

WHIMS OF RICH MEN.

Various Vagaries of Several Noted Millionaires of This Country.

John Jacob Astor the Earliest and 'Old Hutch' the Latest.

The Latter Starts a Restaurant Because Pie Was Too High.

Something About Stephen Girard and His Unselfish Patriotism.

Money is always a fascinating subject. The poorer a reader is, as a rule, the more greedily does he devour the stories of how immense fortunes were made; with the keener zest does he hear of the eccentricities of the newly rich; how Astor decked with an Indian for a coonskin and turned a widow out of her home for a few shillings; how Girard picked the old nails out of goods boxes, and how "Old Hutch" compelled a guest to eat eggs instead of beefsteak.

One hundred and twelve years ago, says the New York Advertiser, a lad of seventeen sat under a tree in Baden, Germany, and tearfully took a last look at his native village. He had not been happy there, but one does not leave his native place until he has seen it. Three years later he was toiling in the store of Robert Bowne, Quaker merchant and furrier, of this city. Two years afterward he was a shipowner and China trader. In 1815 he was the richest man in North

America, and today the four families descended from him are worth, by their own account, \$24,000,000. He never had a childhood, as childhood goes among American children. Never, in all the fourteen years between his baptism and confirmation—in the Lutheran church—did he have one smiling to spend as he pleased, and many a time did his poor, patient German mother toil till midnight that he might have a morsel of bread when he went to his work at daybreak. Yet he lived to endure seven years of absolute "second childhood," when he was tossed in a blanket as his only exercise, and his last business transaction was to order the eviction for non-payment of a woman much older and quite as poor as his mother had been.

Let there be much good in John Jacob Astor. He loved his own people with a true German intensity, and there never was one of the name of Astor who wanted for aught after he got able to give relief. He had an absorbing passion for music, and could forget every care in looking at a dramatic representation. He possessed an almost superstitious reverence for books and authors, and the only two men whose views he never crossed and whose advice he followed implicitly were Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck. To them the city of New York probably owes the great Astor library. His father was a ne'er-do-well, a butcher and a jack of all trades in Waldorf, Germany, and the family was so miserably poor that the four boys could not be apprenticed, and had to leave home as soon as able to maintain themselves. So it is not to be wondered at that in thirty years of desperate struggle against poverty John Jacob Astor led the faculty of being generous. When he had become a millionaire, a bank clerk, fresh in the business and ignorant of his duties, he expressed some doubts about his "paper."

The days when the empire was at its greatest owned 944 houses and shops. The Astors have the oldest large fortune in the United States, and "Old Hutch" probably has the newest, though he is worth only a little matter of \$2,000,000 or so. In fact, he would be worth mentioning in times like these but for his eccentricities. The world outside of Chicago knew very little of him until he organized the great "squeeze" in wheat in the fall of 1888. It was then detected that some fifty years before he was an overworked and not very well fed boy on a stony Massachusetts farm; that he "skipped" to a better country, and became a business man, and soon after into total bankruptcy, not paying three cents on the dollar.



D. P. HUTCHINSON.

For some weeks he was a "lost Dauphin" and a "Tascott" both in one. About in the morning the next in New Orleans, the next in Boston or Montreal, and finally in Paris. Meantime his son settled his affairs, and it turned out that he was long the boss of one of the best Shakespearean scholars in the country, and his views on latter-day poets are well worth hearing. He asked the fur trader:

"And what do you think I am worth?" "You are even a bigger fool than I took you for, to work as you do."

On another occasion he refused to pay for a chronometer which his favorite sea captain had ordered for his voyage to China. The captain got indignant and resigned, whereupon a rival firm at once employed him and started him for China on the next ship on the regular charter. He outran Mr. Astor's ship and got back with a big cargo of iron in time to truck and sell it. John Jacob lost the entire profit of a voyage, about \$17,000. He quietly walked down to the office and re-engage the old captain, but never offered a word of apology. The same captain saved him \$700,000 by seizing property in China which he had "diaried," as they say in maritime law, in consequence of the sudden death of Mr. Astor. The captain was not in his employ at the time.

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SIAM'S POTENTATE.

How One Monarch Manages to Take Life Very Coolly.

He Imitates McGinty, and His Wives Go With Him.

An Idea That Should Be Adopted by American Millionaires.

Then Sours Mer Receptions Would Become the Ultra Fashionable Fad.

The young king of Siam, it appears, is a man of excellent sense. For a monarch, with several hundred wives, he takes life easily. Besides the wives the king has much more of everything than his heart desires. He is "Lord of a Thousand Elephants," for example. But what can any one do with a thousand elephants? If the king owned a circus he might get along with fifty elephants, and then he would really have the greatest show in Siam. But a thousand elephants! Why, good gracious! you would think they eat him out of house and home. And so they would but that the king has more money than he knows how to spend.

And he need not spend any of it. That he does not is a matter of course. If he sees anything he wants he can send some high official to the owner of it, and ask him to give it to him. He has much dignity that His Unspeaking Serenity has decided to honor Mr. Tunamackah, by appropriating his relative or his chateau or his horses, and Mr. Tunamackah, with a joy that descends to generations, kisses the dust of the king's feet, and the king wants done up in blue ribbon and flowers.

Now, the only thing that has vexed the king is the hot weather. The climate of Bangkok, his capital, Bangkok has a steaming, cooking climate, a climate of a higher rank than a few of the best Shakespearean scholars in the country, and his views on latter-day poets are well worth hearing. He asked the fur trader:

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ON MONDAY, JULY 18th,

We make our final and deepest cut on our stock of Fine Tailor-Made Clothing—Until August 1st.

The prices we shall make during the next two weeks will certainly be a great inducement to those who have not already bought their Summer Clothing.

NOTICE THE FOLLOWING LIST OF PRICES:

- All \$25.00 Business Suits Reduced to \$20.00.
\$20.00 Business Suits Reduced to \$16.50.
\$15.00 Business Suits Reduced to \$12.50.
\$12.00 Business Suits Reduced to \$10.00.
\$2.50 and \$3.00 Negligee Shirts Reduced to \$2.00.

Another Big Cut in Our STRAW HATS.

Our entire stock reduced to two prices—50 cents and \$1.00.

In this sale you get our 75-cents and \$1.00 Hats for 50 cents.

Our \$1.50 and \$2.00 Straw Hats for \$1.00.

STAR WASTS, Worth 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.25, Reduced to 50 cents.

BROWNING, KING & CO.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE KING OF SIAM IN HIS SUBMERGED PAVILION.



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ance of Bangkok. It is the Venice of the East. The city lies on both sides of the River Menam. About twenty miles from the mouth of the river, branching out from the stream, are a great number of canals, upon which the dwellings and public buildings are built. The houses, constructed of wood, as in most Eastern cities, stand upon wooden supports, and the water is used to support these supports at night makes a unique and pleasurable sensation. It is as though you were on a boat, on a gently moving river, for the city is as silent as a necropolis, and there are no sounds, no clanking of street car bells, no hideous shouting of street peddlers to break the spell. Farther down the river you see tier upon tier of floating houses moored to this bank, which a large part of the population of 200,000 dwell.

But that part of Bangkok which interests the tourist most is the section set apart for the king. The palace is enclosed in high, white walls which are a mile in circumference. Within them are temples, public offices, seraglios, stables for the sacred elephant, accommodations for 1,000 troops, cavalry, artillery, and a great many other things. The palace of the king is equipped in true Oriental magnificence. Hanging from the ceiling are tapestry and mats of woven silver, gold and other materials. The king's present majesty is a luxurious fellow—had lately erected a structure of white marble like does not exist in the world. In summer Bangkok is a sweet-room, the hot sunbathers in Turkish baths, summer is nothing to it, and any contrivance to escape from the heat is eagerly entertained.

SIAM'S POTENTATE.

How One Monarch Manages to Take Life Very Coolly.

He Imitates McGinty, and His Wives Go With Him.

An Idea That Should Be Adopted by American Millionaires.

Then Sours Mer Receptions Would Become the Ultra Fashionable Fad.

The young king of Siam, it appears, is a man of excellent sense. For a monarch, with several hundred wives, he takes life easily. Besides the wives the king has much more of everything than his heart desires. He is "Lord of a Thousand Elephants," for example. But what can any one do with a thousand elephants? If the king owned a circus he might get along with fifty elephants, and then he would really have the greatest show in Siam. But a thousand elephants! Why, good gracious! you would think they eat him out of house and home. And so they would but that the king has more money than he knows how to spend.

And he need not spend any of it. That he does not is a matter of course. If he sees anything he wants he can send some high official to the owner of it, and ask him to give it to him. He has much dignity that His Unspeaking Serenity has decided to honor Mr. Tunamackah, by appropriating his relative or his chateau or his horses, and Mr. Tunamackah, with a joy that descends to generations, kisses the dust of the king's feet,