

PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Both Unsuccessful.—Stella—"Mabel tries to keep it a secret that she is engaged." Bella—"Yes, and Clara tries to keep it a secret that she isn't."—N. Y. Sun.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Cork trees in Spain and Portugal, if not stripped more than once in three years, thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.

NO WHITE RACE IN MINDANAO.

Story That in Interior of Island There Existed a People Distinct from Negroes is Exploded.

QUICK LUNCH ROOM TERMS.

Waiter's Mirthful Phrasing of the Mash Mingers of "Grab-on-the-Run" Eating Places.

A PERILOUS RIVER TRIP.

An American Scientist's Hazardous Journey Down the Euphrates on Inflated Skins.

NEWSBOYS GIVING CREDIT.

Compared with Capital Invested, the Young Paper Merchants Extend Large Amount.

TASKS SET FOR SUITORS.

Different Undertakings of Men in Order to Win the Women They Loved.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

Rapid Growth in the System Shown by Department Figures—Many Applications.

AN EFFICIENT MAIL SERVICE.

Remarkable Instance of Delivery of Letter to Rightful Party by Means of Only a Picture.

WOULD JOIN AMERICAN ARMY.

British Soldiers Under Mistaken Notion Seek to Enlist for Warfare in Philippines.

Jews of New York City.

The Jewish World publishes an estimate of the number of Jews in Greater New York based on the number of Jewish burials as recorded by the board of health.

Queer Colony is a Failure.

The little French colony which 19 years ago purchased from the "Trapist monks at Gethsemane, Ky., the farm known as Mount Olivet has left for France.

A Question Answered.

The value of the American bicycles exported last year was \$100,000 greater than that of those exported the year before.

Boston Asked to Explain.

A Boston man who kicked his horse was fined \$10. Another Boston man, who kicked his wife, was fined \$5.

Biography of Lord Dufferin.

Sir Alfred Lyall has begun work on his biography of Lord Dufferin, and is visiting Claudebore, where an immense mass of papers and correspondence must be gone over and studied.

If you are new to this style of lunch room, you enter, sit down at a bare and not too clean table and wait quietly to be served.

Finally, you get tired of waiting, and by pounding a glass with a spoon and sundry gesticulations you get a waiter to come to you.

The waiter turns toward the kitchen and shouts: "Noah on a raft!" Then he wheels toward the steaming, polished coffee tanks and cries: "Draw one!"

"Say, you call, with an afterthought, 'I guess I'll make that scrambled eggs on toast.'"

"Wreck Noah," calls the waiter, solemnly.

The strange thing may seem to be that you get what you ordered.

There are many such phrases, some of them common to all the "grab-on-the-run" places, some of them local.

"Put up the flag" means macaroni, just why, no one seems able to explain, though there is vaguely felt to be some subtle reference to Yankee Doodle and the stars and stripes.

One cannot well object that there is more truth than beauty in such a phrase, for it has been stated on eminent authority that truth is beauty.

If you demand your coffee in a thin cup with a handle, "coffee in the shell," as the waiter scornfully orders, you will be snubbed as a dude.

The penning of many a criticism of the vocabulary of aestheticism, has been followed by a plate of "beef an," and the phrases of culture, ping-pong wise, have been tossed back and forth over the grease-polluted tables.

To half a cup of melted butter add a tablespoonful of glaze and beat together over the fire until hot; then add two tablespoonfuls of capers, salt and pepper to taste and a tablespoonful of essence of anchovies.—Washington Star.

The difficulties became greater and greater as the party floated swiftly into the wider parts of the canyon, where rapids were shot far larger than those around whose portages had been made a day or two earlier.

The raft shot into the rapids over a long, smooth, tilting sheet of water; there was a wild, exhilarating slide, and the great waves broke over the explorers, drenching them to the skin; the raft whirled round and round.

That night was spent on a tiny ledge between an overhanging precipice and the water. The raftsmen were still determined to be afraid of something.

"The next day was the last of the journey. More rapids were shot and in one of them a raftman was washed overboard, but his companions caught him.

Backed by American capital Mindanao would become a strong competitor of Java in its sugar plantations, having the most fertile soil in the world and being peculiarly adapted to the raising of the staple article.

The region to the north of Lake Depaco is a flourishing hemp country. Sugar, coffee and coconuts can also be raised in abundance.

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Our missionary tells us that the automobile is even pervading health in India.

"So the benighted natives are learning to scorch, eh?"

"No, not to any great extent, but they have fitted the car of Juggernaut with a motor and a crack chauffeur, and the combination is doing great business."—Automobile Magazine.

Who is it in Chicago that extends the largest amount of credit compared with the capital invested in his calling? It isn't the banker, neither is it the dry-goods merchant, nor the grocer, nor the butcher.

When it comes to giving credit, no newsboys are skinned to death," said "Manu" Peters, who has a regular "stand" at the Lexington avenue and Sixty-Third street station of the South Side elevated.

"What about the credit? Well, if you had been using your eyes since you stood here you would have seen for yourself. Only about three men in every five pay for their papers.

"You see that barrel there? Well, when I go up on the L to sell papers I usually leave six or eight copies of each of the dailies on top of the barrel.

LANGUAGE OF THE TRANSVAAL. The Tsal is not a literary language. It is essentially a sermo plebeius, a degeneration from the mother Dutch.

It is essentially a sermo plebeius, a degeneration from the mother Dutch. Yet it is rugged and forcible as one might expect from the lips of rough, uneducated men, living practically in isolation from civilized life and reading but one book—the Bible.

According to Sir James Crichton Browne the hand begins to lose its suppleness when the individual is about 40 years of age.

"Maggie," said the housewife severely, "you don't seem to have breakfast on time any more."

"No, mamma," replied the girl, "I'm hard to wake up, but if you'd call me, mamma, I could have it on time."

"But it's not my place to call you. I want to be called myself."

"Yes, mamma," answered the girl, solemnly, "I know it, an' if you'll call me, mamma, then I'll get up an' call you."—Chicago Post.