



THE PHILIPPINES.—THE PASIG RIVER, NEAR CUSTOM HOUSE, MANILA.

A Bad Mix-up.

"Say," remarked one Government clerk to another, "I'm up against it good and proper."

"What's the trouble?" queried G.C. No. 2.

"I got two medical certificates from two different doctors yesterday," explained the party of the first part. "One was a certificate of health for a life assurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to be sent to my chief with a petition for two weeks' leave of absence."

"Oh! that's nothing," rejoined his fellow-clerk, "I've done that myself."

"Yes," continued the other, "but I mixed the certificates in mailing. The ill-health certificate went to the assurance company, and the certificate of good health went to my chief. See?"—Chicago News.

A Mind Reader.

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then turning to the patient, he asked quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought reader. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say."—Current Literature.



It is often truer of men's riches than it is of themselves that they sprout wings.