

Funny Happenings of Real Life

A Tricky Parrot.

A RATHER dignified young woman entered a florist's shop on Madison avenue. A shrill voice, resembling that of an old woman, greeted her with:

"Shut the door! Don't you know it is cold?"

Much embarrassed she looked about for the speaker, saying: "Excuse me, but the wind blew so hard I could hardly close the door."

Then, to her great astonishment, she found she had been conversing with a parrot. Angered at the bird for deceiving her so, she turned her back to the cage and was intent upon examining some flowers. Suddenly the same voice, or what seemed to be, said to her:

"What can I do for you, miss?"

"If you hold your tongue I shall be gratified above all things," replied the young woman, turning around as she spoke and discovering the florist's wife.—New York Press.

Punishment Remitted.

Senator Dolliver of Iowa tells this story on himself: "I reached a certain small town during a campaign," said he, "and found that the proprietor of the hotel where I usually stopped was in jail. He had gone there of his own accord, rather than pay a judgment which he considered unjust. He asked the sheriff to please let him out for two hours to hear his old friend Dolliver speak. The sheriff agreed, and sent an order for the release of the prisoner for two hours for that purpose."

"Then he considerably added at the end of the order: 'The rest of your punishment is remitted.'"

The Lobbyist's Bookmark.

The San Francisco land grabbers methods of conveying bribe money to employees of the land office recalls the manner in which a certain lobbyist out west used to make it "worth while" for legislators to vote as he wished. A Bible society had placed a copy of the scriptures in each room of every hotel in the state. Whenever the lobbyist wished to bribe a member of the legislature he would invite him to his room and, after going over all the legitimate arguments in favor of his measure, would ask if the legislator had ever read the book of Job. It was a fairly safe guess that he had not, but even if he had, it made no difference.

"It is a wonderful story," the lobbyist would say, "and I think you would find it profitable to read it." Then he would place the Bible in his guest's hand, bidding him read Job while he, the lobbyist, stepped out for a few moments.

"How do you like it as far as you have read?" he would ask when he returned.

If the legislator said he liked it, the lobbyist knew that the bank note which he had previously placed between the leaves at the beginning of the book of Job was of a satisfactory denomination.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Spends Season with a Bear.

Judge Henderson M. Somerville of the Board of United States General Appraisers once defended an Arkansas negro charged with robbery. The defense was an alibi. When the defendant took the stand he declared that he could not have been at the scene of the crime at the time it was committed, because it was "berry time" and he was in the woods.

"But how do you know you were in the woods on that particular day?" he was asked.

"Because, boss," was the reply, "on dat day I met a bar. He wuz de bigges' bar

I ever did see, and I run an' I run, till I come out on de lake, an' de ice broke, an' I fell in an' wuz nearly drowned."

"I thought you said it was berry time?" the prosecuting attorney exclaimed.

"So it wuz, boss, when I met dat bar, but he chased me from June clear into January."—New York Times.

They Believed in Omens.

Mollie Shawler believes in omens. She works for Mrs. Jeff Sizemore of Marion, Ind., or did until recently. Mrs. Sizemore also believes in omens and signs and things.

Mrs. Sizemore was upstairs. She started down. At the same time Mollie started up.

"Go back!" shouted Mrs. Sizemore. "It's bad luck to pass on a stairway."

"I won't go back," answered Mollie; "it's bad luck to turn back after you start upstairs."

"I say you will go back," retorted Mrs. Sizemore in a threatening voice.

"I say I will not go back," retorted Mollie.

They "mixed." When the breeze had blown over and the police took Mollie to jail, where she displayed a badly disfigured countenance, she said: "I wouldn't turn back for her. I turned back once before for a woman in Louisville, where I worked, and the next day my husband got a divorce from me."—Topeka Journal.

A Mean Man.

"My dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, her face flushed with the excitement of her afternoon in the kitchen, "I want you to be perfectly frank with me now. What would you suggest to improve these doughnuts I made today?"

"Well," replied Mr. Newlywed, lifting one with a slight effort, "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Told On Himself.

The late Tom Ochiltree was touring Texas with Grant after the civil war, and on one occasion being compelled to do his share of story telling told the following on himself:

"A few months before the end of the civil war I was sent by the commanding general on a special and important mission. I had some dispatches that must go through, and I had to take a very roundabout way to deliver them. After delivering them I took a shorter road back, and on my way I passed through part of the country where I formerly lived, stopping one night at a large farm house that was occupied by an old lady and her daughter, with the usual complement of negroes. I dismounted and asked the old woman if she could accommodate me and my horse over night. She replied that men with my uniform were always welcome to everything she had."

"Well, after partaking of a splendid supper, of course we got to talking about the war. After an hour or two the daughter asked me to what army I belonged. I told her; then she said she had a brother in that army and wanted to know if I was acquainted with him. I told her that I regretted very much to tell her that her brother was dead and that I was the last man to leave his grave. At that she burst into tears and, running into the parlor, dropped on the sofa, weeping bitterly. The old woman was considerably affected, but had better control of herself than her daughter. Our conversation kept up for a while, and as the conversation went on the old woman found out that we were old acquaintances. As soon as she found that out she jumped up and ran to where the daughter was crying, and said:

"'Daughter, stop crying this minute. Your brother is sound and well. I am sure

of it, for that man out there is no one but that red-headed Tom Ochiltree, and he would rather lie on credit than tell the truth for cash."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bad Luck at Last.

"Sheriff Storey's antics lately," began the elderly politician, "makes me want to give him the same advice that the Irishman gave the corpse with the large gold-filled front tooth."

"What was that?"

"Why, you remember the story of the woman that lost her husband in the surf at Long Beach one summer? He went swimming, got too far out and didn't get back. The widow offered a reward for the body, and finally, about two weeks later, a sure-enough floater stranded somewhere down the beach. It was found by a couple of Irishmen, who had heard of the \$50 reward. So they brought the remains up to where the widow was staying. She came, saw and wept, and then gave directions for the disposal of the body. Just as it was being removed the lower jaw fell open, as sometimes happens, revealing a large gold-filled front tooth."

"That's not my husband!" exclaimed the woman. "He had false teeth. I shall not pay you for this. Take it away."

"And she marched into the house with some show of indignation that she so nearly had been tricked."

"The Irishmen looked after her and then at one another. Then one shook his fist vindictively at the remains."

"'Bad 'cess to you, he muttered; 'if you'd a-kept yer mouth shut you'd a-got a decent funeral.'"—Newark News.

He Wouldn't Dictate.

"Near my home over in Virginia," says the business woman, "there is a small Baptist church where every Sunday a colored man called Uncle Rastus preaches. I have always suspected that Uncle Rastus doesn't know how to read, though he won't confess it. I am sure his eldest daughter selects his texts for him, but I wouldn't dare tell him I think so. He came to see me the last time I was at home and I promised to send him a new Bible from Washington. His last name is Robertson or Robinson, and when I was asking him how I should address the package, I inquired how he spelled his name. Uncle Rastus wasn't to be caught by any such transparent trick as that."

"Well, Miss Betty," he said, "I ain't a-going to tell you how I spells it. You jes' spell it the way you likes best. I certainly ain't a-going to dictate to a lady."—Washington Post.

"Whar's Dat Veal?"

They were lounging in Senator Foraker's smoking room the other night, Speaker Cannon and a dozen senators and representatives, and this was Senator Carmack's story, when it got up to him:

"Just after the war, in reconstruction days, the democrats down my way hired a negro to do some campaigning among his own race. This negro dwelt with great fervor upon the scandalous way the north was treating the returning southerners."

"Why," said the negro orator, "de prodigal son was treated better dan dese white folks is being treated. You all remembers about dat prodigal son. When he come back his father met him while he was yet afar off, and put a ring on his finger and a new robe on him, and killed de fatted calf—yes, suh, de fatted calf."

"Then a republican negro campaigner followed. 'Dat nigger didn't tell you all right about dat fatted calf business,' he said. 'De straight ob de story was another way. You must remember dat de prodigal

son was sorry for his misdoings. He came back and 'lowed to his father dat he was not worthy to be his son, but was willing to go right out into de cotton field wid de oder field hands and pick cotton."

"Is dese yere southern white folks sorry? No, suh; not a bit. Dey don't supplicate for anything. Dey just strops a six-shooter 'roun' 'emselves, stalks in and says, 'Whar is dat veal?'"

Sure to Kill.

Captain Jack Crawford, "the poet scout," tells a story of the time when in their Indian campaign Crook and Miles were rivals for the brigadier epaulets, which finally fell to the latter. Crawford was passing Crook's tent one night and found him looking intently at a particularly brilliant star. The scout saluted and said: "There's miles and Miles between you and that star, ain't there?" Crook acknowledged the pun with a "humph," and Crawford passed on. Half an hour later Crook sent for him and said: "I want you to go into the hostile country and find Sitting Bull." This was practically sure death, but Crawford said: "Yes, sir, and when I get there, what then?" "Read him one of your poems and that will kill him," roared Crook.

Get There or Go.

Senator Dolliver's remark about the three young men who started life together with stern resolves and accomplished the resolves—himself, "Hays of Wabash" and Sir William Van Horne—recalls a famous saying of the last named of the trio.

When Sir William was president of the Canadian Pacific railway, the racing of that road's and the Grand Trunk trains into Montreal was a constant source of danger to the public. Agitation grew hot. The city passed a law to prohibit it. Van Horne called his engineers together one morning and read aloud the ordinance.

"Now, men," he said, "that's the law, and you've got to obey it. I shall suspend any engineer who breaks it. That's all I've got to say except this: God help the engineer that lets a Grand Trunk train beat him into this town!"—New York Times.

What He Proposed to Reduce.

General Leonard Wood, at one time a surgeon himself, is fond of stories in which the joke is on the doctor. He tells this one:

A doctor was sought by a man who fancied there was something wrong with his heart. The physician made a cursory examination, which disclosed a large swelling in the man's cardiac region.

"There certainly appears to be an extraordinary swelling right here," said the physician, tapping with his finger on the man's side. "We must reduce this at once, sir; at once!"

A faint smile came to the face of the patient.

"Oh, Doc!" he exclaimed, "that swelling is my pocketbook! Don't reduce it too much, please!"—New York Press.

Onto the Job.

Lieutenant General Adna R. Chaffee told the following story the other day as illustrating the unconscious humor which the Irishman is so often addicted to: "A true son of the Emerald Isle had applied at a recruiting station in Buffalo for enlistment in the army. The officer in charge asked him, jokingly, I suppose, if he knew anything about drilling. 'Drillin', was it ye said, sor?' replied the Irishman. 'An' shure I've wurked in the New York subway fir two years, Drillin', bedad! Ask me another, sor.'"

