The Port Orford Tribune.

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A CARELESS CONSUL.

The Way Bret Harte Came to Lose His Position at Glasgow.

When Bret Harte was consul at Glasgow, he was seldom to be found in that city, as he spent most of his time in the London drawing rooms, where he was a general favorite, and delegated the consular business to assistants. One day while making one of his rare visits to Glasgow he scraped acquaintance with a stranger on the train. Each seemed fascinated by the other's personality, and time passed quickly. At last they reached the outskirts of a large city.

"What place is this?" inquired the stranger.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Harte, after looking out of the window.

A few minutes later the railway guard opened the door of the compartment and announced that they had arrived at Glasgow.

When Harte showed up at the consulate the next morning, the first person who advanced to greet him was the agreeable stranger, who introduced himself as a special agent of the home government sent to investigate charges of neglect of duty on the part of the consul.

The agent may have been affable, but he was lacking in a sense of humor, for he evidently cabled his government an account of the train incident, as Harte's successor was soon after appointed.

Food and Character.

One might almost say that the recipe for a happy home was what has been aptly called a "bland" diet. While it is not literally true that eating hog makes a hog of a man, yet it is true there is a large connection between it and character. Bloodthirsty, lustful races are those that eat meat—largely rare meat—freely, whereas the gentle, industrious, persistent races are mostly grain and fruit eaters.

While the controversy over vegetarianism is one for scientists to settle, even the humblest of us can afford to try for himself the advantages of a "bland" diet. It is a most interesting experience to see how acute and sensitive the sense of taste can become by avoiding food that has a strong taste.

No one knows the delicate sweets and acids, oils and bites in our common cereals and fruits who eats huge chunks of fish, flesh and fowl highly flavored and deluged with biting sauces. Simplicity of life can be as much a part of diet as of furniture or clothes. — William Noyes in Good Housekeeping.

Did as He Was Told.

An impecunious constituent of a Chicago alderman called upon the latter at his office last week and requested the loan of a dollar. A two dollar bill was the smallest the alderman had. This he handed to the caller with the remark:

"Go to the cigar stand down stairs, get a fifteen cent cigar, keep a dollar and bring me the change."

In a few minutes the visitor reappeared, puffing contentedly at a cigar, and handed the alderman 85 cents. Noticing a peculiar expression on the alderman's face, he withdrew the cigar from his lips long enough to inquire:

"Did you mean that the cigar was for you or me?"

"Get out of here!" was all the disgusted politician could say.

The Little Garden.

There is much comfort to be found in a garden. I have watched a poor woman at a little box of flowers at a window, growing radiant with happiness as each bud blossomed and smiled upon her gentle hand. Water your little garden and tend it well. A little love for sunlight, a little sympathy for rain, and the garden of the heart may bloom with beautiful deeds and fragrant thoughts. Though the beauty of the rose is brief, yet the perfume may be preserved, like the memory of a kiss, forever.—Schoolmaster.

Food and Colds.

A writer in The Lancet says: "Since I began to study diet I have been astonished at the number of cases of which I have heard, even of medical men, who by eating less and not so often have found that their susceptibility to colds has quite gone. Such facts as I have met with point to the conclusion that it is the system overcharged with the products of food which was not required and can act only as a poison to every organ in the body which is most susceptible to colds."

Ground For Suspicion.

"Mary," said the young matron's mother, "it seemed to me you were very cold to John this morning?"

"Yes," she replied, "I'm beginning to suspect him."

"The idea! You have no reason to, I'm sure."

"Haven't I? I dreamed last night that I saw him kissing another woman."—Philadelphia Press.

The Bride.

"Haven't I married you before?" asked the clergyman pleasantly of the young lady from Chicago who was about to be joined to the young man from Oshkosh.

"Only twice," she murmured coyly, and the ceremony went on.—Boston Post.

Love at First Sight.

His Dog—Are you certain that your mistress loves my master?

Her Dog—Why, it was love at first sight. She pushed me off the sofa to let him sit down.—Detroit Free Press.

In order to be in perfect health one must be temperate in eating. The meals should be regular. Regularity is one of the golden rules of a well ordered life.—Ladies' Home Journal.

SOME VERY QUEER LAKES.

Bodies of Water That Are a Source of Wonder to All Who Behold Them.

One of the most singular lakes in the world is the celebrated Pitch lake of the island of Trinidad. This lake spreads over an area of 99 acres, and its surface is composed of one great floating mass of asphaltum, seamed with veins of clear water. From it, and a similar lake in Venezuela, the world's supply of asphalt is drawn, states the Washington Post.

The pitch lake is a hideous place as far as smells are concerned, for the air all about it is heavy with noxious vapors, and from the center of the lake gushes a fountain of liquid asphaltum, in which there float and break bubbles containing most horrible gases.

The workmen go out on the surface of this lake and cut great slabs of asphaltum, which are carried away. But the next morning the hole they left is filled up again with the pitch which has risen during the night, so that the supply seems to be inexhaustible.

This curious lake was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh when he landed in Trinidad in 1595, on his way to the mouth of the Orinoco in search of El Dorado.

Another strange lake is situated on a peninsula which juts out into the Caspian sea. The whole surface of this lake is covered with a crust of salt so thick and strong that a man can ride across it on horseback with safety.

In central Asia, near the Caspian sea, is a lake of beautiful rose color, while the banks are covered with salt crystals as white as snow. From the waters of this lake there arises a flower-like odor. The color and the odor are supposed to be caused by vegetable matter in the depths.

There used to be a curious lake on the top of the Volcano de Agua, in Guatemala, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was not fed by springs nor by rivers, but was caused by accumulations of snow and rain—in fact, was an immense reservoir. It lasted for centuries. Then one day the sides of the lake gave way, and down the waters rolled, dealing death and destruction, and digging a great barranca, or ravine, in the mountain side, which is still visible.

MATCH-MAKING SECRETS.

Interesting Stories of Weddings Brought About by Tact.

If it were not gossip I would write something about match-making, not in general, but in particular, now interesting official circles, writes the Springfield Republican's Washington man. They say official society is made up of broken sentences. Well, the pieces are—gossip. Every body talks it, every body reads it, and every body scolds about it.

When the Chamberlain-Endicott courtship began, it was by the design and deliberate management of other people. Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Endicott met at the Chinese Minister's ball, and took a turn or two, arm-in-arm, about the ball room. It was enough. Their friends at once began the dinners and little maneuvers, at which Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Endicott were invariably guests. They were thrown together daily in this way by the people who gloried in making such a "good match."

One hostess gave a luncheon to young women and asked Mr. Chamberlain. He was the only man present among twenty or more ladies. Even the husband of the hostess was not asked. I need hardly say that Mr. Chamberlain's seat at table was next Miss Endicott's. A thousand and one well-planned social affairs favored and urged along the acquaintance to friendship and friendship to courtship.

It was all plain as day, and it was all legitimate, but none the less amusing. And now the match-makers are busy again, in the same way, managing a widower and two widows, the three very prominent in official circles.

The gentleman, though not a young man, is a "great catch," the match-makers say, not only on his own account, but because of his high position. The ladies who have just laid aside their mourning—and it was the deepest mourning—are attractive women, one younger than the other—perhaps fifteen years younger. They are not only attractive in personal appearance, but both are women of fascinating manner. They are not rich, but are too comfortably off to make a mercenary marriage. The sentiment of love would hardly control either of them, for that is with their past. But their ambition is for position and the power that goes with it.

The only temptation to a second marriage would be to regain their old place and power. The widower and the widows are at all the notable dinners, not the three at the same dinner, but the ladies as alternates. For instance, the gentleman and one of the ladies are guests at a dinner. Then the gentleman and the other lady are guests at another dinner. There is nothing like a dinner to bring out the best of men and women in attractive qualities.

Mrs. Whittler's Strategy

By TOM MASSON

"Don't you think, dear, that it would be nice to spend our Christmas in Florida?"

Mr. and Mrs. Whittler were sitting in their cozy back parlor. As she spoke Mrs. Whittler turned to her husband with an anxious look of interrogation.

"Never," exclaimed Whittler. "Why, we couldn't afford it. What an idea! I couldn't dream of such a thing. Florida! I should say not!"

"I merely mentioned the matter," said Mrs. Whittler, seeing her error. "It is of no special consequence."

At the same time she eyed sadly a package of time tables and steamboat circulars that for the past week she had been surreptitiously collecting. To go to Florida had been the dream of months. And now it was ruthlessly shattered.

Still, Mrs. Whittler did not despair.

"Well, if we don't do that," she said at last, "we must have a nice Christmas dinner, mustn't we?"

The thought of a dinner brought Whittler to himself instantly.

"You bet!" he said, rubbing his hands. "We'll have the best the country can afford."

"I sometimes wish," said Mrs. Whittler, after a moment, "that we had a houseful of children. It seems a pity to sit down to a Christmas dinner all alone."

"Well, why should we?" said Whittler. "Can't we ask some one in?"

Mrs. Whittler looked off into space with her eyebrows closely knit, as if the problem were too great for her to master on the instant. At last she said slowly:

"How would it do for you to ask Aunt Jane? She's getting along in years, and it may be our last chance to pay her any attention."

Whittler thought a moment.

"I guess you're right," he said at last. "I was looking forward to a Christmas dinner by ourselves. Still, Aunt Jane is a good old soul, and I guess we'd better ask her. But there's Cousin Emily, I suppose she'll have to come, too."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Whittler. "We shall, of course, have to ask Emily. We couldn't ask one without the other."

There was a pause. Finally Whittler spoke again.

"I suppose," he said, "if we ask Aunt Jane and Emily, that Uncle Henry and Georgiana will feel it."

"I had thought of that," replied Mrs. Whittler. "They've both been kind to us, and it would never do to offend them. Then, of course, the children—"

"Of course the children," interposed Whittler; "they'll have to come with their parents. Well, we'll have to do it, that's all. I guess we can stand it for once."

There was another pause. Mrs. Whittler at last looked meekly up.

"There's another thing, dear," she said, "that had occurred to me."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know there's my Aunt Sally. Aunt Sally is so sensitive. If she hears that your side of the family is coming, she'll feel it."

Whittler sighed. But the justice of the argument appealed to him.

"Yes," he said at last. "I suppose that's so. It's nothing more than fair, if my people come, that yours should, too. But you have a Cousin Rufus, and an Uncle William, haven't you?"

It was Mrs. Whittler's turn to sigh.

"More than that," she said. "Don't you remember Aunt and Uncle Rubyton and their children?"

Whittler got up nervously and paced the floor.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last. "What are we going to do? It's awful to dwell upon. We simply have got to ask them all. Why, it will cost a mint to entertain all this crowd."

He grew more excited.

"It's a fearful thing," he said, "to have relatives. We're in for it, I guess. We can't leg any of 'em off. Well!" he cried, turning to Mrs. Whittler, "have you nothing to suggest? You got us into it. Can't you get us out?"

Mrs. Whittler waited a moment before she replied.

"We might go to Florida," she said finally.

Whittler slapped his hands on his knee.

"Just the thing!" he cried. "Why didn't you say so before?"—Town Topics.

QUEER DIETS.

Cannibalism still exists in the Polynesian islands.

Ancient Romans ate caterpillars and some Africans do the same to-day.

The Chinese dine off monkeys and cats, while in many countries people eat horseflesh—Russia, Bavaria, Austria, Prussia and France being among them.

The naitves of Guinea love to devour clay and are pale, listless and ambitionless. It is supposed the clay contains arsenic and hence the delight in eating it.

Sick people frequently have strange desires for foods. One man suffered so from gastralgia that he was on the verge of death through starvation. The smallest quantity of food caused extreme suffering and all methods of treatment failed. Suddenly he expressed a desire for onions, which he detested when in good health. He was finally given a few onions and no bad results followed. For three weeks onions were the only food that passed his lips and he got well.