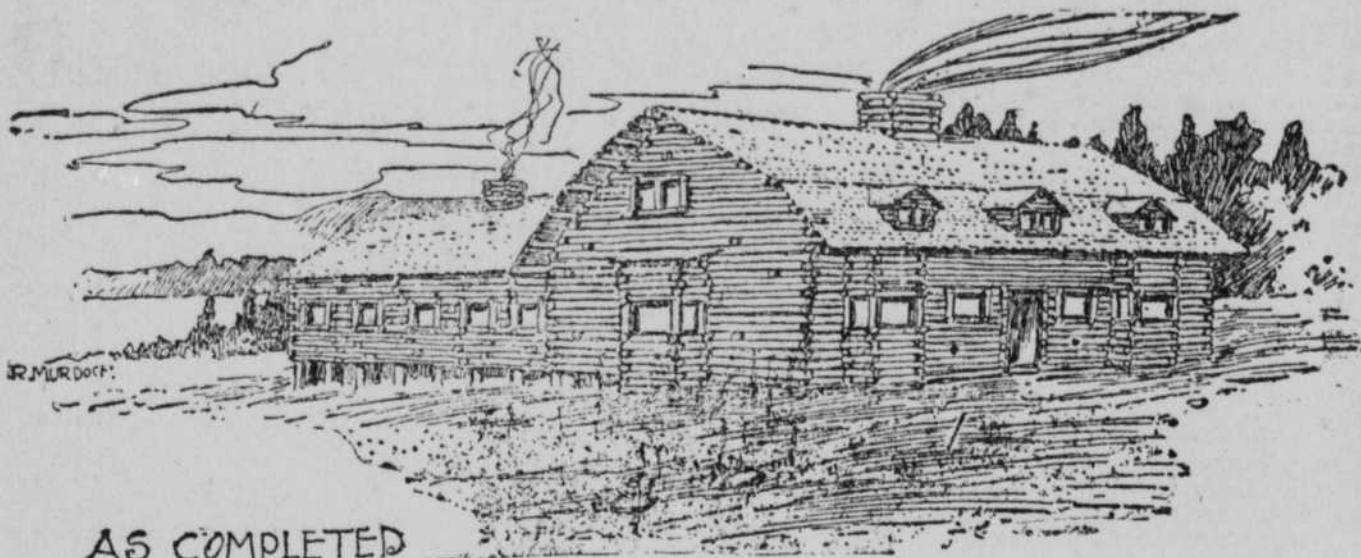


A \$75,000 LOG CABIN IS NEW - ENGLAND'S MOST INTERESTING HOME.



AS COMPLETED

Workmen are now busy at Belfast completing the outside work of one of the largest log cabins to be found in the state of Maine, and probably the world, a massive structure, which recalls in a way the primitive huts, but is, indeed, "a thing of beauty." The building is owned by prominent Philadelphia people. It is composed of spruce logs and cost \$75,000.

This cabin, erected by the children of the late William H. Folwell of Philadelphia, who began its erection but died before the completion, in many ways is one of the finest buildings on the coast.

The lower story is entirely of spruce logs cut on the island and in their natural state. Above this the building is clap-boarded and neatly finished. The front room downstairs is 30 by 60 feet, hardwood floor and is artistically decorated with oil paintings, wedgewood, mounted birds, brass work and other decorations.

The windows are many and those to the front are of one pane of plate glass, with a frame of gold on the interior, giving a beautiful natural picture effect.

At the back of the room is a magnificent fireplace of a gigantic nature. It is built of brick and granite, the mantelpiece being of marble, 12 feet in length, three in width and nine inches thick, the whole piece of work weighing some forty tons. Across the front of the mantelpiece, cut in the marble is this inscription: "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains."

Back of the mantel is another tablet of Pennsylvania marble, five by five feet, decorated with brass rosettes and bearing the Latin inscription, "Mon Reve," translated to "My Dream." The hall which opens from the back is twelve by sixty feet, and from this is entered the two wings, the main house, and the stairs to the chambers. The main part of the house runs back some twenty-two feet by sixty-three feet, in which is located the kitchen, laundry and storage rooms.

The two wings are each twenty by thirty feet, the southern one being fitted for a dining-room in the style of the old English times, with a fifteen foot table and beautiful decorations, while the north wing is given over to smoking and bath rooms. Upstairs the main hall is twelve by sixty feet, and there are twenty-two sleeping rooms on either side of the large hall, running the length of the house. Each room is thirteen by fifteen feet, while the front rooms are fifteen by twenty feet, three in number. All the rooms are equipped with white iron bedsteads and first class fittings, while the gable roofs and the seventeen dormer windows make them all desirable. The lower part of the house is built of six-inch logs, and the sloping roofs overhang.

The building is set upon fifty-eight piers of stone and will have been two years in building, when it is completed. There are several fireplaces of

tile, and there is much hand carving in the interior finish.

Much of the original shrubbery has been left around the buildings, and the grounds will in a great part be kept in their present half-wild state.

DID HE FALL SIX STORIES?

Or Did He Really Fall Only a Few Feet?

A man fell down an elevator shaft a distance of six stories in New York the other day and wasn't hurt. Connected with his fall was a circumstance which calls for some expertness in mathematics to figure out.

The man was at an entrance to an elevator shaft at the tenth floor looking down, when the elevator came whizzing by from farther up the shaft. There was a space of two feet between the floor on which the man stood and the elevator, but the man was leaning over just far enough so that the elevator touched him as it passed. Unnerved, the man lost his balance and fell, following the descending elevator. The elevator was going down almost as fast as the man was falling, so he did not overtake it until the fourth floor was reached, or until he had fallen six stories. Inasmuch as he and the elevator were traveling at almost the same rate of speed, the impact was very slight, and the man was scarcely bruised. Together man and elevator went to the ground floor, where the man was met by his friends who fully expected to find him dead.

Now, the question arises, how far did the man really fall? Of course he went the distance of six stories before he reached the elevator, but the elevator was never at the farthest more than a few feet ahead of him. Inasmuch as he fell only till he reached the elevator, did he really fall for a greater distance than these few feet?

Some one who has more time than we have may figure out this and the other queries which arise as one ponders on the queer circumstance.

MARK TWAIN AND HIS COLLAR.

Humorist Did His Best to Make Amends for Fault.

Mayor Low's secretary, James B. Reynolds, is authority for the following anecdote, which connects the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the originator of "Huck Finn."

The Stowe house at Hartford was situated close to the Clemens place, and not infrequently Mr. Clemens is known to have "shinned" over the back fence, his cornob pipe in his mouth, his collar and cravat anywhere but on him. These informal visits were a source of considerable annoyance to Mrs. Clemens, who frequently remonstrated with her husband on the subject.

On the occasion of one particularly long call of this sort, the indignant wife read her spouse a severe curtain lecture. Returning from this, sad-

dened and repentant, the mournful humorist carefully wrapped up a collar and cravat in a sheet of brown paper and dispatched them to Mrs. Stowe, with the following explanatory note:

"Mrs. Clemens tells me that I spent half an hour at your house this morning without the inclosed articles. Therefore I must ask you to look at them for that length of time.

"P. S.—Please return them; they are all I have."—New York Tribune

HER VIEW OF WESTERNERS.

Moral of Spinster Landlady's Story Somewhat Spoiled.

"I think that the people of the West are exceedingly interesting, but I do not like their ways," said the spinster landlady, as she began her nightly attack with the carving knife on a leg of cold mutton.

"What don't you like about them?" asked her nephew, who sat next to her and often embarrassed the boarders by saying there was too much water in the soup.

"Why, I think that they are too forward," said the woman with the knife as she peeled off a thin slice for a hard working politician and office holder, who often entertained the rest of the boarders by telling them of his campaign experiences.

"Have you met many westerners?" asked the politician, as he saw his almost empty plate set before him.

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "I was out in California and the people out there entertained me almost to death. The women I met at noon acted as if they had known me their whole lives by 2 o'clock. They were altogether too forward. I didn't like it."

"But the men didn't bother you, aunt, did they?" piped up the nephew.

MEANT FOR THE TEACHERS.

Boy's Idea of Sunday School International Letter Sheet.

What appears to be a really new Sunday school anecdote comes from West Philadelphia, and is said to be a truthful record of a bit of dialogue between a teacher in one of the upper grade schools of that section and a pupil who is neither brighter nor duller than the general average. He was third in succession who "failed" with regard to a question concerning the geography in and around the Red Sea, and was finally told that he should have interest in that part of the earth because of its religious and Biblical associations.

"Why, teacher," he said, "I never pay any attention to things I hear in Sunday school."

"You don't?" she asked, in surprise. "Why, for what do you suppose is all the expense of getting up the International Lesson sheets every week?"

"Huh!" he snorted in fine contempt. "Because the teachers don't know what to talk about unless it's printed out for them."

A County Affair.

The late "Tom" Marshall, one of Kentucky's most brilliant wags and lawyers, was always as poor in pocket as he was rich in wit. On one occasion he found the judicial sentiment setting strongly against his protest of questioning the witnesses involved. At last, losing his temper, Marshall turned on the judge and asked:

"Will your honor kindly fine me \$10?"

"For what, Mr. Marshall?" asked the judge.

"Contempt of court."

"But you've been guilty of no contempt," insisted the judge.

"Your Honor, believe me—I never before saw a court for which I had so much contempt as for this!"

"Enter a fine of \$10 against Mr. Marshall for contempt," ordered the bench, turning to the clerk.

"Thanks!" said Marshall. "And now your honor, will you lend me \$10 with which to pay the fine?"

"Mark Mr. Marshall's fine remitted," ordered the judge, promptly. "The county can better afford to lose it than I!"

Another Impression of America.

"Why is it that Americans are so brave and self-possessed?" asked one European soldier.

"They are accustomed to dangers from their earliest infancy," answered the other. "Every year they have an ordeal of fire and explosion, which the youth of the country all attend something after the manner of certain remote Asiatic tribes. It is known as the Fourth of July."—Washington Star.

CURES DIPLOMATIC AMBITION.

A Short Term in the Zanzibar Consulship Generally Sufficient.

Undesirable consulships have long given rise to humorous incidents. But Zanzibar, to which the President has appointed Mason Mitchell, a rough-rider, seems to be in the lead in unattractiveness, if the length of consular terms proves any test, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post. Indiana has usually claimed the honor of furnishing candidates for this place, but after the resignation of a man named Rogers of Shoales, the Indiana senators notified the President that they were through with it. They had constituents who were willing to take chances, but the senators were not prepared to promise that these venturesome individuals would stay more than a month. Before Rogers took the place it was held for nearly a year by "Bob" Mansfield, at one time private secretary to Senator Beveridge, and now consul at Valparaiso. Mansfield came back, according to Indiana descriptions, "as thin as a toothpick and as yellow as June butter." He said he had stuck it out as long as the insurance company would let him, and that he returned to save his premiums. Before Mansfield, there was an Indian named Billheimer, described as a husky Hoosier, with a large nose and frame pickled in malaria. He was cured of diplomatic ambition in about two months, and has never asked for a place since. Before Billheimer, Judge Riley of Virginia served; he remained as long as his aversion to the negroes would permit. Finally, he is said to have taken a gun and emptied a load of fine birdshot into the dusky natives who persisted in taking a daily bath in front of the American consulate, which, the Judge "allowed," was an indignity to be resented by this government's representative.

"He was at headquarters in the Army of the Potomac, and as he was a good sort of a fellow he got in with a general of one of the divisions who lived pretty high. He and this young man went on a bat on one occasion. Not to speak disrespectfully of the dead the young man got as drunk as a sailor on shore leave.

"While he was in that condition

the division got orders to go to the front and this young fool was put in the saddle and told to go in the other direction. But the engagement came on quickly and the horse on which he sat being like Job's war charger, smelled the battle and turning, dashed into the thick of the fight.

"The young fool who rode him had just enough sense to hang on and the horse plunged and neighed into the fray. It was a miracle that horse and rider came out of it alive.

"The commander of the division witnessed what I related, and in his report to Grant he made special mention of the daring of the fellow. The result was that the fellow was appointed a cadet. He was a graduate, I believe, of the Missouri university before he went into the army, so he was able to pass here.

"But what I want to impress upon you, young man, is this, if this fellow had not been drunk he would have kept his horse from being so reckless. And in that case he might not have been mentioned for bravery, and consequently he would not have been appointed a cadet.

"He was a good fellow—peace to his soul—but he owed his education by the government to his horse."

"And to getting drunk," I added.

"Well," said the old regular, "you know what Lincoln said when somebody told him Grant got drunk."

"And with that he turned away, evidently satisfied with his lecture."

HE LIKES FRIED POTATOES.

Grand Duke Alexis Has a Favorite Dish, So They Say.

Grand Duke Alexis of Russia is very fond of fried potatoes, and during his recent visit to Paris he was wont to buy a few every day from a woman in the street and to eat them beside her stall.

The woman did not know him, but as he paid her in princely fashion, she was very anxious to find out who he was.

"I can tell you who he is," said a neighbor one day. "He is Grand Duke Alexis, uncle of the czar and one of the greatest men in Russia."

Utterly amazed, the woman asked: "In heaven's name, how should I address him?"

"Oh, call him 'Your Excellency,' or 'Your Royal Highness,'" was the answer.

The woman resolved to do so, and the next day, as she was sprinkling some salt over the smoking potatoes which the grand duke had bought, she said: "I can recommend them to your royal highness, for I know your excellency has never tasted better potatoes."

The grand duke burst out laughing, and paid more for the potatoes than he had ever paid before, but he was annoyed at finding himself recognized and never returned to buy another potato.

Girard Was Considerate.

One of the sea captains in the employ of Stephen Girard had a rural Yankee's fondness for whittling with his jackknife, and on one trip succeeded in getting away with a large part of the rail, although, feeling that he was not without the artistic sense, he really regarded the rail as greatly improved in appearance. When the vessel came to Philadelphia Girard went aboard, made a general inspection in the captain's absence, and, as he was about to return to shore, asked one of the seamen who had been cutting the rail. The seaman told him the captain, and then, afraid his telling might have unpleasant consequences the seaman to learn of it in a roundabout way, informed that official of the interview with Girard. The captain was in terror of a reprimand, but, hearing nothing from his employer, supposed the incident closed. As he was about weighing anchor ready to leave port, a dray loaded with shingles drove down to the wharf, and the driver hailed the vessel.

"There must be some mistake!" shouted the captain. "Our bill of lading doesn't mention shingles!"

"This is where they belong!" sung back the driver. "Mr. Girard, himself, told me to deliver them! He said they're for the captain to whittle!"

Standing on the Bias.

During the trial of a street railway damage suit in one of the circuit branches of the supreme court of the District of Columbia a few days ago an important eyewitness of the accident took the stand in the person of an elderly colored man. The plaintiff had been injured while the car was at a street crossing, and one of the attorneys was endeavoring to elicit from the witness just where the latter was standing at the moment the plaintiff was struck by the car.

"As I understand you," remarked the attorney, after a number of questions had been asked, "you were standing at the street corner diagonally opposite the point where the accident occurred."

"No, sir, I wasn't," declared the witness. "I guess I was standing kinder sort or on the bias from the spot."

Wild Animals Kill Many.

Tigers killed 357 persons and panthers 295 last year in the Indian central provinces.

OLD SOLDIER'S STORY

Regular Effectually Dampens the Joy of Successful West Point Cadet

One of the recent graduates of West Point tells this story:

"I fell in with an old army officer after the exercises. He looked me over and asked me a good many questions. Among others he asked how I came to be appointed and I told him that it came about in the usual way. "A recommendation does not necessarily mean merit," he said.

"I assented to this.

"I do not think that passing an examination always means merit," he added as a crusher.

"I said I supposed not. I had resolved that I would not violate any of the rules by getting into an argument with an old regular, now on the retired list.

"I knew a young man who got here," he continued, "just after the civil war, because he was mentioned by the commanding officer in an engagement, for bravery, and the youngster never intended to be brave—he did it because he did not know what he was doing, or because he could not help it. He is dead now and I do not mind telling you about it.

"He was at headquarters in the Army of the Potomac, and as he was a good sort of a fellow he got in with a general of one of the divisions who lived pretty high. He and this young man went on a bat on one occasion. Not to speak disrespectfully of the dead the young man got as drunk as a sailor on shore leave.

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NEEDED SYMPATHY

And the Physician Was Perfectly Willing to Give It to Her at \$5.00 an Hour

"When Dr. Pills went abroad," said the young physician, "he left me in charge of his practice, and opposite one address in his book he made a mark—I won't say what it was—but it meant that I was to call at that house every day, without fail. I naturally expected to find the case a serious one, but owing to another mark beside the name I learned that nothing in the world was amiss with the patient.

"It was a woman, and she lives in a handsome house in the best quarter of the town. She has a husband who is wrapped up in his business, and two grown sons, who have their own affairs to attend to. I found her in bed, her elderly face topped by a coquettish invalid's cap. A lace shawl lay about her shoulders, and a silk quilt was spread carefully over her.

"Every time I went to see her I found her in a different toilet. Even the quilt was never alike two days in succession. There was absolutely nothing the matter with her but what I may call heart ennui. She was rich, but she hadn't anything in the world to interest her, and that is all.

They didn't pet her, nor make of her. She was simply pining for a little sympathy. It diverted her to see me come in.

"It pleased her to be able to talk about herself to somebody who would listen. She gained in her own estimation from having her pulse felt every day. She wanted the doctor to plan her day for her. Some days I ordered her to drive in a closed carriage. Other days I told her a drive in her victoria would do her a world of good. I always cautioned her to wrap up well. I gave her sympathy and attention, and I made her feel that she was an object of interest to at least one person.

"Of course, she was silly and selfish too, but if her thickheaded family had only thought of flattering her, of making of her, of treating her with anything besides their unvarying, unemotional kindness she'd never have fancied herself an invalid. As it was, and as it is, she pays \$5 a visit for the chance to talk to somebody who is sympathetic, and I'm willing to supply sympathy to the whole town at that price."—Washington Post.

RECALLS TRAGIC EVENT

Loss of Chinese Man-of-War Causes Renewed Discussion of Maine Explosion

Recently there has been a good deal of quiet discussion among naval men concerning the explosion of the Maine, excited by the news which arrived from China that the warship Kai Chih exploded and sank within thirty second while lying in the Yangtse-Kiang river, killing 150 officers and men.

The explosion of the Maine was one of the most mysterious affairs that ever happened in naval history. Notwithstanding the report of the board of inquiry into the manner of her loss, there are naval officers who maintain that the cause of the explosion of the Maine has never been cleared up. They say that no positive evidence was adduced to show that the Maine was exploded from the outside, although the report of the board pointed out many significant facts which supported this contention.

On the other hand there was some evidence tending to show that the explosion was of interior origin. Among this was the fact that about half an hour before the explosion there was an unaccountable and suf-

den rise in the temperature of one of the magazines, which fact was reported to Capt. Sigsbee and entered in the records.

Some thought this was occasioned by spontaneous combustion in one of the coal bunkers and which subsequently exploded one of the magazines. Such combustion is known to be liable to occur, especially when vessels are lying in tropical waters. A British man-of-war had previously been exploded by fire from spontaneous combustion reaching one of the magazines.

Now comes the mysterious explosion of a Chinese warship of large dimensions. She went to the bottom in about the same time as the Maine, and although the total loss of life was not so great as on the American ship, it was relatively higher, as only two escaped. The Kai Chih was an up-to-date ship, having been built in 1884, and she resembled the Maine in many particulars.

The Chinese general code was founded 2,000 years ago.

THE EXTREMES OF INDOLENCE.

Japanese Women of Rank Are the Laziest on Earth.

In a recent address in Tokyo a prominent Japanese educator said: "The indolence of Japanese ladies is something amazing. I know a daughter of a certain peer, neither an old court nor a feudal peer, but a brand-new one, and this young lady's indolence is really beyond the idea of ordinary mortals. She will not even open her mouth of herself. As soon as the time to retire to her bed arrives she issues her order, 'Now I will retire,' and at once three or four maids spread the underquilts, help her—or, rather make her, for she simply stands like a doll—to change her clothes, and at last the girl, swaddled in her night garment, is put to bed just like a person suffering from a serious illness, and so the poor thing goes to sleep and releases her maids from their trouble till the morning, when the daily routine is resumed.

ed. First of all she issues to the maids waiting in her anteroom this extraordinary order, 'I shall get up now,' and then the process exactly the reverse of that of the night before is forthwith commenced by the girls. Day after day this routine is gone through and the spoiled child of the proud upstart peer forces herself from her mistaken notion as to dignity to lead the life of an invalid and to cripple the normal development of her body."

William Gillette, whose impersonation of Sherlock Holmes has become so famous, has acquired much of the cunning of the character he portrays, and on being interviewed by the newspaper reporters extracts from them all they know without himself imparting any information. On his return from Europe the other day all the Boston scribes sought to learn of his future plans, but were obliged to abandon the effort.

The Interoceanic Canal

