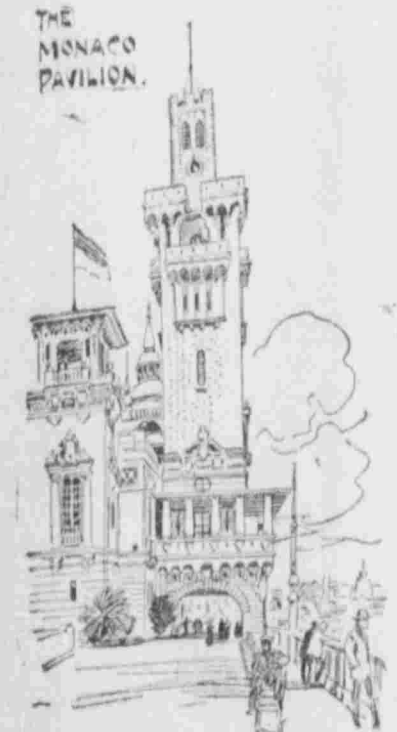


Some Pavilions at the Paris Exposition.

WHERE everything is so beautiful and attractive as in Paris, and particularly just at the present time, it is extremely difficult to select the most interesting object for description.



tion. Something of this sort I remarked to my landlady the other day, to the effect that if I had not seen so many lovely ladies in her city I should be inclined to say she was the most beautiful in the world. This judicious remark brought me an extra egg at breakfast every morning and may account for the fact that she expressed herself as "very desolated" when it was reported that the United States pavilion was about to fall to the ground.

It isn't going to collapse, of course, but stories have been started that it is very unsafe, and, in order to convince myself, I wandered over to the exposition grounds. I need not say, perhaps, that the United States pavilion is still intact and such a thing of beauty, with the promise of being a joy forever if allowed to stand, that the foreigners are envious regarding it. It reminds me very much of the Administration building at our World's fair of 1893, but is altogether more magnificent, with its glorious dome brooded over by the great American eagle, perched 160 feet above the pavement. You will find all sorts of things inside, "too numerous to

mention," in fact, and from the number of the exhibits one is inclined to think that there can't be much left in the States. It is an acknowledged fact that even in this city of palaces, as the Parisians call their town, there are few that can "hold a candle" to it.

It faces on the Seine, of course, and its immense triumphal arch, with Corinthian columns, flanking a great group of statuary, typifying "liberty, progress and civilization," causes a thrill of pride to run up and down the spine of every true American.

Speaking of the national pavilions:



bodied in the vast pile that represents the Kremlin and the Asiatic Russian section, away off by itself, which, I must admit, covers more space and towers a little higher than the United States pavilion. French recollection, however, does not seem to go so far back as Moscow and the disastrous Russian campaign of Napoleon—only the Franco-Prussian war and the trouncing somebody got about that time.

While I cannot even attempt to describe all the beautiful buildings here, which have been raised like fairy pal-

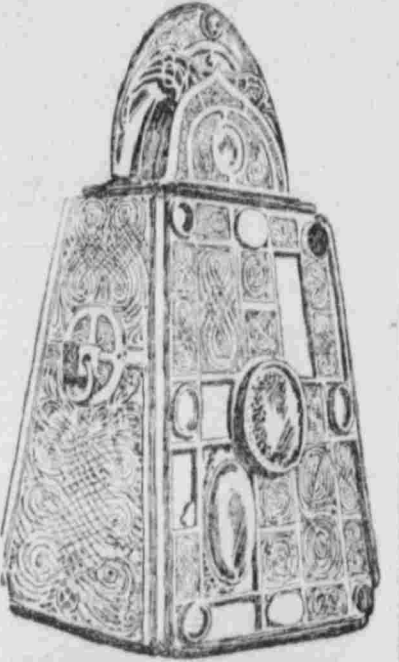
aces, almost in a night, I may pause to remark that this "Street of the Nations" on the banks of the Seine, with its composite architecture of every nationality, is one of the greatest sights in this city of unsurpassed attractions. Right at the corner of the new bridge across the river stands the richly colored Palais d'Italie, next it the Turkish kiosk, with its suggestion of the Bosphorus, harems and that sort of thing; then comes the stately American pavilion, in striking contrast to the Austrian chateau, with Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Peru, Norway, Germany and Hungary all in a row, their roocco stamp of architecture frowned upon by England's country house of the Elizabethan period, which, if homely, is comfortable. In company with Spain, Greece, Servia, Finland, Roumania, etc., down toward the end of the street, stands that rare exhibition of effrontery, the Pavilion of Monaco, smallest of kingdoms, whose prince, biggest of gamblers, ex-



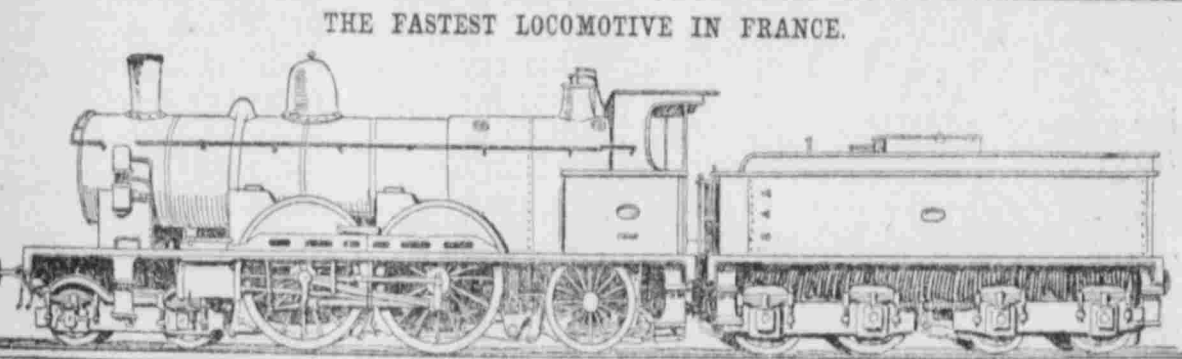
hibits his much vaunted "oceanograph" in token, perhaps, of the fine fat fish that have come into his net.

PAUL CHARLES TAYLOR.
Paris, France.

A RELIC OF ST. PATRICK.
Some interesting relics in the museum of the Royal Dublin society are several veritable relics of the time of good St. Patrick. One of the most important of these, the shrine of his bell, is of beaten metal set with jewels, and of an antiquity that



carries one back to those ancient days when this famous apostle of the "isle of snakes" is said to have cleared it of snakes and established churches and altars for the benefit of the people. It is now more than 1,500 years since the death of St. Patrick, but his memory in Ireland is still held in reverence, and the reported decision of the queen to call her latest descendant after him makes it possible that one bearing that name will yet sit upon the English throne.

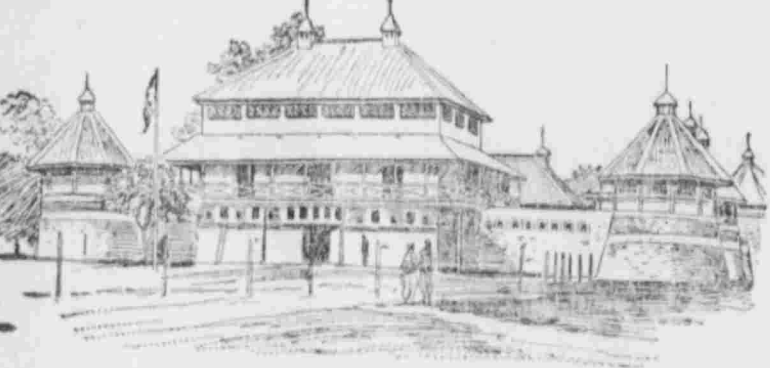


It is very interesting to compare the type of locomotives used in Europe with that of the United States. By the side of our monster machines the European engines appear almost ridiculous. An American engineer once remarked on hearing the shrill falsetto "toot" of a French locomotive and seeing the dimly lit affair rumbling along, "If one of those things should run over me and I should ever find it out, blamed if I wouldn't shove it off the track!"

But the Europeans, especially, have been taking lessons from the Americans and increasing the weight and running power of their machines. The latest type is that shown in the illustration. It is called a monster, having a length, including its tender, of 65 feet. In a recent run from Calais to Paris it made 110 kilometers, about 65 miles, per hour.

Whatever the European railways may lack in some respects is compensated for by the perfection of roadbed, solid construction of viaducts and total absence of grade crossings.

GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE AT THE CAPITAL OF ASHANTI.

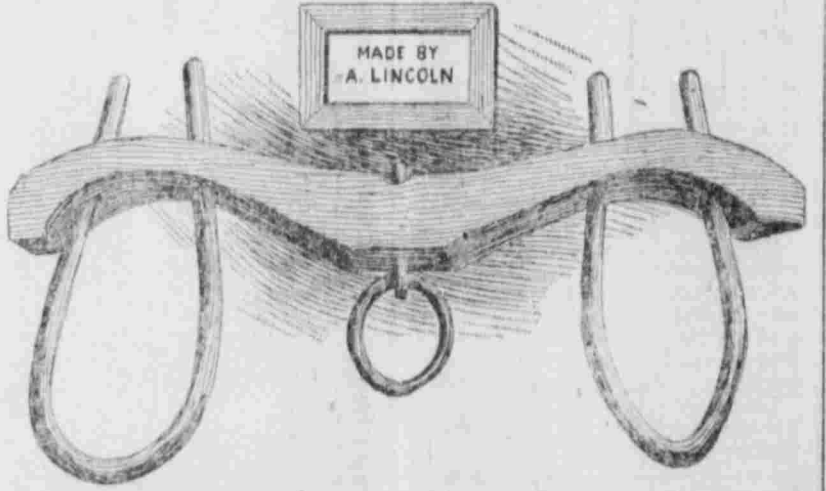


Thinking, perhaps, that the British needed a little more excitement in their African possessions, the governor of Ashanti, on the Gold Coast, a little while ago attempted to carry off the sacred golden throne of the deposed King Prempeh and thereby stirred up a human hornet's nest about his ears.

It was only about five years ago that the English brought the Ashantes under subjection for the last time, in that ridiculous war which was like a scene out of a comic opera. The king at that time had about 2,000,000 subjects and a pretty good sized harem, containing 3,333 wives. He wore a "plug hat" as a crown, and his everyday costume was a girdle of grass about his loins, but he had gold in abundance, as was shown by the enormous gold earrings he wore, the royal umbrella, with spokes of embossed gold, and the golden throne. This last was a sort of stool of solid gold, so heavy that it took four heavy blacks to "tote" it about, and was the old king's chair of state. It had been concealed ever since the last war, but somehow Governor Sir Frederic Hodgson got wind of its whereabouts, and by his indirect action provoked the recent uprising in Ashanti territory.

The structures shown in the illustration are the only ones of brick besides the king's palace in the kingdom and were built at great expense, all the trimmings and ironwork having been brought from the distant coast on the heads of men.

ABE LINCOLN'S BLACK WALNUT OX YOKE.



Times have changed since Abraham Lincoln was a boy on a farm, and at present it would be rather cheaper to buy a ready made yoke for the patient oxen than to devote several days to whittling it out with a jackknife. The crude old yoke represented in this illustration now figures as a valuable relic in the agricultural museum of the University of Illinois, where it has been for 30 years, and is known as the handiwork of Abraham Lincoln when he was in his teens.

It is made of black walnut, a wood once very common in Illinois, and bears evidence of hard and faithful service. The workmanship is of the most primitive sort. The iron portions came from some country blacksmith's shop and may have been forged out by the Rail Splitter himself.

This reminder of the days when the future president earned his living in the sweat of his brow is now inclosed in a glass topped case made of boards from the old Lincoln homestead in Springfield, Ills. The farm on which he used the yoke is near Decatur.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The library of Dom Pedro of Brazil, as recently sold at auction in Vienna, about 90 persons being present. There were 115 volumes, and the highest price (\$70,000) obtained was for a mineralogical year book extending from 1830 to 1892. Works of fiction were mostly uncut, whereas the scientific

books had evidently been read carefully, and some of them had marginal notes.

The Russian battle painter Verestchagin has entered the list as a contestant for the great Nobel prize (which amounts to more than \$50,000), for the person who within the past three years

has done the most to help preserve peace in the world. He has opened an exhibition of his pictures at Christiania, and the ground of his application for the prize is that he has so realistically depicted the horrors of war as to make many converts to the doctrine of peace.

The New England Historic Genealogical society has requested the Daughters of the Revolution to aid it in its efforts to procure copies of the inscriptions on old gravestones and tombs in all the cemeteries of New England. The society regards these inscriptions as historically valuable, and it is its purpose to keep the records of them at its rooms in Boston.

A real scene of troops in action hardly exists. Pictures of them are taken

at odd spells and out of danger's reach, guns and troops being posed for the purpose.

Canadians are manifestly not beer drinkers. They consumed last year but 3.99 gallons per head, as compared with a consumption of 12.60 in the United States.

It is said that some of the imperial yeomanry are so much taken with the



though the French are very proud of their conquests in Cochinchina and have pointed to the superiority of their methods of colonization over those of the English, they have not been able to make their oriental dependencies pay their way.

French laws govern these colonies. French coins pass current and a French army of occupation 8,000 strong is kept there, besides 12,000 native troops. The natives are generally quiet and inoffensive, lazy and pleasure loving, adhere strongly to their ancient costumes, wear their hair in a pig on the top of the head and dress simply in frock and wide trousers of silk or cotton.

The native tirailleurs or sharpshooters shown in the illustration have adopted the European garb, only in a modified form and still clinging to their queer but artistic coiffures.

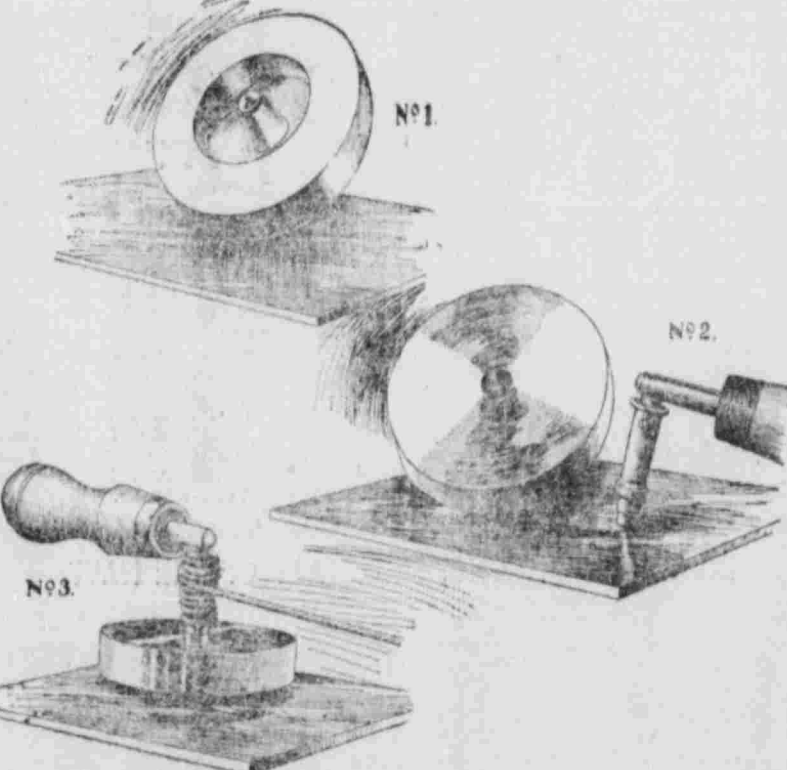
AN EMINENT PAINTER OF ANIMALS.
There are many lessons to be learned from the life of that eminent artist, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R. A., who at 96 years of age still sends four paintings a year to the Royal academy's exhibitions. Living in an English country district,



he rises at 7 in the morning in summer and at half past 7 in winter, eats frugally and works rapidly, but with system. Even in his ninety-seventh year he is noted for the great vivacity of his conceptions and the rapidity of his work with the brush. In one of his last exhibitions, it is said, after a picture of his was hung on the line he came to the conclusion on gazing at it that something was lacking and at once began to paint in a flock of sheep. His brother artists gathered around him amazed, veterans as they were, at his skill in depicting that little flock of sheep, which grew before their eyes almost as naturally as if it had walked out from behind the canvas.

Every German regiment has a chiropodist in its ranks.

A TOP THAT SPINS FORTY MINUTES.



It isn't every boy that has the patience to wait 40 minutes to watch a top run down or the wherewithal to pay for a \$10 toy. But as a scientific experiment the new steel top, perfect in balance and made to last forever, is quite a success. It is 3 1/8 inches in diameter, seven-sixteenths of an inch thick and weighs 8 1/2 ounces. The upper surface is flat, with a conical shaped or tapering hole to admit the spinning device, the taper being known as "the angle that never slips or sticks."

The under side (Fig. 1) is scored out to remove weight, with a stud left in the center to set the spur into, which latter is tempered and finished with a very fine point.

The spinning device is a loose sleeve on a stud at right angles to a shank that is driven into a common wood handle (Fig. 2). The sleeve is cone shaped on the lower end to exactly fit the tapering hole in the top, and by winding a string on the sleeve and inserting into the seat, holding the handle with the left hand, one is able to get a very strong pull, as shown in Fig. 3.

Started on window glass, which presents an ideal surface for spinning, this particular top will run 40 minutes. This comes as near to perpetual motion as the average boy cares to go. The top was made by Mr. J. H. Anthony of Providence, R. I.

TWO GIANTS FROM THE CAUCASUS.

Included in the Russian exhibit at the Paris exposition is a very complete forestry section in charge of two giant gamekeepers from the czar's vast preserves in the Caucasus. One of the most interesting of the exhibits there is that of a stuffed bison which was shot by the Czar Nicholas himself in one of his battues. Of the three species of bison known to exist two are native to Asia and one to America. The specimen here shown belongs to the oldest branch



of the ox family, the original Bos Bison, specimens of which still roam the forests of Lithuania and the Caucasus, where they are carefully guarded in vast preserves. It is believed to be the same species described in Csesar's "Commentaries" as once abundant in the forests of Germany and is said to have existed in Switzerland as late as the sixteenth century; but, like the American bison or buffalo, it is now threatened with extinction.

AN INFANT MUSICAL PHENOMENON.



Here is the portrait of a child only 2 years old, sweet as a cherub and endowed with musical talent almost beyond comprehension. This infant prodigy is little Robert Bruns, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bruns of Alameda, Cal., who are more concerned lest their baby's nervous organization be injured than devious of exploiting his marvelous gift. They refuse all entreaties to have him exhibited, so only their most intimate friends are treated to displays of his remarkable power, which he exerts with such ease and spontaneity that his parents have not the heart to repress his inclination.

Like that famous poet who "lisp'd in numbers," this infant sang almost before he could talk, and months ago he could render such productions as the "Holy City" without the loss of a note. His ear for music is something phenomenal, and his capacity for the correct and harmonious renditions of difficult selections is the wonder of all who have heard him. He has repeatedly caught the words and airs of most difficult compositions after hearing them but once and has possessed this extraordinary talent ever since he was 19 months old.

It is to be hoped that his glorious gift will be carefully fostered and that he may become what he now promises to be—one of the great vocal geniuses of the coming century.

A SEAT OF MANY LEGENDS.



One of the oldest and most interesting abbeys in England has just passed out of existence. This historical old building has for long been known as "The Grange" and stood for almost 1,800 years at Westover, near Langport, in Somersetshire. This abbey was founded by Athelstan, the grandson of Alfred the Great and the first monarch of England, and about it cluster many old legends. One of these, preserved in the form of an old ballad, represents The Grange as once being a nunnery. The tale runs that after many years of separation two devoted lovers met, one being the abbot of Melchelmey and the other a nun of Westover. The nun is smuggled into the monastery of her lover and hidden away in a dark closet against the time when the two shall renew their vows and take flight together. When the door is opened, however, the two lovers are found dead.