

**CARE'S SLAVE.**

It was the budding May-time,  
The white boughs overhead;  
"Oh, give to me some playtime,  
Good Master Care," I said.  
I saw his head begin to shake;  
"Not now; just wait and see,  
I'll give you a holiday  
When planting's done," said he.

It was the glowing summer;  
How cool the woodland's shade!  
Again an eager comer,  
"Oh, give to-day!" I prayed.  
Old Master Care his forehead knit;  
"The grass is ripe to mow;  
Work on till haying time is past,  
And then I'll let you go."

It was the glad September;  
The maple leaves were red;  
"Oh, Master Care! Remember,  
You promised me," I said.  
"And you will find," he answered me,  
"I'll keep my promise true,  
And you may sport when harvest's  
done,  
With nothing else to do."

Now winter's winds are blowing—  
(How weak I feel and old!)  
And by the hearth bright glowing,  
I shiver with the cold.  
And Care sits down beside me,  
And counts up one by one,  
The tasks that I have done amiss,  
Or I have left undone;  
While I, low muttering to myself,  
Wished I had laughed and sung,  
And had my share of honest joy  
When I was strong and young.

**CAPTAIN STORMS**

Captain Storms put the glass to his eye, and took a long look. Far on, black against the silvery horizon line, that shapeless speck showed. What was it? Captain Storms' prolonged survey ended, he slowly dropped his glass, and turned to Mr. Scott, the mate.

"I knew I was right," he said; "it is a wreck, a dismantled hulk, drifting about at the mercy of wind and sea. There may be no one left aboard, but we'll bear down and have a look."

And then Captain Storms lifted up his voice—a stentorian voice it was—and gave the proper orders to the man at the masthead, or at the helm, or somewhere—I don't know exactly. I would tell you the precise words which Captain Storms used on this occasion, if I could; but I'm deplorably backward in nautical matters. So you'll have to be content with learning that the gallant bark, the *Lovely Lass*, bore straggling down upon that dark mass, outlined against the sunny sky.

Captain Storms leaned over the side and lit a cigar. He was a bronzed young man, stalwart and gallant as I take it sailor men mostly are; and he looked the very best ideal of a dashing seaman, in his off-hand seafaring costume. He had a beard, and he had a mustache, big and brown, like himself; and, from the crown of his glazed hat to the sole of his boots, Captain Storms was a sailor, every inch of him.

The *Lovely Lass* bore down along the sunlit tropic sea and reached that floating wreck. Captain Storms was the first man to hear the moaning cry of a faint human voice. No living thing was to be seen; but from a corner of the deck that faint, plaintive cry wailed.

"There's some one alive here still," said Captain Storms. "Speak, friend! Who are you? Where are you?"

Again that unspeakably mournful wail. Captain Storms strode across to where a heap of torn canvas and rotten wood lay, and looked down. There in the garish sunshine, with her face upturned to the serene sky, a woman lay dead. Crouching over her, a skeleton child, with long, wild hair, sat making that feeble moan of dumb agony.

"My child!" Captain Storms said, pitifully "my child, what is this?"

The ghastly little creature lifted a bloodless face and a pair of haggard eyes.

"Mother's dead!"

"My poor little girl," said the sailor, bending over her as tenderly as that dead mother could have done, "you must come with me, or you will die, too. Come!"

She rose up—a frail little shadow of ten years—and held up her skeleton arms.

"Peace is hungry," she cried, piteously. "Peace is sick and cold, and mother's dead."

And then as the strong arms lifted her as though she had been a wax doll, the blue eyes closed wearily, and the weak baby drooped heavily against his breast; and hunger, and sickness, and cold, and death were all blotted out in blind darkness.

And for weary days and weary nights—while the *Lovely Lass* sailed along the southern seas, and the dead woman lay quietly under the great Pacific—the little rescued wail lay fluttering between death and life. And during these endless days and nights, the big sun-browned sailor watched over his little girl as a father—nay, as a mother—might have done, until the fluttering spirit ceased its struggles and grew calm in strength and health once more.

Little Peace—her name was Priscilla Weir, she said; Peace for short—came up on deck by-and-by, pale and weak still, and listened her story to the soft-hearted sailor.

"There had been a great storm—oh a dreadful storm!" Peace said, with a shudder; and they went away in boats—all the men did—and mamma was sick down in the cabin, and left behind; and Peace stayed with mamma and was left behind, too. And then mamma came upstairs on deck, and died; and Peace sobbed, and was so ill and so cold; and then you came," looking gratefully at the captain, "and Peace doesn't remember any more."

"Does my little Peace know where mamma came from, and where she was going?" Captain Storms asked.

"Yes, Peace knows. Mamma came from New York and was going to China to papa. Papa lived in China and was rich."

But that was all she could tell; and Captain Storms knew that among all the unlikely things on this earth, the most unlikely now was that papa and his little girl would ever meet.

The *Lovely Lass* spent nine long months on the Pacific coast, and then sailed back for America.

"And I shall leave my little Peace behind next voyage," Captain Storms said. "I have a sister who keeps a school in Philadelphia, a fashionable young ladies' academy—and Peace shall stay there and learn to play the piano, and talk French and paint pictures, and grow up a pretty young lady."

"And I shall have silk dresses and lots of pictures and story books!" Peace asked, with interest.

"Heaps of 'em, Peace! And nice little girls to play with, and music, and dancing, and everything beautiful all the day long."

Peace clasped her hands—that would be lovely. So, by-and-by, when Philadelphia was reached, the captain of the *Lovely Lass* consigned his little girl—a willing captive—into the hands of Mrs. Lee. Not but that she shed a few tears at parting, too, and clung to the sailor's neck, and was very sorry when it came to the last, and the good-bye kiss was given.

"There—there, my little Peace!" Captain Storms said, unclasping the clinging arms; "you mustn't cry like that; it will redden your eyes and swell your nose, and make you look ugly. Keep up heart, little Peace; I will come back in a year or two with a cartload of lovely presents for my little girl. Kiss me again, and let me go."

Captain Storms imprinted a sounding smack on the wistful little tear-streaked face, and unwound the clasping arms and walked off, and straightway was whistling cheerily along the deck of the *Lovely Lass*, and quite forgetful, I am afraid, of his little Peace and her grief.

"Dear, good guardian," thought Peace; "he's so kind and so good-natured; and it was nice playing on the deck of the *Lovely Lass*; but, for all that, I had rather be here and wear pretty dresses, and play with Mrs. Lee's boarders, and never be afraid of shipwrecks any more."

Captain Storms sailed for New Zealand; and on windy nights, when the doors and windows rattled, and great sighs came down the chimney, Peace lay awake, and thought of him on the terrible ocean, and said her simple child's prayers for his safe keeping.

Two years went by, and Peace had just one letter from "guardy" (guardian) in all that time, and that one to say he was coming back. She was a tall, rather awkward looking school-girl of twelve now, with preternaturally long limbs, that were always in her way; high shoulders, and prominent cheek-bones. And so Captain Storms found her when, more bearded and unbrowned than ever, he walked, with his sea-swing, into Mrs. Lee's prim parlor.

Peace sat at the piano singing, "My Willie's On the Dark-Blue Sea," and with a shrill cry of joy, she jumped up, and flung herself headforemost into his blue pilot-coat.

"Oh, guardy! dear, darling guardy! I'm so glad to see you again! So glad—so glad!"

"And so am I, little Peace. Don't choke me with those long arms, my girl. Heads up, and let us see you."

Peace lifted her flushed face and kissed him ecstatically.

"Why, how my little woman's grown, getting as tall as the mainmast, by George! and as thin as a shadow. Don't they give you enough to eat Peace?"

"Plenty, guardy; out growing girls are always thin—Mrs. Lee says so. And now, what have you brought me from New Zealand?"

"Bushels of things, Peace. They'll be here by-and-by. How does the learning progress? Let us hear you at the piano."

Peace sat down and rattled off polkas and waltzes.

"And I can read French, guardy," whirling gayly round on the stool, "and draw pencil drawing, you know, and do fancy work. I like everything! And, guardy, when I grow up and am a young lady, and my education is finished, I want you to fit up the cabin of the *Lovely Lass* with a Brussels carpet, and a piano, and heaps of new novels, and take me to sea with you all the time until I'm an old woman, won't you?"

Of course, Captain Storms devoutly promised, and rose up to take his leave.

"I'm going to China this voyage," he said, pulling her long, brown braids. "If I see papa, I'm to give him his little girl's love, I suppose?"

"Ah! if you only would see him!" Peace cried, clasping her hands. "Darling papa! Guardy, he used to be in Hong Kong, I know. Try if you can find him for me when you go there."

Captain Storms promised this also and departed, Peace clung to him sobbing at the last.

"You'll write to me often this time, won't you, dear guardy? You only sent me one little stinky letter last time, you know."

"All right, Peace," the captain said. "I'll try. I never was much of a scribe, but this time I'll do my best."

So once again the captain of the *Lovely Lass* left this little girl, to sail merrily over the world; and once more Peace went back to her horn-book and fancy work.

But the months strung themselves out, and the years rolled slowly backward, and Captain Storms, sailing to and fro in golden eastern and southern climes, never came to take this little girl from school. His letters were few and far between, despite his promises, only six in six long years, and in ans-

wers he had at least received sixty.

But the sixth and last announced his coming, and told her the wonderful news that he had met her father in Hong Kong, and that she must be ready to go with him next voyage to China.

Captain Storms, hale and brown, and handsome despite his middle age, rang Mrs. Lee's door-bell, and strode, like a sun-burnt giant, into the boarding-school parlor.

"But of course she couldn't know I was coming," he thought, as he sent up his name; "poor little girl, I hope she'll be glad to see guardy."

The door opened and a young lady walked in. A tall and stately and graceful young lady, with a dark, handsome face and waves of sunny brown hair. Surely, surely, this was not "Little Peace."

"My dear guardian, welcome back! Oh, how happy I am to see you once more!"

Yes, Peace, beyond doubt; but, oh, so unutterably changed. Captain Storms reddened under his brown skin, and actually stammered.

"You surely know me, I see," she smiled brightly. "I dare say I have grown out of all reason. Am I taller than the mainmast now? I was almost as tall, if you remember, six years ago."

She recollected what he had said all these years, and Captain Storms' face beamed.

"I expected to find my little Peace, and I find a young lady so stately and womanly that I am at a loss what to say to her. I'm not used to ladies' society, you see."

She laid her hand on his arm, and looked up in his honest sailor face, with deep, sweetly shining eyes.

"Talk to me as you used to, and call me Little Peace. Ah, guardy, how I have longed for your coming. And my father—tell me of him."

Captain Storms told her how, by merest accident, he had met, how he was rich and lonely, and longing for her, but unable to come to America; how she was to return with him, and that the steward of the *Lovely Lass* was to take out his wife with him to wait upon her. And Peace listened, like one in a peaceful dream. It was being a heroine—it was living a chapter out of one of her pet novels, to romantic Peace.

So they sailed for that far-off celestial land of tea and pig-tails. Captain Storms and his handsome ward, and Peace had her fairy dreams realized, and there was a Brussels carpet in the cabin, and a piano, and lots of new novels; and she was as happy as the days were long. Her music filled the *Lovely Lass* with sweetest melody; her clear voice rang out over the purple midnight sea, in songs sweeter than the siren strains of the mermaids; and her beautiful face lit up the grim old ship like the summer sunshine itself. Peace was bright and bewitching, and happy as a bird. The sailors adored her as an angel of light; and the captain—ah, the captain!—adored her too. Sailing along, by day and by night, through days of amber sunshine and nights of misty moonlight, to that distant land, Captain Storms, in his 42nd year—old enough and big enough to know better—fell madly desperately and ridiculously in love. He lost his sleep and he lost his appetite; and he hung on a girl's foolish words, and existed only in the radiance of a pair of laughing girlish eyes.

"Fool that I am for my pains!" he thought, sometimes, in bitter moodiness; "I am more than double her age; and I am rough and black and weather-beaten as the timbers of my old ship. No, no, Harry Storms; the only wife for you, my boy, is the *Lovely Lass*."

And yet, sometimes he wildly hoped. She talked to him so happily, she smiled upon him so sweetly, she was ever so glad when he came, so regretful when he went. And girls of 18 had married men of 42 before now; and, oh, why should it not happen again, and Harry Storms be the most blessed among men?

They reached China—they reached Hong Kong—and Peace was folded in her father's arms.

"So like your mother," he said, his tears falling. "Oh, my child! So like your lost mother."

Captain Storms was to stay three weeks in the Celestial City—to visit it, perhaps, never again. He made the most of his stay; visiting Peace every day in her palatial home, and growing moodier and moodier every visit. Peace, too, drooped a little, and looked at him wistfully, and lost some of that bright happiness that made her the light of all places. And when the last day came, and he stood up to say good-bye, she broke down altogether and cried like a very child.

"And I shall never see you again," she said; "you who saved my life! Oh, Captain Storms, must you go?"

And then that bashful giant took heart of grace, as a landsman would have done weeks before.

"I must go," he said, "but we need not part, my darling Peace, if you say so, for I love you dearly; and if you will be my wife, we will sail together, for ever and ever, as you once wished, until our heads grow gray. Mine is not so far from it now," he added, ruefully.

But Peace had thrown her arms impetuously around him, and kissed the dark, crisp locks.

"And if every hair were white as the foam of the sea, I should love you, and go with you, just the same. Why, Captain Storms, you have been my hero all these long years; and I should have died of disappointment, I know, if you had left me behind."

So the China merchant lost his daughter, and the *Lovely Lass* had a second commander; and in all the years to come Peace will reign perennial in the heart of Storms.

A grasshopper can spring more than two hundred times its own length.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**

"Give me \$150,000," observes Explorer Peary, "and I will find the North Pole." We decline with thanks. We can't afford to fritter away that much money on a cold deal like this.

There are only three towns in Rhode Island now unprovided with public or semi-public libraries, and these three, are being spurred to equal the public spirit of the rest.

The number of horses consumed in France each year is now about 120,000, and of this number 24,000 are sent to Paris. In 1896 only 2,500 horses made their final appearance in the guise of beef. Of the 120,000 now consumed it is, of course, impossible to say how many are eaten in ignorance of the fact that they have probably once been between the shafts.

The city of Paris is making a sanitary record of every building in the city. Since March, 1894, 25,000 houses have been described, and it is expected that the register will be completed by 1900. It contains for each house a description of the drains, cesspools and wells, and of the plumbing; a record of whatever deaths from contagious diseases have occurred in it, and of all disinfections and analyses of water, air or dust.

The long-talked-of project of a railroad connecting North and South America is being revived. The negotiations between Mexico and Guatemala, which were interrupted two years ago by the strained diplomatic relations of the two countries, have been resumed, and Mexico has just appointed a commission to act with a similar commission to be appointed by Guatemala. It will be the duty of the joint commission to select a feasible route for the proposed road.

Butte, Mont., is now credited with being the busiest place in the West. The Anaconda copper mines, that vast concern which makes a profit of from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000, a year, explains the status there. It is employing more men and has a bigger payroll than ever before, and its employees get the highest rate of wages paid anywhere. No wonder that Butte is prosperous, for where several thousand men get steady work and high pay there can be no stagnation.

Professor Dussaud, of Geneva, Switzerland, announces the discovery of a system whereby the deaf can be made to hear. The apparatus is known as the microphonograph, and it consists of an exceedingly sensitive phonograph connected to a microphone. The speaker talks into the microphone and the words are transmitted to the deaf person through the microphone. Prof. Dussaud expects to have his apparatus perfected for the Paris Exposition so that large audiences of deaf persons may listen to lectures.

A letter in *The Ohio State Journal* claims for John W. Burton, once a resident of Columbus and now living in Texas, the honor of being the youngest man who carried a musket from the beginning to the end of the Civil War. He was a member of Company A, Forty-sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was only twelve years old when he enlisted. He was a boy of remarkable size for his age and showed few signs of his extreme youth. There were many drummers younger than Burton, but he was a real soldier from the first, and always did a man's duty.

The report for the "Darkest England" scheme for the Salvation Army in England for the last year shows that 3,231,917 meals were supplied and 1,329,246 nights' lodging; 2,501 men were received into the factories, 411 into the first prison home, 11,899 provided with employment, temporary or permanent, and 1,535 women and girls received into rescue homes. Although there is no pretense of making the work self-supporting, the shelter for food and lodgings received over \$190,000 from those sheltered; the city colony with its many branches returned \$476,000 toward an expense of \$493,000, and the farm colony, in spite of very many difficulties, came within \$25,000 of meeting its expenditure of \$250,000.

The Outlook tells how the school children of Rochester, N. Y., have by their industry succeeding in ridding the city of a pest of moths. These moths had become so destructive that the Forestry Association offered a prize of five dollars to each of the children of any one school who would bring in 1,000 or more of the cocoons of this insect; three dollars to the three bring in the second largest number; two to the three bringing in the third largest number. This was in 1893. The next year the amount of the prizes was increased to ten dollars for the boy or girl who brought in a greater number of cocoons than were brought in by any one pupil in 1893; this was 44,900. Twenty children each won a ten-dollar prize. The school children of Rochester have gathered from the bark of trees, fences, rough places in houses, etc., almost 9,000,000 of those moth cocoons, and now the city is free from these insect pests, through the efforts of these children.

Many scientists are devoting their attention to the difficult task of rapidly and cheaply liquefying air. This, when accomplished, will be of great value for many purposes, of which refrigeration and the moving of engines, stationary and locomotive, are the most important. By the most successful methods hitherto used, a German experimenter was able, with a copper tube apparatus weighing 122 pounds and a pressure averaging more

than 190 atmospheres, to liquefy air in two hours without resorting to auxiliary cooling expedients. By means, however, of a machine exhibited last month before the Dublin Royal Society, liquid air was produced in twenty-five minutes. The air pressure in this case was less than eighty-seven atmospheres, and the apparatus weighed only twenty pounds. The liquid air was not in quantity large enough to be of commercial importance, but the system was a marked improvement on all its predecessors.

It is rather surprising—as news from afar about home matters often is—to learn that a party of English sportsmen is coming over here this summer to shoot wild horses. Of these animals somebody has told the eager Nimrods, there are at least 2,000,000 galloping about the mountains of Utah, and such a nuisance are they to the inhabitants of the country that aid in decreasing their numbers will be gratefully welcomed. Once, according to the veracious narrative from which these facts are gleaned, as much attention on the ranches was paid to the rearing of horses as to that of cattle, and they were so valuable that to steal one of the animals was regarded as a crime worse than murder, but now the man who would round up a few hundred bands of these animals and run off with them would be elected a Senator. The story does not state whether the horse hunters are coming chiefly for game, as benefactors to a helpless people, or because they have Senatorial aspirations, but coming they are, and there is no doubt they will have a lot of excitement before they go back.

A flock of wild pigeons, so numerous as to recall the hunting stories of days that were supposed to have passed forever, has taken possession of a grove in Shasta County, Cal. When the birds are on their foraging expeditions they are said to form a line a mile in length and from 100 to 200 yards wide, while the sound of their wings is like that of a furious storm. At night they gather in a black oak forest, where, over an area of about 160 acres, they seem to cover every twig and bough. So numerous are they that people in the vicinity kill as many of them as they can carry away, doing the work with clubs and stones rather more effectively than with guns. Local ornithologists say the birds are the true wild pigeon once common in Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana, and afterwards often seen further west, though rarely in flocks so large as this one. They are described as not quite a foot long from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail. The prevailing color is a bluish gray, in some parts with green and purple reflections, and with two broad and distinct bars of black across the wings. The lower part of the back is white, while the tail is a deep gray, with a broad, black bar at the end. The bill is blackish brown, and the legs and toes are of reddish orange. The birds show great uniformity in both size and color.

The emergencies created by the plague have been the cause of something like a revolution in the case of some of the most deeply rooted social and religious prejudices of the natives in India. The increase of the pest has compelled measures, such as the isolation of the sick, which are in direct antagonism to the most cherished traditions of religious observance, personal liberty, and family life. At the outbreak of the epidemic very few sufferers could be persuaded to accept hospital treatment. For a time it seemed impossible in Bombay to induce more than twenty-five patients to enter the wards. By the beginning of March, however, the Arthur Road Hospital alone contained nearly a hundred patients, while numbers were availing themselves of the hospitals of the Parsee, Jain, Hindu, Kho's, and Mohammedan communities, and of special institutions, such as those of the Port Trust, the Sahibs' servants, and Parel. The devout Hindu dreads above all things to die in the hands of men of another caste, and to be deprived of the last rites which his own kindred are alone competent, according to existing usage, to perform. It is not merely a question of sentiment in this world; it is also one of salvation in the next. Almost without exception, until now, the respectable classes of Indians have preferred the certainty of dying among their own people to the chance of recovery in a public hospital, however considerate its management, if it involves separation from their families. But segregation is the essential condition of hospital treatment in a great epidemic, and for the first time in India it is not only being enforced, but is accepted as inevitable by the people themselves. A few months ago such sanitary proposals would have excited the most fanatical opposition.

Japanese Magnanimity and Bravery.

After the capture of Port Arthur a heavy rain set in. Field Marshal Count Oyama saw a number of Chinese prisoners huddled and shivering under the eaves of a house. The marshal called one of his aids. "Those two are men," said he. "My horse, though he may die if exposed to this rain, is not worth those men's lives. Lead them to my stables, turn the horses out, and see that the prisoners are sheltered." When this act was explained to the Chinese they were quite overcome.

The incident of the Gillies Hill at Bannockburn has more than its parallel near Port Arthur. An attack was made upon a commissary train guarded by only fifty soldiers, who seemed doomed. But a body of 700 Japanese coolies nearby, wholly unarmed but

for a few that carried staves, begged to be permitted to engage. "Though we may not be able to beat them," said the head man, "we can do them much damage, and at all events we may keep them busy until reinforcements come up." To this the officer rather unwillingly consented. In a moment the coolies were off at a full run, yelling and hurraing. They fell on the astonished enemy with their naked hands, wrenched the swords or guns away from many and fought like so many demons. The Chinese broke their ranks and fled. Thirty were killed and many taken prisoners. On the part of the coolies the casualties were five killed and wounded. This has, and with justice, been termed one of the most remarkable incidents of the war.—From "Heroic Japan."

Useful Tattooing.

Why should we not all of us be identified from youth upward by a tattooed mark? ask *The Boston Home Journal*. Men who travel have often found difficulty in getting checks cashed in strange places and women who entertain are frequently taken in by "distinguished guests," who prove to be any persons except the distinguished ones expected. A tattoo mark, registered somewhere and placed on record so as not to be imitated without punishment from the law, would be every bit as useful on human beings as the brand is on cattle.

Human beings, when dissociated from their usual attire and surroundings are distinguished from each other with even more difficulty than attends the picking out of a particular cow or horse from a large number. It was Thomas Hughes who declared that a man would refuse to recognize his best friend if the latter was set down in ragged clothing at a street crossing—and he was right. Men escape justice easily by just such simple devices as shaving the moustache or growing a beard, and the lady in stageland who isn't recognized by her own family merely because she puts on a different colored dress is not unknown in real life. A Philadelphia man has been discovered with his name and address tattooed on his arm, and he takes great pleasure in getting checks cashed at banks where he is unknown by merely exhibiting his arm.

Properly arranged, the name and address of a fair debutante, with her family crest and a few incidentals added, would not disguise her above-glove arm, and similar markings would be very useful for all the boys who went in for athletics and who desired to be known to the world better than was possible through letters pinned on the back and bound to blow off during the first bit of wind.

New Ribbon for Medal of Honor.

Among the last official acts of President Cleveland was to prescribe a design for the knot to be worn in lieu of the United States medal of honor, and the ribbon to be worn with the medal, which was issued for signal acts of personal bravery by soldiers of the Union army during the Civil War.

The medal is in the form of a five-pointed star, with two of the points at the top, to which are attached two tiny cannons crossing each other, as which rests the American eagle with wings spread. To the tips of these wings the ribbon is fastened and on the top edge of the ribbon is the fancy-shaped piece with a shield in the center, and pin on the back, for attaching the medal to the coat.

Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont issued a general order stating the designs prescribed by the president, and now the new ribbons and the bowknot are being distributed. The order from the former secretary of war says: "A ribbon to be worn with the medal of honor, and a knot to be worn in lieu of the medal, are prescribed and established by the President of the United States, to be each of a pattern as follows: The ribbon to be of silk, one inch wide and one inch in length, the center stripe of white one-sixteenth of an inch wide, flanked on either side by a stripe of blue seven thirty-seconds of an inch wide, bordered by two stripes of red, each one-quarter of an inch wide. The knot to be a bow knot of the same combination of colors as the ribbon above described."

The entire list the country over includes about 600 men, some of whom are officers and others only common soldiers.

Largest Brick Building.

"Very few know it, but it is a fact," explained a prominent builder to a Washington Star reporter, "that the Pension Office building is the largest brick building in the world. It has been subjected to much criticism, but it can stand it, for as time passes along there are many things seen about it that escaped notice when it was newer. In all, says the Star, there are over 10,000,000 bricks in the building. General Meigs took liberties with bricks that no other architect had ever attempted. He not only used bricks exclusively for the building, but he used them in constructing the stairs throughout the building. In the matter of stair building, bricks have often been used for the riser, but the step has always been of iron, wood, slate or stone. In the Pension Office both riser and step are of brick. As a brick building, therefore, pure and simple, it is unique in construction, outside of the fact that it is the largest exclusively brick building in the world."

Official statistics for 1896 of the seven Australian colonies give their population as being 4,323,171. Melbourne is said to have lost 42,486 inhabitants since 1891.