BY A. B. HALLENBECK.

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

And the horses in the stable Still waiting for their meal,
The pigs and hogs impatient—
Each step they hear, they squeal!

And the cows are waiting sagely. As, also, are the sheep— But the frost is on the punkin, And the hired man is asleep.

The turkey-cock is gobbling,
And the guinea's cacklin' loud,
The hen's a-hovering o'er her brood-And the rooster's very proud; The sun's got up above the trees;

Not a chick or child is fed, The frost is on the punkin, And the hired man is abed. 'Tis true there's something hearty

In the morning's atmosphere; Of course we miss the flowers, For the Autumn time is here; But the air's so appetizing, And the haze begins to creep, The frost is on the punkin, And the hired man is asleep.

But why don't Tom, our hired man, Arise and feed the swine, The horses, cows and chickens?

For it's past their breakfast time! Why don't our servant-man and maid Arise, earth's beauties to behold?
'Tis, because the frost is on the punkin,
And the weather's getting cold.

The kitchen's cold, the fire is out, That room is without charm, And Bridget, if not fast asleep, Well knows it is not warm

The bed is warm, without is cold, She hates now to attire,
The frost is on the punkin,
And—the "boss" may make the fire.

The husky shocks of musty corn, Are still waiting in the field To be relieved of all their husks— Each "stook" a load will yield;

But Tommy knows there's work ahead. Although the Summer's fled, The frost is on the punkin, And Tom is still abed.

When the frost is on the punkin, And the cornstalk's yet to cut, The wood-pile's short of "kindlin's"-No fire within the hut:

The horses, cows, and chickens, The pigs, as well, unfed, The servant-man and servant-maid, Will stay till noon abed.

The Chase in Assam.

Being Real Experiences of a British Officer.

EDITED BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

III. -A Rhinoceros Chase.

SATISFIED with our day's pig-sticking we resolved to continue the same sport on the nextgoing 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.

Having worked my Arab rather hard the day before and wishing to give him a rest, I bor-rowed a horse from our host; who had several spare ones with him.

Edwards and young B-came upon a sounder of pigs soon after getting clear of the camp; while the superintendent and I had a roughish ride before sighting a bristle.

At length, however, we put up a solitary boar; but, after chasing him a few hundred yards, we struck into a thick growth of jungle grass, where he was lost to our sight. But as the waving of the grass betrayed his whereabouts, we dashed in after, both of us riding at reckless speed for All of a sudden I felt my horse come into vio-

lent collision with something solid, over which he went right on his head, sending me a cropper out of the saddle! A living object it was, as told by a loud squeal accompanying the concussion; but what, for the life of me I could not yet tell. On regaining my feet, however, I saw beside me a bulky animal as big as a donkey, then recognizing it as a young rhinoceros.

It was a calf about quarter grown, and its presence admonished me there was danger near, so I made all haste to get the old horse on bis legs again; but before I had succeeded there came a sound of rushing through the reeds, and instantly after the old cow herself was close up, snorting and bellowing like a steam engine.

There was no time left to bother longer about the horse, only just enough to save myself by a quick scamper out of the way, when the mother rhinoceros made a furious charge at the prostrate steed, catching the poor brute between the ribs, and with one rip of her tusks tearing open its abdomen till its entrails protruded! The horse never rose again, dving almost instantly; and I might have shared his fate but for the long grass in which I had ensconced myself, and where I lay perdu, till the enraged mother moved away from the ground. Luckily she did riding back; and was greatly vexed to see what had happened to his much-valued horse. Angry

"I'll pay her off for it! You see if I don't, colonel And putting to the spurs he started in hot pur-

As he had no other weapon than his hog spear, I was inclined to laugh at the idea of his "paying her off." At that time hunting the Indian rhinoceros was new to me, and I had heard that nothing of less force than a ten-pounder would

penetrate its coat of mail.

But Henry B. knew better, as I had evidence soon after; being a witness to the chase with its termination. As it chanced the spot where I had been so unexpectedly set afoot was on high ground, and commanded a view of the plain for more than a mile around; which, saving the patch of jungle grass, was bare and level as a billiard table. And though the Indian rhinoceros, notwithstanding its bulk and seeming unwieldiness, can go at a wonderfully rapid pace, the one now pursued, being incumbered with her calf, made comparatively slow progress. As a consequence, the pursuer on horseback soon overtook her, and reaching forward drove his spear deep into her body; so deep he dient. In our boats, which were in the river near the shaft! I saw this to my great astonishment; had been part of our programme, the Burram for the spectacle was not so distant as to hinder

a foot or so of the blade. But this was her last | that lav on our route homeward, there to be reeffort. Now weak from the loss of blood, she tained till we had finished our hunt. The Cachaher side, on the stump of the broken spear, upon the taming process burying it still deeper in her body.

panion on coming up to him. "I've always | Left alone in the pit for twenty-four hours, the fresh breeze blowing in his face, and

been under the belief such a thing was impossi-

"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 is it in places, and at times."
"Places and times! What mean you, Harry?"

I asked of my old college-chum, puzzled by his words.

"Look at this!" he answered, dropping from his horse, and drawing his *shikar* knife, which with a slight blow he buried to the hilt in the body of the defunct rhinoceros. Then saying in continuance: "There are three places where the brute can be easily killed, either by spear thrust or bullet; in the rear of the shoulder. where, as you see, I settled the hash of this one; behind the ear, and in the center of the shield. "But you speak of times? What has time to do with it? That puzzles me."

"Ah! true. It has puzzled others unacquainted with the animal's habits—even learned naturalists. But the thing is simple enough; its explanation being that the skin of the Indian rhinoceros is not always of like hardness. After wallowing for hours in mud, as it often does to get rid of troublesome parasites, its hide becomes soft as glove leather. Then a bullet will pierce it anywhere. But it must be a conical, or one from an elephant rifle, that will reach its vitals, for besides the skin itself, nigh two inches thick, there is a substratum of fat. like the blubber of a whale, with muscles and massive bones, in which a ball may be lodged without materially affecting the animal's health; certainly not depriving it of life. I've known of an old bull rhinoceros getting half-ascore of bullets into him, and carrying them for years afterward; his death eventually brought about by the prick of a boar-spear, just as with this one.

"What you tell me, Harry," I said, "is all new to me; and some hing besides you haven't

What something?" he asked. "The way in which the old cow killed your

"What was there strange about that?" "Her ripping him up with her tusks. I've hunted the African rbinoceros; that would have used its horn; or if a keitloa i's horns." "Ah! I see. But with our sort it is different. They only make use of the horn to dig up roots and tubers for food. Their weapon of you've seen, and as I have good reason to re- it is all profit.

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 sniff 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 copious stream.

Later on, in the same day, the process was repeated; but in addition to water some milk was given it. There was plenty of this in the village, which was surrounded by sheds full of milch kine-the Assamese being given to cattleraising as one of their chief industries.

Next day mashed plantains were added to the milk diet, which the young rhinoceros relished exceedingly. In fine, so nourished and petted, its natural ferocity gradually gave way; and in less than a week it became so tame that it would follow

the Cacharee, its keeper, about like a dog! Soon after the superintendent sold it to an Afghan trader for \$110. Eventually it was taken to Calcutta and disposed of to Jamach's agent, no doubt at a higher figure, and likely in the end found its way to London, or other European city, to be exhibited in some zoölogical

garden or menagerie. Nor was the carcass of the mother left to the wolves, jackals, and vultures. Instead, every scrap of it was appropriated to human use; the Assamese eating rhinoceros beef as they would that of common cattle. The skin, usually two inches in thickness, is considered by them the "tit-bit." This they cut into pieces of convenient size and roast them over the fire, producing a viand of the consistency, and some-

what the taste of pig's "cracklings." Even Hindoos of the strictest sect, otherwise confining themselves to a vegetable diet, will eat the flesh of the rhinoceros, believing it to possess some beneficial charm. Its horns, too, which the sportsman deems valueless as chase trophies, are eagerly sought after by the vota-ries of Brahma and Vishnu, who pay large prices for them, to be kept in their main ghurs, or temples. There they are used as drinking-cups; the hollow in their base holding water, which the Hindoo quaffs off in full faith of its being a sure preventive against witchcraft—a war and offense is the tusk, a formidable one as superstition encouraged by his priest—to whom

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, 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, know- and gave the Spaniard an awful whipping, ingly, and had always made obedience to his right there in the fok'sel, and served out the superiors a virtue; and now he was on the verge of a mutiny.

"He looked all around, and the sea whispered and the wind sung, but that which had been a pleasure to him once was horrible music now. It was early evening and one of those calm clear nights often seen in the tropics, a night 'all spangled with stars,' and at any other time he lashed himself into fury with the thought that the captain had degraded him; he never allowed nimself to think that he had degraded himself

by his love of rum. 'As he stood there alone bis evil genius, a dark faced Spaniard, a man with a cruel heart, who had been the one to incite him to rebellion, came softly on deck and stepped silently to his

side.
""Have you ever thought,' he whispered,
what a life we might lead if this ship were Islands, but get guns somehow and make a corsair of her. That's the kind of life for men!

"'Why, curse you, Pedro,' said the tempted man, 'you are worse than I ever thought of be-No, Pedro, I'm no pirate and never will It's hard enough to turn mutineer after what I've been.

"'But have you made up your mind?' he asked, eagerly. 'The boys are anxious to know, because of course they won't go on without you, and it's only fair to let them understand what to expect

"'You let me be,' replied the disgraced man, in an angry tone. 'If you think to make anything of me, better leave me to myself; my own thoughts will drive me to it faster than any-

thing else.'
"The Spaniard gave him one quick, savage glance and went away as quietly as he had come, laughing softly to himself, for the fiend thought he had the poor fellow in the toils. Just then the captain came on deck, and seeing him standing there, made a motion as if he would speak, and then changed his mind and went aft. If he had spoken kindly then, every thought of mutiny would have passed forever

"'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 into 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 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.

"Mates," continued Tom Collins, 'I am that would have felt its beauty. He stood there and sailor and my time of probation is over when we get into Honolulu, where Captain Phipps is to be at the same time. Captain Darrel knows all about it, and Captain Phipps will change officers with him, and I'm to be first mate of the Flying Arrow. I'll never lose the berth again by means of grog. I'm a man that dare not touch it for my life, and besides, I promised the boy, and I can't break my promise to him."

Ethiopian Ethics.

BY REV. JULIUS JOHNSING.

"Their Lines Have Gone Out Through

All the Earth." "When de great Psalm slinger mong de Jews writ dat line, what he intended, I reckon, fer

poetry, 'tain't mo' dan likely he had a realizin' sense ob how much onmixed pulpit trufe dere war comprised inter it. "Dar was mo' dan one kine ob lines in dose days, putty much as we sees it now; only I don't reckon it war quite so much so. Fust, dar war de lines what de poet war gittin' off at de time, to 'muse hisself wid when he hadn't no better to do, one ob whom de one you've jest

hearn am which. Nex'ly, dey had de tender lines. I ain't a-meanin' by dat, de spooney, 'lasses candy an' gum-drap lines what some o'de young folks sends 'round on Voluntine day, an' other sich fool 'casions. 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 was clo's lines, an' surwayer's lines, an' lines what de author hisself girded up mo' dan onc't, when he lit out from de presence ob Saul.
"An' 'sides all dese, dey had mail lines, as we-

'uns has at de present day. I doesn't think likely dat dey had female lines. Dey seems ter be a modern inwention, what come in wid 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 un-der de sun; so mebbe he fotch dem in, long ob de Mormon pussuasion. 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 s'posed dat dey was equil in all perticklers, in de time what David refers to, to what we has now. Dat would be crowdin' de credulity ob our latterday skep sticks a leetle too heavy, 'sides gibin' ancient nations mo' credit for progress in de arts an' sciences ob civilized life dan is due 'em. Jest to gib a single instance. We don't read ob but one Star Route case, an' dat war de one what de free wise men follered from Ingy's coral strand cl'ar to Palestine; an' nobody seemed disposed ter 'vestergate dat 'ceptin' Herod, an' it didn't pan out in his case wo'th a cent. Fur as that goes, dere doesn't seem to be any body axin' for 'vestergatin' cormittees on de subjec' now; leastways, not to no very 'larmin' extent.

"But folks what reads dis, an' a heap mo' right smart t'ings dat de same party got off in his day, an' gits a leetle mixed when dey tries to 'lucerdate de matter, is mighty apt to forgit -if dey ever did know-dat de writer had de gift ob prophercy. Dar is whar de p'int am. An' we has to b'ar dat in mind, when we seeks to 'rive at de full meanin' ob heaps o' passages dat we mought wrastle wid till de trumpet blows. 'Spesh'ly am dis de case wid de p'intblank statement we is now cornsiderin'. We meets wid it in de only corrugated statement ob fac's, outside de deily papers. Dat bein' de case, we is ready to stake our indiwidawal repertations on de trufe ob it. But when we comes to 'splain it, we isn't dar. Leastways, you isn't dar, 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

orter do it—an' you has de full glow ob de 'lectric light ob de new reverlation flung squar' onto it. Dat's what I'm a-gibin' you now.

"'De lines am gone out into all de earf.' If ye doesn't believe it, any ob you, jest look outen de sanctooary winders, whar dey is clean enough to permit yer wision to have free enough. enough to permit yer wision to have free cou'se an' be glorified, as de Scriptur' says, an' tell me -but ye needn't speak it out-what kine ob 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 eend ob de alley to de nex', an' from dis eend ob de city to de furderest, an' from dis eend ob de city to de furderest, an' froo de hull State, an' 'cross de breadth, an' up an' down de len'th ob de whole lan', an' I axes ye what dey am? De youngest pickaninny what knows who his own mammy am kin answer de question. Dey is de polegraph lines. An' whar is dey gwine? Ye earn me jest now tell de trufe on de subjic'. but I didn's tell de hull trufe, as bofe de law an gospill requires. I kep' back de biggest part till you was better prepar'd for de receibin' ob it. Dat's de rule I allers follers in comunicat-

in' startlin' intelligence ob ary kind whatsom-"Dem lines goes, not only up an' down, an' straight acrost, an' slantindickler ob de hull kentry, but dey 'stends 'crost de Rockygany Mount'ins, an' under de great Atlastic ocean, an' to de very eend ob de univarsal world. Dat makes ye open yer eyes. But I wants it to do mo' dan dat. I 'tends dat my treatin' ob dis subjic' shill git to de lowest stratum ob yer understandin's, so dat ye may comperhend de full meanin' ob de passage. On dat hangs all de law an' de profits. An' dat ar am de covenant 'twixt de two parties to de case befo' me to-day. I gibs ye de law, I lays it down widout cuttin' de cloff—dat am my part ob de corndat I gits my full shar' ob de profits. At de present time ob axin' it looks like it mought take de full strength ob de law, 'fore dey is

JIM CURRIE, who murdered the actor Ben Porter, now holds the office of city marshal at Coumarcial, New Mexico.

fo'thcomin'.'

THE heat in the Comstock mine's lower level is 120 degrees Fahrenbeit. It is evident that the lower fires are not far off. The water that pours out of the Sutro tunnel, which taps and ventilates the several mines of the great lode is scalding 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 Jersey stock has gained a wide-spread celebrity here.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORNE of Canada comes out flat-footed for prohibition, and the ance 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 Northwest bas scured the most perfect peace and order to those infant territories."

THE city of Texarkana, though small in comperison 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 "'That's a good resolution,' said Captain the gateway of the Southwest. It is only eight years old, but has the airs of a city of twentystreet. Its population is 6,000. It is considered five years.



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 so after moving the youngster to see if it was hurt, then hurrying it off along with her. By this time Mr. B—, having killed the boar, came coursing around the dead body of its dam, giving utterance to plaintive cries, now and then bunting her with its snout, as if to say, "There had started in life as a cabin-boy and worked

> Are we to kill it, too?" I asked. will be worth a good hundred pounds. Jamrach has an agent in Calcutta, who will no doubt give that much for it, and it will be some compensation for the horse its mother has and said: robbed me of."

This economic idea saved the creature's life;

camp, and one of our attendants now up was sent thither for assistance. Soon returning with a score or so of the camp people, but none willing to risk life or limb by

venturing near the dangerous creature. So for and tamed them as calves, suggested an expe could not withdraw it, and was forced to let go by the camp, were several strong nets. Fishing pooter teeming with fish of many species. By

me from having a clear view of it—then the Cacharee's advice the nets were brought watched with interested eyes what came after. up, several of them joined together at the ends,

The treatment adopted by him was as fol-Knowing the dangerous brute now helpless, I lows: A pit was was dug about the hight of the hastened forward to where she lay. Before animal when standing on his feet. Into this it reaching the spot to see she was dead as a door- was lowered, tethered leg to leg, front and rear, For it was vicious as ever, and made open-But, how did you pierce through its thick mouthed at all who were around, gnashing its could not yet decide whether they had better hide with a boar-spear?" I asked of my com- teeth in the most spiteful and furious manner.

Saved By a Child.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK.

Tom Collins was a man with a history, and also at the rhinoceros for causing him such a loss; but as the huge pachyderm was still in and come away?"

are enemies beside us—why don't you get up 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 "Certainly not; why should we?" was the superintendent's ready rejoinder. "Alive it grog. He was on the up-grade again, and let

"I'm going to give you the story of a sailor who had one evil habit which nearly ruined and the next thought was how to get hold of it.

No easy thing, we could see; for young as it

No easy thing, we could see; for young as it

The continue field saved the creature's life, who had one evil habit which hearly fulfield in the saved the creature's life, and the habit which hearly fulfield in the saved the creature's life, and the next thought was how to get hold of it.

No easy thing, we could see; for young as it

The continue field saved the creature's life, and the next thought was how to get hold of it.

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The continue field saved the creature's life, and the next thought was how to get hold of it.

The continue field saved the creature's life, and the life as fair as a man the life as fai was, the tusks of the little brute were grown long and strong enough to tear. In fact it was raging around in a furious manner, ready to charge at anything that might approach it, man | good for their pet captain. They had him up Luckily we were not a great ways from the drank wine there. At first he didn't like it, and only drank so as not to be singular, but after a while he hankered after it. In a year wine wouldn't do him and he wanted something stronger; in another year he couldn't see liquor but he must drink to madness, and in the end, one of them, however, a Cacharee who had experience with these animals from having caught them as calves suggested an experience with these animals from having caught some time, and that settled it for good. He some time, and that settled it for good. He didn't get another ship and he was glad to take a position as first mate. But the love of liquor clung to him still and he nearly lost the ship by a collision with another boat on a dark night, when he was too drunk to know what he was The rhinoceros, soon as receiving the stab, stopped in her onward course, and spun round around the rhinoceros till the creature was him until he almost made up his mind to combine of the fable of the upon herself, as a dog after its own tail, apparently endeavoring to reach the spot where she had been threat. She so for specific to dispress that the creature was thoroughly entangled, as the lion of the fable. For all it kept struggling and squealing like a proposed a mutiny to the crew. It was a bad set him adrift in an open boat at the mercy of the more of the fable. had been thrust. She so far succeeded as to hook either her tusk, or horn, upon the shaft of the spear, which snapped and broke off within the spear thrust. She so far succeeded as to stuck pig, using every effort to disengage itself. Twelve men were required to carry it to the boats, in one of which it was taken to a village broposed to take the ship, run her to the South Sea Islands, and live a reckless life there, among tottered a step or two, then fell heavily over on ree was left in charge of it, and at once entered ready, and when their plan had been laid he said to one of the Lascars:

"'What shall we do with the officers?" "'Cut their throats,' was the savage reply.

Dead men tell no tales. his heart, and he told the men to wait, as he rum passes my lips. make the attempt or not. He went on deck, Phipps.

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, and even a man you despise as you do me may chance to do you harm.

"The captain went aft and paced the quarter-deck, never looking at the sailor, and he stood there eating his own heart and wild with rage, and swearing to himself that he would do it. And yet he knew Captain Phipps was a just man, who never wronged a sailor, although he exacted obedience. In his secret heart this man acknowledged that if he had been in the captain's place, and a mate had so nearly cast away the ship as he had done, he would have sent him to the fok'sel. It was often done, but

know, because I started this ball rolling. What track. De part what 'volves on you is to see shall I say to them? I don't like Pedro; his heart is too bloody, and there's no telling what he may do if the ship comes into his hands. Ha! what's that?"

"A vision had suddenly, appeared to him—a vision which called back his youth. It was a boy ten years old, with fair hair curling about a high forehead, and an open, ingenuous face; a boy after his own heart, whom he had loved from the moment he came on board. It was the captain's son Ned, who had coaxed his father to let him come with him this trip, and perhaps it was the fact that the lad was on board which brought down punishment upon the drunken mate's head.

"'I'm awful sorry,' the boy says, sliding his little hand into the broad palm of the sailor. 'I'd like to have you mate again, because

to carry it to the Spaniards, and when he was drunk one day he headforemost into the heaving sea, never to rise again. His heart felt lighter, and Captain Phipps, who had been watching from the quar-

ter-deck, came forward quickly. "'Let me speak first,' said the sailor, touching his tarpaulin. 'I had evil thoughts against you, Captain Phipps, but they are gone. boy drove them away when he put his hand in mine. And now hear me. May the Lord "The thought of murder had never been in strike me down dead when another glass of

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams.

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No. 3



LION-HEARTED DICK;

GENTLEMAN ROAD-AGENT. THE

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.

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

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 it, and said he drank easier than any other man it may, the Chinaman had never been detected it, and said he drank easier than any other man it may, the Chinaman had never been detected it may, the Chinaman had never been detected in any foul play. He had been quite a while in any foul play. He had been quite a while in the camp, and he would bet ducats on it, too.

"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 bound to the mining-camp known as Shasta bound to the mining-camp known as Shasta bound to the same than the same that the same than the same than the same than the same than the

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.

specimen of manly excellence. A revolver is in | people who will play a prominent part in our | the extent of a foot or more. He was the ex-

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.

Talico Jake, the stage-driver, was a most decided character. He was a tall, lanky specimen of humanity, very sparing of words, and two champion "fire-water tossers" of the removed the two champion "fire-water tossers" of the removed 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

a flourishing washing establishment, and was further renowned for being the most desperate stood up to the bar of the principal hotel until CINNABAR," "CAPTAIN DICK TALBOT," "THE
""FRESH OF FRISCO," ETC., ETC.

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 though the envious miners said that in "short- card" games, poker, eucher, and then be had accompanied Lee Sing on the "war-path" around town, and by the somebody in his hearing made the remark that upon the coming of a stage-coach, just visible in the was a hard drinker, he indignantly denied that the distance reserved of a bill.

Called.

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The colonel was one of the oldest inhabitants when in liquor, and when Murdock had first The bung out his shingle in the Bar, the postmaster immediately took an unaccountable dislike to him, without any reason whatever, as he had Murdock's daughter the instant he got into the

swer 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 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 after 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 and succeeded in doing it, too. 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 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 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 succeeded in doing it, too. The colonel was very this country and spoke very good English, alloose cash. And now, with an honest five thousand dollars in his ample pockets, the spoils of It was not a sociable party, for the banker and the colonel were not on the best of terms. the night. Lee Sing dozed away in the corner with a contented mind, "allee samee Melican

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