

Funny Happenings of Real Life

A Triumphant Rejoinder.
IN HIS recently published work, "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," Michael Davitt relates a number of anecdotes characteristic of the "Ould Sod." In the early days of the Land league, with branches organized in every hamlet, speakers were in great demand. Many would-be orators had the talking ambition aroused, and eagerly followed the professionals, absorbing their ideas and expressions, which later on were tried on smaller gatherings. One of these aspirants for platform fame got into controversy with a priest. The latter, in referring to the reputation of the local Demosthenes, threw in a few Latin phrases, and suggested the propriety of a shoemaker sticking to his last. At the first opportunity the assailed reformer made this triumphant rejoinder: "I'm attacked by a larned scribbler," exclaimed the speaker, "bekase I plade the cause of the people. The rint office and the backers of the landlords, the gentlemen who are invited to stretch their legs under the mahogany of the evictors and exterminators, are aginst me, and Latin has been used to squelch me. But here I am to proclaim the great truth, 'Fox poply, fox day!' and from this platform I fling the Frinch in his face!"

Boneless Hams.
 According to Sam Bernard, all waitresses have the gift of sarcasm and little faith. "I remember one by the name of Maggie, who held forth in a theatrical boarding house," said the comedian. "Maggie conceived a strong dislike for two brother actors who were stopping at the house with me. They had lost their engagements and were necessarily economizing. During the stringency Maggie missed her tips. One morning when I went in for breakfast I took a seat at the same table with the impecunious ones, and Maggie approached for the order. "Mr. Bernard," she began, "what is the meaning of the slang word 'boneless'?" "The sum of \$1 is a 'bone,'" I explained, innocently. "She smiled demurely. 'What is a 'ham' in theatrical slang, Mr. Bernard?" "Commonly an inferior actor," I said. "What have you for breakfast?" "Maggie raised her voice malleotously. "We have a couple of boneless hams," she said."—New York Times.

Nothing Doing.
 Speaker Cannon declares that of all the close-fisted men he ever knew the champion is a rich bachelor who lives in Vermillion county, Illinois. The superintendent of a local cemetery sent his lot salesman to see if he could not get the bachelor to buy a last resting place. In half an hour the salesman came back and reported: "Nothing doin'. He admitted that the lots were good, but was afraid that if he bought one he might not get the worth of his money." "Why, there's no fear of that," said the superintendent, "for he must die some day." "That's what I told him, but he said he might be lost at sea."

Man of Science Did Not Bite.
 Miss Daisy Leiter has brought back from London a story about Charles Darwin. "Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle, and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs, and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Then, with the new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. "Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?" "Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly. "Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked. "Yes," they answered, nudging one another. "Then," said Darwin, "it is a hum-bug."—New York Tribune.

Daggers with History.
 Senator Quay of Pennsylvania was a collector of Indian relics, and took great interest also in autographs, coins and stamps. Often, though, he ridiculed, good naturedly, collectors' hobbies. He was showing a reporter his Indian robes one day. The young man took up a curious antique dagger that lay on a buhl table. "This dagger must be very old," he said. "Has it a history?" "It has indeed," said Senator Quay. "It is the dagger that Macbeth thought he saw. A descendant of Macbeth gave it to me in Scotland several years ago." Senator Quay smiled. "There is only one dagger I would trade this for, and that is a dagger that used to hang on the wall in Alphonse Karr's study," he said. "Karr, in one of his stories, had poked a good deal of fun at a woman named Colet. Mme. Colet, enraged at being made a butt of, stabbed Karr. He, on his recovery, hung the dagger she had stabbed him with above his desk, with this inscription beneath it: "Presented to Alphonse Karr—by Mme. Colet—in the back."

Remained Just as Ugly.
 She is a woman's college sophomore and was returning from a visit to New Haven and transferring by street car from the station in New York. She took the only available seat in the car and just opposite two young men. Suddenly there entered a ladylike, plainly gowned girl. "Why don't you offer her your place?" said the first man, nudging his companion. "She is too ugly," responded the other in a low voice, but the wind carried the remark to the sophomore and she looked up quickly to see if it had reached the other girl. Apparently it had not. That young person was clinging to a strap in total unconsciousness that she was a subject for unfavorable criticism. At the next corner a festive maiden, elaborately costumed, entered, and the first man bounded from his seat, which the newcomer graciously accepted. This left the second man at something of a disadvantage. He also arose and proffered his place to the girl who had first entered the car. She surveyed him coldly. "Thank you, no," she said in a clear voice. "I am still just as ugly as I was a few minutes ago." And the Baltimore girl longed to embrace her and give the college yell at the top of her youthful lungs.—Baltimore Sun.

Kindness Rewarded.
 "When the branch passenger train pulled out from Mexico one afternoon this week there was an elderly woman on board, who asked the accommodating conductor to let her know when the train reached Bryan station," relates the Auvvasse (Mo.) Review. "Milo said, 'All right, madam, I will remember you.' But Mr. Keyes got busy and forgot the old woman, and on passing through the car the woman said to the conductor: 'Haven't we reached Bryan yet?' 'Yes, yes,' said Milo, 'I forgot all about you and we have passed the station, but I will stop the train and back up for you.' This being done, and the car standing beside the platform, Keyes gently re-

minded the woman to hurry up and get off, that this was Bryan station. 'No, no,' said the passenger, 'I do not want to get off, but the doctor told me that when I reached this point that I must take a pill. I'm much obliged to you for your kindness.'"

The War Spirit.
 "The Japanese," said Admiral Schley the other day, "fight in a way we can't understand. All these eastern races, for that matter, fight differently from us. "I remember the case of an Afridi that a British officer once told me about. He said that in a certain campaign against the Afridis a number of natives themselves took sides with the whites, fighting their own people. "The Afridi in question was one of these turncoats. He stood one morning behind a rock, hopping about with great activity and firing shot after shot at a figure dim in the distance. "Can't you hit that man?" said the officer, drawing near. "No, sar," answered the Afridi, "I see him, but he damn hard to hit. He is, sar, hardest man to hit I know." "Oh," said the officer, "you don't know him, do you?" "Oh, yes, sar. I know damn rascal well." "Who is he?" the other asked. "The Afridi fired another shot at the distant figure. Then he replied: "Old damn rascal—he my father.'"

Mere Charity.
 Modern advertising can cope with the etiquette of courts. M. A. P. tells us that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the king of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young woman cabled home and told her father of the situation. The next morning she received his answer: "Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement." That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

Uncalled For.
 A Philadelphia commercial traveler, who was more or less acquainted with the fare at country inns of small towns in the south, was stranded in a Georgia town. Sitting on the porch, he was patiently awaiting the dinner announcement. At noon a greasy darkey appeared at the door and rang a big handbell. When the coon dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine, awakened, raised his nose toward the sky and howled most dolorously and continuously. The darkey stooped ringing the bell, scowled and yelled at him: "Dawg! dawg! Yo' sht up! Yo' don't hafta eat dis dinnah!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jimmy Caught On.
 Elihu Root, who has returned to the practice of law in New York City, has engaged a new office boy. Said Mr. Root: "Who carried off my paper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root. "The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Root asked: "Jimmie, who opened that window?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?" "The window cleaner, sir." Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten min-

utes the door opened and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."

True Laziness.
 President Clowry of the Western Union Telegraph company holds that laziness, more than alcohol or anything else, is responsible for the failures that men and women make of their lives. "Take the tramp," said President Clowry one day. "What is the tramp's dominant trait? Is it not laziness? You may say the tramp is fond of liquor. Well, I answer that he is fonder of idleness. He could swim in liquor if he would work for it. But he will not work. "All failures are lazy. But the laziest failure is the tramp. A tramp knocked at the back door of my cousin's farm in Vermont one hot afternoon. "Lady," he said to the cook, "will ye spare a poor fellow a drink of water?" "Certainly," she answered. "Here's a tumbler and there's the pump." "Thank you, kindly," said the tramp. "And now if you'll just work the handle we shan't be long."—New York Tribune.

Corrected Diagnosis.
 A Starke county physician tells this story on himself: After writing a prescription for a patient the physician told him that the druggist would probably charge him 60 cents for filling it. Then the patient asked the physician to lend him the 60 cents. Thereupon the physician carefully scratched out a part of the prescription and handed it back with 10 cents, remarking: "You can get that filled for a dime. What I scratched out was for your nerves, but you need nothing for them."—Indianapolis News.

Met His Match.
 The clever Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh met with his match while examining a student. He said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?" "Yes." "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," said the student. "What are they?" "What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said: "An inside and an outside." But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor said to the student: "And you attend the moral philosophy class also?" "Yes." "Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?" "Yes." "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes." "Give me an instance." "A man wheeling a barrow." The doctor then sat down and proposed no more questions.

Would You Live to Be 100?
 To live 100 years a French physician has laid down the following rules for human beings to observe:
 1. Breathe fresh air day and night.
 2. Take outdoor exercise each day either by working or walking.
 3. Eat and drink moderately and simply. Choose water, milk and fruit rather than alcohol.
 4. Fortify yourself by washing daily in cold water and by taking a hot bath once a week.
 5. Do not wear clothes which are either too heavy or too light.
 6. Live in a house that is spacious and dry.
 7. Work regularly.
 8. After work do not seek repose in exciting distractions. The hours of leisure belong to the family; the night is for sleep.
 9. Ennoble your life by good actions.

