WASHINGTON NOTES.

Ten years after the United States of America came into existence, the Congressional library had its beginning. Congress was about to move from Philadelphia. The seat of government was to be transferred on two sloops to the District of Columbia. There was a fine collection of town lots but not much else in Washington. So long as they remained in Philadelphia, the Senators and Representatives made use of the Loganian Library. When they came to consider the needs of the new location they appropriated \$5,000 to buy books, and ordered a room set apart for them in the Capitol. The grandfather of the present Ambassador Bayard was one of the committee which carried out the provision. Two years later Congress employed a librarian at \$2 a day to take care of the books, but stipulated that the pay was for only such time as he was actually at work. The early appropriations for the library were \$450 a year. It took fourteen years to get together 3,000 books. Then came the British, under Gen, Ross, entering Washington in 1814. They burned the Capitol and the library went up in flames. The next year Congress made another start by purchasing the 6,700 books of Thomas Jefferson for \$23,950. In 1851 the Library of Congress, as it is officially known, had grown to about 50,000 volumes. A fire on Christmas Day destroyed 35,000 books and part of the Capitol. From 20,000 volumes in 1852 the library has reached its present collection of 800,000, and now takes possession of the finest library building in the world, which cost \$6,000,000, and was nine years in course of construction.

A public building covering a block of ground and without a dark corner is something novel in architecture. Yet that is what the new library is. Such a result is made possible by 1,800 windows and by an arrangement of courts within the exterior rim of halls. The reading room is in the very centre, but a flood of light pours in on the cloudiest day. It is under the golden dome. It is an eight-sided room, with the elevated desk of the librarian in the centre, and all of the apparatus for communicating with assistants around and beneath. The desks for readers are in circles facing the librarian. The distance across this octagonal room is 100 feet. Rotunda is a better description than room, for the ceiling is the vaulted interior of the dome.

Opening into the rotunda on the eight sides are alcoves, where encyclopaedias, books of reference, dictionaries, and works for which there are almost continuous use will be kept. These alcoves are on the level of the floor, Readers will be allowed to go into them and consult such books as they may need. Sitting on his high perch in the centre of the rotunda, the librarian or his immediate representative occupies a position much like the not only has every occupant of the reading room under his eyes, but he can see in every one of the alcoves, which are open to the public. These reference alcoves will be the only parts of the library containing books to which readers will have direct access,

From the eight corners of the rotunda, between the pairs of alcoves, rise the massive marble columns which support the golden dome. They are of deeper and richer colored marble than that which forms the walls. Forty feet above the floor a spacious gallery encircles the rotunda. From this visitors who come on sightseeing bent will look down upon the practical operation of the library. Only those persons who wish to read or to consult books will make use of the main floor of the rotunda. All others must go to the gallery. In this way the librarian expects to make the reading room a place for study without interruption, although he will have from 250 to 300 readers under his supervision when the room is full. On the edge of the gallery are perched sixteen bronze figu. On one side of the rotunda, almost on a level with the gallery, is a marble clock, six feet across the face. From the vantage of the gallery the visitor will gain a comprehensive idea of the workings of the library. Looking down, he will see the applicant for a book come into the rotunda by way of a curtained aisle, and make known his request on a sup of paper at the great central desk. He will follow the movement of the attendant to a telephone so nicely adjusted that a whisper will convey the order. Turning about and looking through the heavy plate glass into the book stack, he will find the attendants on one of the nine floors receiving the messages at the other end of the telephone. He will see the attendant go to one of the book cells, take down the volume wanted, and drop it in a little iron box on the endless chain. Returning his attention to the centre of the rotunda, the visitor will presently have the satisfaction of observing the box come up from beneath the floor in the rear of the librarian's desk, and deposit the book there for the intending reader.

i stween the utilities and the artistic magnificence of the scene the visitor may well be lost in admiration. Below will be the busy scene of the library in use. Around above are the richly tinted marble columns and walls extending upward to the interior of the dome.

"The book capacity of the parts of the library finished off," said Mr. Spofford, "is about 1,800,000 volumes. It all of the space of each floor not at present used was to be fitted up for the storage of books, the building would hold 4,500,000 books. More over, posterity may build book stacks in the spacious courts to contain 2. 000,000 more without any violence to the uses or architectural symmetry of the present edifice." SENATOR.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The President has found a refuge from the office-seekers, but it is only available on Sunday. They will follow him to the church door, but not

A prominent citizen of Boston reports that he went to the inauguration and did not see a single intoxicated person during all the time he was in Washington, But, to speak Bostonese, the absence of such vision may be due to position, condition, omission or in-

It is evident that strong pressure will be brought to bear upon President McKinley to alter the rules governing the classified civil service so as to throw open to the spoils-seekers certain offices brought within the provisions of the merit system during the term of President Cleveland.

Important movements are in progress in New York and Chicago for the regulation of the height of buildings. An ordinance has been passed by the Chicago Council, and now awaits the Mayor's action, limiting the height of buildings in that city to 90 feet. The limit under the present ordinance is 155 feet.

Yellow journalism is having rather a hard run at present, being thrown out of clubs and libraries right and left, with scant ceremony or politeness, in fact, with none at all. The directors of these institutions unite with an immense and growing number of other people in considering its conduct as contrary to morals and public policy. It is apparent that it must mend its ways or its swaggering rhetoricians will soon be barking to empty benches.

So seldom does a man live up to his ideal, or a commonwealth to its moral professions, that the congratulations of the country are due to the State of Nevada. Consistency has there set up its center of gravity, anchored to the utmost limit of public debasement. Having legalized prize fighting and thus defied the public sentiment and the laws of every other state on this subject, Nevada proposes now by additional legislation to confer a most flattering testimonial of its regard upon the successful brute in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons combat.

Secretary Sherman, it is reported, has been laying down the law about American rights in Cuba in a style that chagrins Minister De Lome. He is said to have told the Spanish Minister that Americans arrested in Cuba must have a fair trial, according to the terms of our treaty with Spain, lookout's in a modern penitentiary. He and that Spain must abandon the distinction she now makes between American and English suspects, whereupon De Lome is reported to have said that he might as well go home. His home government censures him for yielding too much to the American demands, and the American Administration demands

> According to the statement of Professor Felix Adler, Miss Frances Willard wants to vote "for the sake of promoting the nationalization of business, the abolition of representative government, the enactment of prohibitory laws and the free coinage of silver," a declaration of principles calculated to invite the union of persons who in general are in violent opposition to each other. If she were endowed with the ballot and empowered to work up a crusade on the lines indicated, she would soon find herself at the head of a political sect more curious than useful, pulling all ways, like a newly-yoked pair of Accomack

"Each season," the old hymn tells us, "hath its own disease." But one of the worst complaints of which the modern social and industrial organization is a victim is common, in one form or another, to all seasons. Bad roads are a perpetual evil. At some times they are werse than at other times, but they are always bad. And the curious feature of the case is that those who are neglectfully or wilfully responsible for their badness use them and have to use them when they are at their worst, while those others, out of foolish and injurious spite against whom the responsible people persist in maintaining the badness of the roads, have to use them for only a short time when they are in the least bad state.

Alabama displayed wisdom in exempting from taxation for ten years any new cotton factories established within her borders, and the first fruits of it are apparent in the preparations for the institution there of a million dollar plant by Eastern capitalists who have recently paid the state a visit to look over the ground and lay out their plan of action. The inten tion is to make finer fabrics than have hitherto been made in the South which is an important industrial departure for that section, promising to help toward the solution of some of its most difficult economic and social problems. Alabama legislation, sc hospitable to capital, stands in rather marked contrast with our own, which in many cases seems devised with the intention of driving it away.

LONDON'S B R MAIDS.

The Business of Husband-Hunting Carried on With That of Serving Drinks.

Under the title, "Feminine Types in London," Jesse Francis Sheppard gives in the Nouvelle Revue an account of the London bar maids.
"They are recruited," he says, "among the burgeoisie as well as among the lower classes. Some of the most

interesting types can be found in the bars or public houses of the West End, close to the fashionable theatres. Among them are very many perfectly respectable girls, who have chosen the career of a bar maid in order to make a living, and, especially if they are pretty, to get a chance to catch a rich 'A public house, situated at the an

gle of one of the principal thorough fares, is both a gilded palace and a mine of gold. It exercises a strange fascination upon the poor country bumpkins who have just enough to pay for a drink; but the dude coming out of a theatre, the country greenhorn, the fashionable snob, and the frequenter of the music halls are always to be found there. It is among these that the bar maids hunt for a husband. If there is one class of London society more stupld than another it is that one which includes the frequenters of the public houses. With a pipe in his mouth and glass of beer or whiskey in front of him, the young Englishman, dressed in fashionable style, with a slight and ele gant figure and regular features, remains standing for more than an hour paying pretty little compliments to one

or several of these ladies. "The barmaid judges her customer by the out of their clothes. If you want to attract her attention you must present yourself with a silk hat and a handsome cane in your hand, and a suit cut in the latest fashion. The high hat is de rigueur. Without that there

is no possible chance of success. "It was not without difficulty that I managed to get an interview with one of these young ladles, whose intelli-gence was equal to her beauty. At first I was astonished at finding so much intelligence in an English girl; but I learned that she was Irish, and that explained the mystery. Her father was dead and her mother was left without resources. So she was determined to come to London and look for a husband, by posing behind a bar in Piccadilly.

'I was hardly more than three days here,' she said with an amiable and rogulsh air, 'when I understood why it was that so many pretty English girls don't get husbands. When they are beautiful they are generally stupid. When they are intelligent they are cold masculine, and ugly. Englishmen trav-el a great deal and meet in their ramblings through the world very many sprightly women, and they do not care for pretty girls who don't know how chat with them.'

'But in this mixture that come here to drink and chat,' I said, 'how do you distinguish the men of the world from the others?'

"'I recognize them by three things, she said boldly; 'by their figure, by their clothes, and by their complexion. For the most part they are tall and thin, dressed in the latest fashion, and have a complexion more or less bronzed. This last trait is the surest sign. Seeing that I looked astonished, she 'Nothing can be more simple An English gentleman, if he has a fortune, passes three-fourths of his time hunting and in other open-air exercises The chaps who remain always in London have a paler and more delicate complexion, and, moreover, the expres-sion of their faces is quite different from that of the others.'

"Noticing with what attention I was listening to her, she continued: "The geatleman that I refer to have nothing elegant about them except their clothes, for their conversation lacks novelty. How can a man who under-stands nothing but hunting and cricket interest an intelligent woman? conversation that goes on here in the name of wit makes me tired, but these gentlemen are the easiest of all to deceive. They are great big children in

everything except sport and politics." 'But you are always engaged,' I said, 'and it is difficult to get an opportunity to chat with you. You must already had several offers of marriage?" 'I have been only one month here,

and I have already had three. Two were from very rich sportsmen; but riches alone won't do for me. What I am after,' she added laughing, 'is a title. You know I must have a title.' "At this moment the play in one of the neighboring theatres was over, and the public house was invaded by a crowd of men, more or less stylish. The beautiful Irish girl kept herself some what aloof, and only served customers

that had the appearance of gentlemen. "Well, I left London. A few months afterward on returning there I wanted to see once more my beautiful Irish barmaid. She was gone. Another lady was in her place, and she told me that Miss Clara had left to marry the second son of a prominent nobleman."

Monkeys as Miners.

According to the Revue Scientifique, A.French mine owner in the Transvaal has some monkeys infected with the thirst for gold. It happened in this way: The mine owner had originally two little monkeys which were in the habit of accompanying their master in his visits to the mines. They saw the workmen gathering the ore, and soon learned to imitate them and to distinguish traces of the precious metal. They thus became of use to their employer, who procured twenty-four others, which, having been initiated into the mysteries of mining by the two first pioneers, soon became so expert as to fill the places of five or six men. The monkeys are extremely honest, says the veracious correspondent of the Revue, for they have not yet been per-verted by their human fellow-workers, and never try to appropriate nuggets.

Artificial Ears.

The making of artificial ears seems to have reached scientific perfection within the last decade. Made of a specially prepared rubber, flesh-colored in the rough, they are painted by hand in exact imitation of the remaining ear of the unfortunate customer, and as carefully "touched" and marked over as an artist's picture. The maker gets a hundred dollars apiece for them.

Caught While Herding in Colorado

Clung to Him While a Commercial Traveler in the Middle West, Notwithstanding all Efforts to Get Rid of It. Hot Springs of Arkansas, of no Avail.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, El.

Mr. William Clement, of Freeport, Illinois, is a well-known commercial traveler, and represents the large Chicago house of Reed, Welsh & Lange. In his early life Mr. Clement migrated to the breezy west and became a cowboy in Colorado. After doing as much at cow punching as he desired, he turned his attention to mining, the exposure from which and his life on the plains undermined a once strong constitution, and rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble and dropsy made their unwelcome appearance.

The Hot Springs of Arkansas were visited in the hope of relief, but he was disappointed, and so he took up his residence in Illinois, and obtained employment as a drummer for a large house in Chicago that has swere consulted both at home and while on the road, with only pecuniary benefit to the dectors, for Mr. Clement grew worse instead of better, and constantly had to lay up for weeks at a time.

It was then that the sufferer conceived the idea of trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and did so.

"I thought," Mr. Clement said to the reporter, "that fifty cents would not be much expenditure, so I bought a box of the pills and began taking them according to directions.

"I did not have many days to wait before I found a marked improvement in my conditions.

"I did not have many days to wait before I found a marked improvement in my condition, so I kept on with the treatment. First my kidneys began to do their work thorough.

MACHINE.

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