

Funny Happenings of Real Life

The Bourbon Test.

JOHN M. MACK, a shining light of the Clover club, Philadelphia, was in the Pendennis club of Louisville not long ago and some of their famous bourbon whisky was brought forth. Every Kentuckian is ready to swear that this particular tupples is the finest in the world. Mr. Mack, who is aware of this general opinion in the blue grass state, said to a member: "How is this whisky tested?" "Quite a simple process, sah," was the Kentuckian's reply. "We inject a drop of it into a rabbit, and if the rabbit doesn't lick a bulldog on sight then the whisky is no good, sah."

Learning to Walk.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," has written 2,500 songs, of which 1,500 have been published and the other half rejected.

Mr. Bingham is not himself a musician, but he is an excellent musical critic. His ear is delicate and sensitive, and nothing annoys him more than to hear bad singing or bad playing.

He was visiting, last month, a cousin of his in London, and this cousin has a son, a boy of 12 or 13, who practices on the piano every morning. The muscular lad, banging false notes from the instrument with tremendous vigor, tried Mr. Bingham not a little.

"What on earth are you playing there, Jimmy?" the song writer called from the next room one morning.

"An exercise from 'First Steps in Music,' the boy answered.

"I knew you were playing with your feet," said Mr. Bingham, "but would you mind stepping a little lighter on the keys?"—Boston Post.

General Howard's Courage.

General O. O. Howard never drank a drop in his life, never smoked a cigar and never swore, except once, and that was at Chancellorsville, where some foreign-born troops of his ran, and he has been quoted as saying on that occasion: "Damn the Dutch." General Howard not only believes tobacco and liquor to be bad, but he believes the use of anodynes which deaden the senses is bad and unmanly.

In the charge at Fair Oaks a bullet shattered his arm below the elbow. He kept on leading. Another bullet came and shattered the bone in the same arm above the elbow. He kept on leading. When the charge was over and success was assured General Howard walked over to a hospital tent where a surgeon in attendance, after looking at the arm, said: "It must come off."

"Take it off," said General Howard. The hospital attendants began preparations to give the wounded soldier ether.

"None of that," said the general. "Cut it off and I'll look on."

The surgeon obeyed orders and Howard chatted with him to smother the sound of the saw.—Chicago Post.

Roosevelt's Left-Hander.

Jacob Riis tells this story of the president: "In all Mr. Roosevelt's life on the frontier he was molested only once, and then by a drunken rowdy, who took him for a tenderfoot, and with a curse bade him treat, at the point of his two revolvers, while a roomful of men looked stolidly on. Roosevelt was a stranger in the town and had no friends there. He got up apparently to yield to the inevitable, practicing over mentally the while a famous left-hander that had done execution in the old Harvard days. The next instant the bully crashed against the wall and measured his length on the floor. His pistols went off harmlessly in the air. He opened his eyes to find the 'four-eyed tenderfoot' standing over him bristling with

fight, while the crowd nodded calmly, 'Served him right.' He surrendered then and there and gave up his guns, while Mr. Roosevelt went to bed unmolested. No one was ever after that heard to express a wish to fill this tenderfoot 'full of holes.'"

General Gordon's Gallantry.

Many stories are being told of the late General Gordon, most of them relating to his chivalry and gallantry to women. A correspondent of the Kansas City Star writes that he will never forget the general's reply at a reception in London once, when asked if he had time to be introduced to some ladies. "Time to be introduced to ladies?" came the gallant retort. "I would have time for that if I were on a cavalry charge." Another story, told by the same correspondent, quotes the general's comment upon seeing the picture of "Napoleon's Coronation" at Versailles, where the emperor takes the crown from the pope after he has blessed it, and first placing it upon his own head then places it upon Josephine's, saying: "Josephine, I crown thee also." General Gordon said: "The greatest military genius of the world, but he threw away the love of a devoted woman, and his evil genius pursued him ever after."

The Judge and the Lawyers.

The judge had had his patience sorely tried by lawyers who wished to talk and by men who tried to evade jury service.

Between hypothetical questions and excuses it seemed as if they never would get to the actual trial of the case. So when the puzzled little German who had been accepted by both sides jumped up, the judge was exasperated.

"Shudge," cried the German. "What is it?" demanded the judge. "I tink I like to go home to my wife," said the German.

"You can't," retorted the judge. "Sit down."

"But, shudge," persisted the German, "I don't tink I make a good shuror."

"You're the best in the box," said the judge. "Sit down."

"What box?" asked the German. "The jury box," said the judge.

"Oh, I thought it was a bad box that peop'es gets in sometimes."

"No," said the judge; "the bad box is the prisoner's box."

"But, shudge," persisted the little German, "I don't speak goot English."

"You don't have to speak any at all," said the judge. "Sit down."

The little German pointed at the lawyers to make his last desperate plea.

"Shudge," he said, "I can't make nodings out of what these fellers say."

It was the judge's chance to get even for many annoyances.

"Neither can anyone else," he said. "Sit down."

With a sigh the little German sat down.—Chicago Post.

Irving's Advice.

Henry Irving once preached quite a terse sermon on appropriate dressing. A clever young woman belonging to his company appeared at rehearsal one morning dressed in a lovely gown and a stunning hat. Irving commented on the unusual splendor of her get-up, whereupon the actress explained that she was going to a swell luncheon that afternoon and had saved time by dressing in advance. "Then run away to the luncheon first, my dear young woman," said the star. "Just now your mind, too, is dressed up for the luncheon and not for work. When you come to rehearsal come looking the part." The young woman, who is now a star, never

forgot the lesson which she learned that morning.

Temptation Too Much.

Bishop Duley of Kentucky, who has just died, and who had many warm friends in Boston, used to delight in a story of a colored girl in his church. "Supposing," he asked her, "that you were walking along the road and saw a low-hanging branch, and on that low branch was a nice fat chicken. What would you do?"

"Don't ask me dat question, boss," she begged.

"Oh, yes; tell me, what would you do?"

"Well, boss, you know I's only just an infant in de kingdom."

Which ended the conversation.—Boston Record.

In Error.

Phil Thompson was recently asked by some friends to see a woman of the party home from the Waldorf. He had somehow failed to catch her name. He was therefore uncertain as to whether she was a wife, widow or bachelor maid. However, reckless of consequences, he at length ventured upon this remark:

"I see," said he, "from the way you put on your own cloak and attempt to catch step with me instead of allowing me to catch step with you that you are a bachelor maid and consequently independent of the assistance of men."

"On the contrary," the woman replied, "you should at once recognize by these various signs and tokens that I am a married woman and one not long past the honeymoon with a second husband at that."

—New York Times.

Hauled Over the Coals.

At a Masonic banquet given in Washington last week Admiral Winfield Scott Schley was one of the guests of honor and was called upon for a speech. In the course of his remarks he dropped into reminiscences and told the veterans about Admiral Farragut, "the sea king of the sovereign west," with whom he served as a boy officer.

Admiral Schley, in telling of the great union admiral, said that once "the accident of battle" deprived the ship on which he served of her commander, and the care of the vessel fell into his hands. "I was but a boy," he said, "and the task frightened me. I was told to take the ship and demolish a battery up stream. I thought it was a big undertaking, but I went at it. During the engagement we observed a signal on the admiral's ship, but we could not read it. I gave orders to be told what it was if it could be read, and continued battering down the fortifications. We succeeded and dropped back. I expecting to be patted on the shoulder for the success. To my dismay I was ordered aboard the flagship and reprimanded for disobeying orders the first time a command was entrusted to me. But afterward I was invited into the cabin, and once inside the admiral said: 'I reprimanded you on the quarter deck, but within the cabin I want to say you did just right. Whenever you are able to remain near an enemy and be successful "go ahead, and d—n the signals."'

One on the Lawyer.

Representative Griggs of Georgia is a raconteur who doesn't mind telling a joke on himself.

"When I was prosecuting attorney of Bartlett county," said Mr. Griggs, "an old fellow, not of much account, but a great friend of mine, was indicted for larceny. He came to see me and protested, but I told him I must do my duty to the state.

"Well, the case came to trial and Jim had no counsel. The judge looked at him severely, over his spectacles, and said:

"Mr. Brown, you are charged with a very grave offense. I think you had best secure an attorney."

"Old Jim got up with a preternatural gravity, and addressed the court and me.

"Your honor," he said, "I love the old state of Georgy. On one of these old red hills, I first seen the light of day, and when I die I hope to lay my tired old bones down right here. For no consideration would I take advantage of the good old state."

"Here he looked hard at me, the state's attorney.

"So, your honor, until the state of Georgy gets a lawyer, I don't expect to hire one," he added and he sat down.

"Needless to say we rewarded Brown's patriotism with freedom."—Washington Post.

Anecdote of General Wood.

Here is a story of General Leonard Wood, who has been much in the news of late. The narrator, a Boston physician, says:

"I remember an instance in direct proof of what I mean when I say that his successes are mainly due to his magnificent courage, his determination to do what he believes to be right, even in the face of certain punishment. In 1884, then a recent graduate from the Harvard Medical school, he was an interne at one of the Boston hospitals. An interne, I may say in explanation, is required by rule to send for the visiting surgeon in all cases requiring immediate operation, and is himself forbidden to do the work.

"One day an infant was brought in suffering from membranous croup. The case was so far advanced that any delay would almost certainly result in death for the little one. Dr. Wood did not hesitate a moment. He began to work at once, carefully, fearlessly, promptly and successfully. Five minutes later, and while both mother and patient were still in the room, the surgeon, who should have had the case, according to rule, walked in. The young doctor explained, but would not apologize, as he was asked to do. He had done right, and he was not going to tell any man he was sorry for it, he said. The result was that he was first suspended and then dismissed. And I call that courage."—New York Times.

Retained His Old Customs.

General Gordon retained many antebellum customs on his home plantation in Georgia. One of these was the "sunrise review." Every morning at sunrise, except in unpleasant weather of the two winter months, General Gordon had his old horse brought to the door for his morning ride. He sat in the saddle as erectly as in the old days.

Every hand in the field knew of the review, and before every cabin sat a little group of negroes—the men clean and smiling and ready to go to work, the women spruced up, and every little child washed until it shone, with its woolly hair done up in a dozen little knots.

"Morning, Ginral," said all the men, as they ducked their heads.

"Morning, boss," said all the women, and every little pickaninny ducked its head to the ground and said "Morning, boss," as well as it could speak.

General Gordon always replied to every one by name, asked after the children, how they were growing and what their health was.

Such was the "sunrise review" on the Gordon plantation.—Kansas City Star.

