

# Funny Happenings of Real Life

**An Error in Diagnosis.**  
**S**TORIES of railroad accidents were being told at Tuxedo. Spencer Trask, banker and author, of New York, in his turn contributed the following:

"In a certain railway collision, one of the victims lay for a long time on his back across the ties. Finally two men picked him up, carried him to the station and placed him on the floor.  
 "He'll lie easier here," they said, "till the doctor comes."

"The doctor came a little later.  
 "This poor chap is done for, I'm afraid," he said, glancing at the prostrate victim.

"Then he knelt down, lifted one of the man's closed eyelids and peered into a dull, blank, unseeing, lifeless eye.  
 "Yes, he's dead all right. Take him away," said the doctor.

"The pale lips of the injured man moved slightly and a feeble voice murmured:  
 "That was my glass eye, you fool."—  
 New York Tribune.

**Consider Himself Dead.**  
 Mr. L., a good-natured German, was the proprietor of a clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cash boy to head clerk. Since his promotion John had several times asked for an increase of salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning he again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of \$10 a month.

"Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I tink I bays you pooty vell alretty; vat for I bays you any more?"

"Well," replied John, confidently, "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and, indeed, I think that you could not get along without me."  
 "Is dot so? Vy, Shon, vot would I do suppose you vas to die?"

"Well, I suppose you would have to get along without me then."

The old Teuton took several whiffs from his big pipe and finally said:  
 "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."—Youth's Companion.

**Turning the Tables.**  
 Many years ago, before the production of grain was equal to the demand, wages of farm hands were high, but as production increased, the prices lowered faster than the rate of wages.

A farmer employed an industrious Irishman for five years, at the rate of \$50 a month "and found"—board, lodging, washing and mending. At the end of the term he said to his man:

"I can't afford to pay you the wages I have been paying. You have saved money, and I have saved nothing. At this rate you will soon own my farm."

"Then I'll hire you to work for me," said the other, "and you can get your farm back again!"—Success.

**Chinamen Catch On.**  
 During Commodore Charles R. Flint's entertainment of Prince Pu Lun at Coney Island he learned that royal Mongol knew a thing or two about American social questions.

Mr. Flint is the head of the Atlantic Yacht club at Sea Gate, and incidentally was asked by one of the party to describe what the poorer people really thought of the rich. The commodore did so.

"Of course," he added in conclusion, "there is a certain class in the community who'd like to step on the upper classes and crush them out."

"Ah," replied the prince, "now I understand that American saying. What thing

is it? Ah, yes, about people walking on their uppers."

Again the prince was "reminiscing" about Li Hung Chang's visit and the pleasure the old statesman had at the Waldorf-Astoria. It seems one of the state party had purchased some light-weight trousers to take back to Cathay as a curio. He put them on one evening at the hotel to show off, and the next day sent them to a laundry to be "done up." When they came home they had shrunk and were too small, so he was troubled. He donned them and went to Li Hung Chang.

"Your excellency," he said, "these trousers have grown smaller in the night. What do you think the Americans have done to them?"

"Nonsense," replied Li. "You forget where you are. The apparel is proper, but your legs have been pulled, as the Americans put it. They'll be all right when you get to China."—New York Times.

**A Clever Minister.**  
 "To the town of Nirtidgewock, in Maine," said Rev. Minot J. Savage, "a strange minister once came to preach. He preached duly, and, after the sermon was over he mingled with the congregation, expecting that someone would invite him to dinner.  
 "One by one, however, the congregation departed, offering the hungry minister no hospitality, and he began to feel anxious. Where was he to eat?"

"As the last deacon was leaving the church, the minister rushed up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.  
 "I want you to come home and dine with me," the minister said.

"Why, where do you live?" said the deacon.  
 "About thirty miles from here."  
 "The deacon reddened. 'Oh, you come and dine with me instead,' he said."—New York Tribune.

**Slack Campaign Methods.**  
 Governor "Jeff" Davis of Arkansas, who has just won a big victory over his democratic opponent, Judge Woods, is a very skillful campaigner in the hill country. Among the "red necks" he is very popular. When he goes among the hills he travels behind a yoke of oxen, the popular mode of locomotion there, and calls every "red neck" by name. During the week immediately preceding the last primary election, held a week ago last Saturday, Governor Davis, driving a yoke of spotted oxen, reached the metropolis of one of the hill counties. He went into the hotel and there found a letter from his wife at the executive mansion in Little Rock. He was still reading the letter when a party of his "red neck" constituents came into the hotel office to greet him. "Hello, Zach," said the hearty governor, grasping the outstretched hand of the first man in the party. "How's the folks?" "They're right peart, Jeff," answered the delighted "red neck." "How's your folks?" "Jes' got a lettah from my wife," answered the governor, holding up the dainty notepaper. "She's right peart, too, but plum nigh beat out. Been a-billin' soap all day!" And so another link was forged in the chain which binds the hill dwellers to the political fortunes of this most skillful and astute of campaigners.—New York Tribune.

**He Passed It.**  
 An old gentleman was porter in a commission house in Cincinnati, and, being a good salesman and judge of money, he sometimes sold merchandise. One day, taking a \$5 note which the bank refused to receive, stating that, though a very good imitation, it was counterfeit, the book-keeper inquired if the counterfeit note had been returned.

"Vell," he said, "dat man vot gave me dat bill he didn't comed around alretty, and some days I tink de bill vas goot, and some days I tink it vas bad; so one of dem days vot I tink it vas goot I passed him out."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Presumptuous Tourists.**  
 Westminster Abbey is a grand old place for everything except prayer. They say that a devout American visited it one day and after he had looked at all the tombs and inscriptions he knelt on the stone pavement and bowed his head.  
 A verger, frowning, tiptoed up to him.  
 "You can't pray here," he said.  
 The American rose in confusion.  
 "Can't pray in the abbey?" he exclaimed.  
 "No," said the verger. "If I was to allow it once, we should have 'em praying all over the place."

Near Kidderminster there is an ancient and picturesque church, the show church of the country. It is only a show church, though; public services are no longer held in it. Well, one day, struck with the impressive beauty of the place, a tourist said to the sexton:  
 "I suppose there are some people who use this church for private prayers?"  
 The sexton answered fiercely:  
 "I ketched two of 'em at it once."

**Abt and the Turkey.**  
 Several letters written by Franz Abt, the famous composer, were recently discovered, and in one of them the following humorous story was found:  
 As he was strolling home one afternoon in Brunswick, Abt met a friend, who said to him: "You seem very happy, dear fellow. Have you heard any good news?"  
 "Oh, no, I've just been taking dinner," was the reply.  
 "You evidently enjoyed it. What did you have to eat?" continued the friend.  
 "A turkey," replied Abt.  
 "And how many were at table?" asked the other.  
 "There were only two of us," said Abt. "Who was your companion?" inquired the friend.  
 "The turkey," replied Abt.

**Didn't Begin So Young.**  
 During his address before the Congregational association of New Jersey, in the Central Congregational church, Rev. Dr. H. A. Etinson of New York told a story of a negro who narrated his experience to a number of people gathered on a street corner in St. Louis.  
 "I had always been a good young man," said the converted negro, "but I fell. But I am glad to be able to say right here that I was never as bad as that fellow in the bible. I mean Job, who cussed the day he was born. Believe me, my friends, I didn't cuss until I was 1 year old."—Philadelphia Press.

**Graduated and Wed in Six Hours.**  
 The transformation from a sweet girl graduate to a blushing bride was a matter of only six hours for Miss Mary Grass of Trinidad, Colo. She received her diploma from St. Mary's school in Knoxville, Ill., at noon, June 8, and at 6 o'clock she was wedded to Bertram Rhodes, also of Trinidad, in the chapel of the school. Her classmates were her bridesmaids.

**Blarney.**  
 On his last trip to Ireland John D. Crimmins paid a visit to the Lakes of Killybegny and secured as guide one Patrick McSorley, reputed to have the correct history of every inch of the locality on his finger tips.

Mr. Crimmins soon found out that besides an unquenchable source of information his man possessed a ready wit, so

he encouraged him to talk, and was not a little surprised to hear that at the season of the year when there were no visitors the guides spent their days in complete idleness.  
 "How on earth do you manage to pass the time, if you have no occupation?" he asked.  
 "Faith, and that's easy," laughed the old man, "we are kept busy thinking up new lies to tell the visitors when the season opens again."—New York Times.

**An Impressive Rebuke.**  
 Dr. Seward Webb was entertaining a large shooting party at his estate in Vermont. Sport was excellent, and every evening after dinner hunting stories were told in the smoking room.  
 Nearly all the stories were true, but there was one guest, a young man, who pulled the long bow a little. He pulled it more than a little on one occasion, and after he had concluded a story evidently impossible, Dr. Webb took him in hand.  
 "In '91 I was shooting in the Rockies," said Dr. Webb, "I was after grizzlies, I trailed a grizzly to a high peak one day. I advanced toward it along the edge of a precipice 300 feet high. Getting a good shot at last, I let drive, but missed. The big bear came for me then like lightning. I took aim again, but as I was about to fire my foot slipped. I fell, and my gun dropped from my hand and rolled over the precipice. There I lay, unarmed and helpless, and the maddened grizzly not six feet away."

Here Dr. Webb paused and lighted a cigarette.  
 The imaginative young man frowned impatiently.  
 "Well?" he said. "Well? Go on. What happened?"  
 Dr. Webb, looking him calmly in the eye, replied:  
 "The grizzly devoured me."

**Had 'Em Foul.**  
 A good story of a sharp justice of the peace was told at the Galt house last night by J. L. Powhatan, of Chicago.  
 "It chanced," said Mr. Powhatan, "that this justice of the peace lived in a little town in a far recess of Tennessee. He was the only republican in the district, yet he happened, by some trick of fortune, to hold office.  
 "At length, when political excitement had reached an unwonted pitch, a project was formed to oust him from his office and put in a democrat.  
 "The election was held in an old distillery, and the ballot box was a large gourd. The 'squire was early on the scene, clad in the roughest of clothes.  
 "Fellow citizens," he said, "I want to make you a short speech."  
 "The audience having agreed, he accordingly mounted a barrel—magnanimously determined to 'rise above all party issues and appeal to state pride and patriotism."  
 "Fellow citizens," he said, "I've been a-lookin' around here to see plain enough what's goin' on. I know what you want. Twenty years and a good many times I've saved many of you from goin' to the penitentiary, an' now you're tryin' to put me out of office.  
 "But I just want to tell you something. I've got the constitution and the laws of the state of Tennessee in my pocket, and just as sure as you turn me out of office, I'll burn 'em up—blame me if I don't—and you may all go to ruin together."  
 "The effect of this speech was overwhelming. The ruin threatenor was elected by a handsome majority. To be in a state without a constitution and laws was too great a calamity to be thought of."—Louisville Herald.

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