AMONG THE MERRY-MAKERS.

FUNNY MEN'S OFFERINGS AT THE SHRINE OF HUMOR.

The Luxury of the City.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Uncle Abner (after dinner)—That was a purty good feed, Bob, though I couldn't tell half the things I was eatin'. How much was the tax?

Bob—Oh, about six dollars, uncle.

Uncle—Wha-a-at! Robert Gatcake, that's a sin. I won't eat nothin' more except biled dinners as long as I stay in this town!

The Ferule Still at It.
[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Does your teacher ever get mad?"

"Yes, indeed. I am often the victim of his ruling passion."

He Doesn't Spell.
[From Drake's Magazine.]

"That man is spoiling for a fight," remarked Cumso, speaking of an individual who was quarrelling with another.

"No, he is not," replied Fangle. "I know him. He's a professional pugilist."

Safe.
[From Time.]

Walking gentleman (in the Star Tank Dramatic Company, to first comedian)—Do you not think there is danger of the leading man drowning in that tank of water?

Comedian—None whatever. He is too much of a stick to sink.

But Probable Loss.
[From the Yankee Blade.]

Namby—I just lent $10 to Pamby; I wish you would make an item of it, Mr. Bookkeeper.

Bookkeeper—Shall I debit it to cash?

"I guess you don't know Pamby very well. Put it in the profit and loss account."

Timely Warning.
[From the Christian Advocate.]

Dickie, six years old, had a pair of boots. He cut one of them with a hatchet. The father became very angry and scolded incessantly. The little fellow looked his father in the face and said: "If you don't stop talking you'll get me mad, too."

Complaining Without Cause.
[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Mr. Grump—Why, madam, your extravagance is enough to send a man to the poorhouse!

Mrs. Grump—H'm! I can't see, then, why you've always been grumbling so because it sent you so often—to the bank.

An Echo.
[From Judge.]

"Alas, alas!" sighed a tiny zephyr as he crept into the cave of the winds. "I started out with the high ambition to blow through the whiskers of a great man and I have failed—failed."

"Why?" inquired Boreas, sternly.

"Because the man was Bob Ingersoll, and—and he has no whiskers."

At a Chicago Goethe Club.
[From Drake's Magazine.]

First Fair Enthusiast—How perfectly lovable Goethe is!

Second Fair Enthusiast—Yes, indeed. Gotte is just splendid!

Third Fair Enthusiast—There's nothing slow about Gethe!

Fourth Fair Enthusiast—You are just right! Goeth is our favorite!

Son of a Gun.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Teacher (to new scholar)—What is your name, sonny?

Boy—Gunn.

"Give me your full name?"

"John G. Gunn."

"What is the G. for?"

"Getyer."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, all the boys call me Johnny Getyer Gunn, anyhow."

A Mean Trick.
[From Time.]

"Yes, sah! Miss Angelina played a pow'ful mean trick on me. At de chu'ch festival t' other night, sah, I slipped an' spilt my plate ob b'ilin' hot soup in de lap ob Miss Angelina's bran new satin dress."

"An' w'at did de lady do?"

"Wy den's de time she showed her manners. She jest jumped right up an' spilt it all 'fore I could sabe one drop ob it. An' it wuz 'possum soup at dat, sah."

Their Character Established.
[From Judge.]

Templeton and his wife are not on the best of terms; in fact they quarrel incessantly.

"Mr. T. and I," sweetly remarked Mrs. Templeton the other day to two lady friends who were calling on her, "think of having Gamboge paint us together for the next Academy Exhibition."

"Then," remarked one of her hearers after leaving the house, "they'll certainly have to be hung among the battle-pieces."

Two Consultations.
[From Harper's Bazar.]

Customer—Is Rubnose's Rheumatic Remedy good for acute rheumatism the result of a cold?

Drug clerk—I—I don't know. I'll see. (Whispers to proprietor.) Have we Rubnose's Rheumatic Remedy?

Proprietor—No; only Bullfinche's.

Clerk (to customer)—No; not half so good as Bullfinche's.

He Was But Human.
[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Host—Don't think of leaving us just yet, Mr. Manlstick. I will show you some more of my daughter's drawings.

Artist (drawing off)—Excuse me—I must go now. The fact of the matter is, I must either go or say what I think!

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

ATTRACTIONS NEW AND OLD PRESENTED BY ENTERPRISING MANAGERS.

J. K. Emmet at the Grand Opera-House—Nell Burgess in "The County Fair" at the Union Square—"The Exiles" at Niblo's—Scanlan at the Star—"Bluebeard" in Brooklyn.

"The Exiles" was presented at Niblo's last night in a very sumptuous manner, and the audience that saw it was large and exceedingly appreciative. The scenery was very realistic, and when it is added that two live reindeer and other animals were introduced, enough has been said of the spectacular equipments of the piece. The cast was a very good one, including Miss Adele Belgarde, who gave a capital impersonation of Nadege Lanine; Henry Aveling, as a chief of the Imperial Police; Nestor Lennox, W. S. Harkins and Charles H. Bradshaw. "The Exiles" ought to draw large audiences to Niblo's. It is good in every respect.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Everybody who laughed at the drolleries of Aunt Abigail True, when that entertaining spinster was at the Twenty-third Street Theatre, will be ready to laugh again now that she is at the Union Square. "The County Fair" at that theatre last night was presented with the same attention to detail that characterized its original production, and Nell Burgess was as funny as ever. Charles J. Jackson appeared as Tim, and Wallace D. Shaw as the villain. The race scene was splendidly given, and it appealed very strongly to the audience.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

"Duvar," the melodrama produced at the Windsor Theatre last night, turns out to be a version of D'Ennery's play known as "The Mountebank." The features of the play, however, are utilized to introduce a number of variety incidents, so on the whole it was considerate to change the name of the play to "Duvar." It was presented by Tom Ricketts and his company. An Egyptian ballet, Lewis and Gillette, "an acrobatic duo;" the Majilton trio, and the Lotta quartet were the variety incidents of the production. Mr. Ricketts did good work.

STAR THEATRE.

W. J. Scanlan appeared at the Star Theatre last night in "Myles Aroon," a play of Hibernian interest by Jesson and Townsend. Mr. Scanlan was very warmly received, it being his first appearance in New York since he made his tour of Great Britain. "Myles Aroon" has been changed and improved since it was last seen in New York. Scanlan sang as blithely as ever. He was well supported by Messrs. Helen Weathersby, Miss Laura Webster, and Miss Constance Wallace. William McGonigle danced a truly remarkable jig.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE.

"Said Pasha," a comic opera that was originally seen in this city at the Star Theatre, was the attraction last night at Mr. Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-House. The cast was a good one, and the opera has been very emphatically improved since last season. In the cast were H. W. Fellman as the Rajah, Fred Lennox, Stanley Fitch and Miss Ida Multe.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

The usual large Monday night audience that assembles at B. R. Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre each week was there last night, when "Under the Lash," a lurid melodrama, was presented by Walter S. Sanford. The piece was extremely well given and nicely set. Mr. Sanford did some very good work, and was ably assisted by Lester Franklin and Leona Bland.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

The Boston Howard Athenæum Star Specialty Company was at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. The organization repeated the success it has had elsewhere. Dutch Daly did some most effective work. His imitation of the Trinity Church chimes was simply wonderful.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

Miss Maude Granger was the star at the People's Theatre last night, and she appeared in Mrs. Ettie Henderson's emotional play, "Almost a Life." Miss Granger was very well received and made a hit. She was capitally supported by David Murray, Miss Judith Berolde and Walter Osmond.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

The principal novelty in "Uncle Joe" at the Grand Opera-House last night, was Miss Maude White, who made a very charming Collie, the interesting Irish girl and little heroine of the play. Miss White did some extremely good work, and her performance was very refreshing. Emmet was the same as ever, and the rest of the company was, of course, subordinated to him.

THEATRE COMIQUE.

Gorman's minstrels packed the Theatre Comique, Harlem, last night. An excellent programme of minstrelsy was given. The singing was very good, and the jokes—well, they really were better than those in use in most minstrel organizations.

TONY PASTOR'S.

Miss Bessie Bonehill began another week at Tony Pastor's last night. She has made a big hit and was very cordially received. Others on the programme were Kelly and Ashby, Howe and Doyle, Guyer and Goodwin, Harry Woodson and Laura Bennett.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

There was a very long performance at Koster & Bial's last night, and a very large audience to appreciate it. William and Alice Murvell, Miss Isabella Ward, the Cecilian quartet and Frank Bush were all there.

DOCKSTADER'S.

"Cross Town Conductors" convulsed the audience at Dockstader's last night. Dockstader and Schoolcraft were inimitable, and the sketch afforded them some excellent opportunities. An afterpiece, called "Confession," scored a hit.

WORTH'S MUSEUM.

The American Specialty Company gave hourly entertainments at Worth's Museum yesterday. The organization includes the Valentines, Kitty Randolph, the Nelsons, Harry Thompson, Leonard and Hart, Lillian Bernard, John Winstanly and Mabel Hart.

Brooklyn Theatres.

The great Western extravaganza of "Bluebeard, jr.; or, Fatima and the Fairy," is a pronounced success, judging by the frequent encores, curtain calls and plaudits bestowed last evening on its first production at the Amphion. The scenic display, the shifting lights, the gorgeous costumes and the splendidly arranged ballet remind the spectator of the dazzling days of the "Black Crook," while the burlesque itself is as replete with catchy ballads, tonical songs and attractive choruses. Madeline and Franlein Qualitz exhibit rare terpsichorean skill, and the introduction of the fairy tales by children is an agreeable innovation. The cast is exceptionally strong. Edwin Foy is an eccentric comedian of wonderful humor, and Miss Alice Johnston, Arthur Dunn, Miss Edith Muretta and Miss Esther Williams are worthy of special mention. The twin chiefs of police, by Harrison and J. E. Sullivan, is a neat piece of character acting.

For the second time this season E. H. Sothern made his appearance at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre in that charming comedy of English life, "Lord Chumley," and the success of his former appearance was more than duplicated. As the eccentric lord, Mr. Sothern is too well known to need any commendation and several recalls testified the approval of the audience. Adam Butterworth, the creation of the late C. E. Bishop, was well carried by Rowland Buckstone. This evening 350 members of Stella Lodge, F. and A. M., attend the play.

Mr. James M. Hardie and Miss Sarah Von Leer appeared at the Brooklyn Theatre last evening in Mr. Hardie's play, "On the Frontier." The play is of the heroic order and contains many thrilling situations. Charles Saunders as S. M. Patrick O'Hare, a reporter, was very amusing, as was also Hans Van Winkle, the keeper of Mine Ranch. The other characters were well interpreted.

That quadrupeds are entirely adequate to fill important positions on the stage, was fully demonstrated by Adam Forepaugh, jr.'s all-theatre show at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music. The feats of trained horses were especially clever, and with performing elephants, tumbling dogs and trick donkeys, the whole made an entertainment that was decidedly novel and pleasing.

In the happy role of Harry Dig, in "The Fairies' Well," at the Grand Opera-House, Carroll Johnson scored most emphatically last evening. Last season Mr. Johnson was at the head of a minstrel organization, and most successfully sustained his part in black face, consequently his debut in Brooklyn Monday evening as an Irish minstrel was critically watched by a large audience. The supporting company was capable, and the scenery worthy of special mention.

The return of Minnie Schult to Zipp's Casino proves a strong card. Miss Schult has added to her repertoire of songs, and last evening introduced some charming ballads, which she rendered in her old familiar style. Dan Polk, the well-known banjoist, is on the bill, and the balance of this programme is up to the usual standard.

A royal greeting awaited Pat Rooney at Jacobs' Lyceum Theatre last evening, where he appeared in the new "Pat's Wardrobe." The play is replete with all that goes to make farcecomedy a success. Little Katie Rooney acted as a foil to her father, and shared the honors with him. The company is the same as appeared at the Brooklyn last week.

The wonderful boy pianist, Otto Hegner, will give a concert at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre on Thursday afternoon. He will be assisted by the Mendelsohn Quintet Club and Mrs. Pemberton-Hincks. A full orchestra will accompany him.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

PROJECT FOR UNITING ALL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS IN A NATIONAL BODY.

There is said to be a strong movement on foot tending to the consolidation of all the athletic associations of this country and Canada. The most prominent athletes are much in favor of such a move, believing it would inure to the benefit of all concerned.

It is probable that this proposed amalgamation will prove one of the important athletic topics of the Winter, and that a meeting of delegates from the various clubs and organizations may be called to consider the project and deliberate on the best plan of procedure to effect the desired end.

The Western Athletic Association is very strong, and includes some of the finest athletes in the country. If every athletic club of North America of any prominence could be brought under a central government, it would be a brilliant stroke of athletic statesmanship.

* * *

The Queens County Bicycle Club will give a shooting tourney the latter part of this month.

* * *

Billy Kennard, the "St. Paul Kid," will meet Billy Murray, the 110-pound champion of the East, at the *Police Gazette* office this afternoon, to talk over details for another match. Kennard will spar with Murray at the latter's benefit at West-Side Hall, Nov. 18.

* * *

Old Yale men in this city say they are ready with their money to bet that the men from this College will win the football championship this Fall. While they admit that the Yale team is not up to its usual average in skill, yet they seem to place unbounded confidence in Yale's sand and "get thereness."

* * *

The Board of Directors of the Amateur Athletic Union will hold a meeting next Thursday at the Astor House to arrange the business connected with the athletic meeting which takes place Dec. 19. The entire programme will be mapped out and all details discussed and decided on.

* * *

If any college besides Harvard, Yale and Princeton ought to be in the Intercollegiate Football League it is Lehigh University. She has a great team this year.

* * *

No. 331 Bowery will be a rather lively place next Saturday evening. The Hornbacher Athletic Club will take formal possession of its new quarters then, and there will be rattling boxing bouts and general athletic entertainment.

* * *

Thursday night will be a red-letter night in the history of Plainfield, N. J., athletics. The Plainfield Bicycle Club gives its big games then.

* * *

"Zach" Cooper, the prominent high and broad jumper, has been gathered in by the Outing Athletic Club, and henceforth he will be a potent factor in carrying the colors of that Club to the front.

* * *

Alexander Miller and Thomas F. Delaney, the professionals, will run their ten-mile race for the championship of America next Monday at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds.

* * *

The Scottish-American Athletic Club will award very handsome prizes to the winners in its big athletic competition Nov. 25.

* * *

The Riverside Wheelmen will give the first of their "Winter" entertainments at their club quarters next Friday evening.

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In regard to the amateur baseball situation, it seems to be the prevailing opinion that none of the members of the nines should receive pecuniary or equivalent benefit, but that no objection ought to be made to their playing against professionals.

* * *

Jack Carkeek, of Pittsburg, remained fifteen minutes with William Muldoon in a wrestling match in Brooklyn last night, receiving $2 a minute for so doing. Muldoon was at one time under, and in trying to gain a fall Carkeek wrenched his opponent's hand, dislocating two fingers. To-night Muldoon will meet Greek George under similar conditions.

"MONTE CRISTO'S" QUADROON AUTHOR.

Radical Characteristics Disappearing in Alexander Dumas's Descendants.

Dumas, though only a quadroon, showed his negro blood most unmistakably in his physique, not only in his complexion, but his features, says a Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*.

His son, on the contrary, since his hair has turned white, shows scarcely a trace of the peculiarities inherited from his mulatto grandfather, but, strange to say, the type has come out very prominently, in his youngest daughter, who is still unmarried, and who is remarkably plain.

Mme. Lippman, the eldest of the two sisters, resembles her mother, who was a Russian lady. These two daughters, and the little son of Mme. Lippman, are all the descendants of the author of "Monte Cristo" that are known to exist belonging to the present generation

Miss Kelly's Effects Sold at Auction.

All the furniture and effects of the late Miss Theresa Kelly, the ardent supporter of Dr. McGlynn and whose interment in Calvary Cemetery is the subject of much discussion, were sold at auction at 1266 Broadway this morning. Good prices were realized.

Free Books to Read.

The Aguilar Free Library has just completed the second year of its existence. At its branches, 206 East Broadway and 721 Lexington avenue, a choice collection of books is to be found. Any resident of the city over ten years of age is entitled to the use of the library.

Their Game.
[From Puck.]

American Traveller—What is your chief diversion on this side the water?

London Masher—Playing Poole.

THE "BALLANTRAE" SPELL.

ALL NEW YORK IS RAPIDLY COMING UNDER ITS INFLUENCE.

Stevenson's Remarkable Story, Now Running in "The World," Fascinates Men, Women and Children—Symptoms of the Ballantrae Fever as Seen in Elevated Trains—No Class Seems to Be Exempt.

That Robert Louis Stevenson's triumph of fiction "The Master of Ballantrae," now being printed in THE WORLD, has scored a tremendous success with the public, goes without saying. It could not, considering the stuff it was made of and the manner of its making, have done anything else. Time was ripe for just such a wholesome, anti-emotional, anti-psychological narrative as this. More gracefully written than any of the romances of Rider Haggard, though lacking none of the charms of adventure contained in those tales; human in the highest degree; philosophical in its unwinding rather than in its moral; utterly devoid of the pruriency of the novel of passion; brilliant in its descriptions; simple in its manner of unfolding, and soul-stirring alike to young and old, small wonder is it that this romance has taken hold of the reading public as no other bit of fiction has done for many years.

The reproduction of Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" by THE WORLD follows naturally in the line of policy laid down by THE WORLD in the beginning of its new life under its present management. To be of public service; to instruct as well as to amuse; to be to its millions of readers a lyceum as well as a bulletin; to fill the offices of an encyclopædia; to mirror the thought and literature of the day, as well as the day's happenings—all these were long since decided to be the duties of this newspaper.

The "Master of Ballantrae" was printed first in *Scribner's Magazine*. By common accord it was awarded first place in the realm of current fiction. The fact that competent judges had awarded that position to this story, made it the duty of THE WORLD, as a faithful commentator for the public, to take notice of the story. Other newspapers did as much as that. The press of this country and Great Britain were unanimous in praise of Stevenson's masterpiece. But THE WORLD did not stop here. Large and well-deserved as is the circulation of the magazine in which the story appeared, it was not within the province of that magazine to bring this splendid piece of modern fiction before the eyes of the public at large, as a daily newspaper could do. With an utter disregard of expense in the matter of illustrations, and by the abandonment of an entire page of its valuable space daily, THE WORLD is enabled to reproduce this great novel in a manner consistent with its high order of excellence, for the benefit of the public at large.

The story of the "Master of Ballantrae" was begun in the columns of THE WORLD on Tuesday, Nov. 5. It has this morning reached the highest point of interest. A page a day has led those of THE WORLD'S multitude of readers who have followed the narrative step by step to an interest in the fortunes of the House of Durrisdeer which is this morning unmeasurable. If any one doubts this statement of the hold which Stevenson's story has taken upon the newspaper reading public of this section let him watch such of his fellow travellers by elevated roads, horse cars or ferry-boats, as happen to have copies of the morning WORLD in their hands, and the most casual inspection will, by the way, show that there are in all these public conveyances about four WORLD readers to readers of all the other morning newspapers combined.

If THE WORLD-provided fellow-traveller upon whom you have happened to fix your gaze is a male individual under the age of twenty-four you will perceive that he will first glance hastily at the news headings on the front page. It is quite safe to bet that he will not read any of the news stories therein contained entirely to the end. It doesn't make the slightest difference how attractive may be the daily melange of telegraphic or local news; he will betray a certain amount of nervous impatience and will begin a thumbing of the other leaves, followed presently by a generally turning inside out of the newspaper at the Ballantrae page.

That gifted Frenchman, Paul Blouet, better known as Max O'Rell, has commented piquantly and with much truth upon the avidity of the average American newspaper reader. He has called attention to the fact that no matter at what time of day you journey up or down New York in a public conveyance, you are sure to see more than three-fourths of your fellow-voyagers hidden behind great sheets of newly published and still damp print. Were Max O'Rell in New York at the present time instead of enjoying the fruits of his American criticism in foreign climes, he would be quick to discover the avidity with which a certain portion of the leading American newspapers has of late been seized upon. A man, a woman, a youth or maiden, having purchased a copy of THE WORLD en route to the cars, flops into the first convenient seat and proceeds to unfold the paper.

Business men—you can always tell them—turn to the market reports. From Fifty-third street and Eighth avenue to Fiftieth street and Sixth avenue they post on Wall street. From Fiftieth to Forty-second street they are engaged in getting a hasty summary of the newsy happenings of the previous twenty-four hours. Below Forty-second street they "tackle" the editorial page and frequently are thus devoted until the train has reached the sharp turn eastward out of Sixth avenue. And then! Why then, with common accord and with smiles of the most complacent sort upon their features, they throw one big page of the newspaper over another until they have reached the page, always easily discernible on account of its profuse and beautiful illustrations, containing the day's instalment of Stevenson's tale, "The Master of Ballantrae." There isn't any more shifting or uneasiness after that. A wizard has touched them with his wand, and, were it not for that altogether inexplicable power of determining almost by instinct, it would seem, precisely what point of the Elevated road's monotonous sameness and unindexed surface they have at any moment reached—which is the gift of the good gods to otherwise benighted New Yorkers—they would assuredly be carried far beyond their destinations.

What holds good of WORLD readers on Sixth avenue in these days holds good of tourists by all the other steam and cable and horse lines leading to the great business mart known as "Downtown." Women make no concealment of their anxiety to get at the meat of the day's instalment of Ballantrae. They do not stop—nor for that matter do the majority of male readers under thirty years of age—to so much as scan the distinctively newsy features of the paper. They seem disposed to treat all other portions of the great newspaper as a mere shell, in which the fascinating kernel of romance is to be found. They are scarcely seated in the cars or ferryboats before the rustling hunt for the page upon which the great narrative is printed begins. Having found that page they lean back in their seats with an air which says as plainly as anything can say, "Now, for forgetfulness. I'm going to revel in this thing for the rest of the trip, and I don't care whether we get blocked and stay here all day or not."

One of the first chief newsstands and the newsdealers show conclusively that since the beginning of "The Master of Ballantrae" THE WORLD is even more sought after than ever, and it is beyond all peradventure of doubt that the man or woman who does not read this great story will be a long distance behind the age.

THE MONKS OF ST. BRUNO.

VISIT TO THE FAMOUS MONASTERY OF GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Its Profitable Distillery, the Fabrication of Whose Celebrated Liquor the Holy Fathers Superintend—How the Hospitable Brethren Work, Worship and Live—An Order 800 Years Old.

Did you ever notice what a pleasant effect a little glass of "aid to digestion" liquor has a on a man after a good dinner, and for that matter on a woman also? says Henry Hayme in a Paris letter to the Pittsburg *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 so in 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 aught 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 earthenware 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 mountains 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 eight hundred 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.

Latin has remained their official language, and they have preserved for the mass in their austere church, quite devoid of ornamentation, special daily unfleurdelide rites, to which none of the pomp of modern days has been added. No musical instrument is permitted; the human voice alone echoes to the mountains.

The order was founded in 1084, by Bruno, a man of Cologne, and since then they have dwelt there, they and their posterity, and neither cold, trials, catastrophes, nor the course of 800 years can banish them from their mountain hermitage. Their manors had arisen from that spot not more than fifty years when an avalanche of rocks destroyed their dwellings, and two-thirds of their number perished, but the survivors set to and built cells a little distance from the first ill-fated sites.

Then the terrible Baron des Adrets visited them sword in hand, and after that eight times in as many centuries, their monastery was destroyed by fire, which was rendered liable to these repeated accidents from its roofs of willow. They were not too discouraged to bravely build again, however, and at last, in the seventeenth century, the present solid structures were erected.

A hundred years after the order's foundation, fifteen Chartreuses existed at a distance the virtues of the first, while under Louis XIV. there were as many as two hundred spread over the surface of the whole of Europe, all acknowledging the same General. But all that glory long since departed, and at present there are scarcely twenty such houses in the world. The Grande Chartreuse inmates were forcibly expelled, and replaced by a revolutionary garrison, but the old Vicar-General of the order was permitted to return to the monastery on the restoration, and he died there eight days later.

To-day the French Government allow the use of the buildings they occupy and the surrounding pasture land, with necessary firewood, for and in consideration of the $400,000 annually taken from the profits of the golden liquor.

Judge Moore disposed of the proposition of the defense that McIlvaine did the killing at a time when he had repented of the burglary and was seeking to escape, by reading the law as laid down in the case of Dolan, who had escaped, after a burglary, to the roof and there killed a pursuer, and the courts decided that it was murder.

"If McIlvaine did not realize the nature and quality of his act," said Judge Moore, "then he is not to be held responsible for its results. Or, if he did know its nature and quality, but was unable to tell whether he was doing right or wrong, then he was such an insane, imbecile or idiot person as should not be punished for his act.

"Did the expression used by McIlvaine when Mrs. Lura grabbed his arm that night—'I have stabbed him, and if you don't let me alone I will stab you!' Did that indicate that he was insane, or did he know the nature of his act? Did he know what would be the natural result?

"It is not every illogical or weak-minded man who is insane. No man is insane, unless he is insane according to the definition laid down in the statute," said Judge Moore.

SENATOR QUAY'S WASHINGTON HOME.

A Beautiful Mansion Presided Over by His Charming Wife and Daughter.

Senator Quay intends to give Washington more of his own time and that of his family in the future, says the Pittsburg *Commercial*. He has leased for four years the spacious double house, which he has chosen for his residence.

The house is very conveniently located, near the point of intersection of Q street with Pennsylvania avenue. It is admirably arranged. On the left of the hall in entering are two large drawing-rooms, with rich hangings of tissue velours in tapestry. On the right of the hall is a spacious dining-room.

At the head of the main stairway is a large library, fitted with rich cases in moulded walnut and French plate glass. Senator Quay is a great lover of books. It is his purpose to bring the greater portion of his library, which comprises some five thousand volumes, to Washington.

Mrs. Quay now has her beautiful daughter Mary, who made her debut last season, to assist her both in her household and social duties. The younger daughters, Coral and Susan, are very devoted to their studies.

The Senator's son, Dick, has not yet migrated permanently from the latitude of Beaver to that of Washington, but he is expected shortly. The "bold soldier boy," Curt, is serving his country in his regiment on the trail of the red savages of the West, but is expecting a brief leave when society is at its height.

She Speaks
To every American
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I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best Manufactured, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen I have used no other in making biscuits, cakes, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home-made combination of one-third soda, two-thirds cream of tartar.

It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housekeepers.

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AMBERG THEATRE, Irving Place. At 8.15. To-night, Possart, Die Bluthochzeit. Wed., the Judge of Zalamea. Thurs., Friend Fritz. Friday, Streitmann, Vice-Admiral. Sat., mat., Fledermaus; evening, Possart, Der Geizig; dan Die Schöne Frauen. Monday, Nov. 25, first opera night, Mignon. reserved seats now for sale.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 125TH st., near 3D AVE. Every night and Wednesday and Saturday matinee. AMERICAN LIFE AMONG THE GORMANS. EVERYTHING NEW and POSITIVELY ORIGINAL. Next week, the Madison Square success, Capt. Swift.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. WEEK MONDAY, NOV. 11. SAT. MATINEE. THE CALIFORNIA OPERA COMPANY. SAID PASHA.

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Messrs. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau beg respectfully to announce the first joint appearance in the United States of the
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PABLO SARASATE,
and the distinguished pianist and composer,
EUGEN D'ALBERT,
on Monday Evening, November 18,
ASSISTED BY
A GRAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch.
SCALE OF PRICES:
$2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Boxes, $12.00 & $15.00.
Sale of seats begins at Box-Office at Metropolitan Opera-House, Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 9 A. M.
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