

Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,
 Feed me on gruel just for tonight;
 I am so weary of sole leather steak,
 Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake,
 Oysters that sleep in the watery bath,
 Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
 Weary of paying for what I can't eat—
 Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am;
 Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam;
 Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
 Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed,
 Let me once more have that old-fashioned pie,
 Then I'll be ready to curl up and die. ---Ex

Boy (to stranger)—“Do you like music?”

Stranger—“Yes.”

Boy—“Well then listen to the band on your hat.”

Paul and I as friends were noted,
 Till we met the fair Miss Kate,
 Then as rivals—both devoted—
 All our friendship turned to hate.

Well, at last he won my treasure—
 They were married in the fall—
 Matrimony seemed such pleasure.
 How I envied happy Paul.

Years have passed; Paul looks weary,
 I am single, gay and free;
 Matrimony proved so dreary,
 Heavens, how Paul envies me!

In the imperial library at Calcutta more than 100,000 volumes on Indian affairs are brought together and classified.