STRANGE SIGHTS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

(Paris Letter.)

Visitors to the exposition who make their entrance by the Place de la Concorde will probably wonder whether they are the victims of hallucination or the subject of a seasonable practical joke. They will be confronted with a weird-looking structure, which a momentary examination will show them is in reality a house.

But it is not an ordinary dwelling place. Architects usually have a weakness for laying their foundations upon a solid substratum of earth. Not so the designer of the "Manoir a l'Envers." He has laid the foundations in the clouds, and the only communication with mother earth is by way of the chimneys and turrets of his feudal mansion. Nevertheless, there is no danger of its falling into space with its occupants, for, be it noted, this topsy-turvey mansion is not uninhabited.

The visitor draws closer and glances at the windows; people dressed like himself look out. To his astonishment they are as topsy-turvey as the house, for their feet point skywards and their heads are directed towards the ground.

If anxious to solve the mystery and to learn how it has become possible for mere humanity to emulate the fly, and walk upside down, the visitor will only find his bewilderment increased. In fact ,the apparent intention of the designor of the "Manoir" is to instill a lasting doubt in the minds of men as to whether they do really stand on their heads or their heels.

Immediately the visitor enters he at once becomes part and parcel of the topsy-turvy scheme. He is ushered into a room, and gradually it dawns upon him that he is really walking upon the ceiling. He looks anxiously round him for something to clutch; there is nothing.

He takes one cautious step—another! He has achieved the impossible; he has learned to walk with his head where his heels should be. The lesson thus being learned, he will find it possible to enjoy with equanimity the ordinary doings of humanity from his novel point of view.

He may proceed to a bath room and perceive a steaming jet of hot water spouting upwards into the tub. He may proceed to the dining room, where the laws of gravity being suspended, the table remains unmoved directly over his head, and all the paraphernalia of the table, the plates, the cutlery, the flowers, sustain their positions without any more effort than the guests dining thereat.

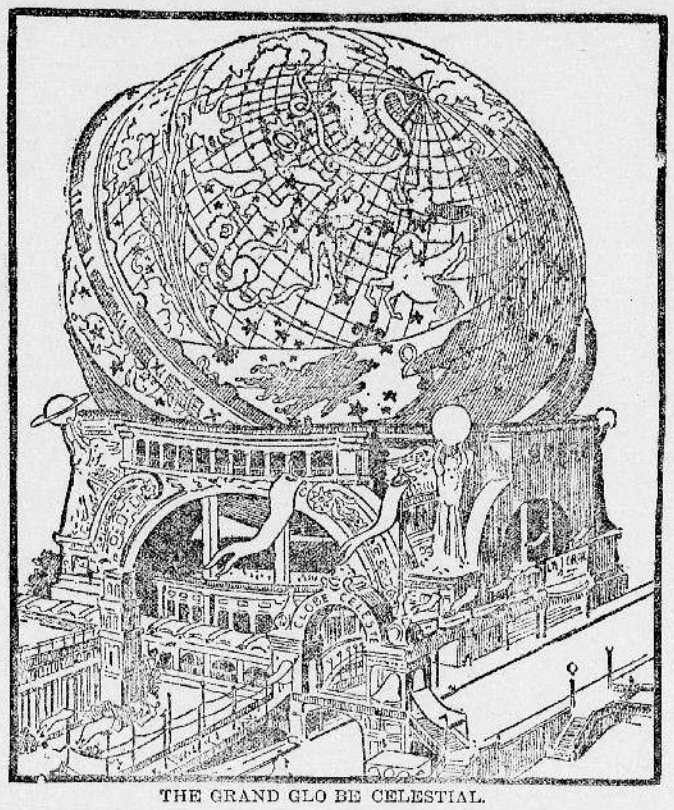
Thence he may visit the kitchen, where the chef, in immaculate white apron, is busily engaged in his usual duties. The cook lets fall a saucepan lid; unconsciously the visitor puts up his hand to protect his head, but there is no need for him to do so, since, like everything else in this abode, the saucepan lids obey laws of their own.

Then there is the drawing room, where, standing alongside the chandelier, he may avail himself of the unexampled opportunity afforded him for studying the art of the Parisian coiffeur as displayed upon the head of a lady who at the piano beneath is tinkling out the tune of the latest popular song. Even Gulliver in all his travels never witnessed anything more singular.

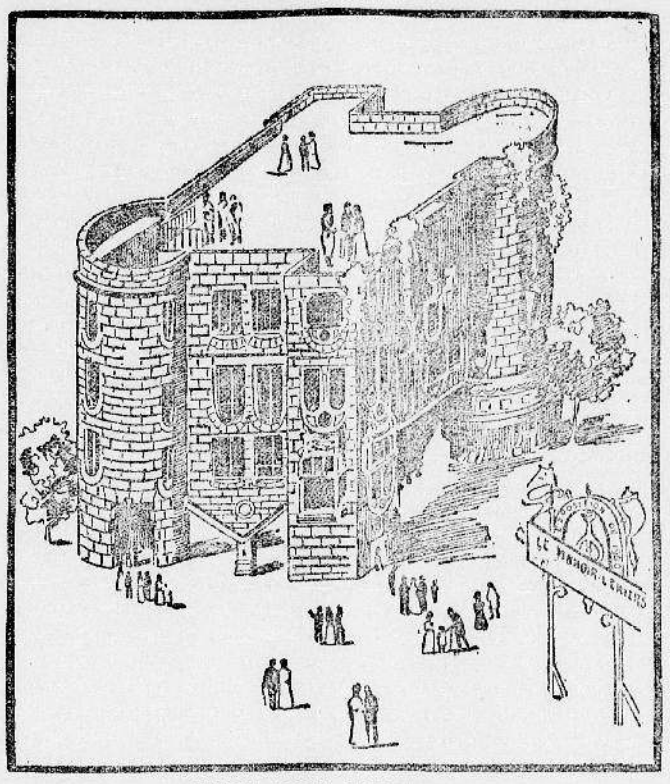
This ingenious production is the idea of a Russian engineer, and a French architect is responsible for the building itself, while British capital has made its erection possible. Needless to say, an ingenious arrangement of mirrors is responsible for an illusion which for elaborate detail easily transcends anything previously attempted in the same line.

Another feature of the exhibition will be the "Marcorama." It differs from the ordinary cyclorama chiefly in the fact that the spectators, instead of standing on a circular platform, find themselves on a genuine vessel and experience most of the sensations of being at sea. Immense canvases unroll slowly, steadily and noiselessly before their eyes, and the rise and fall of the boat, together with the shifting scenes, complete the illusion that one is really on board a steamer, cruising in front of some of the well-known seaport cities of the Mediterranean.

"The Celestial Globe"—another "side show"—is a sphere 14 feet in diameter and surrounded by a terrace 260 feet above the ground. The exterior of this immense globe is decorated with astronomical and mythological figures, which, being illuminated at night from the interior, will be visible from all parts of the exposition grounds. Inside the globe, electric elevators and broad staircases will conduct visitors to a second sphere (110 feet in diameter), representing the center of the planetary system. The sun, the moon, the stars and the wandering comets will all be visible, while in the center will be seen the earth (diameter 25 feet), slowly revolving on its axis.



THE GRAND GLO BE CELESTIAL.



HOUSE BUILT UPSIDE. DOWN

Glass-Making by Electricity.

An American glassmaker has patented an apparatus for the production of glass by electric furnace, and is said to have adopted in its construction a hint which he derived from an accidental breakage. Passing through his works one day, he saw the globe of an electric light crack, and a piece of the broken glass dropped upon the white-hot carbon points and was almost instantaneously melted. Thereupon he had a box or vat made, upon the interior of which were brought together pairs of carbon rods, powerful currents being sent through them to secure great heat. Immediately below them was a channel for the passage of sand and other constituents of glass, and it is found that these are reduced to the vitreous state in as many minutes as it requires hours to melt glass under the old system.

A Year's Progress in the Klondike.

Two years ago the difficulties of reaching the Klondike were thought to be of such a nature as to preclude the probability or even possibility of Dawson ever becoming a place of permanent habitation. The trials of the Chilkoot and White passes were exploited in magazine and journal from one end of the continent almost to the other, and the wrecks of humanity, and particularly of the thousands of beasts that lay scattered along the trail—the tribute to the Sahara turned to shame—were appealed to as grim testimony of the almost insuperable barrier which separated man from the object of his search. To-day, and since July 6 of the past year (1899), a steam railway traverses the full forty-two miles of the White Pass trail, and the traveler enjoys the beauties of the sub-Arctic landscape in much the way that he enjoys the trip through the Alleghany mountains in the east, or the prairies in the west.—From an article by Prof. Angelo Heilprin, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for February.

GIRLS RUN ELEVATORS.

City of Boston Has Them in That Capacity.

Girl elevator boys are the latest thing in Boston. In this respect the city is now ahead of New York. The girl elevator boy is the product of the electric elevator, which can be run without much expenditure of muscular energy. The apparatus does not have to be hauled up and down as when operated by the ordinary steam or hydraulic power. It is worked by the simple process of throwing over a lever and any child can do it. In some of the skyscraping office buildings timid persons who enter an elevated car think that their last moment has come just as soon as the elevator operator begins to perform. There is a cruel scowl on his face generally, and he whangs and bangs the gate as if he wished it were a passenger. Before starting the car he turns round and glares hatefully at every one. People shrink as far from him as possible, feeling that he may explode at any moment and wreak terrible vengeance upon some one. No one can understand what the boy elevator boy says when he talks. He has the same contempt for the English language that he has for everything and every one else. If a passenger asks him a question the reply is a short,sharp bark and a snap. Those in the car jump with fear. Few care to beard the elevator boy in his cage. Elevator manufacturers all say that the girl elevator boy is sure to arrive in all large cities very shortly. The makers are hurrying things up so that she can work the elevator with the least expenditure of force.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Muskrat Meat Palatable.

Muskrat meat, Pennsylvanians along the Schuylkill valley say, is more delicate and sweet than rabbit. Care has to be taken, however, not to break the bag of musk—a pouch the size of a walnut, filled with highly perfumed white paste and located in the intestines—for to break this bag is to saturate the flesh with a musky odor and it is then inedible, as though it had been boiled in cologne. The muskrat is said to be even cleaner in its eating than the serpent. It washes all its food. Green corn, tender young grass, salads, apples, wheat, nuts and sweet potatoes are the things it lives on.

BOYHOOD DAYS OF MOY KEE.

Cuinaman Talks of His Childhood Days in the Old Country.

"When I was a boy," said Moy Kee, tea merchant, laundryman and interpreter to an Indianapolis News man, "I went to school in my native village of Shin-King, eighty-seven miles from Pekin. I was seven years when I started to school, and, of course, the teacher was a man. We sat on stools with desks before us and studied aloud. At 10 years old I could write very well, and had to learn every word of a long lesson by heart. The teacher had a stick, and sometimes, but not often, he would punish a boy, either by striking him on the hand or on the seat of his trousers. There are no bad boys in China, as there are here in this country. The boys are respectful and polite to all who are older than themselves, and while they have their plays and their fun, they do not think it fun to hurt any one. The boys here in America do not know what long school hours are. I went to school early in the morning before the birds began to sing. After that we went to breakfast and then to dinner and in the evening to supper. Those were long, long days, the boys here would say, but we Chinese boys did not say anything about it. We just sat on our stools and sung out our lessons all at the same time as loud as we could. Vacation came along in the harvest time when the rice was gathered. Then we played at flying kites. We did not, as boys do here, fly kites any time. No, there was a season for it, and we flew them at no other times. The boys in China walk on stilts just as boys do here, and play at blindfold, hide and seek and leap frog, but all in a different way from here. We had great sport fighting beetles. We would find these on the fields and train them to fight, and we would lay wagers on which would win just as you do here on prizefighters. No neighborhood in China can afford to have a bad boy in it. Suppose at Chinese New Year's when we are all shooting firecrackers, some one would shoot a revolver. There would be great trouble. Not only would the one who shot the revolver be punished, but his relatives and neighbors and the magistrate of the district would be punished or reprimanded,because in China such things must not happen. A stranger could walk through my village day or night, with no one to hurt him. He would be safe all the time. It is not so in this country. We had great sport in shooting at sparrows with bow and arrow, and nobody ever shot at persons, as some boys do here with airguns. The boys in China laugh a great deal, and laugh very loud sometimes, but they have plenty of sport without hurting any one."

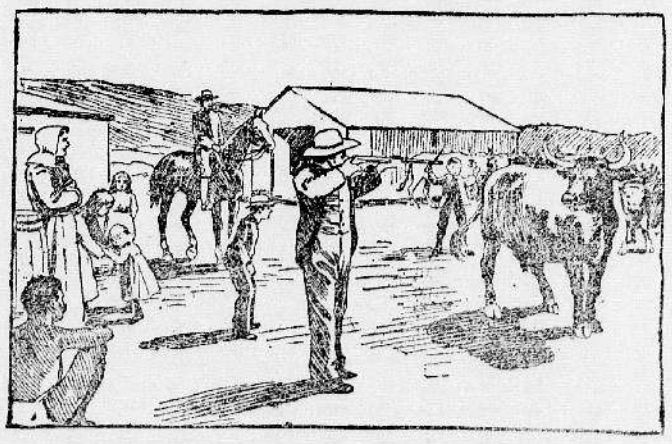
Another Kipling Story.

Just before the famous writer left England he was lunching at a restaurant in Fleet street much affected by the literary and artistic set. In a bit of absence of mind Kipling got up from his seat and began walking away without paying his score. The waitress, with a little readiness of wit which delighted the whole room, called out, "Mr. Kipling—Pay, Pay, Pay," the well-known refrain of the "Absent-Minded Beggar." It is a story that will often be told against the author of the much-discussed patriotic poem.—London Madame.

A Matter of Pride.

Papa (after the company is gone)—Dorothy, why did you not obey me when I spoke to you? Dorothy—Oh, papa, I hated to before all those people.—Truth.

HOW BOERS KILL THEIR CATTLE.



The accompanying illustration is a scene which goes to show just what an expert sharpshooter the average Boer still is. This scene represents the Boer method of killing cattle for food. The Boer does not poleax his beef, but has it driven up by the herdsmen. He then casually selects the animal he wants and puts a bullet through its brain with the utmost nicety. When he goes out after game, he is even more skillful in bringing down food for his larder. He can pick off with the utmost unconcern a deer at a thousand yards, and while going full gallop on horseback. Although the younger generation of Boers are not, perhaps, such expert marksmen as their fathers, the present war in South Africa has shown that their shooting is by no means to be despised.

THE HERO OF SAMOA.

THAT DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN THE PORT OF APIA.

Where 146 Americans and Germans Perished, Recalled by the Death of Commander Carlin of the Vandalia—The Great Samoan Tornado.

(Special Letter.)

There was recently laid to rest in an old cemetery in Carthage the remains of a man who passed into the beyond with the event being scarcely noted and yet who, only a few brief years ago, was the idol of America. He was Commander James W. Carlin, U. S. N., the hero of Samoa. He died last December on the City of Pekin, between Manila and Yokohama, and his remains have just been laid to rest in Illinois soil.

Commander Carlin played an important part in the great Samoan tornado. On the morning of March 16, 1889, ships of the English, German and American navies were in the port of Apia. The storm came swiftly, and found them unprepared to meet it in the shallow waters of the bay. Every energy was bent toward getting to the open sea. The Englishmen succeeded. That day death came quickly to many, and in all 146 German and American officers and men found their end.

Carlin was executive officer of the Vandalia, and practically in command even before the death of Capt. Scoonmaker. The latter was an old man, and so fleshy that he was unable to handle himself with ease. He was killed and washed overboard in the early part of the storm, but not before his executive officer had made a gallant attempt to save him. The men had been ordered into the rigging as the only place of safety, and Carlin was about to follow when he saw the captain lying on the forward part of the deck, with his arms clasped about a stanchion. Making his way to him between the huge waves that were pounding over the deck, Carlin clasped his arm around the commanding officer's waist and told him that he intended to help him into the rigging.

"Don't try to help me, Jim," said Scoonmaker; "I'm as good as dead now. You save yourself."

While he lay on the deck by the captain's side Carlin felt one of the ropes that held a gun in place slip, and to an old sailor this meant that in a few minutes the gun would be loose and pounding around the deck. He resolved to secure a rope and tackle hanging near by in the rigging, and with it help Scoonmaker up the ladder. Twice as

COMMANDER J. W. CARLIN, U. S. N.

he made the rush, between waves, for the rope, he was forced to clasp a brass railing to prevent being washed overboard. On the return trip he was again compelled to hold to the rail for his life while two waves of unusual height and violence rushed down upon the deck, and when he arose and looked for the captain both man and gun were gone. Then he looked out for himself. Back to the rigging he went, but every place on the yard arm was occupied by the men, and in that time there was no rank. Death stood at their face and leveled rank. Carlin was too brave to order men to give up a place of safety to him, but they insisted on pulling him up to them.

The ship seemed doomed. Men were being washed overboard at every wave, and to make death more certain the Vandalia was drifting down upon a coral reef. Then the Trenton, anchored near by, began to drag her anchor and bear down upon the fated ship. It seemed certain that the Trenton would cut the Vandalia in two before either struck the coral reef. Officers and men bade one another farewell and stood there waiting for death, but when it seemed most certain a stronger gale than usual struck the human sails in the rigging of Vandalia and shoved her so far ahead that the Trenton's prow struck her stern, and slowly warped around alongside. Instantly Lieut. Carlin saw his opportunity and the men's and ordered them to run along the yard arms and jump upon the deck of the Trenton. Every man reached the Trenton, and that ship steamed away to safety—having by that time got her engines into working order. For his part Carlin was commended to congress. His military career began when a mere boy. He was born in 1848 and in 1862 he enlisted in an Illinois regiment and served in the Union army. When mustered out in 1864 he was appointed to the Naval academy, from which he graduated four years later. His advance was as slow as that of all naval officers during the past third of a century. He served in all parts of the world, and was in command of the transport Culgoa, plying between Manila and Australia, carrying supplies, when he obtained the sick leave to start on the journey that proved his last.

FACTS ABOUT BANANAS.

Why the Red Banana Has Disappeared—Other Phases of the Trade.

Red bananas are so scarce nowadays as to be practically a rarity; the prevailing banana is yellow. Twenty years and more ago the red was the prevailing banana and the yellow the rare one. The yellow banana requires less care and time in the cultivation, and so costs less in that stage. It sticks to the stem better than the red banana, and so stands handling better. There are one-third more yellow bananas to the bunch than red. With all these marked advantages in its favor the yellow banana has practically driven the red banana out. With yellow bananas at $1 or $1.50 a bunch, red would be worth from $6 to $11, and there would be fewer in a bunch. Red bananas sell nowadays in the fruit stores as high as 20 cents each. The comparatively few bunches imported are taken by dealers in fancy fruits as novelties, the rarity in large measure determining the price. It might be asked why, with red bananas at such prices, more are not cultivated; to which the answer is that if more were raised the prices would go down again, and there would be no profit in raising them for the general demand, in competition with the more economically produced, more prolific and better shipping yellow bananas. Some people prefer the flavor of the red banana, some prefer that of the yellow; it is preferable that the great majority would have no choice, and the far lower price at which the yellow banana can be offered to the individual consumer settles the question. Bananas were never before so cheap as they have been in recent years. Formerly a luxury that was rather costly than otherwise, the banana is now a cheap luxury; very good bananas can now be bought commonly in the streets in the season at a cent apiece, or 10 cents a dozen, such as formerly cost two or three times as much. The bananas eaten in this country come from Costa Rica, British and Spanish Honduras, Colombia, Jamaica and Cuba. The bulk of the fruit from the gulf countries goes to New Orleans for distribution, that from the other countries coming to the Atlantic ports. Bananas are now sold, not as rarities, but more or less commonly, in all parts of the country, practically everywhere, the eastern part of the country being supplied from Atlantic ports and the Mississippi valley and the western half from New Orleans.—New York Sun.

Falling by the Wayside.

One of the pathetic sights which haunt the memory of the traveler returned from the heart of Africa is the suffering of the native porters on long and difficult journeys. Africans are a lazy race, it is true, but the hard work of "packing" for hundreds of miles over rough routes is often too much for strong and willing men. We know, says an English missionary, recounting an experience of this kind, that in every part of the thick forest through which our way led were enemies waiting for the stragglers,whom they would at once spear and then steal their loads. The porters knew this perfectly well, but they did not seem to mind it, and for the sake of a little rest were willing to risk their lives. In one part of our journey, the way led through a thick forest. Hour after hour we toiled on through the terrible heat. There seemed no air to breathe. Then there was the sickening want of water and proper nourishment, not to mention the weary work of urging on the porters. If it was hard for us, what must it have been for the poor creatures who carried our loads? Among them death had become common. Some had died from want of food; others, from other causes. I was walking with a companion at one time,when we came upon a poor fellow sitting, or rather reclining, by the roadside. We tried to urge him on, but he shook his head. We raised him to his feet, but he could not stand. What were we to do? There were no villages for miles and miles around. I felt his pulse. It seemed to have stopped. His heart scarcely beat, and we knew it would all be over soon. All we could do was to carry him to a more comfortable spot, give him all the food we had with us, and the bottle of cocoa that I carried on my back. Then, with sad hearts and driven by necessity, we left him there to die.

The Automatic Bath Tub.

It is told of a certain lazy man of these parts that, in order to save himself any inconvenience when he had his house remodeled, he included an automatic bathtub. The tub was so arranged that he could lie in bed, and, by pushing a button, the door opened and a bathtub would glide from the next room to the side of the bed, and then all he would have to do was to roll over into the tub and take his morning bath. The other day he was showing a party of gentlemen friends over the house, and when he came to his room he said: "Let me show you my automatic bathtub." He pushed the button, there was a scream, and the tub came sailing into the room with his wife in it. She now takes her bath in a washpan.—Galesburg Mail.

Measure It Yourself.

Even though the velocity of light is 192,000 miles a second, the distance of some of the fixed stars of the twelfth magnitude is so great that it takes 4,000 years for their light to reach us. If you don't believe this, go and measure it yourself.