

his dark face, "you don't seem to understand. That was a retaining fee, called in law a retainer. By virtue of the contract I also became a retainer. What am I to retain, if not my fee?"

OUR FIRST SULTAN.

I am glad the Sultan of Johore is coming to this country to see the fair. It will give our people a different idea of the rulers of the far east. We imagine them a set of heathens ignoramuses. They are, in fact, generally well educated and are as smart as we are. I visited this sultan during my tour around the world and spent two hours with him in his palace near the Straits of Malacca. He speaks English fluently and he has spent a part of his life in London. He knows most of the London nobility, and has been entertained by the queen. He has a number of pictures of the royal family of England in his palace, and I found that he knew all about America. When he received me he had a lavender silk skirt wound around his waist over his trousers and above this he had on a sack coat of white duck. A turban of brown plush decorated with a great diamond medallion covered his head, and he had a diamond pendant on his breast and diamond rings on all his fingers. He has about ten million dollars' worth of diamonds, and he often wears rings of diamonds and emeralds and diamonds and rubies. He had bracelets of solid gold rope on each of his wrists and his palace was guarded by soldiers in gorgeous uniform. I talked to him somewhat of his travels and he told me that he needed only to go to America to complete his tour of the globe, and the probability is that he will come to New York and go home by San Francisco. He lives just half way around the world from us, and an augur hole might be bored through the earth at a certain angle from the Capitol here at Washington and strike his capitol in Johore. The Sultan is a Mohammedan and his kingdom is a little bigger than Massachusetts. It contains considerable good mineral lands, but its chief products are coffee and gambier, a plant which is used for tanning. The most of the labor is done by the Chinese, and the sultan encourages Chinese immigration in every way. His people are Malays, who will not work. The sultan told me his only hope for the development of his country came from the Chinese.

A NEW STORY OF COLUMBUS.

Speaking of the World's Fair, I heard a new story of Columbus last night. It was one which ex-Senator William M. Evarts told some time ago at a dinner given in Washington by John B. Alley of Massachusetts. Alley was, you know, mixed up in the Credit Mobilier, and he has in different speculations made a great fortune. He has been living in Washington during the winters for some years, and his dinners are famous. Mr. Alley has a very large acquaintance with great men, and he likes to talk about his experiences with them. As the story goes, he frequently indulges in reminiscences at his dinners. During the one at which this incident occurred he had monopolized the conversation. He had told his guests what President Buchanan had asked Mr. Alley and how Mr. Alley had replied to Mr. Buchanan, of how Abraham Lincoln had greeted Alley on a certain occasion and how Salmon B. Chase had advised with him

on another. As Alley told his last story, his eye caught a queer smile playing around the wrinkled lips of Senator Evarts, and he asked him if he had not something to say. Senator Evarts replied: "I have been thinking while you have been speaking, Mr. Alley, of one of the most stirring incidents in our history. It was when Columbus was on his way to the discovery of America. You remember the anxiety of the great discoverer as the time arrived when he had calculated he should arrive on the shores of the new country. Morning after morning he appeared early on the deck, straining his eyes in looking toward the west. At last one day as he gazed through his glass his face was seen to shine with surprise. He looked long and earnestly and finally handed the glass to his most intimate friend at his side, exclaimed: "There, Alley, thank God, there is land at last!" Embrace me, Alley; our fortunes are made!" The teller of this story does not give the response of Mr. Alley.

HOW MAJ. POND LOST A FORTUNE.

Maj. J. P. Pond has been in Washington this week. He is one of the brightest lecture managers of the United States, and he has made fortunes for a number of people, he made \$100,000 for Stanley, and nearly as much for George Kennan. He made a nice thing for Bill Nye, and he made \$7,500 last year for Thomas Nelson Page. Peary's lecture business brought \$12,000 in four months to the arctic explorer, and Max O'Rell has made several brick houses through Pond. He would make a success at any business. He has a giant frame, every cubic inch of which is packed with energy, and his brain never stops. He seldom makes a mistake in a lecture, though he has in his lifetime, once or twice, made a mistake in business. The chief event of this kind to him was in connection with Telephone Bell. Bell had invented the telephone, but he did not see that its great value was to be in the carrying on of conversation at a distance. He wanted to lecture on the invention, and he came to Pond and asked him to manage it. The major looked at him and was skeptical. He refused to undertake the job, but he said: "Mr. Bell, you are making a great mistake in wasting your time in lecturing on that invention. If it is all you claim for it, and I think it is, it ought to be used by business houses in carrying on conversations with their customers or by connecting different branches of the same manufactory." Bell went away. He came back a few days later and asked the major to organize a company and push the telephone on the plan he had suggested. Maj. Pond was inclined to do so, but he had a partner at this time, and his partner objected to the scheme as being outside the lecture business. The result was the matter was dropped. Bell got another manager and made millions. Had Pond gone in with him he would undoubtedly have been one of the richest men in the United States today.

PEARY AND HIS TRIP.

Speaking of Peary, by the way, he will hardly be back before a couple of years, but when he comes he will undoubtedly go back on the platform. He is an indefatigable worker, and there is no man in the country who can do so much on so little weight. He don't

weigh more than 150 pounds, and he is tall, lean and wiry. He lectured twice a day during the whole four months, taking, as a rule, one-night stands, and going as far west as Denver and north to St. Paul. His expenses on his lecture tour were heavy, and the season cost him he told me, something like \$12,000. As soon as it was over he plunged into work at Washington, and he kept a typewriter busy up to the time that he started north. He took his typewriter along with him, and she will come back with Mrs. Peary. I met her just as she was about to start. She told me her trip to Greenland and return would take three months, and that she anticipated a very pleasant summer tour out of it.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, JULY 29, 1893.—The vastness of London's population is less felt in its impressiveness from meeting it face to face in London thoroughfares than from even the still inadequate comprehension secure through seeing some of its component parts in its various holiday resorts for summer outings. In the first instance, if one could severally confront its four or five million inhabitants along its seven thousand miles of streets, the monotony of the experience would detract from just perception of its tremendous import. But when you might pass an entire month, indeed perhaps an entire summer, without being able to visit, with the most careful disposition of time, any large proportion of its immediate resorts, finding at each outing crowds numbering from hundreds to almost hundreds of thousands, the immensity or the totality of those who are "outers" and those who are not, begins to dawn upon the observant mind.

There are more than one hundred populous resorts, from thirty minutes to two and a half hours' distance from the Strand, beginning at Bournemouth and following the south coast, with a circle of the Isle of Wight to the east coast, including those of the north and south shores of the lower Thames, and thence up along the Channel to Great Yarmouth. On every pleasant Saturday half holiday, on sunny Sundays and on Bank holiday and other full summer holidays every one of these places is thronged. The rich, the well-to-do idlers and the families of comfortable tradesmen are found in these. I believe a quarter of a million of "outers" of all classes are at the same time afloat upon or lounging beside the Thames, from Margate to Windsor.

As an experiment in seeing London outing crowds, in one day's travel I found perhaps 30,000 people in Greenwich Park; as many more at Brighton; at least 10,000 overflowing Royal Kew Gardens; fully 40,000 in Hyde Park, where it seemed that all the open air speakers of England were haranguing crowds upon every conceivable social, political and religious subject; from 40,000 to 50,000 on and about Hampstead Heath; and from 100,000 to 150,000 disporting themselves in the sun and shade of ancient Epping Forest. On this one day I secured at least glimpses of crowds that in all forms of holiday making must have numbered more than three quarters of a million souls.

Unquestionably the two greatest resorts for the London middle classes and