

In his Coffee.

It is pleasant to see innocence established by legal means, even when the lawyer in the case arrives at such a result involuntarily.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the barrister in a loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you speak to me in that way," cried the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir. Don't look at me like that; look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar."

"This man is no fool, my lord; he is worse," stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The witness collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out:

"A spoon! A spoon, an' nothin' else!"

Waking A Rhinoceros.

While Packer Gillmore, the well-known traveller and writer, was in Gasi Land, he was one day taking an afternoon rest, when Sunday, his faithful Zulu guide, came hurrying into the enclosure, his countenance fairly shining with pleasurable excitement. He had found a black rhinoceros asleep in an open glade not far from the camp, and without waking the beast, had hastened to his master. Mr. Gillmore donned his shooting clothes and set out eagerly in search of the long-desired game. Says he—

Our course led us through heavy timber till the more open lands were reached. These were skirted, through grass and brush almost up to my hips, for a distance of about two hundred yards, when my attendant enjoined upon me the strictest silence. From the expression of his countenance I felt sure that the game was not far distant, and I was not without fear that the foolhardiness of my man might bring me closer to the dangerous animal than was desirable.

Soon we halted and listened. All was silent to my ear, except the occasional utterance of an unknown bird—a rhinoceros bird as afterwards appeared. A short further advance rewarded us with a sight of the feathered stranger, which was about the size of the English starling. Every few seconds it ascended about twenty feet, uttered its call, and at once returned to its perch.

Just then I became aware of a new sound. It resembled the heavy breathing of a large animal when asleep. Sunday called my attention to it by phreng his hand beside his ear, but I had already heard it.

My guide again motioned me to follow him, and I followed for several yards. Then another halt took place. Sunday was all excitement. Still he did not lose his self-possession, for by pantomimic action he expressed a wish that I should substitute new percussion caps for those already on the nippers of my rifle.

That there was danger enough I was thoroughly convinced. There was neither rock nor tree near that could afford the least shelter if my aim was faulty and the rhinoceros chose to attack us. However, it was a case of "in for a penny, in for a pound."

I indicated to Sunday that I was ready for the fray. He broke with a sharp, quick movement a branch of a bush, and almost at the same instant the rhinoceros stood before me, not fifteen yards distant.

The first action of the huge unwieldy beast was to turn his head to the windward. This movement prevented my getting the shot I desired, and I waited for perhaps one or two minutes. Then the ponderous head came slowly round. I raised my rifle, made due allowance for the shortness of the range, and pressed the trigger. The usual crashing sound announced the striking of the bullet, and then began a scene which beggars description.

From the moment the rhinoceros was struck, it

commenced spinning round without altering materially its locality, at the same time squealing in the shrillest tones. This movement may have been the result of the concussion of the bullet on the brain, or it may have arisen from a desire to discover from what direction it had received the injury.

While this performance lasted it was impossible for me to put in the second barrel, but at last the motions ceased, and the screams subsided into long-drawn breathing.

The wound was mortal, but I wished to put the creature out of its misery as soon as possible, and at the first opportunity fired again.

The result surprised me. The rhinoceros rushed forward for ten or twelve strides. The pace, for so cumbersome a brute, was astounding. Then suddenly the whole animal machinery failed, and the animal fell—dead, I believe, before the carcass was stretched upon the ground.

I was uncommonly well out of the fray, but I resolved for the future to leave a black rhinoceros alone when out in the open, with no cover within reach.

Equals.

EVERY incident should be welcomed which, in a country where offended "honour" must be satisfied by questionable means, tends to make the practice of duelling absurd. Many a sensible man has escaped the life-long remorse attendant on "bringing down his man" by the simple method of throwing cold water on the person's injured sensibilities in the beginning.

One day a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a café in Paris, indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont.

Suddenly another gentleman, dining at a neighbouring table, rose and approached them, his moustache bristling with anger.

"Sir," cried he tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!"

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary.

"I have not that honour," was the reply, "but I am his chief aide-de-camp."

"Give me your card then, sir," said the notary.

"I will send you my head clerk."

Too Slippery.

SEA-CAPTAINS have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English Channel, in the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon him. In vain all sails were spread; every moment brought the pirate nearer.

"The men were at their wits' end, but the captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck.

In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs.

On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission, and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered deck like so many rats.

One fellow shot head-foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the boy; another slid across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite port-hole.

Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the Devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.

A LOUD DISPATCH.—A couple of countrymen went into the London Central Telegraph Office to send a telegram, without having any clear idea as to how it would be transmitted. The message was taken, and just as the pair were leaving, the big bell of St Paul's struck one. Whereupon one of the rustics gave a jump, saying, "By jingo, there it goes, Jim!"

Gillmore

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