA," "LA MARMOSET," "FRESH OF FRISCO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. HELD UP.

The sun has gone down behind the far western hills; the dusk of the evening is stealing fast over hill and dale; the peak of Shasta looms up like a white-sheeted ghost in the dim light, looking down in silent majesty upon the lonely trail, winding like a curving snake by the banks of Shasta's silver river.

One living thing only is visible in all that wide expanse of country, lorded over by the old mountain, whose summit is forever crowned with a diadem of everlasting snow.

In a little glade by the side of the trail stands a man, roughly clad, and fully armed, a perfect specimen of manly excellence. A revolver is in

his hand and he is trying the working of the weapon, while his attention is eagerly fixed upon the coming of a stage coach, just visible in the distance, mounting the crest of a hill. A clump of rocks, shaded by bushes, half-conceals the watcher.

"Here comes the hearse; now for some lively music!" he cries.

"Tis plain there's mischief afoot!"

Out from Cinnabar City, in the shadow of great Shasta's peak, rolled the coach, northward bound to the mining-camp known as Shasta Bar. And in the coach went the banker, Allan Murdock, and his fair daughter, Carlotta, two people who will play a prominent part in our

tale. But of them more anon; first we will describe one of the oddest men in California who handled the reins of the stage.

Indigo Jake, the stage-driver, was a most decided character. He was a tall, lanky specimen of humanity, very sparing of words, and yet speaking with a culture that plainly showed he was a man of fine education. What his right name was no one in the Shasta region knew. When he had first made his appearance, in answer to inquiries, he had given his name as Jake, and as his complexion had a peculiar blue tinge, after the old fashion common to the mining region, a nick-name was at once bestowed upon him, and Indigo Jake he had ever since been called.

He was a good driver, and a man thoroughly to be depended upon, although well known to be a terribly hard drinker, and in regard to this a joke of his captured the town. When somebody in his hearing made the remark that he was a hard drinker, he indignantly denied it, and said he drank easier than any other man in the camp, and he would bet ducks on it, too.

There were four passengers in the coach, Murdock and his daughter, who sat on the back seat, Colonel Wash Perkins, and Lee Sing, an almond-eyed son of the East, who occupied the front one.

The colonel was one of the oldest inhabitants of the Bar. He was a man of fifty, almost a giant in size, with a noble, Jackson-like head, the summit of which was quite bald, while an iron-gray beard swept down over his chest to the extent of a foot or more. He was the ex-

press-agent and postmaster of the camp—a man universally liked, although he had one great fault: he was an inveterate drinker; in fact, the postmaster and the stage-driver were the two champions "fire-water tossers" of the region, and it was an open question not only who could drink the most liquor but who could show it the least, for the Shasta-Barite did not exist who could truthfully say that he had ever seen either one of the champions in such a condition that he could not stand up to the counter and take his "bug-juice" like a man.

Lee Sing, who was distinguished by the fact that he was the only heathen in the town, ran a flourishing washing establishment, and was further renowned for being the most desperate and determined gambler in the upper country—a lucky one, too, for he generally won, although the envious miners said that in "short-card" games, poker, eucher, and the like, this was due more to his superior skill as a cheat than to fortune smiling upon him. As this as it may, the Chinaman had never been detected in any foul play. He had been quite a while in this country and spoke very good English, although as a rule not much given to talking.

It was not a sociable party, for the banker and the colonel were not on the best of terms. The colonel was an outspoken man, particularly when in liquor, and when Murdock had first hung out his shingle in the Bar, the postmaster immediately took an unaccountable dislike to him, without any reason whatever, as he had taken occasion to declare himself, when, at the bar of the Quiet House, as the principal hotel

was called, he had ventilated his opinion of the new-comer.

Murdock, though, never said a word against the colonel, except that it was a pity so nice a man should drink so much.

But without any reason there was a barrier between the two, and though each was scrupulously polite to the other whenever they met, yet they did not harmonize.

On the present occasion the colonel was very much in liquor as usual. He had happened to meet the Chinaman in Cinnabar City on the previous evening, and, for the honor of the "Bar," they had set out to astonish the natives, and succeeded in doing it, too. The colonel had stood up to the bar of the principal hotel until every opponent who dared to dispute his title of "chief" had been carried off on convenient shutters, and then he had accompanied Lee Sing on the "war-path" around town, and by the time morning came the heathen had "busted" four faro banks, skinned three "wheels of fortune," broke up one monte game and cleaned out the poker-players of the town of all their loose cash. And now, with an honest five thousand dollars in his ample pockets, the spoils of the night, Lee Sing dozed away in the corner with a contented mind, "allee samee" Mexican man!

The colonel, although his head was in a bad condition, for he had not had an opportunity to sleep off the night's debauch, was attracted by Murdock's daughter the instant he got into the hack. Murdock had expected, as a matter of course,