

Gowned or Baseball

A Chicago pastor finds a choral club exceedingly useful for "holding the young folks" and an immense delight to himself besides. It furnishes him recreation and sometimes amusement.

The other night he was drilling the chorus on Gounod's setting of Tenyson's "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky." They had just sung the line, "Ring out old shapes of foul disease," when the minister stopped them short. "Here," he said to one of the basses, "you are not getting that right; don't you see there's a run on the first syllable of 'disease.'"

"I see," answered the lad contritely, "and I made the run on 'foul,' didn't I?"

"Yes," spoke up his nearest companion with a boy's malicious promptness, "and that's why you got put out."

It was five minutes before the leader could get the chorus to singing again.—The Interior.

When Delay Was Dangerous

Mark Twain spent one summer, the story goes, as told in an exchange, at Riverdale, New York. A suburban fish peddler, with a raucous voice and a tin horn, passed the house frequently. Finally, one Saturday morning, Mark said:—

"That fellow has been by here twice every day this week. Such persistency in crime ought to be rewarded. I'm going to buy a fish of him," which he accordingly did. Prepared for luncheon, the fish was found to be highly unsatisfactory and when the peddler appeared in the afternoon, the humorist went out and hailed him.

"See here!" said Mark, with some warmth, "that fish wasn't eatable. It was too old."

"Well, it wa'n't my fault, Boss," replied the man indignantly. "I give you two chances every day this week to buy that fish, and if you was foolish enough to wait till it was spoiled I don't see how you can blame me."

Honesty Rewarded

Young people tells a story of a simple-minded old lady who ran a grocery store in Scranton. A man came in one day, and asked for a pound of bacon. The old lady cut off a generous piece of bacon, and then, going to weigh it, found that she had mislaid her pound weight: "Dear me," she said, "I can't find my pound weight anywhere."

The man, seeing that there was about two pounds in the piece cut off, said hastily:—

"Never mind. My fist weighs a pound."

And he put the bacon on one side of the scales and his fist on the other. The two, of course, just balanced.

"It looks kind o' large for a pound, don't it?" asked the old lady as she carefully wrapped the bacon up.

"It does look large," said the man, as he tucked the meat under his arm.

"But just then it was that the old lady found her pound weight."

"Ah," she said in a relieved voice, "now we can prove this business. Put it on here again."

But the man wisely refrained from putting the bacon on the scales to be tested. He put on his fist again instead. And his fist just balanced the pound weight.

The old lady was much pleased. "Well done," she said, "and here's a couple o' red herrin' for yer skill and honesty."

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William Briggs, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond Street West, Toronto