

Funny Happenings of Real Life

Origin of a Clever Phrase.

IT IS hard to trace a good joke back to its origin. This was illustrated in the senate the other day when Senator Bailey alluded to Speaker Reed's sarcastic remark at the expense of Judge Holman of Indiana, "the watch dog of the treasury." Mr. Bailey said the wittiest and bitterest thing Reed ever said was the remark when an appropriation that came very near Holman's home was up and the old judge was remarkably silent about it. Reed said: "The watch dog never barks at home folks." "That was said," interrupted Senator Hoar, "in 1869 or 1870, when I first came into the house." Mr. Bailey was sure the remark had been made later, while he was himself a member of the house, which was many years after Mr. Hoar went over to the senate. The Texas senator appealed to Senator Lodge, who was a member of the house at the time. Lodge nodded his head to confirm Bailey's story. Then Senator Hoar arose and said the witticism originated when E. B. Washburne was a member of the house. He, too, was a "watch dog." He had not objected to a bill passed by his brother, Cadwallader, who was a member at the same time from Wisconsin. "Some one," said Mr. Hoar, "asked the speaker (James G. Blaine) if the representative from Illinois had objected. 'No,' said Mr. Blaine, 'the watch dog does not bark when one of the family passes by.'"—New York Tribune.

One on Cleveland.

Grover Cleveland was on his way to the Grand Central station one morning several years before he became president of the United States. At the further end of the Madison avenue car were its only other passengers, several saucy specimens of the genus small boy. They tittered and whispered as they noticed the future president's great size. Then they became bolder and said to each other something about being "fed on yeast." Mr. Cleveland seemed to be much amused at the impudence of the lads. Yet, as they left the car at Thirty-fourth street, he could not resist a joke at their expense: "It's a pity, my boys," he said, "that your mother couldn't have fed you on yeast. Perhaps you'd have been better bred."—New York Times.

What They Thought of Him.

A member of Mr. Ben Greet's dramatic company tells this story about a fellow actor: It seems that during a tour which the company made through the British provinces a performance was given one night in the native town of this actor. In a discussion of the fact, not long after, it was asked if the audience had given their fellow townsman a proper reception. "Yes," was the answer; "he was greeted with round after round of silence."—Harper's Weekly.

Conveniently Deaf.

There is a clergyman in the archdiocese of New York especially earnest in his advocacy of temperance. Anything even remotely related to the success of the movement appeals to him. He is a frequent visitor to the city and no man enjoys a good dinner or a good story better than he does. In the cabin or smoking room of an ocean liner—he often makes transatlantic trips—his company is deemed delightful, and his fame as a raconteur spreads. In the place where he is assigned to duty there is a

large Irish element and he claims to have made great headway among them in his temperance crusade.

There are backsliders occasionally, he says, but he is not discouraged on that account, and keeps hammering away all the time. Not preaching total abstinence, he is not himself a total abstainer; but still he can't bear to see one of his parishioners go into a saloon Sunday. One man, a stone mason, and a good all-around fellow, though "fond of the drop," he took especial pains in reclaiming, and had succeeded to a certain extent. Recently he found that he was falling away again, and so set a watch on him. He saw him make for a saloon one day. "Mike!" he shouted, "Mike, I say!" Mike, unheeding, went in, and after a little came out, wiping his mouth. The clergyman had waited. "Mike," he said, reprovingly, "didn't you hear me call you?" "I did, yer reverence," declared Mike; "but to tell ye the God's truth, I had only the price of wan."—New York News.

A Scoop.

One day a well known politician was enjoying a chat with a friend at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up and said: "Can I see you for a moment, Mr. Dash?" "Certainly," answered Mr. Dash, rising. The young man led him across the room and seemed to have something important to say to him. Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered in the politician's ear: "I am on the staff of an evening paper, and I should like you to tell me what you think of the situation in the east." Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled at first, then he said: "Follow me."

And leading the way, he walked through the reading room, down some steps to the drawing room, through a long passage into the dining room, and, drawing his visitor into the corner, behind the hat rack, he whispered: "I really don't know anything about it."—London Spare Moments.

No More Questions.

Excitement over politics always runs high in the Chicago district represented by James McAndrews. He was to address his constituents one night during the last campaign, when the chairman of the meeting, a big fellow named Murphy, asked if there was anyone who wanted to ask a question. No one answered.

"Does anyone wish to ask a question before the speaking begins?" again asked Murphy.

"Mister Chairman, I would like to ask a few questions," said one man. Instantly he was thrown out of the hall.

"Does any other gentleman desire to ask a question?" again asked Chairman Murphy. Seeing no one rise, he added: "If not, the speaking will begin."—New York World.

Randolph and the Boniface.

"Many yarns have been told of the trisickle, though brilliant and keen witted, statesman, John Randolph of Roanoke," said an old resident to a party of friends. "I never had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished Virginian myself, but some of my relatives many years older than myself knew him personally.

"One of the most amusing anecdotes I ever heard of him related to an event that happened in Virginia at one of the roadside inns, where the famous senator, in the course of a business journey, had been forced by the coming of darkness to tarry

for a night. The landlord made everything as comfortable as he possibly could for his guest, who by his retiring manners made it evident he would not allow any approaches of sociability. Boniface could not, however, refrain from asking the senator as he mounted his horse to ride away in the morning in which direction he was traveling.

"Mr. Randolph said: 'Is my bill settled? Do I owe you anything?'"

"Not a cent," said the host, "everything is perfectly correct, Mr. Randolph."

"Then," said the departing statesman, "in that case I wish you to understand I am going where I d—d please."

"Randolph rode on, but soon came to a place where the roads forked. He was non-plussed and decided to return and inquire of the deeply insulted landlord which of the two roads he should take to reach his destination.

"Mr. Randolph," said mine host, "you have paid your bill; you don't owe me a cent, and you can take whichever road you d—d please."—Washington Times.

Breaking Up Evil Institution.

A certain old deacon who formerly lived in Warrensburg, Va., was a good deal like several sanctified looking old fellows who still live in the country towns and occasionally visit its cities "on business." This good man was found "bucking the tiger" in a St. Louis gambling house with an energy of purpose that was admirable. "What," exclaimed the young man who found him, starting backward, "Deacon, is it possible you are here?" "Oh, yes," calmly rejoined the old sinner, "I am bound to break up this evil institution."

Who It Was.

A well known New York clergyman was telling his Bible class the story of the prodigal son at a recent session, and wishing to emphasize the disagreeable attitude of the elder brother on that occasion, he laid especial stress on this phase of the parable. After describing the rejoicing of the household over the return of the wayward son, he spoke of one who, in the midst of the festivities, failed to share in the jubilant spirit of the occasion.

"Can anybody in the class," he asked, "tell me who this was?"

A small boy, who had been listening sympathetically to the story put up his hand.

"I know," he said, beamingly; "it was the fattest calf."—Harper's Weekly.

Senators Quay and Vest.

This is a story of conscience. Senators Quay and Vest for years were the Damon and Pythias of the senate, a fact that tends to prove that opposites really do make congenial companions. No two men, apparently, can furnish more pronounced contrasts than these two senators. Quay, a northern man; Vest, from the South. Quay a pronounced republican and upholder of protection; Vest a dyed-in-the-wool democrat and believer in free trade; Quay a colonel in the union army; Vest proud of the fact that he fought for the confederacy. But given two fishing lines and a pot of bait and these veterans experienced that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

A few years ago, as a result of the fierce factional fight in Pennsylvania, Quay reached Washington with a certificate of appointment to the senate from the governor of the Keystone state. The legislature had been deadlocked; the question immediately arose in the United States senate—is the appointment constitutional? The lawyers in the upper house of congress

debated the proposition for weeks; the practical senators counted noses. It was admitted by both sides that it was a neck and neck contest—that a single vote would decide the issue. At that time it was asserted and believed that if Quay were not seated it would sound the death knell of his political supremacy. The Quayites claimed Vest as a matter of course.

The Missouri senator had been very ill and it was feared would not be in his seat when the vote was taken. On the morning of the fateful session the green baize doors of the senate were pushed open and Vest, looking haggard and worn, was assisted to his place. Surely the issue must be momentous to bring a man from his sick bed? The roll call proceeded amid the most intense interest. Every senator was in his place keeping tab on the vote. On the surface a constitutional question was to be decided; beneath it the career of the most criticized and most masterful politician of America was at stake. Hanna, ambushed leader of the opposition, was ill at ease; Penrose, captain of the Quay forces, making a great show of confidence, was filled with doubt. The names were called in alphabetical order and the clerk was near the end of the roll. It was a tie.

Amid heart-breaking silence every man in the chamber almost at the same instant realized that Vest would have the deciding vote. Would he vote "yes" to accept the questioned credentials on his fishing chum, or "no" to reject them?

"Mr. Vest," called the clerk, with a monotonous drawl.

Every eye was turned in the direction of the Missouri senator. He sat motionless, unheeding the call.

"Mr. Vest," repeated the clerk, in a rising voice, as if piqued at the physical effort required to call a name twice.

Once more every eye turned toward the veteran from the south and every ear was strained to hear his response. He half rose in his seat, and then in a voice that was husky and trembling he answered:

"I vote 'no.'"

Then the man who could not overcome his constitutional convictions sank back in his seat exhausted, and the wires flashed forth the news that his bosom friend had met with disaster. Quay's partisans were furious, but Quay's voice was silent and his face inscrutable. Only once he spoke, and that was to bid a man who was abusing Vest to be silent.

That was the act of the drama that was only half seen and not understood by the public. But its sequel was truly Quay-like. Two years later the Pennsylvania legislature re-elected Quay to the senate. His journey to the national capital was like a triumphal tour. Flowers were dumped into the senate by the wagon-load; Quay followers packed the galleries. He took the oath calmly, possibly with an inward feeling of elation over his victory, but after that disappeared in a most mysterious manner. Admirers who wanted to give him a dinner were nonplussed. When he returned four or five hours later a member of his family inquired anxiously:

"Where have you been? Your friends have been looking for you everywhere."

"I have been taking dinner with an old friend," he said, quietly.

"Who was it?"

Quay shifted about, like a schoolboy about to be scolded, and said, with just a touch of defiance:

"It was my friend, Vest."

And so it was, and the friendship of many, many years still continues.—Philadelphia Press.

