STRICTLY LIMITED.

Said the Author to the Publisher: "I've here a
little book—
I wrote it in the moments of my leisure.
It's not for me to say, but if you'd give the
thing a look
And tell me—," Said the Publisher: "With
pleasure."

Said his Reader to the Publisher: "This book
we've talked about
Is much too esoteric and too subtle.
I can't see what it means at all, and if you
bring it out
I leave you." Said the Publisher: "Then
scuttle!"

"Dear Author," wrote the Publisher, "it's
much as I supposed
Your book's the thing I've long been wanting.
Merely,
If you like the terms it offers, sign the docu-
ment inclosed,
And return it to me. I am, yours sincerely."

Said the Author to the Lady: "I'm getting on,
I am.
My little work, 'The Pig: in Health and
Sickness,'
Will appear soon after Christmas with the daf-
fodil and lamb
Crown octavo, and about the usual thick-
ness."

Said the Lady to the Author: "Yes, but will
they pay you well?"
"Ah!" he answered, "it's a generous agree-
ment.
They give me three-and-six for every copy
that they sell."
"Well, there—" she said. Her blushes
showed what she meant.

"The Pig: in Health and Sickness," its adver-
tisements did run,
By the Author of "Prescriptions for the
Portly."
One edition of one copy, strictly limited to one.
Price three hundred pounds and sixpence—
very shortly.

The book was promptly bought by some col-
lecting millionaire;
The Autor said the whole concern was
shady,
But—being chiefly author—merely sat and tore
his hair;
And the Publisher—got married to the Lady
—Black and White.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

BY GEORGE THOMAS DOWLING, D. D.

It might almost seem that the following sketch illustrating the singular experiences which sometimes occur to those traveling through a foreign country could scarcely be true. It is, however, an accurate statement of facts, and can be verified, if anyone should so desire, by communicating with any member of the party referred to.

There were about forty of us American tourists, in 1892, under the conduct of Prof. Armand de Potter, returning together from the North cape and stopping for a little time in Denmark. The day approached for us to leave Copenhagen for Stockholm, on our way to St. Petersburg; and, as our conductor thought it wise, we concluded to charter a train, which happened to be what is known abroad as first class. We had learned that we could thereby secure considerable increase of comfort, with comparative small increase of expense. But how little we dreamed of the experiences which were to follow!

As our line of carriages rolled from the hotel to the station, most of us were too much engaged with the prospects of the journey to note the attentive gaze of the passing pedestrians, or the stare of the curious groups gathered about the depot.

Soon we were on the cars and had settled ourselves comfortably in our various compartments for an all-day's quiet ride in the midst of Swedish scenery. About an hour passed away and the whistle blew. We were nearing a station.

"Good gracious, what a crowd!" exclaimed one of the party, as he pulled his head in from the window, and popped it out again.

Immediately forty heads were thrust out from forty windows, more or less, and forty people, mentally or aloud exclaimed: "Good gracious!"

The platform was literally packed, and we asked ourselves: "Why this throng, since no passengers are to be taken on board, and we are traveling as a party of obscure American tourists?"

When we came to a standstill our amazement was still further increased. The multitude pressed about our windows and soon boarded the train.

"Where is Mr. Vanderbilt?" some one asked.

We answered that we had not seen him.

"Well, may I see Mr. Sandford?"

"Which Mr. Sandford?"

"Mr. Sandford, of California; the railroad man."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Stanford?"

"Yes, he's the one; I want to see him."

We told the gentleman that we did not think he could see him, since we had never seen him ourselves.

Then he edged up to one of us, and, in a confidential whisper, asked: "Which is Jay Gould?"

We told him we didn't know.

Here a spruce young man pressed forward. "Now, see here, gentlemen," he exclaimed, with politeness, but considerable suppressed energy, "I've been sent over here by the journal I represent especially to meet this party of American millionaires, and have an interview. I have driven ten miles this morning, and do not want to return without the accomplishment of my purpose."

A "plain-spoken" tourist from one of our western states could now contain himself no longer. "See here, stranger," he exclaimed, "you'd better come off your perch. You're jagged; that's what's the matter with you. You're talkin' through your hat. What on earth are you dreamin' about, anyhow? Mr. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould and Mr. Stanford, and the rest of 'em! Who told you they were on board?"

"Who told me?" he cried, excitedly—"who told me? Look at that, and see who told me!" and he pulled from his pocket a newspaper, and, pressing his finger against a paragraph, held it up for us to read. As it was in the Scandinavian tongue, and as our education had been neglected in that department, we were none of us much the wiser. So we asked him to interpret it; and he read this statement, which I copied at the time:

"We learn that a company of American millionaires will leave Copenhagen on Tuesday next, in a private train, on their way to Stockholm. After visiting that city they intend to spend some time in Russia. It would be difficult to estimate what the aggregate wealth of those gentlemen would represent."

Here, then, was the cause of this unusual excitement. We were millionaires, and these people had come from all the country roundabout, either on foot or in any conveyance which they could find, that they might feast their eyes on us favored children of fortune. As soon as our financial standing became known to us each one of us, instantly, intuitively and individually, found himself sitting at a window where he could be easily seen.

We were "millionaires," and on exhibition—the observed, and the envied of all observers. We felt we had a reputation to sustain. What though it was a hollow reputation? Perhaps it was no more so than as though some of the real "millionaires" had actually been among us. Besides that, had not Pope declared that:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part—there all the honor lies!"

And we determined to get out of it whatever honor there was in it; for if we did not have the "condition" we could at least act as though we had; and in so doing we would not be compelled to feel so very lonely in this great world, after all. Accordingly, we sat back and tried to appear nonchalant, as though such an experience as that which now presented itself was simply one of the ordinary burdens of our all too prosperous lot. I believe that some of us actually felt wealthy. In fact, we became generous; so that when the whistle blew, and we prepared to steam away, and the boys pressed about the departing train, we took from our pockets some of the smallest coins we could find and tossed them carelessly into their midst. True, this was partly for the fun of seeing them scramble, but also because we felt that, regardless of expense, we must sustain the good reputation of our brethren at home, the other American millionaires, who had been so unfortunate as to have received no invitation to join our select party.

Then the train moved away, and once more we were left to the company of ourselves. But we felt taller. One man remarked that he was really glad to discover himself in the company of so many rich people; that he had, until then, been feeling lonely and ill at ease, but now he felt at home again.

Then the question arose as to how we had come to be discovered. Who put it into the papers? But no one could be found who would confess his guilt. We would make further inquiries on that point at the next station. We wondered whether there would be another crowd of people there, and a number of the ladies began to "prink" that they might look like heiresses. I noticed some of the gentlemen also brushing their hats, and one putting on his kid gloves. I suppose he thought that millionaires wore kid gloves, even when they went to bed. Another, who had been lounging in a disreputable old traveling cap, quietly removed it and sat himself down by the window with his millionaire head adorned with a millionaire-looking stovepipe. He was not again to be taken by surprise, as he had at the first station.

After awhile the whistle blew down brakes, and we knew we were nearing another depot. Out popped forty heads—no, not forty this time; only about twenty. The others evidently realized that it would not comport with the dignity of American representatives of Wall street, to appear frivolous. When their companions exclaimed: "I declare! A bigger crowd than before!" they simply sat back and tried to look bored. I noticed, however, that they carefully retained their seats next the windows. In fact, this for the moment rather nettled me. I deprecated their evident desire for conspicuousness; it rendered it almost impossible for me to get a good seat myself.

Once more the crowd gathered about the windows, and their questions were repeated. But this time it was our turn to ask and theirs to answer.

"How did that article appear in the papers, and who said we were millionaires?"

"Why, that is now public property. Everybody knows it. With the exception of yourselves no one ever yet traveled over this road in a special train except the king and visitors to the royal family."

And this was the cause of our sudden rise to fame. The railroad authorities in Copenhagen had evidently informed some one of their newspaper friends that we had chartered private cars. The newspaper friend had thereupon, with that remarkable instinct for enterprise and accuracy which unfortunately is not confined to the representatives of the American press, informed himself out of the depths of his own consciousness that no one would ever charter special cars except people of special distinction and financial ability. Furthermore, we were Americans, and that settled it; for all foreigners have an idea that an American can never, by any possibility, be hard up. And it is doubtless because of their conviction as to the benefits of such an experience that they do their best to bring us into this condition before we leave them. The author of this startling paragraph, however, evidently did not know us personally or he would have drawn the line somewhere.

Larger and larger grew the crowds as we neared the end of our journey. At one place we were called upon to feel not simply the prerogatives of wealth but its responsibilities. A committee of citizens from a town which they told us was named Nassau waited upon us to inform us that many of their homes had been destroyed by fire, and respectfully to request that during the few minutes we tarried at their station we would subscribe a few thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers. They presented a written petition, regularly drawn up, and addressed to "The American Noblemen" who were traveling through Sweden.

This time we summoned all the courage we had and told the simple truth; for if there is ever a time when a man is ready to lay aside all sham and give the bottom facts concerning his income, it is when he is asked for a subscription. Unhappily, however, they refused to believe us; and by their countenances we could discover, as we steamed away, that they were not only persuaded that we were millionaires, but that we were blindly regardless of how to use our money in the best way.

At last we entered Stockholm, and as, dust covered and weary, we alighted from our "special train," and passed out of the depot into the street, a swarm of two thousand spectators so blocked the passage that the police had to be called upon to conduct us to our carriages.

Our experiences, however, were not yet concluded; indeed, they were scarcely begun. Neither had we reached the limit of the phenomenal growth of our private fortunes.

We had started from Copenhagen, including in our number some commonplace capitalists who were the possessors of a mere million. For each of us, however, this was soon to become an insignificant figure; just enough, perhaps, with which to endow a college or help some poor relation over a tight place, but a mere bagatelle compared with our now rapidly accumulating wealth.

But here we were, for the first time, about to go shopping in the streets of Stockholm, just plain, simple millionaires and nothing more. This was the city where we had understood things would be reasonably cheap; easily within purchasing power of people like ourselves who, while we did not have money to burn, were possessed of a reasonable competence.

But cheap! Why we had nevre entered a town in all our travels where the prices of everything were so enormous. Articles had appeared about us and our fortunes in the city journals, and just as soon as we reached a store, whizz! fizz! the prices rose like a rocket. Every one of us was a marked man among those shopkeepers. And that in "honest Sweden!" We began to appreciate why it was that rich people sometimes became suspicious and what is popularly termed "mean." Most of the millionaires, when they had heard the prices, determined to wait until they should have returned to America; then to purchase the same things, at fifty per cent. less than they could where they were made; a plan which had much to commend it, not only from an economical standpoint, but from a lofty moral predilection as well, inasmuch as they would thereby avoid the necessity of lying to the custom house officers when they reached the wharf.

One firm deputed a clerk to call upon us at our hotel and offer to drive some of us to see the beautiful sights of the city, without expense. Five or six conscienceless capitalists accepted his offer, and, free of cost to themselves, spent the best part of a day in driving round the town and environs. They gracefully accepted, also, his business card when he left them at their hotel. But I happened to see him standing in front of his store on the last day of our sojourn in the city. His hands were in his pockets and there seemed to be plenty of room for them; indeed, there did not appear to be anything else in his pockets but his hands. He bowed to me as I passed, though I was not one who had accepted of his hospitality; but in his deportment there was a grieved and injured air, which led me into wondering how much he was "out" on account of the American millionaires.

When on the next day we bade farewell to Stockholm, we breathed a sigh of relief, that we were once again to be our own real selves; to be dealt with like people who had to count their pennies, and figure up the cost. But how little one can tell of the mysterious ways of Providence!

As we came into Russia we marveled why we were treated with so much deference, and why our baggage at the custom house was scarcely examined at all. But the day following our arrival it was all explained. The authorities had received orders from their superiors to let us alone. But why?

I asked this question of a Russian gentleman. He smiled knowingly, as if he fancied I might be playing him a trick. But he took out of his pocket the St. Petersburg paper, and translated for me into English the following important announcement:

"A party of fifty American millionaires are on their way, with private steamer and cars, to St. Petersburg. The party contains all the millionaires in America except Vanderbilt and Gould. Along the railway in Sweden and Norway they threw away among the people seventy-five thousand rubles."

That, gentle reader, would be equivalent to more than fifty thousand dollars in American gold. And here I rest my pen. Why should I longer seek the paltry dole of a mere "literary feller," since I have become a billionaire?—N. Y. Independent.

Bloodstones.

Almost every jewel has a superstition of some sort attaching to it, and the bloodstone is not wanting in this particular. The story is told of it that at the time of the crucifixion some drops of blood fell on a piece of dark-green jasper that lay at the foot of the cross. The crimson crept through the structure of the stone, and this was the parent of this beautiful stone. The dark-red spots and veins were supposed to represent the blood of Christ, and many wonderful properties were attributed to the stone. It was thought to preserve its wearer from dangers, to bring good fortune and to heal many diseases.—N. Y. Ledger.

Gone to Seed.

Mrs. Wickwire—I really must have a pair of new bloomers.

Mr. Wickwire—What is the matter with the ones you have?

"They hardly have the right to be called bloomers any more; they are too seedy."—Indianapolis Journal.

Why She Was Sorry.

He had been worshiping her for months, but never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late—very late—and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on vacation, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was eleven-thirty by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Melly," he said, tremulously, "I am going away to-morrow."

"Are you?" she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied; "are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured "I thought you might go away this evening."

Then he gazed at the clock wistfully and said good-night. — Philadelphia Times.

The Plan Always Works.

Old Friend—I was surprised to hear that you had married Mr. Saphead.

Mrs. Saphead—Well, he persisted in hanging around me wherever I went, and there wasn't a night that he didn't call and stay until I was 'most tired to death. So I married him to get rid of him.

Old Friend—Humph! Have you got rid of him?

Mrs. S.—Oh, yes, long ago; he has joined two clubs and six lodges.—N. Y. Weekly.

Conveying Also a Moral Lesson.

"Hello, Gagway! I am told you have taken to riding a bicycle."

"I have."

"Like it?"

"Pretty well."

"What's the name of the machine you ride?"

"I call it the 'Total Abstinence.'"

"What do you call it that for?"

"It's my only safety."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

Captain (who is questioning his company on different subjects)—Now, then, Sniffpowder, why should a soldier never lose his head in a battle?

Private Sniffpowder (mistaking the question)—Why, sir, because he wouldn't have no place to stick 'is bloomin' 'at on, sir!—London Chips.

He Obeyed Orders.

The boss told Pat to paint a sign over the shaft politely warning strangers of the danger. Pat thought it out carefully, and then painted on the fence in bright vermillion letters. "Strangers will plaze not fall down the shaft."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Could Sympathize with Her.

Irate Wife (appearing at head of the stairs)—I think it's shameful. Here have I been sitting up till nearly three o'clock! I'm quite dizzy from—

Hubby—Zhat's funny, m'dear. Just shame way—hic—m'shelf!—N. Y. Journal.

He Was Not Sensitive.

Harry — They say that touch is the most exquisite of the whole five senses.

Cholly—I don't know about that, old chap; I touched the guv'nor for fifty dollars last night and he never felt it. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A Disagreeable Combination.

Harry — Cholly says he could get along very comfortably without the rest of the alphabet, if only the I were retained.

Jack — Poor fellow; he's doubtless getting sensitive about having O and U appended to it so often.—Bay City Chat.

A Pretty Mystery.

Just why it is so there is nobody knows,
But its truthfulness none have denied.
The young lady's shoe that is apt to disclose
The dainntest foot and the prettiest hose
Will the oftenest come untied.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

MEDICAL SCIENCE DEFIED.

"Tommy, the doctors is sayin' that kissin' is apt to breed sickness!"

"I know. But we men have to take risks in everything!"—Life.

Accurate as to Time.

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted with old Moneywug?"

"Oh, yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"About three years at ten per cent." —Chicago Record.

Value vs. Beauty.

Husband—Why do you hang those lace curtains straight up and down?

Wife—Why, my dear, if I should draw them back into graceful folds no one would know that they are real.—N. Y. Weekly.

Nothing Is Altogether Useless.

"Do you think, professor," said the musically ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?"

"Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to holler with in case of fire."—Washington Star.

The Old Woman.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children she didn't know
what to do;
Which was due to the fact that she was old
and not new.
—Detroit Tribune.

Not Competent to Report.

"What did your wife say when you got in the other night?"

"What did she say? I don't know. I'm no stenographer."—Town Topics.

THE WISE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

The wisest of my scholars is a gentle little
maiden,
Who looks at life and learning with a pair of
soft blue eyes:
She has an answer ready, with a deal of logic
laden,
And solves all knotty questions and problems as they rise.

We were learning in geography of surface
elevations—
"Can you tell me what relief maps are?" I
asked the little class.
I expected only hanging heads and verbal
hesitations:
But my wisest little scholar couldn't let a
question pass.

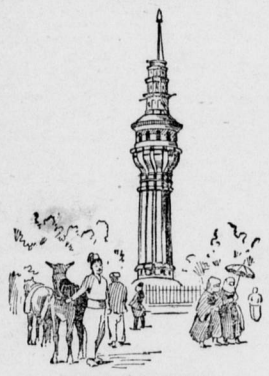
"If you please, sir," said she, joyously—with
pride her cheeks were burning,
To think that she could answer when the
others couldn't do it—
"A relief map is a map you've been a awful
time a-learning.
And you're awful tired of it, and you're so
glad to get th'oo it."
—Louisa H. Bruce, in N. Y. Independent.

THE PECULIAR TURK.

What He Does When a Fire Breaks Out in His Neighborhood.

American boys and girls accustomed to the dash of fire horses through the streets, and the reaching of the burning house or shop in five or ten minutes, only a fair performance of our fire departments, will laugh to hear how the slow-going Turk manages the matter.

In Turkey's most important city, Constantinople, there are no electric fire signals to be rung at almost any street corner, but the fires are watched for from several fire towers that are built in various portions of the city. The one shown in the accompanying picture is in the old part of Constantinople, just inside the gate of Soulamanie, and is a historic one, for it is built on the site of the forum of Constantine the Great, from whose name, as many of you probably know, this beautiful city of the Bosporus is named. Toward the top of this tall, graceful tower a rod or pole projects on each side; these are for the fire signals. On the top of the tower stands, day and night, a watchman, who looks all about on every side for the first sign of a fire. If he sees a suspicious smoke anywhere he at once hangs out on the rods a sort of ball-shaped basket or lantern,



TURKISH FIRE TOWER.

as it is called, one for each district, up to the one where the fire seems to be. The city was built on seven hills, and each hill is a district, so if the fire is in the third district three balls will hang on each side, that all may know where to run for the fire.

The street watchman, whose duty it is to keep his eye often on the tower, soon sees the signal, and if it is in his district he starts on a run to warn the firemen. He has a club, and as he runs he beats on the pavement with it, and cries at the top of his voice: "Yanghin var! Yanghin var!" "There is fire! There is fire!" The first to hear the noise and din are the dogs of the city, and the dogs of Constantinople ought to have a story all by themselves, for they are very prominent. There are ten thousand of them, and the visitors say that it seems as if every dog in the city turned out for every fire. It is certain that almost at once the watchman has a great crowd of dogs yelping and barking at his heels, and this commotion soon arouses the firemen. These are volunteers, not a regular company of trained men as we have, and part of them run to where an old-fashioned hand engine is kept, and get it out and start for the fire with it, and another set of men grab their leather water bags, which they sling over their shoulders as they run, and go to the nearest public fountain to fill them with water. Then they, too, rush to the fire, the engine pipes are attached to the bags, the men begin to pump, and at last, when the fire has had a good half hour's start, some small streams of water are played on it, without, however, as you may guess, very much effect.

At night a colored light is used on the towers, its color showing the district where the fire is. As the districts are large and the firemen have no idea in what part of the district the fire may be, they sometimes race over the most of it, with dogs and people following, before they find the blaze; by that time, perhaps, a good part of the water has leaked out of the bags, which are kept in use when they are old and worn, and little good can be done. It is because their means of fighting fire are so slight and imperfect that the city is often visited by most serious fires, and this is why, too, the most dreadful sound in the streets, particularly at night, is the shrill "Yanghin var!" of the watchman. Many of the wealthier citizens keep on hand large heavy curtains, almost as thick as the Turkish rugs, and of great size, which they hang in front of their houses when a fire is near and seems threatening. This curtain is called kuzkeelim.—N. Y. Times.

He Wants to Know.

Tommy Traddles—Papa, you call that little bit of a tiny wee engine a donkey engine, don't you?

Mr. Traddles—Yes, my boy.

Tommy—Well, papa, won't that donkey engine have to grow a great deal bigger before it can have any horse power?—Harper's Young People.

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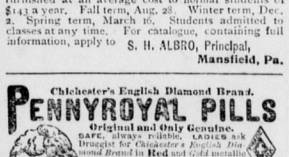

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