

BIGGEST OF ITS KIND.

PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900 TO BE A MONSTER.

Definite Plans Have Been Decided Upon—Cost Will Be \$20,000,000 and It Will Be the Greatest Thing in World's Fairs Ever Attempted.

Both Sides of the Seine. The French Government has now decided on a definite plan for the great exposition of 1900. After spending more than a year in examining the multitude of designs submitted the directors have chosen the plan of M. Bouvard. This gentleman is one of the foremost architects in France and has had considerable experience in this line of work. He is the chief director of the Bureau of Architecture in Paris. The plan is on a far more heroic scale than originally intended and entails the demolishing of the Palais de l'Industrie and the entire transformation of present Machinery Hall. The Eiffel Tower as well as the Trocadero will re-

fabry, sports and their minor branches.

Electricity and Water Palaces. One of the most conspicuous objects of the Exposition will be the building devoted to electricity. It will be a palace of glass, looking at night like a gigantic lighthouse. It will be in proximity to the Water Palace and these two buildings are probably to be the "clou" of the great show. The present Machinery Hall will be totally changed, both in its architectural aspect as well as in its use. The center of this vast place will contain a grand hall to be used for festive gatherings, while the wings will be reserved for agricultural exhibits.

The directors have under consideration a most elaborate system of transportation which will prevent congestion of travel at any point. There will be elevated, surface and subterranean roads of every possible description and propelled by all known and many new means of locomotion.

The expenses are closely estimated and will probably be more than 100,000,000 francs (\$20,000,000). Of this sum has been allotted 8,000,000 francs for payment of the officers, workmen

and Japanese bean soy are in constant requisition.

The natives, and especially the children, look fat and healthy, and appear to enjoy life under easy conditions, though they are, generally speaking, of grave demeanor and not endowed with the unfailing vivacity which distinguishes the Burmans and Japanese.

PHILOSOPHY OF A ROUGH MAN.

Has Discovered that Any Calling Is tiresome to Those Who Follow It.

He was a poorly dressed and rough in appearance man, but, nevertheless, he was something of a philosopher. He was plodding along Ashland avenue, near 60th street, when a young man overtook him and made some inquiries as to a street in that part of the city. The street was about half a mile away, so they continued to tramp along the rough wooden sidewalk together.

"Tain't so long ago," said the rough man, finally, making a motion toward a brick pile near the street, "since I used to pile them things for a living."

"Hard work, I should think," suggested the young man for want of something better to say.

HOME FOR THE DRUMMER.

Plan Which Should Succeed Now Blocked by Lack of Funds.

Up on the south of Side Mountain, overlooking the beautiful Chenango and Susquehanna valleys and 300 feet above, the city of Binghamton, N. Y., is building a structure in which all of the people of this country are interested.

ing more nor less than an ordinary log cabin, the typical domicile of the first settler in the uninhabited districts of the West. Four years after the cabin was built it was the scene of a wholesale lynching, when four notorious horse-thieves paid the penalty of their crimes. They were run down near this cabin, and on the same day they were hanged from the ends of four stout poles, which were fastened to the fence and front of the hut. In that same year—1864—not less than seventy-three members of the various thieving gangs were caught and lynched in Missoula County. The graves of the four culprits hanged in front of the cabin are still pointed out to occasional travelers and hunting parties as they pass through the district.

But thirty-five years has brought a great change to that part of Montana, although the old log cabin is practically unchanged, both in appearance and durability. It is still inhabited, being now occupied by a ranchman and his family. The man who built the cabin is Frank Woody, and he is seen in the picture, the old house and its builder having been photographed a few months ago. Mr. Woody, however, is now known in that district as "Judge" Woody, his condition in life having risen in proportion to the advance of civilization. He is now the county judge of Missoula, and he lives in a fine modern house in that town, which is a prosperous place of about 6,000 inhabitants. The old log cabin is three miles from the town. Judge Woody still owns it, and he frequently visits the scene of his early pioneer days. He is about 70 years old.

RISKED HIS LIFE FOR SCIENCE.

Daring Frenchman Photographs the Ocean Maelstrom.

Once again a legend of romance has been torn to shreds at the hands of science and demolished by the wink of

The very causes which make a home necessary for these members make it hard to secure one. They are an easy-going, improvident class, spending money freely and looking little to the future. This indisposition to provide for "the rainy day" makes them careless of the effort being made in their behalf. The dues of these 6,000 members of the association amount to \$1 each per annum. The \$6,000 paid in dues does not go far. The city of Binghamton gave the association 100 acres of land, worth \$50,000, and about \$15,000 in cash. Then numerous donations were made by wholesale firms throughout the country. This enabled a start, but a shortage of funds compelled a discontinuance of work. The home, when completed, will be five stories high, 110 feet deep, with a front of 173 feet, and will cost about \$150,000. It will cost \$7,500 per annum to maintain it.

COCKROACHES AS PUGS.

Soon Learn to Become Powerful Exponents of the Manly Art.

Mat Burnett, a young fellow employed as a clerk in a small grocery store in Cincinnati, Ohio, has a number of cockroaches which he is training for



A FRIENDLY BOUT.

the pugilistic arena. He keeps them confined usually in a ventilated bark box near the sink in the back shop, each roach having his own little stall or apartment. In the evenings, when his work is over, Mat fixes up a ring of sand on the counter and pitches in a pair of roaches. Then the fun begins. The crusty old fellows seem ready to enjoy the sport, and let go at each other with a vim and perseverance that would grace a nobler cause. There is one old stager named John L. that would do credit to the great and original himself for nerve and general audacity. The other night, in the course of a pretty lively pitched battle, he managed to knock out three game young roaches that stood up to the rack until the last trump sounded, and finally died kicking—in fact, never giving up till they were carried off on the half shell.

FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN MONTANA.

Ia Log Cabin Thirty Years Old—Still Owned by the Builder.

The first house ever built in Missoula, Mont., has an interesting and honorable history, thoroughly in keeping with



FIRST HOUSE ERECTED IN MONTANA.

the wild conditions of life prevalent in that part of the country when it was erected, thirty-five years ago. As seen in the picture, this house is really nothing.

A PUZZLE.



Cut out and join the sections of faces so as to form the portraits of three business men who never advertised and don't believe in advertising.—Chicago Record.

LONG TRIP BY WAGON.

George Hamilton and Family Travel Sixteen Hundred Miles.

At the home of O. B. Jarrett, a farmer residing about two miles northeast of Williamsport, Pa., is ensconced temporarily, the family of George P. Hamilton, who, with Mr. Hamilton himself, arrived on Friday, from Acheson County, Kansas, after making the journey of over 1,000 miles in a wagon. This wagon, says a Williamsport paper, which is a primitive affair, fitted with canvas cover and necessary accoutrements.



WAGON WHICH MADE THE JOURNEY.

ments for convenience and comfort of the travelers, was drawn by two horses. Beside Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton there were seven children to be accommodated in the wagon, and although the quarters were cramped the trip was not devoid of pleasure and interest. The long journey occupied almost two months' time. An extra horse was led behind the wagon, and when steep hills were to be climbed the third horse was pressed into service. A large black dog accompanied the party the entire way.

The conveyance in which the journey was made is a queer looking vehicle, with a canvas top stretched over a series of hoops. A platform constructed on the rear of the wagon body accommodated a coal oil can, harness, an ax and numerous other articles, while from beneath the cover protruded the blade of a saw and the brass-bound breech of an old-fashioned rifle. Coffee kettle, bucket and other cooking utensils occupied a prominent place, and a very conspicuous object was a rudely constructed bed, built in the wagon. The vehicle has all the appearance of having made a long and rough journey, but strange as it may seem the entire trip was made without mishap. The family enjoyed perfect health. At night a tent which they carried was put up close to the wagon, in the roadside camp, where a portion of the family slept. Fires were built, and in this manner life "on the road" was made quite bearable. They suffered none for want of things to eat, as they traveled much of the way through a land of plenty. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton went West about seven years ago, taking up their abode in Acheson, Kan.

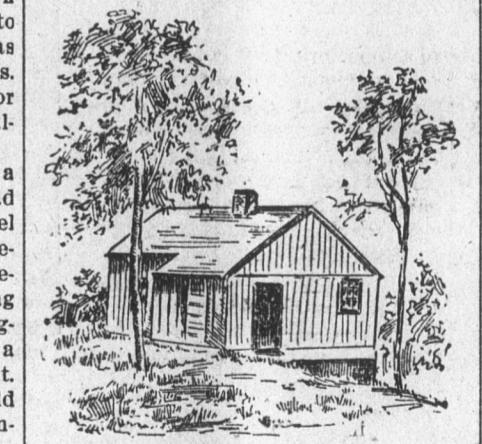
GENERAL GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

In Danger of Destruction in a Philadelphia Pleasure Ground.

Grant's log cabin, one of the sacred mementos of the lamented general and a valuable relic of the war, which has had no special protection since it was placed in Fairmount Park, will be carried away piecemeal by relic hunters unless some guard is dealed to shield it from vandalism, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It is now in a mutilated and dilapidated condition and needs immediate protection. The front and rear doors remain one of a country schoolhouse in New England, where the boys are allowed to carve their names or initials with unrestrained freedom, for both are literally covered with various letters of the alphabet and designs.

When the cabin was put up a printed copy of the late Adam Badean's communication vouching for the genuineness of the cabin as the one used by General Grant while giving orders to Sheridan, Sherman and other officers was nailed to each door. The one that was in the rear is gone. Whether it was stolen or beaten down by storms is not known.

Relic gatherers have not only hacked out big pieces, but have carried away some of the upright logs that support the roof and the southern side of the structure. The removal of these timbers must have required considerable



GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

time and effort, for they were securely fastened at each end by long, old-fashioned spikes, similar to those used to hold rails to sleepers on railroads. One log is half way dislodged, as though the person who was attempting to steal it was frightened away before he could complete his vandalism. The other timbers supporting the building are apparently sound. The doors of the cabin are kept locked, and as yet the vandals have refrained from forcing an entrance. There is no guard around the cabin and never has been one. The cabin belongs to the estate of the late George H. Stuart, who was presented the relic by General Grant.

Unpleasant Japanese Custom.

In the early history of Japan it was decidedly a dubious honor to be closely related to any person of note for one of the laws at that time decreed that when a person of rank or importance died all the immediate relatives must be buried alive, in a perpendicular postion, around the personage's grave. Their heads were left above the earth, and thus they remained until welcome death came to free them.

Disproportionate.

Over \$50,000,000 are spent in maintaining the churches of the United States, and \$400,000,000 in running the jails.

No woman who has a house that is clean need ever be ashamed of her future.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.

Trilby, Trilby, give us your answer true.

What in the name of goodness have we ever done to you?

—Town Topics.

Miss Cross—What would you do if you were in my shoes? Miss Sharpe—Turn my toes out—Yonkers Statesman.

"Aw—why do you make your own cigarettes?" "My—aw—doctor ordered me to take some light exercise." —Fall Mall Budget.

Citticus—I wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk?

Witticus—They haven't time.—Tammie Times.

Chimme—What's the matter wid you? Chonnie—I'm sick. De doctor says I've got an ulcer in my troat.—Philadelphia Record.

She—Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger? He—Cool? I actually shivered.—Tid-Bits.

The boy stood on the burning deck.

And said, "As I'm alive, this weather makes me thing of June In 1863." —Washington Star.

She—What kind of a lawn mower did you get, dearie? He—I got a feather-weight, darling, so you can push it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Arrival—Are all your rooms engaged? Hotel Proprietor—Yes; but there are a lot of summer girls about here who aren't.—Philadelphia Record.

Maud—That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him. Marie—Perhaps he did.—Brooklyn Life.

"Oh, wed with me; oh, be my wife, I'll be the sunshine of your life."

"Sunshine! Horrors!" said the maid, "Such talk at ninety in the shade!" —Indianapolis Journal.

Summer Resorer—And is everything on your farm nice and fresh? Farmer—Nice and fresh? I guess you'd think so if you'd see some of our city boarders.—Boston Transcript.

First Sojourner—Do you always get your meals on time here? Second Sojourner—Yes; I have to till some of my friends show up. I'm decidedly glad to see you.—Boston Courier.

Miss Oldgir—You must promise not to kiss me while I am unconscious.

Dentist—I shall do nothing of the kind. Miss Oldgir (with a happy sigh)—Turn on the gas.—Leslie's Weekly.

Experience in the world's ways shows that as a general rule

The politician who has the push is the one who has the pull.

Boston Courier.

Guest—By Jove, I've eaten such a hearty dinner that I guess I'll have to go up stairs and sleep it off. Hotel Clerk—in that case, we'll have to charge you with a meal taken to your room.—Life.

"What is the new boarder's business, Pauline?" asked the Cheerful Idiot.

"He's running a bicycle school," replied the waiter girl. "Oh! Teaching the young idea how to scot, is he?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Jester—Of course you've heard the latest about Boozeman; he isn't drinking any more. Quester—Don't say; well, that's to his credit. Jester—Oh, no; it is to his lack of credit.—Richmond Dispatch.

Mr. Busyness—I have been summoned for jury duty; how can I get off?

Lawyer—Oh, just let them see that you know how much two and two make, and they'll excuse you in a jiffy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

He—I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the "Creation"? She (indignantly)—I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's ark?

Boston Beacon.

"Fact is," said one man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the other man, "you have mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Kenneth—How is it that you do not use the telephone in Russia? Mr. Potter—Well, you see, "hello" in Russia is "tsizakenfikrajanjanski"—hence the telephone has not been introduced into that country.—Truth.

Willie S.—Mamma says she always likes to call on you. Mrs. Twickenham (highly gratified)—Does she, Willie? Willie—Yes'm. When she goes away she says she feels so satisfied with herself.—Brooklyn Life.

"But, papa," pleaded the impudent maiden, "he is the only man I love."

"That's right," replied the brutal old man; "I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time."—Household Words.

"Madame," began Mr. Dismal Dawson, "you see before you a victim of circumstances." "Oh, I do," said the suspicious lady. "What" circumstances?"—Straitened circumstances, ma'am!—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Enncoft—There's a lot of steam-trunks piled out conspicuously in front of Mrs. Slippocket's house waiting for the expressman. What does that mean? Mrs. Enncoft (with scorn)

—It means that she's going down to her uncle's farm to spend the summer.—Chicago Record.

"I have a trained seal," said the Englishman. "It can be hitched to a boat, and will drag thy children about on my private lake just as a pony will drag a cart." "That's very nice," said the American. "I have one too. Mine takes its fun out in winter and lends it to my wife for a saucier."—Harper's Bazaar.

Mrs. Fadder—What is your opinion of the new woman, Mr. Fogg? Fogg—

From the sounds which come from the kitchen I should say that she is quite as expert at breaking crockery as the old one.—Boston Transcript.