

THE INTRODUCING BORE.

The bore who doesn't know a thing,
But claims to know it all;
The bore who's always chattering
About the game of ball;
The bore who sniffs, the bore who laughs
At everything one says—
Their boring's nothing to the calf's
Who's bored me many days.

He likes to introduce a man
To every one he meets,
And like a merry rataplac
This phrase forever bears:
"This is my good friend Mr. D—
Doe, this is Mr. Green,
A man I'm sure you ought to know"
He smiling stands between.

Up the street, and in the cars,
No matter where you be,
He'll introduce you; nothing bars
His frenzied courtesy,
His butcher, baker, tinsmith
And men he never knew,
And men you know, aye, if he can,
He'll introduce to you.

Some day he'll die, and when he goes
To school's torrid shore,
He'll find a special fire flows
For every kind of bore.
And then he'll hear Old Nick himself
Sing out with ghoulish glee:
"You needn't introduce yourself,
"You've long been known to me!"

—H. J.

ASTRANGE ADVENTURE.

I was acting as shipping clerk in the office of the Liverpool and Calcutta Steamship line at Cape Town, and among the helpers in the big warehouse were two or three fellows who were called "Half-Hots." They were a mixture of white and black, but not mulattoes. The color was more like that of the Chinaman, and their vernacular was a queer mixture of English and Dutch. These fellows were as servile as slaves to one's face, but as revengeful as fiends behind his back. The old clerk had been in fear of them and had put up with their faults, but I walked them around pretty lively from the first day, and at the end of the first month had plenty of cause to discharge them. I had the power to hire and discharge my own help, having at times as many as twenty-five men in the sheds, and so nothing was said about these three going away. They made no protest to me, but a Boer who as acting as my assistant warned me that I had best look out for myself for the next few weeks, as he had overheard them threatening vengeance.

Two days after the discharge of the men an English ship, which had been around to the east coast and up the Bay of Bengal collecting wild animals for the Royal Museum at London, put into Cape Town in distress. She was leaking so badly that she had to go into dry dock, and she had to be lightered of almost everything before she could pass over the gate sill of the only dock at her disposal. The animals were stored in one end of our big warehouse, which was a building 200 feet long by 100 feet wide. There was one big African elephant and two medium-sized ones from India, together with two male lions, three tigers, four or five hyenas, several wolves, a couple of bears, half a dozen snakes, a couple of panthers, and a large number of monkeys. All but the elephants were in cages, and these were placed in a row at one end of the building, and the elephants far enough away so that they could not reach the cages or each other. They seemed peacefully inclined, although strangers to each other, and the beasts and serpents had been so shaken up at sea that they were glad to secure rest and sleep.

It was in summer and the weather was very hot. The warehouse was only one story high, built of brick, and the many windows in it were doubly guarded to keep out robbers. Stout iron bars ran up and down, and outside of them were heavy wire screens. This enabled us to leave all windows raised day and night and keep the building ventilated. In the centre of the building was a cupola, furnishing further light and ventilation, and at the east end a little room had been partitioned off for my office. This room contained a sleeping bunk and a hammock, and I slept here and took my meals at a hotel. There was no watchman inside the house, but one was stationed on the wharf outside. At midnight of the night of which I am now going to write there was a full moon, and the interior of the big warehouse was almost as light as day. I had been asleep for an hour and a half, when I was suddenly awakened by a trumpet blast from the big elephant. He was chained by one foot to a ring bolt in the floor, and stood crosswise to one of the windows and about ten feet away. He trumpeted as if highly angered, and as I dropped out of the hammock I heard him tugging to break his chain. On that side of my office was a large window, and I

had no need to open the door to see what was going on. I saw the big fellow tugging and straining, and he made the building shake with his trumpeting. I don't think I had been on my feet half a minute when his chain snapped and he was free, and then it struck me that the situation was an unpleasant one.

My office was opposite one of the big doors of the warehouse, but ninety feet away. To reach it I must cross the building. My first idea was to go for help to secure the elephant, but he had scarcely broken loose when pandemonium reigned supreme. The other elephants began to trumpet and to strain at their chains, and every wild beast set up an outcry. The big fellow came straight to my end of the warehouse, swinging his trunk right and left, and within ten feet of my door he began work on fifty sacks of corn corded up in a row. He picked up the sacks one after another, and flung them about, and he grew more angry with each effort. He wasn't through with the sacks when the smaller elephants broke loose, and then I knew what I must prepare for. The watchman outside had caught the alarm, and he came to the nearest window and shouted to me. I dared not answer him, as the elephant was close by, and I was fearful that the sound of my voice would cause him to attack my frail shelter.

Having tossed the last sack high in air, the big fellow made a rush down the warehouse for the smaller ones, who were trumpeting at each other and preparing for a row. He knocked one of them over with his rush, and then pursued the other as he fled among the piles of freight. We had been pretty well cleaned out by the last ship, but we had considerable machinery, 200 barrels of salt, 300 bags of sugar, 500 barrels of flour, about a thousand American smoked hams, with perhaps fifty boxes, large and small, containing dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, and other stuff. When the small elephant who was knocked down went over he smashed the lion's cage, and I plainly saw both of them leap over him and spring upon the cage holding the monkeys. Such a growling and snarling and howling and roaring no one ever heard before, and the rumpus drew the attention of the elephants directly to the cages. Dropping their own differences for the moment, they dove at the cages, and in two minutes the entire collection, except one wolf, killed in his cage, was let loose and flying around the big room. By this time the watchman had aroused a number of people, but they dared not open the door. I stood no show to reach the door and let myself out, and at once decided that my safest plan was to keep quiet. I was in the darkest corner of the building, and unless one of the elephants took it into his head to investigate I might hope to escape injury. My room was not as high as the ceiling of the warehouse, but only about nine feet, and the top of it was celled over. This made a platform about 9x14, and I knew that some of the animals would seek this shelter if driven that way. All did fly to my end of the building as they got out of their cages, and the very first move made by one of the panthers was to leap upon the platform. The other was seized by one of the tigers right before my door, and the fight lasted until the elephant came to investigate.

Then for about five minutes everything was as quiet as you please. The animals seemed to be sizing each other up, and taking in the situation. I could hear the people outside moving about and talking in excited tones, but when they hailed me I dared not reply, for the big elephant stood within four feet of my window, and was growing restless for further destruction. The lions stood side by side on the barrels of flour, which were piled up about eight feet high, while the tigers were further down on the other side and well on top of the bags of sugar. One panther was above me, as I have said, while the other had skulked among the machinery. The wolves I could not see, but a big serpent was over by the doors, and the monkeys were aloft among the rafters. One of the bears was crowded into a corner, evidently wishing to keep out of the row, while the other I could not see. The hyenas had been skulking among the hams, and what started the row was one of them trotting down a wide aisle toward my office to find safer shelter. The patter of his feet aroused the big elephant and he made a break for the lions who were waving their tails and defying him to come on. He hit the pile of flour barrels about in the centre, and knocked a lot of them down, but before he had reached them both lions leaped to his

back, and from thence to the floor behind him. This was the signal for a terrible battle, a sort of free-for-all fight. I could see the entire length of an aisle thirty feet wide, and it was in this aisle that the lions, tigers, hyenas and wolves fell upon each other with such ferocity that my hair stood on end, and the scores of people now at the windows fell back in terror. While the wild beasts were having it out, the two smaller elephants began a row, and the big fellow came swinging up the aisle in which the hams were scattered in search of something to vent his rage on. I drew back from the window afraid he would see me through the glass. He reached out his trunk and felt all over the glass, which was a new substance to him, and he might have pulled the roof down over my head had not the panther above me betrayed his presence by a growl. He had better have kept quiet. The elephant uttered a shrill cry and reached for him, and although the panther lit and tore at the trunk feeling for him, he was seized, held aloft for a moment, and then dashed to the floor with such force as to break every bone in his body.

If ever a man was scared out of his boots by an adventure, he was no more alarmed than I was as that elephant went swinging down one aisle and up another, clearing everything before him. He knocked the other two down among the flour barrels, and then pursued the wild beasts as they ceased their fight and fled before him. He picked up ham after ham and flung them the length of the building, and a large cogwheel belonging to an engine was flung against my bulkhead with such force as to shatter four of the boards. From the time the second row began to its close was thirty-five minutes, and all the time each beast and animal was uttering his own peculiar war cry. The row was brought to a close in a peculiar manner. The bears had kept clear of the fight as long as possible, but when finally forced into it both tackled the big elephant as the party responsible for the situation. As they did so he rushed full tilt at one of the big doors, and carried it out with him, and took himself up the wharf to the main street with one of the bears fastened to a hind leg. Each of the wild beasts as were not too badly injured at once broke for the door. One of the tigers and both of the panthers were dead in the warehouse. The other tigers escaped through the town and were killed miles away a day or two subsequently. One of the lions was dead, and the other, instead of bolting up the street as he went out, ran along the wharf and leaped aboard a coasting schooner a hundred yards away. One of the hatches was open, and he leaped down, and next day was shot in his hiding place. Two of the five hyenas got out alive, and were killed next day while secreted under a barn. Not a wolf was left alive, but the monkeys and serpents had climed aloft by the supports, and kept themselves out of the row.

Of the two small elephants one had a leg broken and the other had been so severely injured internally that he died before morning. The big one, together with the two bears, kept right on through the town and beyond, where they separated. The bears were shot by the men who went in pursuit, while the elephant was captured and brought back, so generally knocked out that he was three months getting over it.

It was six months after the adventure before we learned what brought it about. Then we ascertained that one of the discharged "Half-Hots" took this way to be revenged on me and the company. Standing at the window opposite the big elephant he had used a hollow reed to blow little darts at him, and one of these had struck the monster in the right eye and made him furious.

The warehouse was a sight to behold the next morning. Over 300 barrels of flour had been smashed, the sugar was scattered from end to end, dry goods and groceries littered the floor, and the corn could never be separated from the sugar. The hams were about the only things saved, and these had been tossed to every point of the compass. The all-around damage was estimated at \$100,000, and the man responsible for it died before he could be brought to trial.

—Pio Pico, who was the last Mexican Governor of California, is living in poverty in that State at the age of ninety years.

—A London Woman's Club proposes to have rooms set apart for smokers and billiard tables.

—Little boy blue is the only individual who has ever had to be told when to blow his horn.

—You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

MONKS OF ST. BRUNO.

VISIT TO THE FAMOUS MONASTARY.

How the Hospitable Brethren Work, Worship and Live.

Did you ever notice what a pleasant effect a little glass of "aid to digestion" liquor has on a man after a good dinner, and for that matter on a woman also? says Henry Haynie in a Paris letter to the Pittsburgh Dispatch. On such occasions one may safely drink "petit verre" of fine brandy, kummel, benedictine, or chartreuse. A little chartreuse, yellow or green, according to taste—jaune is the best—is just the thing, and with that inside your stomach you'll feel as if all your debts were paid, and you had nothing in the world to worry about.

At the foot of a mountain quite 4,000 feet high, and on which the monks of Grande Chartreuse live, is where a few holy fathers of that order superintend the fabrication of this famous liquor. It is not an easy thing though to obtain admittance to the manufactory, and there are placards stuck up in public places to the effect that "strangers are not admitted to visit the establishment, except by special permission from the reverend father general."

All the glories of a setting sun were on the mountain sides, and the distant trees and ravines were tinged in golden colors when I reached the Grande Chartreuse. The door was opened by a brother, from whom I asked hospitality. He bade me enter, and I was soon within a house where no woman, with the exception of crowned heads, has ever penetrated.

My guide led me across a large courtyard, in the centre of which two streams descend from the mountain, making night and day a mournful sound to the common hall, where pious engravings and carriage notices were "stuck on the wall plentifully. People were eating, and an old, bearded brother was at a desk ready to receive orders for food and drink, liquor, rosaries and photographs.

Apart from its cloister the interior of the Grande Chartreuse is nothing much, but the cloister, some 660 feet long, and lighted by 110 windows, has indeed an imposing aspect. The chapel is small and quite devoid of works of art; it is divided into two parts, one destined for those of the Chartreux, who are priests, the other for the laical brothers. The hall of the chapter house, in which are rows of wooden benches and portraits of general fathers, painted on the ceiling, has no interest for the profane.

Here each year in the first week of May the priors of all the houses of the Chartreux meet to occupy themselves with spiritual affairs connected with their institutions. In the little cemetery are graves each surmounted with a stone, on which is engraved the name of the defunct, and beneath these stones sleep those who have been at the head of the establishment. On the other side are simple wooden crosses without inscriptions, and these mark the last resting place of the Chartreux.

The library, which possesses 25,000 volumes, is the only part of the institution where there is any evidence of luxury. In it I saw silent phantoms carrying, replacing, seeking documentary volumes, books big and little. The refectory is a beautiful arched room; a table at the end is reserved for the prior of the house; the other monks occupying tables in rank of priority.

The forks, spoons, egg cups and plates are all made of wood, but the little vessels for wine and water are of earthenware. Not a word is spoken during the meal, but a brother chants the lessons for the morning; they only take their repast in common on Sundays and on certain fete days.

Grande Chartreuse monks do not live in cells, but each inmate has his own little house. Near the door is a little wicket gate through which the monk receives his food, which is always without meat, and visitors have likewise to conform to this regulation.

Should the brother require anything else he writes down his needs and leaves the paper at the wicket, and presently he finds at the same place what he had asked for. There is a gallery which in Winter months is a promenade ground, but a little garden in front of each house serves for exercise in Summer time.

On the ground floor I saw a brother working at a woodpile, and above was his bedroom. It had a sort of cupboard bed, a coarse mattress and bolster, cotton sheets and woollen coverlid. Facing the bed was an oratory; on one side a little niche with earthen-

ware basin and a piece of soap; the floor was stone and the walls whitewashed.

On the wall hung a mountain staff, for once a week the monks enjoy a walk in common up the mountain side; then they talk to their hearts' content and make the mountain echo with their laughter. A little workroom furnished with a table, two wheels in white deal wood and a rush-bottom chair completed this monk's lodgings, and they are all alike, though here and there, by way of ornament, may be seen images of saints, a crucifix and a rosary.

The descendants of St. Bruno pride themselves on their rigorous fidelity to Carthusian customs. Although the order is more than 800 years old, not a shade of change or reform has ever been made, and not only have they not relaxed in their vigilance, but, stranger still, they have obstinately resisted all modifications that Popes have wished to introduce.

A Yankee Verdict.

After a four-days' trial at Rutland, Vt., Calvin M. Inman, of Hampton, N. Y., has been found not guilty of the murder of Patrick Sennot at Poultney, Oct. 1, 1888. The jury without consultation on the evidence, reached the verdict in genuine Yankee style. It was agreed that those who thought the prisoner guilty were to hold some object in the closed right hand, and those considering the prisoner not guilty were to be empty handed. They stood in line before the foreman of the jury and opened their hands, and all were empty-handed. The jury were out only ten minutes.

Bob's Discovery.

Young Hopeful—Papa, you said if I'd read the obituaries of great men in the paper every day for a year you'd give me a gold watch. Well, I did, and the year is up. Fond Father—Very well, Bob, but I said you must read intelligently and draw a lesson from the lives of those who have won fame and fortune. Now, what have you most particularly observed in your reading? Y. H.—I noticed that nearly all the great men fitted themselves for one thing, and then got rich or famous at something else.

Made 'em Giggle.

There is at least one woman in North Berwick, Me., who wastes no time admiring herself in front of a looking-glass, and she proved it last Sunday by attending church and Sabbath school with her bonnet adorned with half a dozen cards which a masculine sinner had tucked in among the trimmings a day or two before, probably supposing she would see them when she put on her headgear, but the good woman's mind was on Sunday-school lessons, not bonnets, when she dressed for church, and so the Sunday-school got a chance to giggle.

Cats and Snakes.

A Winipauk, Conn., cat owner one day not long ago heard shrieks from his wife and a lady guest in the parlor of his house and got a pitchfork. In the middle of the parlor floor, with her kittens about her, sat the family cat, and in front of her on the carpet was a lively green snake. The ladies were on the piano, screaming, while the kittens, with arched backs and bristling fur, betrayed a terror second only to that of the occupants of the piano. The cat was trying to convince her family that the snake was worth trying for a banquet. The householder set his heel on the reptile.

Helped Himself.

A few days ago a large hog belonging to Leroy Hardy, of Stark, Ga., while the family were all out of the house, went into the house, and after climbing upon a feather bed proceeded to tear the bed and clothing into doll rags. His hogship thought he had found a beautiful play house, and in his delight and playfulness tore things up generally. When the inmates of the house came in the floors were literally covered with feathers, and the festive brute ran from the house looking more like one of the feathered tribe than a fat porker.

A Stop in Time.

Conductor—"What on earth did you stop the train for?"
New brakeman—"Why, here's a window that went way up first touch, sir."

Conductor—"Well, what of it, you confirmed idiot?"
New brakeman—"Haven't you told me a hundred times if I found anything loose to stop the train at once, and not run any risks of accidents?"

Ready for Remodelling.

Jawkins—"Well, Jack, the cool weather's coming on now.
Jack Borrowitt—"Yes, and I'm glad of it. One more washing, and my flannel shirt will do for a chess protector."
—Life.

SOLD AGAIN.

How Some Boys Fooled an Old Buffalo Resident.

A number of boys just about the age when boys feel the most mischievous, says the Buffalo Express, got a piece of gaspipe, filled it with sand, and plugged it at the ends, leaving room for a piece of string to hang out. After this was done the gaspipe presented a very formidable appearance, and that night the boys placed it at the door of a resident in their neighborhood. All in the house had gone to bed, and it was left undisturbed till morning. The lord of the house was the first to discover it, and, after he recovered from the shock it caused him, he began to cautiously examine it. After awhile he went back in the yard, first warning his wife and daughter not to go near the "bomb" as he called it.

Presently he returned carrying the clothesline, on one end of which he made a slip-noose. He advanced toward the cause of all the trouble and carefully slipped the noose over it and drew it taut. Then telling his wife and daughter to go down to the corner he retreated to the back of the yard, and climbing over the fence he shut his eyes and gave the rope a sudden jerk. This was all the young scapegraces, who were watching him from a distance, were able to stand, and when the poor man, who had suffered an awful strain on his nerves, pulled himself up till his nose rested on the top of the fence that he might see the result of his desperate effort an explosion of laughter far louder than he had expected from the bomb greeted him, and—there isn't a boy in the neighborhood who will go by that house now.

A JOB LOT.

An Ohio peddler claims to have cleared \$3,000 out of his summer's work.

Mapleton, Me., points with pride to a local four-and-a-half-pound Irish potato.

A stranger at an Akron hotel got up in his sleep and threw his watch out of the window.

Hammered gold rings, with a diamond or ruby, are the latest style in men's finger rings in London.

A hunter near Wheeling claims to have shot eight squirrels on the same tree in less than ten minutes.

The successful Stuart Exhibition held in London in the early part of the year is to be followed by a Tudor Exhibition.

J. B. Green, of Mosherville, Mich., captured an eel in his mill flume which weighed six and one-half pounds and was forty inches long.

At Corry, Pa., when the free delivery of mails went into operation there were 600 applications for the four positions of letter carriers.

Farmer Martin, of Mahoning County, Ohio, gave an old pair of pants to a tramp, forgetting to remove \$18 and valuable notes from the pockets.

Polish Roman Catholic soldiers in the Russian army complain that various underhand means are taken to induce them to receive the ministrations of the Greek priests.

The country having the largest proportion of cultivated land is Denmark, Russia having the smallest. The United Kingdom has 29 per cent. of land tilled, against 71 untilled.

Mrs. Cynthia McPeethers, living near Greencastle, Ind., is ninety years old. On her last birthday she entertained a party of friends and baked the cake that formed a portion of the repast.

Frederick Livingston, aged eighty-eight years, and the oldest man in Peterboro, N. H., is president of the First National Bank in that town, and is found daily at his post of duty.

The Milestone.

Men and women, a shifting crowd, we hasten by,
Less changeful moves a summer cloud across the sky,
But firmly by the broad highway
Is set the milestone worn and gray.
Let him who will its legend read,
Or slyly glance, or scorn to heed;
Yet it whispers to every one,
Just so much of the journey done.

Just so much of the journey done ere falls the night;
Tired feet their way have hither won, and footsteps light,
Here troop the children warm with play,
Here fondly dreaming lovers stray,
Fair as young hope do buds of spring
About the ancient milestones cling;
Soon it marks in the morning sun
Just so much of the journey done.

Soft and slow like a mourner's tears there falls the rain;
Through misty, half-forgotten years love looks in vain,
Grief-laden showers, ye may not raise
The withered flowers of other days;
Yours will it rather be to stir
The bow whose promise is divine,
When at last the setting sun
The milestone tells the journey done.
—Argosy.

CORRECTED.—"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the maid of uncertain age.
"Will I?" murmured a crusty old bachelor. "Do I?" you mean.