

TOO UTTERLY TOO SAD.

By JO KING. I asked Amanda for her hand Because I loved her dearly...

A Race for Life.

By C. DUNNING CLARK.

KANAKA BILL sat silently on a coil of rope while Tom Collins told him a story. A queer fellow was Bill, a sort of half-and-half...

them beneath his arms, making a breathing aperture in the vicinity of his face. Then we used up half a dozen bunches of dampened matches...

"I AM LEGION SMITH, BORN 6,000 B. C. TRANSLATED INTO THE AERIAL DETECTIVE CAPACITY MAY 14, A. D. 1840."

Noisefully, we led our cumbersome specter into the open air. It was one of those thick, dark nights, when you may lose yourself in two steps...

The Chase in Assam.

Being Real Experiences of a British Officer.

EDITED BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

IV.—An Encounter with Arnees.

The villagers to whom we had made over the carcass of the cow rhinoceros told us of an extensive bheet where game of all sorts abounded...

We were the more desirous of proceeding thither, when it was added that the great Assamese buffalo, or arnee, was likely to be found there...

Among naturalists there has been much confusion in regard to the arnee, partly arising from the now ascertained fact that more than one species of the ox tribe has had this trivial name bestowed upon it...

The bheet was about five miles from our camp; and, after passing through a belt of reedy scrub that bordered it, we had a spectacle before us to delight the eyes of either hunter or naturalist...

As yet the day was only just dawning, as we had started on before daybreak, and so came upon all this furzed and leathery game, some at rest, some moving about in their natural way...

The tusker elephant was a tempting sight, being one of the largest; but the herd of arnees claimed our first attention, if only because of their being nearer...

Three fell to our first volley; but before we could bestow a second shot upon them, the rest of the herd came thundering straight toward us, through the smoke we had made...

This put our elephants in a wild state of alarm, rendering them almost unmanageable. They trumpeted and screamed, their huge bodies rocking from side to side as ships in a storm about to go on their beam-ends...

The arnee is one of the most dangerous of wild beasts, spiteful and vicious in its attack upon hunter or traveler, often taking the initiative. An old bull or cow with her calf will do so; and, when wounded, fight to the death...

An ingenious mechanic of Jamestown, N. Y., has constructed a perfect locomotive, said to be the smallest in the world. The engine is only eight and a half inches long...



The charge in the rear.

elephant was also extricated, but not without some difficulty. It needed being slung in a network of ropes, with the strength of several of its kind to hoist it up over the edge of that dismal hole, so fatal to the unfortunate men who had hitherto charge of it.

Promising as had appeared our day's hunt, of course this melancholy incident brought it to an abrupt conclusion. Little as is the regard for native life in India, not a man of us had the heart, or I should rather say, the want of it, to continue the chase; so we gave it up, and, with sobered, saddened thoughts, wended our way back to camp.

Nor could we make up our minds to renew the chase in that neighborhood, which, notwithstanding the plenitude of game and sport it afforded, seemed as though it might prove fatal to one or other of our party. For, besides the death of our two followers, and in such a weird, cruel way, Mr. James was now suffering much pain from the wound inflicted by the bear, while others of us had been running risks. Had we been superstitious, enough had risen to make us think the place "uncanny"; and, though not on this account, but because of the late lamentable occurrence, we decided on a change of scene.

Luckily our host, the police superintendent, had an invitation from the head man of one of the Garrow villages to hunt in his district, reported as the favorite haunt of several kinds of "big game." This, coming on at such a crisis, in the nick of time, determined us to forsake the river plain for higher ground on the Garrow Hills.

But before we broke up our encampment, hitherto so joyous and happy, it was the scene of a sad ceremonial, which humanity made it our duty to observe. A double ceremony, indeed; seeing there was both a burial and a burning. The mangled remains of the mahout, a Mussulman, received rites of sepulture in the ordinary way; while those of the shikarie, a Hindoo and disciple of Brahma, were submitted to "cremation" by men of his own faith, of whom there were many among our following.

An ingenious mechanic of Jamestown, N. Y., has constructed a perfect locomotive, said to be the smallest in the world. The engine is only eight and a half inches long, with a tender two pounds two and a half ounces. The mechanic was at work upon the locomotive at intervals for eight years.

a lick at me if I could help it, anyway, but he made that club hum around my head in a way that made it lively for me, and that girl, who had an eye to business, instead of running off, yelling, as a white girl would have done, just sat down on a log to watch the fight, calculating, I guess, to take the best man of the two. I see that he was going to get the best of me with that club unless I closed in, for he was tearing my stick all into splinters, so I dodged under his arm when he struck, and grappled, and we had it, nip and tuck, on the soft sod. I buckled in with him and got a "lock" on, and threw him over my hip on his head, and he didn't stir. When I went to pick him up he was dead as a door-nail, for his neck was broken.

The girl came up and looked at him, and saw that the feller was dead, and all she said was: 'He is dead; run. I will tell his brothers after you get to the hills.'

There's one thing about the islands that makes one think of the Holy Land—they have cities of refuge, and if a man who has committed a murder can get to one of them he is all right, but if he don't, the friends of the man who has been killed have a right to fix him on sight. Kutadoo, the man I had killed, had three brothers, and it wouldn't be long before the devils would be after me, hot for my blood, and I didn't need to be told twice, so I grabbed up the club which fell from the dead man's hand and went through the bread-fruit grove like a hurricane, and by the time they got to the top of the ridge I was four miles away from two of them, but the fast runner had gained over a mile and I dared not keep up the pace because I knew that the last man, the one I dread most, was the biggest and strongest of the two, and I didn't want to wear myself out. So I slacked up a little, and when I went into a strip of timber I heard a war-yell, and there was the swiftest runner close behind, with a big club in one hand and a hatchet in the other. I dove into the bushes, and then turned

The Specter of Legion Smith.

A COLLEGE STORY.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

A RIGHT boisterous set at that time were we, students of R—College—great rosy-cheeked, book-despising fellows, who thought it unpardonable effeminacy to hug our lamps or nights, especially when there was no moon, and mischief was in the air.

One dreary afternoon in November my chum, Will Heywood, came stamping into our room, and, as he shed his hat into the wash-bowl, cried:

'Say, Stub! Did you know old Mother Smith died last night?—o Bob Barton told me. Hooray for a ghost. We haven't had one this term.'

I am afraid that I responded "Hooray!" for I remember how Will laughed, as I jumped up and spilled the ink all over our cat (we boys used to keep cats in our rooms), and she went cavorting around, with a tail as big as a sapling, spluttering everything she came near, and spitting disgust and gall.

Let me explain our unseemly delight at the demise of "old Mother Smith." She was a regular pry! Both townsfolk and students detested her. Her name was, generically, Smith, but we boys usually supplemented it with the nickname "Legion," because, so far as omniscience went, she certainly was a host in herself. She seemed to think that Providence had deposited her and her many-windowed little cottage under the college walls for the express purpose of keeping an austere eye on the students of that institution. And, verily, she did it with a vengeance, employing, not one eye alone, but two of the sharpest, slyest little steel gray sentinels that ever blinked. Nothing could be done so secretly as to escape her omniscient scrutiny; and it used to be a standing joke when any one of the faculty happened to walk toward her cottage that he was going over to look at "Legion Smith's bulletin," to find out what mischief he had been up to the night before. In short, we looked upon the old dame as a maddler and a busybody, and disliked her with all the strength of our impulsive young natures.

Well, night came, and a number of us South Hall boys got together and rigged up a ghost. My chum Will was the "core" of the specter. There was a big tin serrending horn in our hall, four or five feet in length, and the large end of it neatly fitted his head.

We "capped" him, and sewing together two sheets, slung them over the horn and belted

Almost a coincidence—worked on a sheet, too. Poor old dame! She couldn't afford an opera cloak if she was going straight to Heaven.

Focused Facts.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Scientific American, who resides at a mining camp on the mountains in the eastern corner of Arizona, says that the brilliancy of the moonlight is such that mountains 70 miles distant are seen.

THERE was no census taken of New York city's population till 1790, when it was 33,181. It is, however, stated in Disturnell's "New York As It Was and Is," that the population was 10,381 in 1758, according to the State census. In 1790 it was all country above Ann street, which, of course, is "way down town" now.

In the Italian laborers now widely scattered over the country we have a counterpart of the Chinese in their ability to subsist on food on which a German, Irishman or American would starve. Great gangs of the sons of sunny Italy are at work on the railroad building up the west bank of the Hudson river, and it is stated that "one Italian's board, for the last month, cost him \$2, and another, who had received extras, paid \$2.60. No Chinaman can beat that even if he lives on rats.

The members of President Arthur's Cabinet are: Secretary of State, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Secretary of the Treasury, Charles J. Folger, of New York; Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois; Secretary of the Navy, William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; Secretary of the Interior, Henry M. Tilton, of Colorado; Postmaster-General, Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, and Attorney General, Benjamin H. Brewster. Singular as it may seem, there are "lots" of comparatively well informed people who cannot name the President's "constitutional advisers."

A curious band of religious enthusiasts have recently emigrated from Chicago to Jerusalem. The wife of a lawyer in that city a few years ago lost three children by the wreck of a ship, and the misfortune so affected her mind that she became a prey to delusions as to the speedy resurrection of her children and personal restoration from the dead. Strange to say she has persuaded her husband and several other persons to share her delusions. Not long ago it was revealed to her that she and her followers should sell their possessions and set out for Jerusalem. The parties have recently arrived at the Holy City, and profess to be making converts to their own eccentric faith.

A SPLENDID DETECTIVE STORY SOON TO APPEAR!

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LIFE'S HAPPIEST DAY.

BY ERIC E. REXFORD.

They sat upon the rocks beside the sea,
And talked of what had been, and what might be,
And she, whose heart was lightest, turned to say,
Some careless thing about "a happy day."

"I wonder when life's happiest day will be?"
Said he whose thoughts were like the ships at sea,
Blown here and there by every wanton gale,
That chose to dally with each shining sail.

"The happiest day," said he before whose feet
Life seemed a pathway through a meadow sweet;
That day, for me, will be the day that brings
The love of which the poet dreams and sings."

"Life's happiest day," said he whose life had been
One long, hard struggle against fate and sin,
That day will be for me—"oh poor grayhead
And grief-worn heart—"the day when I am dead."

Lion-Hearted Dick;
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 MAR-MOSET," "FRESH OF FRISCO," ETC.

CHAPTER V.
THE BULLY OF THE CAMP.

SHE was as pale as death and every nerve quivered with excitement, yet resolutely Mrs. Ashford looked into the muzzle of the revolver that threatened her life.

"I want you to understand that I mean exactly what I say," the rough-bearded stranger continued. "I'll drill a hole clean through you as sure as you are standing on this hyer floor. Do you know who I am?" and as he put the question he scowled at the woman in his ugliest fashion, it being a part of his stock-in-trade to profit by the terror which his frightful looks inspired.

"You are a bloodthirsty demon for whom the law has been reaching for many a long year," she hissed between her firm-set teeth.

A hoarse growl of rage escaped the intruder, astonished and angered beyond measure at finding himself thus accurately described.

"A demon, am I?" he muttered.

"Yes, and one of these days you will surely get your deserts. So far, for some wise purpose, doubtless an inscrutable Providence has permitted you to go on, almost unchecked, in your career of crime, but the end will come some day, and then you will meet the just punishment due to your many crimes—the hempen ropes of the hangman will choke the life from out of your vile body."

"The blazes it will!" the man almost yelled in his rage. "See hyer, w'ot do you know 'bout me, anyway! This is the first time I ever struck this hyer camp and how in blazes is it that you have got me down so fine?"

"Depart ere I cry aloud for assistance!" cried the woman, evading the question, and waving her hand toward the door.

"Depart! Nary a time!" he replied defiantly. "And, as for your yelling, the first yelp that comes out of your mouth I'll be your last. Why, I would as soon shoot you as I would a jack-rabbit a hopping in my way! I have come into this hyer camp to wake 'em up, and I would just as soon commence with you as with any one in the hull town. You run a barber's shop hyer and I've come in to be fixed up, and I'm going to be fixed or thar'll be trouble; so you jest put that in your pipe and smoke it! I'm Shanghai Sam; that's my handle. I'm a bad man, and the cuss w'ot says boo! to me, had better be quick on the trigger, or he's gone 'coo! Shang Sam is a hard knot to tackle, and this hyer camp will find it out afore I've been long in the place! I'm a chief, I am, and I'm on the fight, bigger'n a wolf!"

"You miserable, bawling wretch! steeped in crime to the very lips and you careless of the bloody reckoning that must some day come as to brag of your crimes! Suppose I yield to your threats—suppose I agree to exercise my skill upon you, when you are seated in a chair with your neck bared to my touch and a keen-edged razor in my hands, what chance then would you have for life if I choose to transform myself into a minister of vengeance and anticipate the hangman's work?"

The bully stared for a moment. This was something that had not occurred to him before. "You wouldn't dare do it!" he blurted out.

"Wouldn't I?" cried the woman, goaded to desperation by the remembrance of her wrongs, and becoming almost frantic when she thought of what she had ended in the past. "If you tricked me the boys would hang you to the nearest tree!"

"Hang me, a woman, for simply riding the world of such a monster as you are?"

The man shook his head in sullen rage. The point was well taken and he could not deny it. In the wild and lawless regions of California the respect paid to the female sex somewhat approaches that reverence with which the knights of old regarded "ladies fair."

And when he came to reflect upon the matter the conviction forced itself upon his coarse mind that the chances were about a thousand to one if she executed her threat the citizens of the Bar would rather regard it as a laudable act than as a crime deserving of punishment.

"Darn my gizzard!" he cried, in wrath, "if you was only a man wouldn't I whole blazes out of you?"

"Hallo, hallo! what's the trouble?" asked a quiet voice, wherein though rung the accent of conscious power, and into the shop walked a man who, for a few moments, had been looking through the glass window in the door observing the scene.

The new-comer was one of those individuals who by their attire plainly reveal the occupation which they follow, when encountered in a frontier town. He was attired in a neat black suit, which, at the first glance, looked like velvet, but was in reality velveteen, a stout fabric well fitted for rough wear. He wore no vest, tie, or cravat, to display the elaborately frilled and ruffled shirt which adorned his person.

The shirt had a broad collar of the style to which Lord Byron gave his name, and the black silk handkerchief, knotted tightly around his neck was still further held together by a costly diamond ring, through which the scarf passed.

Contrary to the usual custom of the men who



"You haven't got the 'drop' on me now so much as you had," he remarked.

dwell on the borders of civilization he displayed no weapons belted to his person, although a close examination would have revealed that under the folds of his shirt which, after the Mexican fashion, puffed out at the waist over the top of his pantaloons, was a narrow, but stout leather belt; this might be merely to support the pantaloons, but the odds were great that, concealed by the skirts of the coat, the belt carried offensive and defensive weapons.

In a word, the man's dress showed that he was a sport—a sharp, who trusted to the goddess Fortune for a living, not scrupling, however, to sometimes aid the goddess by means of "ways that were dark, and tricks that were vain."

The big fellow turned upon the sharp ferociously. This was exactly the chance he wanted. In spite of all his bravado he did not dare to execute his threat upon the woman, for, although he was ready enough to quarrel with, and try his prowess upon, any citizen of the camp, yet he did not care to rouse the demon known as Judge Lynch, for he well knew if that worthy "got after him," his life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

"W'ot the blazes is it your business?" he exclaimed, flourishing his pistol, menacingly.

"Hain't you got any better manners than to walk in whar you ain't wanted and hain't been invited, and stick yer snoot in other people's business, you b'iled-shirted son of a mountain polecat?"

"Well, upon my word, you really astonish me!" responded the sport, showing his hands into the pockets of the loose sack-coat he wore and actually smiling in the face of the bully.

"Astonish you, do I?" howled Shanghai Sam; "Gol darn yer white-livered gizzard! yer cheat-in, sneak-in card-sharp! You had jest better dust out of this or I'll astonish yer in a way you won't like! Do you know who I am?" and as he put the question he scowled at the stranger in his most awful manner. The bully was a thorough believer in the Chinese art of war, which consists of trying to frighten the enemy with ugly faces and horrid cries before joining in actual battle.

"No, sir; to the best of my knowledge and belief I have never had the disagreeable pleasure of your acquaintance; but, you please, the fact is I have just arrived in this town—hain't been here over five minutes, and was walking up the street, kinder taking a look at the lay of the land, when the sign of this barber shop attracted my attention, and as I reckoned a shave would be about the proper sort of thing I made bold to walk in; but I had no idea, general, that you were in possession. I have

too high a respect, alcalde, for all men in authority to disturb one of the officials of the town, judge; in fact, if I had known that you were in here, Governor, I should never have thought of venturing to obtrude my vile carcass into your presence, Mr. President."

For a moment the man was speechless with rage and astonishment. He could hardly believe his ears, and yet there was no doubt of it, this "b'iled"-shirted sharp with his white hands and his dainty ways, this fop of a man who had really got some perfume upon his person, if his nose was to be trusted, actually had the impudence to cheek him, the man who had come into Shasta Bar with the firm determination to let the camp see that he was a chief who, when he got upon the war-path, was wont to make Rome howl!

"W-a-a, cut me into cat-skins if you ain't the craziest cuss that I ever run across!" he exclaimed at last.

"Cut you into cat-skins?" queried the other, with a surprised look.

"That's w'ot I said; w'ot of it?" growled the ruffian.

"But it can't be done! It is a clear impossibility."

"The blazes it is!"

"Cert, sure you're born! Can't cut cat-skins out of a calf, you know."

A bowl of rage came from Sam at this insult, and in his anger he leveled his cocked revolver full at the other's breast, and if he had seen the least fright in the face of the stranger—a quiver of his frame to indicate fear, he would have pulled trigger; but there was no sign of trepidation; on the contrary, the man laughed as if it was all a pleasant jest!

"Kinder got the drop on me, ain't you?"

"I wouldn't give two cents for yer life!"

"Well, that would be selling out mighty cheap. Maybe you ain't well-heeled with ducats now, and that is the reason why you wouldn't be willing to give more."

"You're as crazy as a bed-bug!" Sam exclaimed, hardly knowing what to make of this man who laughed in the face of certain death.

"Shot! You don't say so! Is that sort of a wild animal very crazy? You see, I never investigated the subject, but you must know all about it."

"Why, man, all I've got to do is to pull the trigger to drive a ball right through you!"

"Going to the ball this evening?"

"Eh?"

"Not this evening; some other evening; good-evening!"

Then the exasperated desperado perceived that the other, notwithstanding the terrible situation

in which he was placed, was still making game of him.

"By the eternal blazes I've a good mind to fix you!"

"Why don't you do it? You've been fooling around and talking about it for a dog's age, now," declared the other.

"Who are you, anyway?"

"My name, sir, is Talbot—Richard Talbot, erst of Cinnabar."

"I don't know you."

"Yes, that's very true, but in the future we shall be acquainted; this little pleasant passage, Mr.—Brigadier, how may I call your name?"

"Sam—Shanghai Sam, and I am a blood-tub on wheels, and don't you forget it!"

"Oh, no, I shall never forget you while life remains! But, as I was saying—your high mightiness, this little pleasant passage, the formation of our acquaintanceship, will often come back to us when in old age we reflect upon the halcyon days of yore."

"See hyer, you've got too much lip!"

"And you really haven't got enough; you are too bashful—too backward in coming forward; you ought to get over it; a jewel of a man like you shouldn't hide your light under a bushel; high honors are in store for you, but how high depends upon the situation of the limb of the tree to which you are strung up."

"Oh, you're a funny cuss, ain't yer?"

"Well, life is sad enough, you know, and if we don't joke by the wayside how can we endure it?"

"And you have been kinder joking and poking fun at me?"

"Yes, yes, doing a little in that line, you know, to pass the time away."

"And I've been a kinder joking, too!" the rough remarked, with a savage grin.

"Oh, yes, I know that; any one with half an eye can see you are as full of fun as an egg is of meat."

"I've been playing with you like a cat with a mouse."

"Oh, we've been having a right good time."

"And now if you've got a prayer or two to say, spit 'em out."

"Now I lay me, etc.?"

"Go ahead! In two minutes I'll plug you for all your joking!"

"I'll go you a hundred dollars to fifty that your pistol misses fire! It's a poor tool; I can see that at a glance. Why, I would no more trust my life to such an old cast-iron concern as that than to a broomstick. When you want a weapon in this country you want it bad, and it must be good—like these!"

And before the other knew how it occurred

Talbot had drawn a pair of cocked derringers from his pockets and leveled them at Sam.

"You haven't got the 'drop' on me now so much as you had," he remarked.

CHAPTER VI.
A WILD WAGER.

AND how was it that we find the bold Dick Talbot playing his old rôle of the cool and easy card-sharp up in this lonely mountain mining camp?

We must retrace our steps a little and explain the circumstances which had again brought Injun Dick to the front as one of the prominent men in the Mount Shasta region.

Two weeks before the time of Talbot's arrival at Shasta Bar is the period of which we now write.

On the road to the Cliff House—one of the favorite drives of the denizens of peerless San Francisco, in one of the summer gardens, devoted to the sale of the light Californian wines and the amber fluid of King Gembrianus, sat a pleasant-faced gentleman, a man of thirty or thereabouts, whose clear-cut, resolute features, gave evident indication of both courage and intelligence. He was a little above the medium height in size, and in figure most superbly built.

It is now some time since we traced the fortunes of this bold adventurer—for the man whom we have described is no other than Richard Talbot, whose stirring deeds we have already chronicled in a half-score of tales—but time, in the interim, has dealt lightly with our knight, and he has not in appearance aged a particle. His eyes are still as keen, his hand as true, his nerve as good as when we first introduced him to the reader in the pages of "Overland Kit."

Talbot was dressed with his usual neatness, looking every inch the gentleman, and yet the state of his fortunes at this time was at a decidedly low-water mark.

He had just returned from an expedition into Sonora; fortune had not favored the adventure, and when Richard reached San Francisco he had but a little over a hundred dollars to his name.

He had been in the city for a week, uncertain which way to turn, and on this pleasant afternoon had found his way out to the little garden, more for the purpose of passing the time away than for any other reason.

And after he was served with the pint bottle of Angolos port which he had ordered, he began to deliberate upon the situation.

"I can't stay in Frisco much longer," he remarked, discussing the question with himself. "It will not take long for a hundred dollars to make themselves scarce in a town like this, and I don't see any chance to increase my store. I must emigrate, but whither shall I bend my wandering footsteps? That's the question. I want to locate in some nice, little, bustling town, somewhere in the mining region, where there is a good opening for business, but just exactly where to go is what puzzles me."

At this moment three young men rode up to the garden and dismounted—three of the glided youths of Frisco, as could be detected at a glance—the "bloods" of the town, dressed in the extreme of fashion, resplendent with jewelry and diamonds.

The first to dismount and enter the garden was rather tall, and well-built, with a round, olive-tinged face, fringed with jet-black, curly hair and adorned with a mustache and side-whiskers of the same hue, a decidedly foreign-looking gentleman.

This was one of the best-known men in the city, Leonard De Welcher he was called, a man of wealth and great influence, although young in years. He had made his mark as a politician, also as a newspaper editor; and was, too, a power among the mining sharps and sharks, that hover around the stock exchange seeking whom they may devour.

His companions were two young fellows belonging to the first families in the city—the tall and slender one known as Gus Bronson, while the short and stout young man answered to the name of Joe L'Anguille.

All of the three evidently had been drinking pretty freely, and yet when they flung themselves into chairs they called loudly for brandy. Talbot, who was sitting in a rather retired corner of the garden, merely glanced at them when they came up, and then had resumed his meditation, but they had surveyed him in an insolent way as though resenting his presence.

The brandy was brought, the glasses filled, and Leonard De Welcher exclaimed:

"Now then, gentlemen, I'll give you a toast! Here's to the bright blue eyes of the queen of my heart, the divine Carlotta!"

"To the divine Carlotta!" the other two repeated, draining their glasses with a gusto.

"You have neglected the name of the beauty, then?" young Bronson asked.

"My dear boy, did you ever know me to fail in any undertaking of that kind?" De Welcher demanded. "Of course I have found out all about her! It was as easy as rolling off a log."

"Bravo!" cried the companions, in a breath, and then L'Anguille added:

"You don't mean to say you have made her acquaintance?"

"Well, no; not a regular introduction, I will own, but as far as an acquaintanceship of eyes goes, I have. Glances have exchanged, and if she does not know I adore her then I miss my guess."

"But who is she? Give us all the particulars, my hero!" Bronson cried.

"Well, her name is Carlotta Murdock, and she is the daughter of a terrier-faced old Scotchman, a banker, or something of that sort, who hails from a little mining camp way up in the North, somewhere in the neighborhood of Mount Shasta, near Cinnabar City, and called Shasta Bar."

Talbot, busy in reflection, had not paid the least attention to the conversation, until the name of his old hunting-ground fell upon his ears; then he gave a slight start.

L'Anguille's eyes happened to be upon him, and he noticed the start immediately.

"Hi, Len, 'ware hawk!" he exclaimed to De Welcher, lowering his voice. "That fellow over yonder is listening to what we say. I saw him start just now. Maybe he is a quainted with the girl or her father?"

"What on earth do I care?" replied De Welcher, loudly, having drunk enough to make him rather long for a quarrel. "I talk to suit myself, and if there is anybody within the sound of my voice who don't like it, the remedy is easy—let him get out or else compel me to stop."

Talbot glanced at the speaker in an inquisitive sort of way, as if measuring what kind of man he was; then went on sipping his wine.

"You see, you wrong the gentleman; he hasn't the least idea of listening to our conver-