



### In the Philippines

A soldier on his return to Manila from Batangas, contributed the following to the *Manila American* :

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,  
And let me go home again just for to-night.  
I am so weary of sole leather steak,  
And petrified hardtack a sledge can not break ;  
Tomatoes and beans in hot water bath,  
And bacon as strong as Goliath of Gath ;  
Weary of starving on what I can't eat,  
And chewing up rubber and calling it beef.  
Backward, turn backward, weary I am,  
And give me a whack at dear mother's jam ;  
And let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,  
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed.  
Give me once more an old-fashioned pie,  
And then I'll be ready to go south and die.

*Exchange.*

Sermons are commonly supposed to be medicinal to the mind of both compounder and congregation, but the *New York Tribune* tells the story of one which, if the minister's servant was right, was an exception :

On Sunday morning the late Rev. Dr. Ducachet, of Connecticut, arose feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast, he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said :

"Sam, go around and tell Simmons"—the sexton—"to post a notice on the church door that I am too ill to preach to-day."

"Now, massa," said Samuel, "don' you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you get 'long all right."

The argument resulted in the minister's determination to try it. He preached as usual, and after service returned to the house, looking much brighter.

"How you feel, massa?" said Samuel, as he opened the door.

"Better, much better, Sam, I'm glad I took your advice."

"I knew it, I knew it!" said Samuel, grinning from ear to ear. "I knew you feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system!"  
—*Exchange.*

"That's Mrs. Giltedge-Bonds, the prominent society leader," said the man in the crowd who knew.

"What's she in half mourning for?" inquired several voices.

"Three of her six former husbands are dead," said the man; whereupon the crowd expressed great admiration for her delicacy of feeling.—*Philadelphia Record.*



Farmer Hayes: "Great Methusela! Billy, whar did ye git that 'are hoss.

Billy: "Dad swapped his cross-cut saw fur him.

Farmer Hayes: "Well, darned if I wouldn't ruther ride the saw.

"They had to wait two hours for the bridegroom last night."

"Where was he?"

"Playing ping-pong at the best man's."

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I should like," said the man, "to get a position as proofreader."

"Sorry," said the publisher, "but we've laid off all our proofreaders; don't need 'em."

"You don't?"

"No; we're publishing nothing but dialect stories now."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mother: I am surprised, Ethel, that you should talk so impertinently to papa. I'm sure you never heard me talk that way to him.

Ethel: Well, you choosed him, and I did't.

*Detroit Free Press.*

J. Pierpont Morgan was showing some friends through his kennels the other day, and one of them expressed great admiration for an imported setter.

"Yes, he's a fine dog. His name is Russell Sage."

"How did you come to give him that name?"

"Well, he never loses a scent."—*Argonaut.*

"Do you know anything about hypnotism?" asked the girl in the pink waist.

"Well," replied the fluffy-haired maid, as she held up her left hand to display a sparkling solitaire to better advantage, "you can judge for yourself."—*Chicago Daily News.*

