

THE GREAT CAVE AT MAIDSTONE.

That Connecticut valley, and especially the town of Maidstone with its romantic mountains and lakes, presents many picturesque and interesting features, very interesting to the summer tourist and all lovers of nature. We all know. But that it possessed a mammoth cave, rivaling the famed Kentucky wonder, is a new revelation. Pursuing the Boston Journal of last Saturday and Monday we learned that we possessed in our midst a real wonder—a thing which most of our people have not known or appreciated, and which they do not know now. We have met several who have entered a unique little cave in a mountain on the borders of Maidstone Lake, and which has been many times described. It extends from the surface from two to four hundred feet. Into it during heavy rains or the melting of snow the waters run so as to form a little basin at the extremity or bottom. But when our people are told that one may go in it so far into the interior of the earth as to be beyond atmospheric influences, some are very much inclined to smile, while the more credulous when reading of the current of air through the mountain suggest the propriety of prospecting with a view of running our contemplated railroad to St. Johnsbury or Lyndon through the mountain. They are only troubled with the problem as to how they shall furnish air for the passengers to breathe, and to prevent the fires of the engines going out. The only way we can account for the cave being so large on paper—is that it is so closely connected with a fish story that it has partaken of its nature. Some more brave and dauntless explorers with sufficient scientific appliances ought to institute an exploring expedition and go to the very extent of the cave, where a number of our fishing boys say they go frequently each summer. This cave is similar to many others that exist in our mountains and is perhaps one of the largest in this part of the country, and is well worthy the attention of the curious. It is one of the common yet very striking and interesting features of this section, and might be made the foundation for some fairy story; but when made the subject of modern discovery and classed among the great results of scientific and geographical researches it becomes ludicrous in the extreme. Practically even Aladdin's lamp would burn in it. Ancient mythology might be read within it, but it would be exceedingly cramped because the stubborn walls will not expand sufficient for the admission of anything but a few facts, and a plain description of the place. So if a fairy should enter there he would find himself in a pretty bad hole for the exercise of his propensities and would have to come out in the open air to tell his stories.

Ex-President Harrison's series of lectures the coming fall at Leland Stanford, Jr., university, Palo Alto, California, promises to be not only valuable to the students, but the initial step in a movement looking to the adoption of a code of international law by the great nations of the world. The concluding lecture will develop Mr. Harrison's suggestions as to the scope and provisions of such a code. Senator Stanford will have this essay printed and send it to Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy. The Senator states that he will do this in accordance with a belief that all war can be obviated if these great countries concur in the adoption of an international code such as the Ex-President will suggest.

If the pensioners had no votes and no friends who have votes, we should expect that their pension money would be reduced or withheld altogether. The party that tackles the old soldiers' pensions with the intent to cut them down or cut them off entirely has a pretty big job on its hands. The thing is loaded at both ends.

The silver question cannot be compromised. We must either stay at the gold standard or drop to the silver standard.

The crying need of the Democratic administration is for some man who is able to develop a financial policy for it.

Lost: That frenzied Democratic demand for a revision of the tariff.

Cleveland's financial views are correct in the main, but they are not those of his party. The difference in views on this subject may possibly split the party.

The introduction of politics into the temperance movement in Great Britain will probably put the cause back, just as it has in America.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP BISSELL.

Bishop W. H. A. Bissell of the Vermont Episcopal diocese, died at his residence in Burlington, about noon last Sunday, the 14th inst.

His death was momentarily expected last December, but he rallied so unexpectedly that it was hoped with good reason that he would live until next June, when his 25th anniversary as bishop would occur.

Rt. Rev. William Henry Augustus Bissell was born in Randolph, Vt., Nov. 10, 1814. His early training was at the Congregational Church, but when a young man, he felt called to the ministry and after making this decision he entered the Episcopal Church.

His education began in the academy near his home, and was continued at the U. V. M., in the class of '36 of which he was graduated.

He then began the study of theology in the Vermont Episcopal Institute in Burlington, under the late Bishop Hopkins, his predecessor in the bishopric.

In 1837 he went to Detroit, Mich., and began teaching school in that city. In September, 1838 he came to the Troy Episcopal Institute as teacher, and soon after began to officiate in church. Bishop Onderdonk ordained him a deacon in 1839, and in 1840 he was ordained a priest by the same bishop.

His service as a Christian minister begins at this time. He held the place of assistant rector of Christ Church, Troy, N. Y., for about one year and then took charge of Trinity Church of West Troy, N. Y., where he remained until 1845. Subsequently he was rector of Grace Church, Lyons, N. Y., and Trinity Church, Geneva, N. Y., where he was officiating when called to provide over the Vermont diocese.

In New England the mistaken zeal of the Puritans had well-nigh ground the Episcopal Church to the dust. It was, however, kept alive by the spirit of two or three devoted men, although at one time its diocesan convention covered all New England contained but seven laymen.

The fruit of these earnest labors began to appear soon, so that finally the Vermont diocese was separated and Bishop Hopkins placed in charge.

June 2, 1864, the beautiful little edifice now known as Christ Church, Montpelier, was to be consecrated. The diocesan convention had met previously and by a strong vote had chosen Dr. Bissell as Bishop.

June 3 he was consecrated to that office. The Rt. Rev. Samuel A. McCook, Bishop of Michigan, was consecrator, assisted by Bishop John Williams of Connecticut, Horatio Potter of New York, Henry A. Neely of Maine and Arthur Cleveland Coxe of Western New York.

The next day he addressed the convention, making the pleasing impression which has since remained. Bishop Bissell made his residence in West Randolph for two years succeeding election, moving to Burlington in 1870.

His administration as Bishop has been most successful. The church has grown in power, numbers and influence since he took charge.

What was most notable about Bishop Bissell was his earnest, kindly and gentle manner. When speaking before a class for confirmation this was most noticeable, and many now live who remember the incentive to a higher life which the bishop gave them then. Not as a great orator will he be known, so much as a good, whole-souled, upright Christian man. His devotion to religion and the church has been the guiding and prominent force in his whole life.

August 28, 1838, he married Miss Martha C. Moulton of West Randolph, who died July 27, 1859. Five children survive him, Mrs. Willard S. Pope of Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Laura M. Gray and Mrs. Mary A. Shaw of Burlington, John H. Bissell of Detroit and W. A. Bissell of San Francisco.

Bishop Bissell was a member of the standing committee in the Western New York diocese for 16 years. He was made a Doctor of Divinity by his alma mater, the U. V. M.

The chairman of the standing committee of the diocese, which takes charge at once until the coming convention, is Rev. J. Isham Bliss, D. D., rector of St. Paul's Burlington, who is mentioned as the Bishop's successor.

SAVINGS BANK.

The Island Pond National Bank has opened a Savings Bank Department for the purpose of receiving the savings and accumulations of all classes of depositors.

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A MESSAGE

To the People of Island Pond and Vicinity by M. H. DAVIS.

Do you know who has stood by you for the last fifteen years and guarded you against the curse of Ring and Monopoly, which will lead you to short rations? If not I will once more remind you that

CLAIM TO BE THE MAN.

I am the one that lit down in my old birthplace about seventeen years ago with a determination to put a stop to robbery in the form of exorbitant prices on merchandise retailed to the laboring class. A laborer myself, I was obliged to leave my home to accumulate sufficient money to embark in trade, and pay the old debts left behind, quite a task I assure you. My old townsmen will remember that I did start in trade and all the efforts of my competitors to put a stop to my intentions drove me to "STRICT ECONOMY," and this has been my motto to this day.

Now my dear friends, I am still with you—not as I was 17 years ago with only a few groceries—but I now have the honor of being the oldest firm in my dear old rocky home Brighton, Vt., and with a very full line of

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Yours Most Respectfully,

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1.25 p. m. Express for Portland, Boston, and New England, via

12.15 a. m. Mixed train to Portland via

8.00 a. m. Mixed train 5.00 p. m.

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For Colchester and Lime Ridge 9.50 a. m. (mixed), and 9.55 p. m. (Free Sleeper attached).

For Quebec 9.55 p. m. (Free Sleeper attached).

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For Colchester and Beecher Falls 2.10 a. m. and 2.40 p. m. (Free Sleeper attached).

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LIO

BE YE ONE.

Sweetheart, 'twas a happy day
When we heard the preacher say,
In his solemn monotone,
"Man and woman, be ye one."
I can see his dear old face
See him marshal us in place;
I can feel my pulses throbbing
I can hear your smothered sob.
"Man and woman, be ye one."
Wasn't there a spasm of fun
In this naming of us two?
I was a man, and you—
You were just a slender slip
When we took our bridal trip;
But we felt no lack of years
As we mingled happy tears.
"Man and woman, be ye one."
One was while moments run
Onward toward that open way
Where no heart aches and life all
Falls a rapture, each a thrill,
As we were one happy day
When I bore my bride away.
—Chicago Graphic.

STRANGERS, AND TAKEN IN.

THE Open Air Hotel has a fine antique flavor about it. We liked the name, so Bopper and I lounged wearily in the dilapidated roach entrance.
"Do the gentlemen wish to sleep here?" asked a female antique, who evidently went with the building.
"Yes, the gentlemen have thought of such a thing."
She regretted that the hotel no longer put up travelers. One could drink there, but not sleep. "Doubtless the gentlemen can read?"
Her tone was not so hopeful as her words, so Bopper hastened to assure her that we were not so bad as all that. He was a little touchy on the point. He knew that our appearance did not improve as we went on. But this was only our fifth night on the tramp, and it was really too soon to begin remarks of this kind.

"Then, if the gentlemen will have the goodness to leave by this door, and take the first turning to the left, they will see before them a very suitable hotel, and not too dear."
The Open Air Hotel was evidently one of those delightfully confusing places that you enter by one street and leave by another—doubtless a most convenient arrangement in the good old days when the hotel was in its prime.
The first turning to the left brought us to the Three Travelers, good third-rate hotel. We knew from the size of it that there was bound to be a Hotel de France somewhere, but too tired to move a step further, we dropped our knapsack—it was Bopper's turn to carry it that day—and clamored for food.

"Dinner—our tramp supplied the sauce—put new life into us. We strolled but to see the town.
Sure enough, there was the usual comfortable Hotel de France. Passing by it without comment—our hearts too full for words—we came to the Maine, in front of which was a warlike statue.
Being new to that part of the country, we had actually to ask the name of the figure. We were just on the border of the Veringetorix country. For weeks after we never had to ask the name of a statue. Whenever we saw a figure with a weapon in its hand of any kind from a horseman to a patent combination of mace and battle-axe we knew it was Veringetorix. In that district they parse Veringetorix as a common noun.

At any rate, Bopper told a schoolmaster so with a point of interrogation, and the schoolmaster did not deny it. After admiring our first Veringetorix we wandered on to the bridge. The setting sun was turning the Loire into blood. Even Bopper, the Philistine, said it was fine.
We sat down in one of the embrasures of the bridge to admire the town. Up on the hill behind the houses was a very fine old chateau—a sort of compound of the Norman castle and the old Scotch baronial.
Stopping a passer-by I asked whose the castle was. The man seemed astonished at our ignorance.
"But, to Mr. the Commandant," was the reply.
Bopper never liked to be outdone in hunting for information. He stopped a gentleman, and asked if we could get in to see the chateau.
"But, yes, perfectly, if the Commandant orders." From his grim smile we inferred that the order was not likely to be given. But gentlemen like us are hard to comprehend.
When we got to our hotel we tried to find out more about the chateau, only to be met by gruff and evasive answers.
The crowning insult came. Never before in France, and, never since, have we been asked to pay our bill in advance. Bopper stormed; my milder counsel prevailed. We paid. Then we saw our bedroom. It contained fifty square feet and two beds. There was a fourteen-inch lane between the two beds. I thought of the last scene in the "Sentimental Journey." Bopper thought of going to the Hotel de France. Bopper was right.

Once we passed a worse night. But our night with the Three Travelers was bad enough to encourage early rising. We shook the dust of Gien from our feet at 3:50 a. m. Oh, the delight of that fresh morning walk along the Loire to Briare! The ten kilometres soon past without our noticing them. Our morning coffee! But I have promised Bopper to no exclamation points in anything that he is concerned in, and he had coffee.
After a delightful morning's walk of nearly fourteen miles, we came to the dainty little village of Donny, at about 10 o'clock. If you happen to be passing that way, don't forget to have breakfast at the Green Oak. If you hurry, you may even have the good fortune to be served by the same dainty maid that Bopper himself had to praise. He exercises very freely his married man's right to run down all womankind but his own. This morning he was graciously pleased to ap-

"Well, Kuppord, we've had a glorious tuck-in," said Bopper as he filled his pipe, "tucking out of the main street of Donny," though we should never get another.
The last house in the village toward the south is a long, one-story building, with a little double-story portion at the end nearest the village. It is particularly clean. At the time we saw it the whitewash was quite fresh. A tricolor, which was warranted always to wave in the breeze by the simple expedient of being made of iron, was a hint, which a long signboard made explicit with the word "Gendarmerie."
As we approached, the postern of the courtyard gate was thrown open and a little man sprang out. He had a pair of dark blue trousers, with a darker stripe of blue down the side, a pair of spurs, a huge white apron, his shirt sleeves and a bald head.
"Halt there!"
We halted there. For though the little man looked insignificant enough, he spoke authoritatively, and we noticed at the same time that two burly gendarmes in full uniform (except that they had the peaked cap instead of the genuine full-dress cocked hat) stepped out of the postern after him.

"You are English, aren't you?"
"You say, sir."
"You come from Gien?"
"Perfectly."
"Will you have the goodness to enter?"
We had the goodness to enter.
We passed through the court to a stone-doored sort of office. As we entered, the door was shut behind us, and the third of a market butt hinted that one of the two outside had been told off to mount guard over us.
"Your papers." The little man held out his hand.
Up till now Bopper had been delighted. It was his first arrest—I had gone through it twice before, and I dare say I had crowded just a little more than I ought to over his inexperience. He thought we were getting equal at last, but he did not like to be bullied by a man in an apron. Besides, the gendarmes were outside now.
"Permit me to ask by what right you stop travelers on the high road?" Thus Bopper, with much dignity.
"Your papers," repeated the little man sternly.

"May I ask—how I have the honor of addressing?" Bopper was severely suave.
"But, the Brigadier Dupont, sir." The genuine astonishment of the good brigadier was enough to make us laugh. Bopper only added sarcastically.
"You haven't the air of it."
Stung by the sneer, the officer vanished through an inner door, to reappear a moment after in full uniform. Taking his seat at the desk, he began.
"Without papers, I presume?"
Bopper was busy looking for a seat. He did not relish standing while the examiner sat. We had to pocket the affront, however, through lack of even a form. Bopper angrily retorted that "papers" were no longer required, that we hadn't papers, and that he would like to know what this detention meant. Dupont merely took up a huge yellow paper form and solemnly asked:
"Your surnames and Christian names?"
We gave these, and a great many more items as he asked them, and gravely wrote them down. Suddenly he turned upon us with a "Now I've got you" air and asked:
"Your resources, if you please?"
At this veritable "stand and deliver," Bopper, with some pride, produced his purse, containing some 700 francs.
"You didn't look like it, you know," murmured the thunderstruck brigadier.
When I flourished over 1000 francs before him, he could only add:
"Nor you, either."
Pleased at the favorable impression our resources had made upon the poor brigadier, who had probably never seen so much money at one time in his life before, Bopper declined to produce our railway return tickets from Paris to London. Dupont admitted this as evidence. But his next question startled us.

"Can you speak Spanish?" This finished our examination. He would give no explanation. On the sounding of a little bell a gendarme entered and saluted. He was not our keeper, whom we saw grimly keeping guard at the door. The brigadier handed his big report to the man, who withdrew.
Bopper returned to the charge that the police had no right to stop us on the highway. The brigadier admitted that papers were no longer necessary, but:
"I am instructed to arrest you on a specific charge."
"What charge?" we demanded together.
He only smiled slyly, and told us that an old hand like him was not so easily fooled as all that. The only hint he would give us was that it would be twenty years at the hulks if proved against us. We felt secretly pleased at the obvious enormity of our offense.
"English spies, of course," sneered Bopper.
"English pickpockets more probably," retorted the brigadier, who certainly scored there; "but, no, gentlemen, it is neither. I may be able to tell you when I get a reply to my telegram."
"Do you mean to say you telegraphed all that sheet about me?" asked Bopper, with a pride he could hardly conceal.
"But yes, perfectly; it's the rule."
"Where did you telegraph to?"
"Ah! gentlemen make questions. Pardon me."
Our conceit in our own importance was seriously damaged by the interim reply:
"Commandant at breakfast. Keep prisoners till further notice."
Dupont was annoyed. Bopper was furious. I am a philosopher. The bell rang again. We were conducted to a sort of cell, where we had a form to sit on. We were locked in. We both felt secretly aggrieved at not being put into iron cages. Even the cell being put into iron cages was a fraud. The window was very high up, it is true; but there was only one iron bar across it—a vertical one. We had no pallet of straw, or any of the regulation cell furniture. Instead, there was quite a collection of riding boots and spurs and belts hanging round the walls. On a shelf there were several brown paper bundles. Stand-

ing upon our bench we could reach the shelf; but self respect forbade.
The pleasant feeling soon wore off. It was intolerably hot. We were not in the least hungry, but we were very thirsty. I ventured to kick at the door. A man at once asked what was the matter. Our petition was immediately granted in the form of a pitcher of *Trava de vigne*.
Two hours afterwards Dupont came himself to take us out. Our examination seemed perfectly satisfactory. Besides, the police at Gien had a clue. Only we were to be kept till 5 o'clock in case of accident. If no word to the contrary came before then, we were to be set free. Meanwhile, we were kept in a very mild state of bondage. In fact, our cell was the kitchen. Mme. Dupont wanted to converse with the terrible Englishmen.
Dupont had again put on his apron, and was busy daddling a little girl of four. Madame was preparing the beans for dinner. Bopper soon made his way into the parental hearts by undoing a bandage round the ears of the eldest—a boy of about nine—and after examination prescribed some specific. His home experience gave him an immense advantage over me in the good graces of the family.
Soon he began to worm out of the father the charge upon which we were detained. It was no less than "Aiding a Spanish prisoner to escape from the State prison at Gien."
The reasoning was conclusive. He had escaped during the very night we had been at Gien. We were foreigners. He was a foreigner. Therefore, we aided him to escape. The thing was as plain as a pikestaff. Dupont, however, put it in a somewhat better light for the authorities.
We had been making careful inquiries about the prison. (So that miserable chateau we so much admired was the State prison. Little wonder the gendarmes smiled at our desire to get into it.) We had sat for an hour on the bridge carefully examining it. In our hotel we continued our investigations so as to arouse the suspicions of our landlady. We had started at an unearthly hour in the morning. What would you have?
Put that way we had to admit that our case did not look quite so well.
After judiciously submitting to a little instruction—from Madame in the art of preserving beans, Bopper ventured to pump Dupont again.
"What was the Spanish prisoner's crime?"
My opinion now is that Dupont did not know. He asserted that duty forbade him to tell.
"Only I may let you know that he had only been in prison for a fortnight (this term was fourteen years), and that he escaped during the night in his shirt."
We were getting along splendidly. Bopper and I were quite sure we were going to be asked to share the dinner we were helping to prepare, when he, presto! another telegram from the Commandant spoiled everything.
That wire must have conveyed a snub of some kind to Dupont, for he at once stiffened up in the most disagreeable style, and snapped out to us—he did not even put in the "Mesieurs."
"You may put yourself en route."
We took him at his word, and were soon swinging along the highway. As we passed the big stone marking the boundary between the Loiret and the Nièvre, we heaved a united sigh at being out of the Commandant's heat.

We began quite to understand the easy descent into the criminal classes. For days after our arrest we made little detours to miss the iron flag and the signboard "Gendarmerie."
I know this sketch is incomplete. As soon as we got home I tried to get the details filled in. We wrote to the brigadier, inclosing a stamped and directed envelope, asking what was the Spaniard's crime, and whether he was caught again.
No answer ever came. Either the brigadier never got over that final wire or police regulations made it dangerous to answer such letters as ours.—Cornhill.

The Boys' Festival in Japan.
The great event of May, in Japan, is the celebration on the fifth day of the month of the boys' festival. It is called Nobori-no-sekku, festival of flags, or Shoby-no-sekku, festival of reeds. Before the door of every abode which has been blessed by the birth of boys during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole, from the top of which are flung to the breeze gigantic carp—koi—made of paper or woven stuffs in brilliant colors, one for every son. This particular fish is chosen for its symbol because it swims rapidly against stream, and even up rapids, leaping cascades to the higher waters. This implies that the boys in like manner must be sturdy and indomitable, stemming courageously the stormy currents of life's stream. Flags also are raised before the houses, bearing pictures of the Chinese mythical hero Shoki, as an example of strength and bravery. Weapons, armor and pictures of heroes and horses are chosen for the decoration of the tokonoma, the slightly raised platform which is the place of honor in every living room.
The flower held in highest favor for this festival is the iris; but a kind of early chrysanthemum, and a particular variety of bamboo, called moso-chiku, are also used. Bundles of reeds and mugwort are fastened to the projecting roofs of the houses on this day.—Demorest.

Pigeon English.
Many persons do not know and many may be interested in learning that for 100 years pigeon English has been the recognized language of trade and commerce for about 500,000,000 Asiatics and Africans in all their dealings with foreigners of all other nationalities. The English, Americans, French, Italians, Russians, Germans and Dutch must all use pigeon English in order to transact business with the natives. Pigeon English is more nearly a universal language than any other in the world, and if our alphabet could be made "fonetic" would likely soon become a special language for all nations, especially if aided by the 100,000,000 speaking regular English and its dialects. What is Volapuk along side pigeon English?—Minneapolis Tribune.

The average time a derelict remains adrift is about thirty days.

STATE BUILDINGS.

HOW SOME STATES ARE REPRESENTED AT THE BIG FAIR.

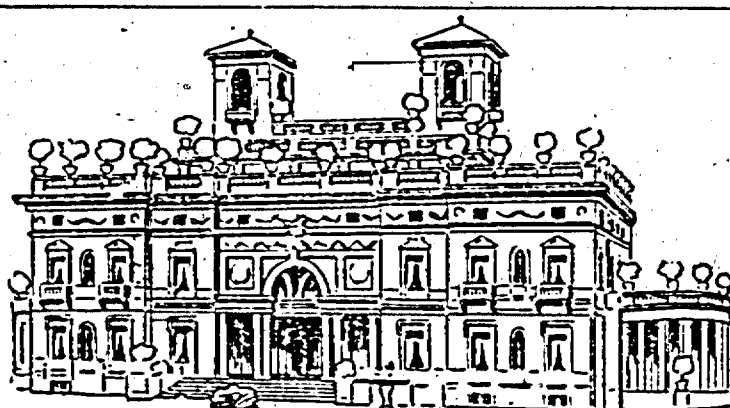
New York and Pennsylvania's Striking Structures—Virginia's Representation of Mount Vernon—Other State Buildings.

Most of the States are represented at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago by State buildings. Each contains some feature of peculiar interest.

New York.
The New York State building is of substantial design, appropriate for the official headquarters of one of the oldest and wealthiest States in the Union. The building is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, a villa in character, rectangular in form, approached on the south by a flight of fourteen steps, forty-six feet wide, giving access to a grand terrace, fifteen by eighty feet from which the loggia, or open vestibule, forty-six feet by sixteen feet six inches is reached.

The semi-circular porticoes, east and west, have a diameter of fifty feet in the form of an arch, and the uncovered portion, furnished with the fountain, will be an unique feature of the building.
It is proposed to place a bust of Washington upon the key block over the main entrance, and at either side, those of the first and the present Governors of the State. The main floor of the building consists of the vestibule referred to, a grand staircase hall, with a dome ceiling forty-six feet from the floor, a small reception room, a suite of three drawing-rooms, smoking, writing and reading-rooms, lavatory and coat-room, postoffice and telegraph, and telephone service and bureau of information.

The second floor contains a large hall, eighty-four feet long, forty-six feet wide and forty-five feet in height, on the west of which is the room reserved for the Board of Lady Managers. There are also roomy offices for the General Managers' Board and the Board of District Commissioners.
The entrance to the building is flanked by the Barbarini lions recently sent to Rome, selected in preference to the lions of the Villa Medici, which, however fine, are inferior in size. The four pedestal lamps lighting the ter-



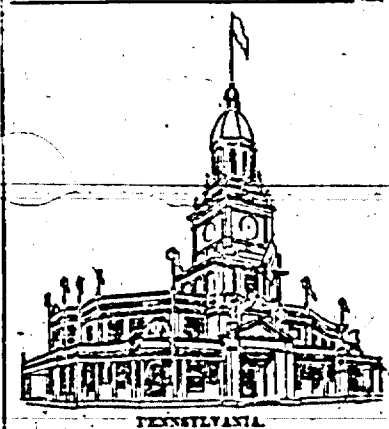
NEW YORK.

race are exact copies in bronze of antique examples in the Museum at Naples, and are richly sculptured.
Another striking feature of interior adornment is the arrangement of the electric lights, in a belt course, marking the second story floor, and outlining the arched entrance, above which the great seal of the State of New York, ten feet high, is illuminated by a myriad of tiny lamps set close together.
A second line of illumination accents the main cornice, and similar ones define the edge of the roof garden, and the arches, angles and cornices of the two belvedere. Finally, a cluster of lights illuminate the bases of the flag poles.

Within and without the building will blaze 2000 electric jets. In the main hall on the first floor, besides the beautiful fountain scattering their cooling spray within the spacious porticoes, an object of unusual interest is a relief map of the State of New York, which of itself cost \$30,000. This main hall has a mosaic floor and is hung with imported silk hangings. Here are the parlors for men and women, postoffice, information and baggage rooms. The grand stairway is of marble, and leads to the banquet hall, where the visitor can not fail to be impressed with the elegance of the surroundings. The beautiful arched ceiling, three stories high, is richly ornamented with designs of fruits done in stucco. On the third floor, in addition to twelve rooms for general purposes, there is a gallery for a band of music.
Total cost, \$150,000.

Pennsylvania.
The Pennsylvania structure is in the Colonial style of architecture, while the front is an exact reproduction of old Independence Hall, having its entrance, bell tower and spire. Independence bell hangs in the tower. The rotunda within the entrance is finished in tile and slate, like the old hall. The building is rectangular in form, two stories high, with a ground area of 110x166 feet. The corners of the front are quarter-circled in. Piazzas twenty feet wide surround the building and over them are verandas with protecting balustrade. Outside staircases, right and left to the rear, lead to the garden on the roof. This roof is covered with American-made tin produced in Philadelphia. The outer walls to the roof line are of Philadelphia pressed brick. Above the main entrance is the coat-of-arms of the State, in bas-relief, and on either side of it are heroic statues of Penn and Franklin. The front is further ornamented with two free groups of statuary, one emblematic of arts and sciences, the other of mines and manufacture. The interior finishing represents, in the floors, native marble and hard woods from Pennsylvania, and the walls are wainscotted in wood, free-coed and heavily corniced. The women's rooms are finished in maple and the men's in oak. The walls of the women's rooms are ornamented with mural paintings by the Pennsylvania women. All the ceilings are of stamped metal, and the staircases are of quarter-oak. On the main floor is the reception-room, 33x56 feet, and on either side are parlors for men and women. On the second floor are rooms for the Governor, the press correspond-

ents, the Treasurer of the commission, and the Board of Commissioners. There are three bedrooms in the tower. The building is supplied with 500 electric lights.



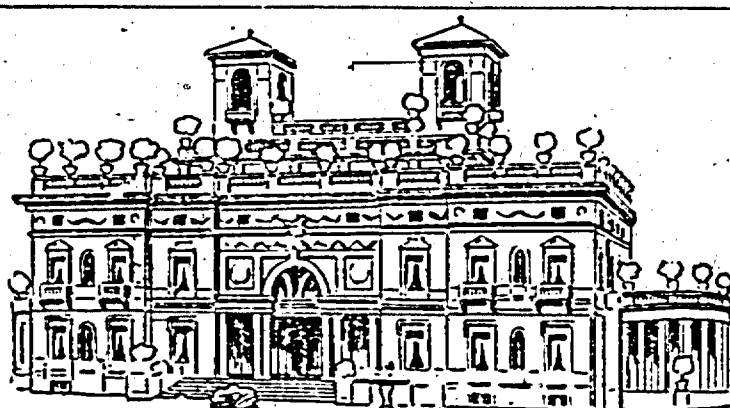
PENNSYLVANIA.

The front entrance opens into a central rotunda to the right and left of which are general reception-rooms with dressing-room accessories. In the rear an exhibition room extends the entire width of the building. The walls of this apartment are ornamented with the portraits of distinguished Pennsylvanians, and many rare documents of historical interest are displayed. Stately and imposing as the exterior of the building is, its interior recesses present more gratifying results from being crowded with objects of absorbing interest, not only to Pennsylvanians but to people from all over the world.

Broad, winding staircases lead to the second story, where the waiting-rooms and offices of the Executive Commissioners are located. There is a room for the use of press correspondents, and a room furnished with newspaper files for the use of the general public. The doors and windows of this floor open upon broad verandas, admirably arranged for promenading and sight-seeing, and outside staircases lead to the roof garden, which, besides furnishing a bird's-eye view of the grounds, are in itself a spot of floral loveliness and a quiet retirement from the busy throng.
Estimated total cost, about \$95,000.

VIRGINIA.

The Virginia building is an exact reproduction of the Mount Vernon mansion in Fairfax County, Virginia.

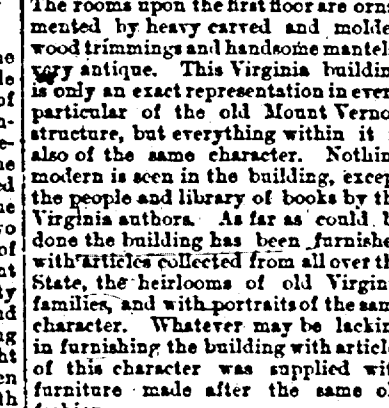


NEW YORK.

years and where he died. The Mount Vernon homestead came into George Washington's hands from his brother, Lawrence Washington. It was built by their father early in the Eighteenth Century.

The main structure is 94 feet across the front by 32 feet deep, with an attic and two-story portico extending the length of the front, and finished on top with an iron railing on a level with the dormer windows of the top story.
Two colonnades extend back from the wings of the house a distance of twenty feet, each connecting with a one and a half story building, 40x20, such as were called "dependencies."
Altogether there are twenty-five rooms in the structure. On the first and second floors of the main building there are eleven rooms, in the attic six, and in each of the dependencies four rooms. The largest rooms in the building are the banquet hall, 31x35 feet, and the library, 16x19 feet; the main entrance hall, Washington's chamber, in which he died, upon the second floor, and Mrs. Washington's chamber in the attic, to which she removed after her husband's death, and which she occupied during the remainder of her life on account of its being the only room in the house which looked out upon his tomb.
In the main hall is a large stairway, four feet wide, ascending by platforms to the floors above. On the first platform of the stairway there is an old Washington family clock, a very interesting historical relic.
This hall is furnished with antique sofas and pictures of the last century. The rooms upon the first floor are ornamented by heavy carved and molded wood trimmings and handsome mantels, very antique. This Virginia building is only an exact representation in every particular of the old Mount Vernon structure, but everything within it is also of the same character. Nothing modern is seen in the building, except the people and library of books by the Virginia authors. As far as could be done the building has been furnished with articles collected from all over the State, the heirlooms of old Virginia families, and with portraits of the same character. Whatever may be lacking in furnishing the building with articles of this character was supplied with furniture made after the same old fashion.

The building will be presided over by the lady assistant of the Virginia board, Mrs. Lucy Preston Beale, a daughter of the Hon. Preston Preston, and a granddaughter to General Preston, a former Governor of Virginia.
She has for the attendant in the building old Virginia negroes, and will undertake to represent in every particular an old Virginia home of the Colonial period.

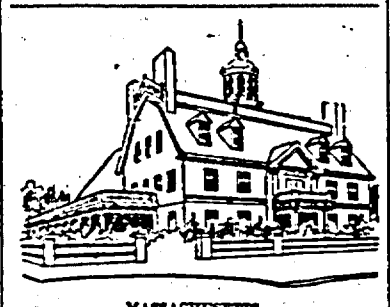


RHODE ISLAND.

porticoes on four sides of the building—that on the west or front side semi-circular in plan, with arched openings between the Ionic pilasters, the latter being of the full height of the two stories.
The building is amphiprystyle in that the north and south porches—each of the full width of the building—consist of four fluted Ionic columns, each twenty-four inches in diameter and twenty-one feet high, while the rear entrance is between Ionic fluted pilasters, the same as in front. The columns are surmounted by an enriched Ionic entablature, with decorated moldings, modillions and dentils, and above the entablature the building is finished with a balustrade surrounding the four sides of the roof, with ornamental urns over each pedestal in the balustrade.
The building has a ground area of 32x59 feet, two stories high, in wood and staff in imitation of granite.

Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts building is in the Colonial style, and is largely a reproduction of the historic John Hancock residence, which, until the year 1867, stood on Beacon Hill, Boston, near the State Capitol. The building is three stories high, surmounted in the center by a cupola. The exterior is of staff, in imitation of cut granite. It follows the lines of the old house sufficiently faithful to recall the original to the minds of those who have seen it. Like the original, it is surrounded by a terrace, raised above the street, and has in front and on one side a fore-court, filled with old-fashioned flowers and foliage, in keeping with the character of the building. It is approached by two flights of steps—one leading from the street to the terrace, the other from the court to the house. The main entrance opens to a spacious, well-studded hallway, with a tiled floor. Facing the entrance is a broad, Colonial staircase, leading to the second floor. An old-fashioned bull's-eye window gives light to the stairway. On the right of the hall is a large room, constituting a registration room, postoffice and general reception room. The fittings and furnishings of this room are unique. Its marble floor, its tiled walls, its uncovered beams and its high mantel recall the old Dutch rooms found in Western Massachusetts, as well as in New York and Pennsylvania. On the left of the front door, or main entrance, are two large parlors, which, when thrown together, form a room 80x25 feet in size. The front parlor is furnished by the Essex Institute, of Salem, an old historical society. The back parlor is

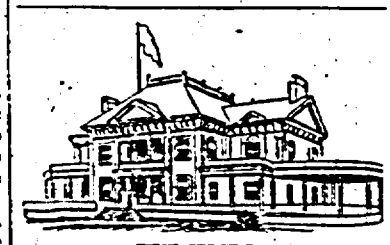


MASSACHUSETTS.

more especially a reading room for men. The second floor is given over almost entirely to the use of women. There is a large and smaller parlor, and two bed rooms for the use of the women's board. The entire floor is furnished in old fashioned furniture, and in the bed rooms are four post-beds. On the third floor, are rooms for servants. A liberty pole, eighty-five feet high, stands in the fore-court, and a gilded cockfish serves as a vane on the top of the cupola.
Cost, \$50,000.

West Virginia.

The West Virginia building is in the Colonial style, two stories high, with a pitched roof, the outer walls being weather-boarded and painted. It is representative of the West Virginia residence. The roof is shingled. The interior is finished in hard woods, the walls are plastered, and the ceilings are of ornamental iron work from Wheeling. All of the exposed material in the building is the product of the State. The main entrance is on the west, on a platform porch. Above the entrance is the coat of arms of the State in bas-relief. Within the en-

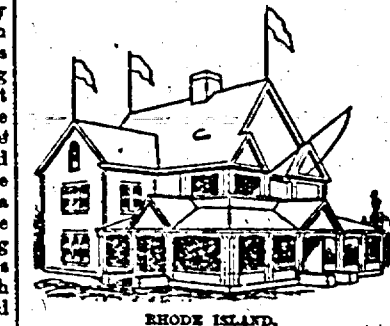


WEST VIRGINIA.

trance is a vestibule, with rooms for the boards of commissioners on either side. Beyond the vestibule is a large reception hall flanked by parlors for women and men. Back of these parlors are toilet and retiring rooms. On the second floor front are two committee rooms, and the balance of the floor constitutes an assembly room and reception hall, 34 by 76 feet in size. There are four large fireplaces in the building, two on each floor, with very handsome carved wood mantels. The building has a ground area of 58 by 123 feet, including the semi-circular verandas on the north and south. Its wide entrance and the broad veranda extending around both wings will afford delightful resting places for visitors during the fair. The exhibit will be found especially interesting in the departments of horticulture, forestry, mining and the liberal arts, coming as it will from a State peculiarly rich in respect to all of these.
Cost, \$20,000.

Rhode Island.

The Rhode Island building is after the Greek manner, with columnar

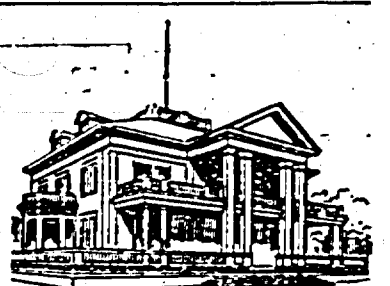


RHODE ISLAND.

porticoes on four sides of the building—that on the west or front side semi-circular in plan, with arched openings between the Ionic pilasters, the latter being of the full height of the two stories.
The building is amphiprystyle in that the north and south porches—each of the full width of the building—consist of four fluted Ionic columns, each twenty-four inches in diameter and twenty-one feet high, while the rear entrance is between Ionic fluted pilasters, the same as in front. The columns are surmounted by an enriched Ionic entablature, with decorated moldings, modillions and dentils, and above the entablature the building is finished with a balustrade surrounding the four sides of the roof, with ornamental urns over each pedestal in the balustrade.
The building has a ground area of 32x59 feet, two stories high, in wood and staff in imitation of granite.

Entrance is had to the building from all sides through French windows opening to the floor. The main hall is 18x25 feet, and is open to the roof. The parlor, tea-room and the Secretary's office are on the first floor. On the second floor are two committee rooms and a gallery around the main hall. The Governor's room occupies what may be called the second story of the porch on the west front. All the floors are hardwood, and the interior is finished in cypress.
Cost, \$7000.

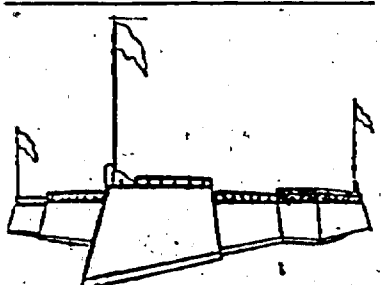
Connecticut.
The Connecticut building is in the Colonial style, the building being a type of the Connecticut residence, with



CONNECTICUT.

the addition of circular windows on the north and south, and a circular piazza on the rear. It has a ground area of 72 by 73 feet, including the piazza, and is two stories high. The exterior is weather boarded and painted white. The roof contains five dormer windows and is decked on the top. The deck is surrounded by a balustrade, and from its center rises a flag staff. The main entrance is off a square porch, covered by the projecting pediment, which is supported by heavy columns. The interior is finished in Colonial style with tiled floors, paneled walls, and Dutch mantels. The plumbing and carpenter's hardware in the building are in special designs and are donated as exhibits by Connecticut manufacturers. On the first floor is a reception hall, 21 by 48 feet, with a light well in the center. In the rear of the hall is a stairway with a landing half way up. Flanking the hall are parlors for men and women. The second floor is divided up into living rooms, and will be occupied by the executive World's Fair office of Connecticut and his family during the fair.
Cost, \$12,000.

Florida.
The Florida building is a reproduction in miniature of old Fort Marion, in St. Augustine. The fort covers an

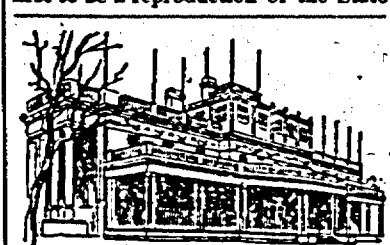


FLORIDA.

area of four acres. The building on the fair grounds occupies one-fifth that space. It is in the form of a four-bastioned fortress. Including the moat, the site is 155 feet square. The building proper is 137 feet square. The frame is of pine, covered with plaster and coquina shells, in imitation of the original. The interior is divided into parlors for men and women, committee and exhibit rooms, and is furnished in Florida's native woods. The interior court is planted in bamboo, orange, lemon and other tropical trees. The ramparts furnish space for promenades and hanging gardens. In the moat is a sunken garden, where are produced miniature fields of cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, etc., showing the natural resources of the State.
Cost, \$20,000.

Fort Marion is the oldest structure in North America, the most interesting specimen of Spanish supremacy in this country, and the only example of military fortification on the continent. Its erection was begun in 1620 and continued for 100 years. To equip it as a garrison required 1000 men. It was never taken by a besieging force.

Maryland.
Maryland's building was intended at first to be a reproduction of the State



MARYLAND.

House at Annapolis, but recently the plans were changed, and the building as it now stands is a handsome structure of a composite Colonial type, resembling the old manor houses of the Chesapeake Bay region.

There are now not less than 3133 literary women in Paris, of whom 1311 write novels or books for children, 317 pedagogical works and 250 devote themselves to poetry. The others do not limit themselves to any one department of literary work.

A Labor of Love.



Tatterall—"Wot yer doin' now, Waggon?"
Waggon—"Gettin' names to a petition."
Tatterall—"Wot for?"
Waggon—"For doin' legislation." Pack.

