

JOSEPH H. CHOATE'S NEW AND HARD JOB

For the American Ambassador to England Really Has to Work—He Also Has to Spend More Than His Salary.

[LONDON LETTER.]

One or two bows to the Queen, a public dinner or two, an occasional hobnobbing with Lord Salisbury and an occasional communication to the Secretary of State—that to the minds of many persons is the chief end of the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James'; and they picture Joseph Hodges Choate as crowning his long years of hard work with a nice little period of recreation in London.

And you couldn't get much further from the truth. Mr. Choate has about as hard a job ahead of him as he had when he came to New York to make his fortune, with nothing but a letter from Rufus Choate to William M. Everts as a starter.

More calls are made upon the American Ambassador in London than upon all the other Ambassadors here put together, and a large proportion of these calls he has to attend to in person. The chief reason for this extraordinary demand on his time is that the average American citizen who comes along feels called upon to drop in at the Embassy and see how his country's business is being done there. The chances are that he is a little homesick and wants to set foot again on American soil. He may not have anything in particular to say, but he just wants to shake hands with the representative of the stars and stripes. And so for five or six months in each year there is a constant succession of callers at the Embassy, whereas the ordinary French or German citizen who happens to be in London would think no more of calling on his Ambassador except on business than one would think of offering to shake hands with Kaiser Wilhelm.

"Busted" Americans.

Sad to say, a fair proportion of the visiting Americans have about them, as an employee of the Embassy put it, "the outward and visible sign of an inward want of money"—unlucky folk who have received from home checks on some American bank instead of sterling drafts on London which should have been sent, and who want to know if the Ambassador won't please cash those checks; women whose husbands have left them penniless, travelers who haven't even enough money to cable home for funds, and citizens who have been robbed.

Usually the visitor of this sort says he wants to see the Ambassador on business of a private nature, but he

usually come from the victims of scalawags, who make a business of discovering vast estates and wringing money out of imagined heirs across the Atlantic. The nuisance became so great a while ago that the Embassy collected evidence against some of these solicitors and made an example of them, but the mythical estate and the hungry heirs seem to be about as plentiful as ever. Most of the victims kindly offer the Ambassador a commission on the sums he shall recover for them, but this fact does not add materially to the allurements of the office.

Duty Dinners.

As in calls, so in invitations to public functions. The American Ambassador gets more than all the other foreign representatives here put together. This was almost as much so when

for both sides, says the New York Times. Mrs. Spiller, her son, and daughter agreed to leave the house, and Mrs. Crichton accepted the deductions made from their bill by her boarders, which were: Fifteen cents because potatoes were served cold, 5 cents because cabbage was a vegetable that the family failed to relish, 20 cents because one slice of steak was not eaten, and \$1 because the Spillers dined out. Neither the magistrate at the Yorkville court nor his colleague at the West side court was therefore called upon to decide the merits of the case. The doors of the boarding house were freely opened yesterday to the Spiller family, who packed up and transferred themselves to the Hotel Buckingham.

WHAT LONDON DRINKS.

Half as Much Beer as Water is Consumed.

Some curious particulars are given in the Home Magazine concerning what London drinks every year. No less



THE RECEPTION ROOM.

we had only a Minister here, and in those days the minister had to be chary about his acceptances, for as a diplomat of the second rank he often had to give precedence to the Minister from Guatemala or some other absurd little power scarcely larger than Rhode Island, if that Minister happened to be his senior by virtue of a prior presentation. Robert T. Lincoln was the last representative of the United States to be humiliated in that manner.

If our representative made a speech at every banquet to which he was invited he would have to be eloquent afresh nearly every night in the year; chambers of commerce, city companies, and all sorts of public bodies, want him, and think the friendship of the two nations is somewhat impaired if he doesn't come. And there is one dinner neglect of which really would cause a breach—that is the dinner always given by the British Foreign Minister on the Queen's birthday. It is also his bounden duty to attend all

than 275,000,000 gallons of water find their way annually down the throats of Londoners. But Londoners don't drink of water only. The beer consumed amounts to 153,000,000 gallons every year—a quantity which is placed in four and one-half gallon casks and to end would make a line long enough to go more than a third of the way round the equator. If this beer were put into a colossal barrel, 100 yards in diameter, the top of our barrel (if cylindrical) would be on a level with the top of Nelson's hat, if the Nelson column were perched on the top of the monument, while 150 lifeguardsmen could not join hands around its base. In fact, our sea of beer would float the entire fleet of the United States, and would allow a distribution of almost a pint to every man, woman, and child in the world. Of neat spirits London demands about 4,400,000 gallons a year, or sufficient bottles (26,400,000), if placed five feet apart, to throw a spirituous girdle round the earth at the equator. If we add water or aerated waters in the ratio of two to one, who have diluted spirits sufficient to allow ten gills to every man, woman and child in the united kingdom. But we are still far from exhausting London's drinking capacity. Our tea drinkers are an army of millions, and call for 25,000,000 pounds of tea, which, when reduced to liquid constituency, means something like 1,250,000,000 pints, or nearly a pint for every inhabitant of the world. Our teapot, if properly shaped, would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's cathedral, for it contains over 928,000 cubic yards. To convey the coffee beans for London's

yearly consumption would require a train half a mile long for a burden of nearly 1,370 tons; and the canister would be 14 yards in diameter, and as high as the monument. Of aerated waters London drinks 50,000,000 gallons every year.

Success in Literature.

The style of a writer is the faithful production of his mind; therefore, if any man wishes to write a clear style, let him first be clear in his thoughts; and if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul and live a noble life.

Very few of our recent young poets write good prose. This is very easily explained. To write good prose one must have something to say, but he who has nothing to say can still twirl verses and find rhymes, where one word suggests the other, and at last something comes out, which in fact is nothing, but which looks as if it were something.

Itemized Board Bill.

The controversy between Mrs. Crichton and her boarder, Mrs. R. S. Spiller, at 54 West Fifty-first street, which assumed such a critical aspect on Monday and led to each procuring a summons against the other in different courts, was compromised yesterday after a consultation between counsel

AN ACTER'S RUSE.

What is my particular forte? Low comedy, sir, though if any one had told me that I'd make a hit in that line when I first went upon the stage I'd have felt much insulted.

It doesn't make much difference now what my aspirations were years ago; still, the shades of Hamlet haunted my dreams then, and I was possessed to shine as Romeo. Humph! The manager cast me for a second gravedigger in the first and Gregory in the second. How well I carried the parts out I can't tell; I know I was never invited to do the melancholy Dane; neither was I ever asked to clasp a fair Juliet in the dim-lighted chamber of the Capulets.

I became reconciled to disappointment after awhile, and, after struggling through the lesser characters, I finally was given the position of leading low comedian in the stock company. Perhaps you'd take me for anything but a low comedian. How fairly well I do the business the bills tell that.

In the year of 1860 I was playing in a stock company in New Orleans, and the city was wild with rumors of the dawning conflict. As the company was comprised of a number of northern people, many vacancies were created by the deserters who hastened homeward. The first to leave was our leading man, and the manager was anxious to secure a competent successor, who soon presented himself in the shape of a fine Texan, of much reputation among the ranks of amateurs. He was a tall, well-built chap of 21 or 22, possessing one of those peculiar voices, such as Hal Taggart's—not ranty, strong, but plain, distinct and pleasant; in all, well qualified for the rendering of juvenile leading parts.

I took to the youngster from the start, for I plainly saw that he was one of those talented chaps who, if they fall into judicious hands, can be made much of—as well as spoiled, if they come in contact with old staggers.

For some time back I had noticed that the heavy man had been smitten with the charms of our leading lady. I also saw that she did not favor him in the slightest. When her part made it necessary for her to come in contact with him I saw a shrinking as of more than feigned disgust, and off the stage she treated him pretty much the same as on—with scorn and loathing.

Well, a short time after the new leading man came there sprang up between him and the heavy man an enemy. I was standing in the wings one night waiting for my cue while we were playing one of those good, old-fashioned melodramas; lover had a secret foe who is endeavoring to win the good graces, fortune and hand of the fair one, and all that sort, by underhanded ways. Discovery of the false friend and secret foe follows and the usual duel takes place. Of course the traitorous foe falls, and the curtain drops while the victor clasps the fair one to his breast.

I was waiting for my cue, I said. The handsome young leading man was



CRACK OF PISTOLS FOLLOWED.

bending over the leading lady, his hand searching for hers, her face against his. I was watching all this and I saw it was more than stage love. It was the genuine, pure article. It was my business to rush in just then and thus cause a great deal of commotion. I heard a muttered "Curse him!" I turned quickly; it came from the lips of the heavy man, who was standing at my elbow. Such a look of fiendishness upon a human face I never before saw, and as his was ugly by nature without the added features of the makeup, he looked indeed like a devil.

The play passed off smoothly, as usual; the hero and traitor met, the duel took place and the regular denouement followed amid the applause of an appreciative and satisfied audience.

I kept my eyes open after that, for I knew there was something in the wind destined, if possible, to work wrong against the young leading man, who by this time had become a prime favorite among the members of the stock company—the heavy man excepted.

About a week after I had witnessed the villain's rage, happening to pass by his dressing room door, I heard a muffled, clinking sound, as of some metallic substance coming in contact with the like. I drew nearer, placed my eye to the keyhole and peeped through. The man was seated within range of my vision, upon a trunk, a pistol between his knees, and he was ramming a bullet into the barrel.

It was all as plain as day. The fiend was preparing to murder the handsome young leading man. He would meet his would-be victim in the duel scene, kill him and escape the penalty of the law by advancing the plea that he never dreamed that the pistol was loaded. I was thunder-struck. I knew the fellow was a morose person, a man of strong dis-

likes and few likes, but I did not think him capable of such a dastardly deed as he contemplated. Thank heaven! I had witnessed the little scene behind closed doors.

Hearing his call from the call-boy, I withdrew behind some packing trunks and soon heard him treading the boards above. I knew that he would remain on some time, so I went into his dressing room and quickly withdrew the bullet from the pistol. Then I went to my post above and found the play progressing smoothly as usual.

I never saw the leading man do as well; as for the leading lady, she was accepting his love with word, glance and sweet gestures which told plainly that she was in earnest. He was making real love to her; yes, sir, such love as you do sometimes see on the boards. We old staggers can tell the difference between downright love and the make-believe article every time.

When the rivals met in the duel scene, I can assure you I was more than an anxious spectator. He, the hero, met the muzzle of the rival with the same cool demeanor as hitherto. I wondered would he appear as cool, as brave, had he known of the scene behind the doors.

The face of the villain was a perfect picture of hellish ferocity, and I never before knew how much of a man's evil nature could be depicted upon his features. The word was given to fire. The sharp crack of the pistols followed and the smoke passed up into the flies.

Ah! The villain had forgotten his fall. He started quickly forward and gazed upon his rival's smiling face. Then a painful silence followed, as there always does when a break mars the play. The leading man whispered in an undertone:

"Fall, man! Why don't you fall?"

But the villain had no ear for hearing; he had expected to see the blood-stained corpse of his hated rival stretched before him—and now he stood there still alive and breathing.

With a loud oath which could be heard in every part of the house, the defeated villain sprang by his rival, dashed through the little crowd of stage people who had gathered in the wings and plunged through an open window, falling with a sickening sound upon the pavement below.

Of course this was all a deep mystery to every one but myself. The curtain dropped and surrounded by my companions I told the whole story.

I could see the leading lady clasp the young fellow's arm tightly when I told how I had balked the villain—I now a broken, senseless mass of flesh and bones. I stayed with the company long enough to see the young people happily wedded. This ring, a pure diamond of the first water, was presented to me by the bridegroom for my taking, for the once and only time in all my life, the leading part in a tragedy.—Exchange.

SURPRISED BARBER.

Who Had Reasons for Not Talking About Dandruff.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Wearing wigs has not gone out of style by any means," said a New Orleans barber who has an eye for the oddities of the trade. "The only reason why we don't notice so many of them is that they are made a great deal better than they used to be. Why, even the barbers get fooled now and then, and when the customer neglects to warn them some funny things happen. The other day a gentleman came into the shop to get shaved. The barber finished the job without noticing anything unusual, and as he laid aside the razor he sprang the usual chestnut: 'I notice a good deal of dandruff is accumulating on your scalp,' he said, 'and if you don't look out you'll begin to get bald.' That seemed to tickle the customer and he grinned from ear to ear. 'Oh! I guess I've got hair enough to last for a while,' says he, still grinning. 'You have plenty now,' says the barber, 'but with all that dandruff it will soon commence to thin out. Better let me give you a nice shampoo.' As he spoke he ran his hands through the gentleman's hair and gave it two or three hard rubs, and upon my word the whole thing came off just as if he had been scalped. All he had left was a fringe over his ears and around the back of his neck. The poor man yelled murder and the barber stood there paralyzed, holding the wig in his hands and his eyes sticking out like hat pegs. He told me afterward he was never so scared in his life. Since then he hasn't said a word about dandruff."

An Opera for the Queen.

With reference to the bequest made to the corporation eighteen years ago by a certain Sig. Favale, says the London City Press, it seems that, in addition to the money left to form marriage portions for city maidens, the signor bequeathed to her majesty his unpublished tragic opera in three acts, entitled "Elzira." His last request was that her majesty should command its representation, and that the proceeds should be devoted to the poor of London. That opera is still preserved in the archives, but up to the present no step has been taken to insure its production. Perhaps one day we shall see it given in the theater the Guildhall School of Music now possesses.

Ready to Relent.

The Rev. M. Goodley—And do you, love your neighbor as yourself? Mrs. Scroggs—Well, I can't say that I do, but I'd be willing to try if she'd return that last pound of coffee she borrowed from us.

Poverty is no disgrace, but it is seldom used as a testimonial of ability.

"Out of Sight Out of Mind."

In other months we forget the harsh winds of Spring. But they have their use, as some say, to blow out the bad air accumulated after Winter storms and Spring thaws. There is far more important accumulation of badness in the veins and arteries of humanity, which needs Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great Spring Medicine clarifies the blood as nothing else can. It cures scrofula, kidney disease, liver troubles, rheumatism and kindred ailments. Thus it gives perfect health, strength and appetite for months to come.

Kidneys—"My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla which gave prompt relief, better appetite. My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also." MICHAEL BOYLE, 3473 Denny Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Dyspepsia—"Complicated with liver and kidney trouble, I suffered for years with dyspepsia, with severe pains. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and hearty." J. B. EMERTON, Main Street, Auburn, Me.

Hip Disease—"Five running sores on my hip caused me to use crutches. Was confined to bed every winter. Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my life, as it cured me perfectly. Am strong and well." ANNIE ROBERT, 49 Fourth St., Fall River, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He—So you visited Pompeii? She—Oh, yes. He—How did you like it? She—Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course it was beautifully located and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair.—Tib-Bits.

A coroner's jury in a rural district of Georgia returned the following verdict: "That the deceased came to his death by tryin' to light his pipe with an electric light, which can't be done successfully."

MRS. COOPER.

The Most Famous Sculptress in the World, Entirely Cared by Pe-ru-na.

Mrs. M. C. Cooper of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, England, is undoubtedly one of the greatest living sculptors. She has modeled busts of half the nobility of England, and is now in Washington making busts of distinguished Americans. Mrs. Cooper has just completed a bust of Mrs. Belva Lockwood, which is now in the



Mrs. M. C. Cooper.

Corcoran Art Gallery. Ruskin, the great artist, placed Mrs. Cooper as one of the greatest sculptors and painters of this century. Mrs. Cooper is an ardent friend of Pe-ru-na and in a letter dated January 26, written from Washington, says the following: "I take pleasure in recommending Pe-ru-na for catarrh and la grippe. I have suffered for months and after the use of one bottle of Pe-ru-na am entirely well."—Mrs. M. C. Cooper.

Send for a free book on catarrh entitled "Health and Beauty." This book is written especially for women, and will be found to be of great value to every woman. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Don't put your left stocking or shoe on first when dressing in the morning or you will put your foot in it some way during the day.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Coat.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint ask for the Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to give this year's best gift to you. It is a Pommel Slicker. It is made of the finest material and is guaranteed to keep you and your horse dry in the hardest storms. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.