

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-

fishery, 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 place of glass, looking at night like a giant's lantern. It will be in proximity to the Water Palace and these two buildings are probably to be the "clow" 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

gnape 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 enervating vivacity which distinguishes the Burmans and Japanese.

PHILOSOPHY OF A ROUGH MAN.

He 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.



COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S HOME.

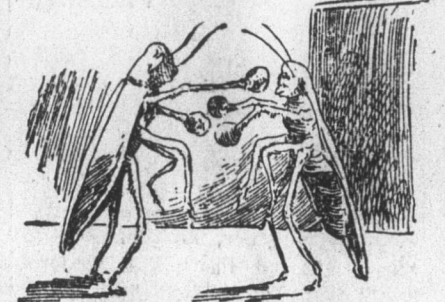
It is to be the home of indigent commercial travelers. Oct. 9, 1894, the corner stone was laid with imposing ceremonies. Then work ceased. The sound of the saw, the hammer and the trowel was stilled. Naturally persons ask why this abandonment of a project that foretold so much good. The answer is simple—a lack of money. There are 480,000 commercial travelers in the United States. When the plan to build for them a home where, when old and no longer able to carry a gripsack, they could find rest and comfort was formulated it was expected that their instant and unanimous co-operation would be received. Not so. There were, at the time of the last report, but 6,000 members of the association.

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 \$75,000 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



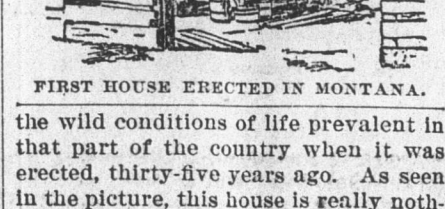
A FRIENDLY BOUT.

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 really 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 stage named John L. that would do credit to the great and original himself for nerve and general russedness. 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

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

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



FIRST HOUSE ERRECTED 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 more than a log cabin.

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.

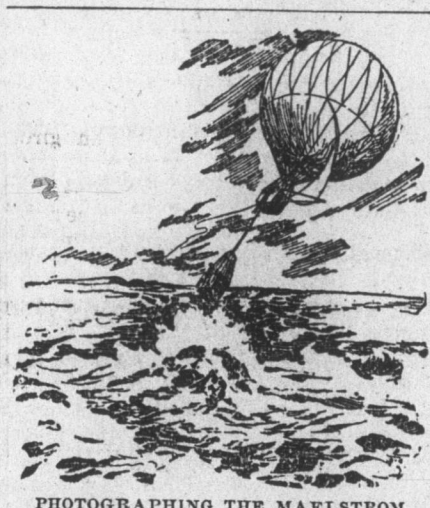
log more or less than an ordinary log cabin, the typical domicile of the first settler in the uninhabited districts of the West. Four years after the cabin was built it was the scene of a wholesale lynching, when four notorious horse-thieves paid the penalty of their crimes. They were run down near this 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—1894—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 scenes 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



PHOTOGRAPHING THE MAELSTROM.

camera's shutter. The old maelstrom of the Norwegian coast, one of the harrowing subjects of the school of romanticists and tale-tellers exists no longer as regards the horrors that have been painted of it by imaginative pens. A daring Frenchman skimmed across its surface the other day in a basket that swung 100 feet below the car of a balloon, and, suspended 'twixt heaven and the torrent, unconcernedly took instantaneous photographs of the whirlpool's seething waves. He found that, after all, the maelstrom was not the frightful abyss that tradition and folklore had been depicting it for centuries. Down in his little basket, oscillating to and fro, almost within reach of the slapping waves, he felt no fear. There in a spot where no mortal man had ever been before, the first on earth to see the whirlpool of the world as it really was, he learned, and he has brought back tangible proofs of the unlying laws, that the maelstrom is simply a succession and conglomeration of torrents, eddies and currents in which no small boat could live, but through which any large vessel, properly handled, might pass to safety. A more important piece of news, a more valuable bit of contribution to the day-book of science, has seldom been given out. One by one the old myths of the world, dating back to the time when fairies, elves and goblins, gods and demons, giants, satyrs and pigmies were believed in, are being disproved by careful investigation. The tradition of the maelstrom is the latest to go.

Revolution in Men's Dress.

"There is one thing about the bicycle craze," said a tailor to a New York World reporter. "I believe it is going to revolutionize men's attire, which has been so somber for so many years. Dress reformers have done much for women, but men's clothing is practically the same year in and year out."

"The leaders of fashion are not as a rule robust, and the chaps who lead cottons have small legs. If I wheel develops their calves, as it will, I believe the age of short clothes will return, and knee-breeches for evening dress may be seen again in drawing-rooms. Bloomers are popular, for a shapely woman likes folks to know it. Thin-legged men have a chance to build up their calves in summer for the winter's gayety."

When it is demonstrated that wishing does any good, we shall believe in Christian Science and occultism.

Never Tell a Secret to a Bride or a

bridegroom. Wait until they have been married longer.

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 accoutre-



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.

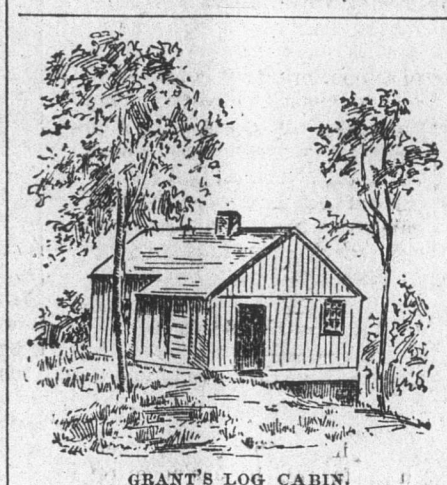
The conveyance in which the journey was made is a queer looking vehicle, with a canvas top stretched over a series of hoops. A platform constructed on the rear of the wagon body accommodated a coal oil can, harness, an ax and numerous other articles, while from beneath the cover protruded the blade of a saw and the brass-bound breech of an old-fashioned rifle. Coffee kettle, buckets 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 devised 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 remind one of a country school-house 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 Badeau's communication touching 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 position, 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 furniture.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

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 Mail Budget.

Citricus—I wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk? Witticus—They haven't time.—Tampabay Times.

Chimble—Wot's de matter wid you? Chonnie—I'm sick. De doctor says I've got an ulcer in my throat.—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 1895."—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 Resorter—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. 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.

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

Miss Oldgirl—You must promise not to kiss me while I am unconscious. Dentist—I shall do nothing of the kind. Miss Oldgirl (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, in "He's running a bicycle school," replied the waiter girl. "Oh! Teaching the young idea how to scoot, is he?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

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

Mr. Busymam—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 "tzizakenitkrjanjanski"—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.

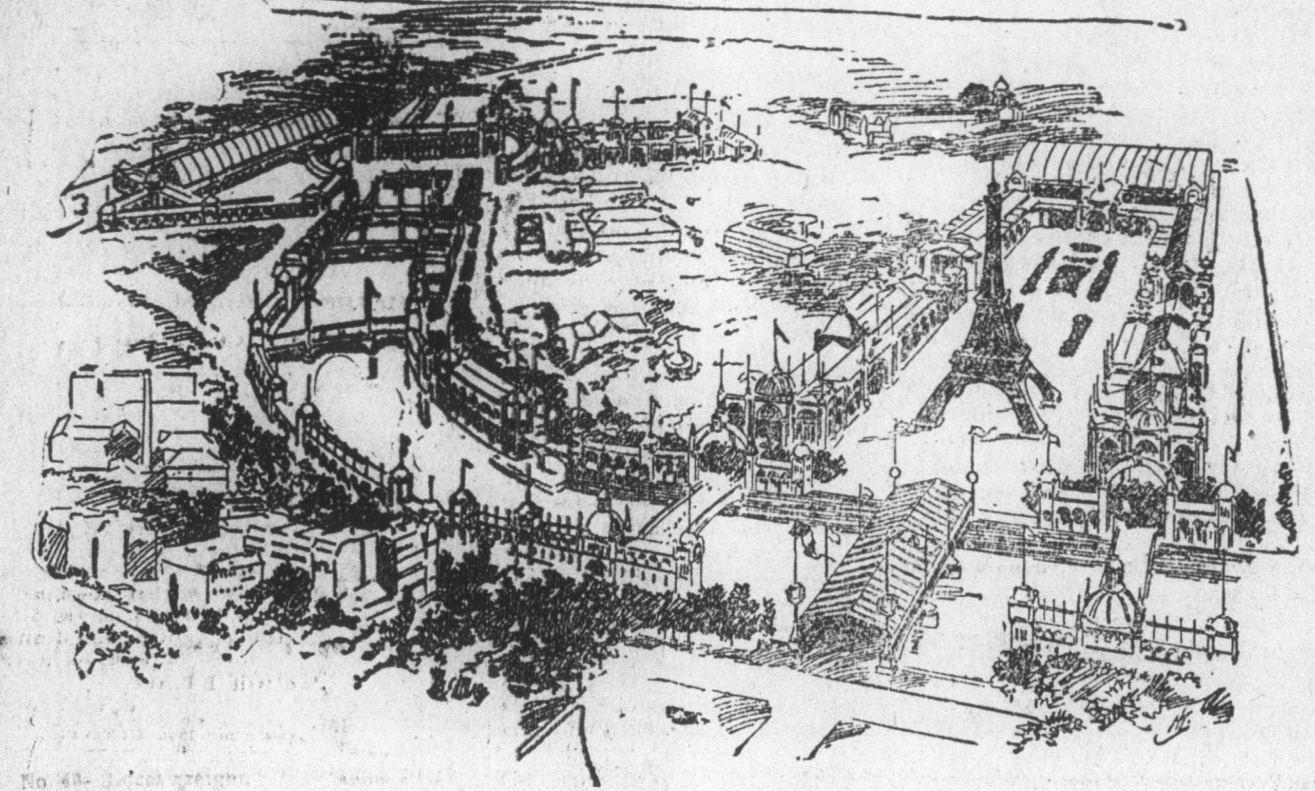
"But, papa," pleaded the impassioned maiden, "he's the only man I love." "That's right," replied the brutal old man; "I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time."—Household Words.

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

Mr. Ennicket—There's a lot of steamers trunks piled out conspicuously in front of Mrs. Silpocket's house waiting for the expressman. What does that mean? Mr. Ennicket (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 off in winter and lends it to my wife for a saque."—Harper's Bazar.

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.



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION AS IT WILL APPEAR. [From the New York Herald.]

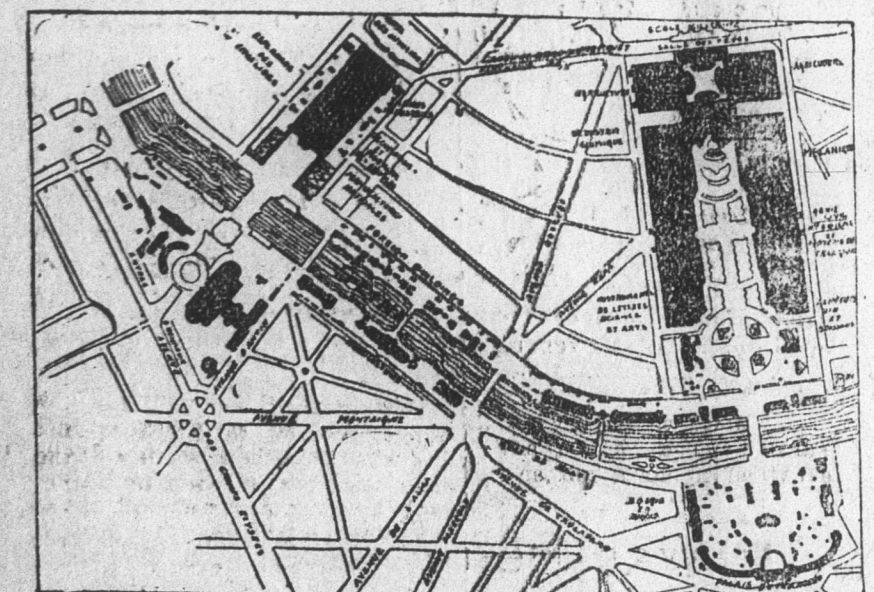
main intact with the exception of a few minor changes.

The grounds of the 1900 Exposition will embrace four grand sections or divisions which while most ingeniously united will nevertheless be distinctly individual. The palace and its accessory buildings of Champs Elysees, together with the esplanade des Invalides, will constitute the domain given to sculpture, painting and art in its higher branches generally. One of the banks of the River Seine has been reserved for the exhibit of the City of Paris and the other will be occupied by the various buildings of the foreign nations. The Trocadero with its subordinate buildings will take care of the exhibits of the French colonies and protectorates. The entire Champ de Mars has been reserved exclusively for the industrial exhibits which are expected to rival anything ever exhibited in this line.

The principal public entrance will be placed at Cours la Reine, near the Place de la Concorde, while the entrance of honor will be found at the upper end of the Avenue Marigny. This is the most central and superb avenue in the Champs Elysees, giving in perspective the grand dome of Aumont and crossing the Seine by a magnificent bridge 197 feet wide.

The Only Permanent Feature.

Entering the gate of honor the visitor will find on his right the Palace of the Beaux-Arts and on the left the Exposition Palace containing the retrospective of French art. These two edifices, together with the monumental bridge, will be the only permanent feature of note which will remain after the Exposition. The buildings as well as the bridge will be masterpieces of architectural skill, built as monuments of



OFFICIAL PLAN OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

the art of the nineteenth century. The bridge will be a single span of cast steel, 197 feet wide, with splendid portions of lace work wrought iron in the most intricate pattern.

On the esplanade will be a series of palaces devoted to the decorative arts. The portion of the River Seine between the bridges d'Iena and des Invalides has received particular attention from M. Bouvard, who with his assistants expects to transform it into an exact counterpart of the grand canal of Venice. The entire length of the river banks will be made a fairy world of beauty, and will be principally given up to promenades with the of course indispensable places for rest and refreshment. On the right bank of the river, near the bridge d'Alma, will be found the palace of the City of Paris, the palace of horticulture, with its vast conservatories, the palace of social economy, and the Congressional building. These buildings will be archaeological, historical reproductions, and above all artistic in their grouping, as well as in their exteriors. The palace and pavilions of the army of land and sea, as well as the merchant market, will be constructed on the left bank of the River Seine. Here will also be found the buildings of forestry,

and attendants of all kinds. Seventy-three million francs is to be spent on buildings. Twelve millions is to be spent for beautifying the grounds and seven millions is set aside as a reserve fund. Not less than 800 different projects and plans have been considered during the last year before the one shown in the accompanying cut was adopted. And an equal number have been presented, though not in any way considered, as they were all too fantastic or otherwise impracticable. The Parisians are determined to give to the world the greatest exposition that has yet been achieved by man.

Entered His Complaint.

"Am dis de place whar dey complain?" asked a middle-aged colored man as he entered detective headquarters the other evening.

"Yes, if they don't complain too loudly," was the answer.

"Den, sah," continued the visitor, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "I wish to complain dat my clothes-line was robbed last night. Yes, sah, while we slumbered somebody dun come along an' robbed dat clothes-line in de moas' disconcerted fashion."

"Have you a list of de stolen articles?"

"I has, sah. It was one white shirt, sah—de only white shirt dat I possessed in all de world. While we was locked in de embrace of Morferous some villanous pussion dun climbed de fence an' bore dat shirt away."

"Just a shirt, eh?"

"Jess a shirt, sah."

"That wasn't such a great loss."

"No, sah, not slich a great loss, but look at de principle of de thing, sah. If a villanous villan am permitted to

"That's what it is."

"And monotonous."

"What?"

"I say it must be monotonous—tiresome."

"Oh, sure." Then, after a pause:

"So's everything else."

"Oh, there is variety in some things," protested the young man.

"If a feller doesn't have to do 'em, there is," returned the other, "but I guess any business is tiresome to the feller that has got to 'tend to it right along. I knowed a feller that worked in a store—reg'lar hours, reg'lar work and all that. But he got tired of it. He wanted variety, he said—wanted to travel and have a change all the time. He got the chance and grabbed it quick. He was sent here and there and was on marching orders most of the time—lots of excitement and change, but he got tired of it. Actually kicked to get back at a desk again, 'cause he said traveling was so blamed monotonous and tiresome and he wanted a change. Same way with everybody, I guess. Piling bricks is mighty hard and tiresome, and I'm doing better now, but sometimes I feel 's if I like to pile bricks again just for a change. There ain't nothing that ain't tiresome to the feller that's got to do it every day. What's ambition but a hankering for a change, anyway. The only difference between people is that some of 'em want a change so bad that they'll go backward to get it, while the others have sense enough to swear and kick, but hang on till they can get it going forward."—Chicago Times-Herald.

What to Teach Our Girls.

Let us teach the girl that her education is not thrown away if she should choose to settle quietly down after graduation to be the guide of a home circle. She may be a greater benefactor than one who becomes famous through scientific discovery. The study and practical care of the needs and comforts of a home and the education of children is the highest and grandest opportunity yet afforded to woman.

The world may take care of itself, but the home cannot. Let the girl grow naturally, as we do the boy, and give her the benefit of the broadening influence of public spirit and responsibility. Let her have a share in all these widening circles of duty in the home and then we shall see her reaching the highest type of womanhood, competent to meet any demands that may be made upon her.

Wise in Their Day.

The people of Florida, being unprepared for frost and snow, have suffered much inconvenience from the unusually cold weather. Where the inhabitants expect severe extremes of weather they know how to meet them, and how to adapt themselves to circumstances. We at the North have every convenience for heating our houses, we are provided with suitable clothing but those in Florida are prepared only for moderate weather. The Japanese have a good plan. They do not change from light to heavy clothing, or the reverse, but have several coats made, and wear one, two or three of them according to the temperature. They speak of the degrees of cold as "a one-coat day," "a two-coat day," and so on.

On the Wall of Pasteur's Laboratory

Pasteur is the most distinguished graduate of the Paris Ecole Normale, which has just celebrated its hundredth anniversary. In commemoration of the event a tablet of black marble has been placed on the wall of his laboratory in the rue d'Ulm, now Rue Pasteur, inscribed: "Here stood Pasteur's laboratory. 1820 (spontaneous generation), 1855 (disease of wines and beers), 1883 (silkworm distempers), 1881 (virus and vaccine), 1884-1888 (hydrophobia remedies)." Above is a medallion with the letters L. P. interlaced.

Most men make up their quarrels with their wives in the way that Japan is making peace overtures to China.