

## BROKEN STOWAGE.

Where was the Squint?—An illustration of the ridiculous and annoying way in which a church choir will sometimes run together the words of a hymn is afforded by the remark of a small boy in one of the front pews of a large and fashionable church. The hymn beginning, "The consecrated cross I'd bear" had just been sung, and in the momentary quiet which followed the small boy turned to his father and asked in an earnest whisper: "I say, pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

A Lesson in Patience.—When the eminent botanist, Professor Aitman, of Glasgow, was a small boy he had the present of a silver bit, whereupon his mother was so worried with questions as to what he should do with it that she exclaimed, "Really, you had better go to Thomas Elliot's (a well-known Pharmacist), and buy sixpence worth of patience."

Down the street marched the lad and demanded of the chemist: "Mr. Elliot, please give me sixpence worth of patience."

Mr. Elliot, taking in the situation at a glance, said: "Certainly, my boy, there's a chair. Just sit down and wait till you get it."

Professor Aitman's endeavor to purchase patience was a great success. It has never been forgotten by either himself or his friends.

Why he Quit.—A Swede, who was one of a gang of men employed in a large planing mill in a Northwestern town, went one day to the manager of the mill and remarked that he thought Johnson, the foreman, had quit.

"What!" said the manager, "Johnson quit? Why, man, he has been in our employ for twenty years."

"Well, I tank he quit," said the Swede.

"He has never complained," said the manager, "and besides he was the best paid man in the mill: Why should he quit? Has he a better job?"

"I tank he quit," repeated the Swede, doggedly: Then motioning to the manager to follow him, he led the way to a place in the boom from which the logs had been removed. The water was clear and deep, and on the bottom of the river lay the body of Johnson, the foreman.

"There," said the Swede, triumphantly, pointing to the drowned form. "You tank Johnson he quit?"

Value of a Sermon.—"The man who said, 'Tis the unexpected that always happens,' was a preacher, I'll guarantee," said a clerical member of the Lunch Club to a writer in the Chicago Interior. "At my time of life I ought not to be stunned by anything, but after a service a good woman of my flock did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all," he said. "I illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. 'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' I said, 'and heliotrope and geraniums; but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook.' After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with pleasure that was evidently deep and true. 'Oh, Dr. ———, I am so grateful for that sermon,' she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment, though. 'Yes,' she went on, fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'"

Even with Her Cross-Examiner.—"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose "that it was——"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer, "I demand an answer to my question."

Still no response from the witness.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer turning to the Court. "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the Court, in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

"The Court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there's no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking." So they called the next witness.