

The Pan-American Exposition.

The Buffalo Fair Next Year Will Be Equal to that of 1893.

Just where to begin a story of the great Pan-American exposition at Buffalo is a problem offering many ways of approach, all of them attractive, all of them so inviting as to leave one still in doubt which to choose.

If we begin at the upper left hand corner—the northwest—as an artist might do in making a picture, we shall straightway find ourselves in the labyrinths of the Midway, surrounded by the gayest of scenes, in a maze of novelties, threading serpentine walks, meeting the grotesque and the incongruous and laughing with the merriest of merry crowds. If we begin at the northeast corner, we shall sit in the top row of seats in the Stadium, looking at a crowd of 25,000 people in that great amphitheater, larger in its dimensions than the coliseum built by Vespasian and Titus to please the sportive Romans at the beginning of this era.

Rather let us come up from the city by trolley, as most of the visitors will do, and approach the exposition from the south. It is a close four miles from the business center of Buffalo to the southern gates of the exposition, but no city ever had a better street railway system than this, and it is a short ride. Several hundred new cars have been ordered for the Pan-American year, and a 5-cent fare will take passengers from any point in the city, no matter how remote, to the gates of the exposition.

The ride is through as beautiful a residence section as any city can boast. There are miles upon miles of smooth asphalt pavement, bordered with green lawns, embowered with maples and elms. Nearly every dwelling has a broad veranda, shaded with vines or banked with brilliant blossoms. Every lawn has its floral feature. The absence of fences gives the whole city

the intramural railway at the left receives the bulk of the incoming crowd, but there are many who prefer to walk now, and ride when wearied with sightseeing.

The Pan-American exposition grounds are about one mile from north to south and half a mile from east to west. They embrace an area of 350 acres, of which 133 acres are improved park lands, a part of Delaware Park. We are told by experts whose word is law among landscape architects that the park scenes which we are now drinking in with our fresh vision and alert sensibilities are among the most beautiful in the world. It is easy to indorse such an agreeable expression of opinion, for he must be obtuse indeed who will not readily imagine himself set down in one of nature's own fairylands.

In planning the great exposition it has been the aim of the architects to avoid disturbing any of the features of this charming pleasure ground. The walk leads the visitor among stately trees and along stretches of rare shrubbery that give off delicious odors

formed that one may scarcely discover where the park has been grafted upon the newer grounds of the exposition. The park lands have necessarily been somewhat invaded, but not disfigured. A little grade brings you finally to a point where the architectural beauty of the great main group of exposition buildings blossoms before the eye as a flower opens when the sun streaks the eastern sky and heralds the dawn of a new day.

There are some twenty or more large buildings, including the massive architectural features of a decorative character. The lesser buildings are numbered by the hundred. The love of symmetry has guided the hands of the designers of these glorious works, and the arrangement is upon harmonious lines. Color shades into color, shadow blends into shadow, and there are brilliant contrasts in a thousand ways that forbid a hint of severity and sameness and make a picture that one will carry always in his mind when once it has been recorded there by the camera of the eye.

We are now at the Approach, shaded



a park-like aspect in the open residence portions. The streets are clean as a ship's deck. The air is sweet. A cool breeze comes from Lake Erie, which lies to the southwest. It is this tempering wind that fans the city throughout the torrid season and gives to Buffalo the most delightful summer climate known to any city of the north. Hot nights are a rarity. An abundance of pure water from Lake Erie, a perfect drainage system, the cleanness of streets and proper sanitary regulations, well enforced, combine to give Buffalo a place of high rank as a healthful city. Her mortality record is one of the best. Wheelmen will be interested to know that there are 223 miles of the smooth clean asphalt streets in the city, to say nothing of the fine macadam roads and cycle paths throughout the extensive park system, of which there are about twenty-five miles.

The plans for the exposition are so nearly matured and so much work has been done that we know now what the visitors shall see in the matter of important buildings and picturesque grounds.

It is May, 1901. We alight at Forest avenue and enter at the grand southern gateway of the exposition. It is on Lincoln parkway, a broad, beautiful boulevard, shaded deeply with rows of tall maples. The entrance is one of the notable architectural works of the exposition, of rich and elaborate design. A 50-cent ticket gives us the freedom of the exposition for a day.

We are in the city for at least a week, so will take our pleasure leisurely. We are conscious that a myriad of wonderful sights lie beyond the great portal, but the more haste the less pleasure. The terminal station of

from millions of flowers. The first notable building is the Albright Art Gallery, well within the park on an elevated site. It is the permanent home of the public art treasures of Buffalo and the building is the gift of an enterprising and public spirited citizen, Mr. J. J. Albright, who has taken this as an opportune time to bestow a lasting benefit upon the city. It also meets appropriately the purpose of an art building for the exposition.

We come presently to a bridge of elaborate design which spans a narrow place in the Park Lake. On either side are broad reaches of water dotted with pleasure boats. The plumage of swans and other waterfowl of dazzling whiteness gladdens and enlivens the scene. They are good sailors, those birds with sinuous necks, and the envy of young boys to whom swimming and diving are as yet arts unachieved.

What a scene! How fresh and green and abundant the foliage, a delight to the botanist in its amazing variety, a picture to arrest the eye of any artist! And flowers! Children of the sun! Nature's expression of her most joyous moods! How generously have these been spread throughout the borders of this elysian highway! One may well believe there is a subtle plan back of it all. Undoubtedly we are victims of a latent conspiracy. By these delicate instruments—the play of color on the eye, the wafting of invisible floral incense to the keen nostrils, the song of birds unseen among the branches all about, the soft dip of oars in the limpid lake, the melody of cool cascades—these are soothing the mind and preparing its receptive powers for the burst of splendor which presently shall come.

So skillfully has the work been per-

by tall trees, and advance to the Fore Court. We cross the Mirror Lakes upon the Triumphal Bridge, one of the splendid exterior features of the exposition. The Mirror Lakes are a part of the Grand Canal, which completely encircles the main group of buildings, a mile or more in length, upon which pleasure craft of all sorts will carry the visitor from point to point for a small fee. Leaving the Triumphal Bridge, we come to the Esplanade, where 250,000 people may gather upon the occasion of special celebrations or ceremonies.

The main exposition buildings are grouped around a vast court, in shape like an inverted T. As we stand in the Esplanade facing the north the lesser courts of the horizontal are at the right and left. The Esplanade is 1,745 feet long by 510 feet wide. The perpendicular or greater court, including the Court of the Fountains and the Plaza, is 2,600 feet long by 500 feet wide. From our viewpoint in the Esplanade we can see some parts of nearly all the great buildings. It will be noted that there has been a liberal use of color in all the exterior work. The roofs are red tile and the walls of staff are tinted in various soft shades that suggest the tropics. Numerous shady arcades and airy pavilions promise comfort upon the warmer days. There is a uniformity of eave line among the great buildings, and patient attention to detail is everywhere manifest in these extensive architectural works. Pillars and pilasters are made rich with bas-reliefs and arabesques. Arches are tinted and frescoed. Towers, lanterns, domes and minarets, flag standards, finials and festoons, with countless flags, streamers and banners waving gayly, combine to heighten the festive aspect. The style of architecture here observed is described as a modification of the Spanish renaissance, it having been decided that this would somewhat proclaim the all-

American or pan-American character of the exposition. Throughout Latin-America the approved architecture is that which has come down from the Spain of old, changing somewhat through the lapse of centuries. The visitor from California, Mexico, Central and South America will feel the compliment expressed in the architectural features of the exposition.

The financial resources of the exposition aggregate \$5,800,000 including the federal government and New York state appropriations. The other states and many countries are responding heartily, and appropriations from those sources will aggregate several millions more. Official responses to invitations issued by President McKinley through the state department have been received from the governments of Canada, Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala, Guadalupe, Dutch Guiana, Bolivia, Argentine Republic, Chile, Costa Rica, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela and Haiti.

The Hon. William I. Buchanan, former United States minister to the Argentine Republic, is director general of the exposition. The gates will be open from May 1st to October 31, 1901.

NEW MEASUREMENT

Of Dressed Pine Lumber Will Greatly Increase Price Thereof.

An action was taken by the Pine Lumber Dealers' Association at the offices of the Builders and Traders' Exchange, in the Grand Opera House building, yesterday, that is of great moment to contractors and builders as

it materially increases the cost of dressed lumber. The Pine Lumber Dealers' Association includes all of the retail dealers in dressed pine lumber in this city. It is claimed by the association that the dealers of this city are the only ones in Ohio that have been selling dressed pine and other lumber by the face measurement—that is, the measurement and estimate of cost, not including the tongue on each flooring board, that is made to make it fit into the groove of the board laid adjacent. Yesterday it was resolved unanimously to hereafter sell all lumber by what is known as the strip measurement; that is, the tongue on each board will be measured as well as the face of the board. The dealers claim that thousands of dollars have been lost to them by this waste, or tongue lumber. A tongue on a three-inch plank will measure as much as a tongue on a six-inch plank. This, it is claimed, will cause the price of dressed pine lumber to rise from fifteen to twenty per cent. The members of the association caused a circular to be printed, and these will be mailed to all customers of members of the association tomorrow morning, notifying them of the new method of measurement and the rise in the price.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unlucky.

McJigger—Borrows is crafty. He paid back to Hoodew one dollar for the fourteen he owes him. Thingumbob—It's unusual for Borrows to pay anything back. McJigger—True; but Hoodew is so superstitious that Borrows knows he'll never ask for the balance.—Philadelphia Press.

The Professor Knows.

"Professor," the seeker after knowledge inquired of the great toxicologist, "if a tarantula were to bite you, what would be the first thing you'd do?" "Yell!" replied the scientist promptly.—Philadelphia Press.

DARK NIHILIST PLOT.

REACHED CLIMAX IN DEATH OF DOCTOR COCKE.

Found with a Bullet in His Head and Police Believe 'Twas Pat Turov by Another Hand Than His—Was Czar's Agent.

What was perhaps one of the deepest laid and most unscrupulous political plots of the century reached a climax the other day when Dr. J. R. Cocke, a secret representative of the Russian government, was found dead in an apartment of his house in one of the most fashionable parts of Boston, with a bullet hole in his head. Miss Charlotte Harrington, who was alone with Dr. Cocke in the house when he died, told the police that she and Dr. Cocke were in the employ of the secret intelligence department of the Russian empire, and that they had received from Count Muraviev, the Russian chancellor, large sums of money, which they applied to the purpose of collecting information in behalf of the Russian government upon the movements of the Nihilist propaganda in this country. Dr. Cocke was widely known as a successful scientist and erstwhile Beau Brummel, and was often termed "the blind surgeon." It now appears that Dr. Cocke and Miss Harrington had an appointment at the Vendome, one of the most aristocratic hotels of Boston, to meet Count Progonoff, an emissary of the Russian government, who had left Washington three days before.

A few hours before the firing of the shot that ended the romantic career of Dr. Cocke, a closed carriage drove up to the steps of the Vendome. A veiled woman stepped lightly from the vehicle, ran briskly into the entrance and asked if a stranger had arrived in room No. 617. She appeared very much disconcerted when the clerk informed her that the room was vacant. One of the hotel servants who passed by the waiting carriage noticed that its occupant was a slight, nervous man who wore blue glasses. He identified this man as Dr. Cocke. The doctor was later joined by the veiled woman, and the carriage started at a rapid gait for the house of Dr. Cocke, where the fatal shot rang out two hours later. The veiled woman was Miss Harrington.

After all that has been done to ascertain the true cause of Dr. Cocke's death, the Boston police say that it is not at all certain that he died by his own hand. They believe that the murder may have been done by the agents of some government that is unfriendly to Russia. It has been discovered that Dr. Cocke, during the few days that preceded his death, was tracked constantly by dark-visaged men of impenetrable mein, who never



DR. J. R. COCKE.

for a moment allowed their victim to escape from their sight. Miss Harrington, the late doctor's nurse and amanuensis, announced that for a week before his death the doctor had been aware of the terrible shadow that was closing in upon his life. The first indication that he had of the coming fate was the appearance of a tall, bearded stranger who rang the doctor's bell a few days previous to the shooting. The man demanded an interview with Dr. Cocke, and after he had gone the doctor's face was bloodless and he appeared much perturbed. A few hours before the shot was fired Miss Harrington again saw the mysterious stranger skulking about the house.

It has been learned by the Boston police that Count Progonoff actually left Washington for Boston, but all traces of him have been utterly lost after his departure from the capital. An obscure Russian Hebrew, who lives in the foreign colony in the West End of Boston, and who was formerly himself a prominent member of the Nihilist propaganda, declares that his positive knowledge of a party of Nihilists, who had wind of the intended journey of Count Progonoff to Boston, left that city for the purpose of disposing of the titled emissary of the Russian government, and the fact that he cannot be found seems to show that they succeeded well in their design. Dr. Cocke was born in Ireland 43 years ago. He has served the Irish revolutionists as agent at St. Petersburg and came to this country as the agent of that government. He had lately been active in this country in behalf of the Boers. Highly startling developments are looked for in connection with his sudden death.

He Pleaded with Clio.

Mr. Walker Horseman and Miss Clio Williams eloped from Owingsville, Ky., and were married at Marysville, Clio Snedler, a neighbor of the couple, followed them to Marysville, and with tears in his eyes, tried to prevent the marriage, telling Clio she was the only girl he could ever love.

BALCONY SCENE A FAILURE,

Jealous Lover Had Sawed Supports, and the Dusky Juliet Fell.

Lillie Latcher, 21 years old, colored, is at the city hospital suffering from a contused forehead and severe bodily bruises. Lillie is employed as a domestic at 2329 Market street, where she attends to the table and scours the dishes. At the same house Sam Harris, also colored, is employed as a man of all work. Sam has been employed at the place for four years, but Lillie is only a recent acquisition. Lillie's ebony complexion and robust form soon won Sam's heart, and while he worked about the house he took occasion to glance at Lillie now and then. The glances became frequent, and finally, in the language of Lillie, "Sam made google eyes" at her. For a time she thought Sam was the whole thing and loved him with all her soul. About a week ago a coal man made his appearance in the neighborhood and Lillie transferred her affections to the latter. Harris was wise and he saw the trend of things. The coal man usually came early in the morning, long before the household was up. Lillie soon learned this, and she made arrangements to talk to her dusky lover. Her room was in the rear of the house and opened out on a small wooden balcony about four feet long and two feet wide. Like Juliet, she would stand on this balcony and murmur sweet nothings to her black Romeo. For a few days everything went well. Then in some manner Harris learned of the balcony scenes and determined to be revenged. Early the other morning Lillie arose to talk to her lover. She waited in the window until she saw the familiar form with a basket on its shoulder enter the alley gate. Then she stepped out on the balcony. For a moment the frail structure swayed, and then, with a terrific crash, fell to the ground, ten feet below. The coal man was some distance from the balcony and escaped injury, but Lillie was not so fortunate. She struck on her head. An examination showed that the supports holding the balcony, a small wooden affair, had been sawed through, so that any weight on the balcony would cause it to fall. Lillie is unkind enough to allege that Harris sawed the supports.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FARMER AND GYPSY IN DUEL.

Gypsy Told the Farmer to Defend Himself.

In the Danbury (N. Y.) City hospital lies Peter Riley, a gypsy, who was seriously wounded in a duel with a young farmer over the queen of a band of gypsies. All that is known of the story was gathered from the members of the band. Adela, the queen, and Riley, who was the leader among the men of the band, were to be married, but they had a lovers' quarrel. Adela then accepted the attentions of a young farmer, who had followed the band on their journey east. Adela's coquetry made Riley jealous. The other day, while the farmer was walking with the queen, Riley confronted him. This was the first time he knew he had a rival. "Defend yourself," cried Riley, as he threw a revolver at the feet of the astonished farmer. The country boy then tried to explain, but the gypsy would not listen. The farmer picked up the revolver and fired a fraction of a second before Riley pressed the trigger and the gypsy fell.

The queen threw herself upon him and begged his forgiveness, and protested that she loved him. She bade the farmer begone, and told him she had only played with him. Adela then drove her wounded lover to the Danbury City hospital, and then wanted to remain with him, but when assured that he would get well she went away with the band.

Heiress to \$2,000,000.

Miss Louise Eversole and her sister, Mabel, two pretty young St. Louis girls, have been informed by their attorney that they are heirs to \$1,000,000 each in their own right, and that the money is now ready for their disposal. The snug fortunes are part of the Ludwig Fischer estate in Holland. Fischer died nine years ago, leaving a large estate. This was converted into money and held by the government for the heirs until now it has reached the enormous total of \$17,000,000. The Eversole family is one of the three who are direct heirs to the estate.

A Boy Blown to Atoms.

The 11-year-old son of Mr. Edward Fogie, a farmer near Frederick, Md., while watching workmen quarrying, took to playing with dynamite sticks, when there was a sudden explosion and fragments of the child were sent flying in various directions. His legs, an arm and half his head were blown completely off. A son of ex-Sheriff Zimmerman, standing sixty yards away, had his hands torn off by a flying tree stump.

Murder and Suicide.

Sidney R. Powers, a veteran of the civil war, shot and killed his divorced wife and then committed suicide at Elgin, Ill. Mrs. Powers was at home when Powers forced his way into the building, quarreled with her, drove her out and sent a bullet into her brain. Then he killed himself.

Brain Workers Live Long.

Statistics have been published to show that brain workers are long-lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women of the present century were taken and their duration of life gives an average of sixty-eight years and eight months.