

A CARELESS CONSUL.

The War Lord Harris Came to Town His Position at Glasgow.

When Lord Harris 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 crossed acquaintance with a stranger on the train. Each seemed fascinated by the other's personality, and time passed quickly, as they reached the outskirts of a large city.

"What place is this?" inquired the stranger.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Harris, 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 Harris 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 Harris'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 bog makes a hog of a man, yet it is true there is a large connection between it and character. Bloodthirsty, lustful natures are those that eat meat—largely raw meat—freely, whereas the gentle, industrious, patient races eat meat by grain and fruit enters.

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, beef 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 He Ho Was Told.

An impetuous 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 80 cents. Noting 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 disgruntled 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 Latest 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 is 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 ideal 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 Oakland.

"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.

ACCOMPLISHED DOG.

Exhibited Intelligence Unusual in the Brute Kingdom.

A Newfoundland named Oscar, belonging to myself, had often listened with much interest to stories of rescue of drowning persons by dogs, says Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine. I happen to possess an engraving of Landseer's "Member of the Humane Society." Oscar would contemplate it for hours, and study the pose in the mirror. One day two little children were playing alone on St. Andrew's pier, and I was sketching the ruins at a short distance, Oscar running about on the pier. I happened to look up and saw Oscar, as if inadvertently, but quite deliberately, back one of the children (Johnny Chisholm by name) into the water, which is there very deep. The animal then gave three loud howls to attract attention. He had been taught to give "three cheers for Mr. Gladstone," jumped into the water, rescued the child, and carried him "quite safe, but very wet," to the local photographer, obviously that this deed might be commemorated by art. Nobody saw the beginning of this tragedy except myself.

Oscar, when brought home, deliberately rapped out "Humane Society" with his tail on the floor, but, much as I appreciated his intelligence, I could not, in common honesty, give him a testimonial. This proved on his mind; he accompanied a party to the top of St. Rule's tower, and deliberately leaped from the top, being dashed to pieces at the feet of an eminent divine whose works he had often, but unsuccessfully, endeavored me to review in an unfavorable sense. His plan was to bring the book, lay it at my feet, and return with the carrying knife in his mouth.

INTERESTING CHILDREN.

Youngsters of Oriental Ministers at Washington Never Heard of Christmas Before Coming Here.

There are in the foreign colony in Washington quite a number of children who never heard of Christmas until they came to the land of the free, says the Washington Times. Among them are the two sons and the daughter of the Chinese minister, the youngsters of the Korean legation, and Osman Sureya and Ali Haidas, the black-eyed little sons of Chekib Bey, the Turkish minister. When Wu Ting-fang was Chinese minister he adopted the American Christmas to the extent that his young son was allowed to go to the white house each Christmas morning with a bouquet almost as large as himself designed as a token for the first lady of the land. In the Chinese colony are several children who have been enjoying an American Christmas for some years past. These fortunate youngsters are the children of Yung Kwai, the secretary-interpreter, whose wife is a New England woman.

No stranger or more intefeatling will has ever been made than that by which Joseph H. Lewis of Hoboken, N. J., left the larger share of his money to the United States to be used toward the payment of the national debt. He was 87 years old and lived alone with an old housekeeper. He was born of English parents on the island of Jamaica, but came to this country when only a small boy. He enlisted in the war of 1812 and forever after was the staunchest of patriots. By trade he was an engraver and had a little shop near Trinity church, where many of the fashionable wedding cards were engraved, as were the door plates of the rich. In that day the door plate was a most important adjunct to the front of a house, and Lewis did a thriving trade in engraving them.

Though he retired from business at an early date, his competence was so invested during the remainder of the years of his long life that at his death his estate was valued at over \$1,000,000. He had many plans for the final distribution of his fortune, but none of them pleased him as did the idea of leaving it to his country. He often told his friends that he had made his money in this country and all that he was owed to the United States. For that reason he wished to repay his indebtedness as best he could. With the exception of a few small bequests the entire fortune of this patriotic man was turned over to the United States government.

Called the Turn.

The elderly maiden had recently inherited a 640-acre farm.

Later a man from an adjoining village appeared upon the scene.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked. "I love you with my whole heart."

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the giddy old girl.—Chicago Daily News.



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