

WORK OF A DECADE.

Pittsburg's Public Building From Its Inception to the Present Day. CAUSES FOR THE DELAYS. It is a Structure Perfect in Detail and a Credit to the City.

SOME OF THE ORNAMENTAL WORK. How the Foundation was Made Firm, Though On a Bed of Quicksand. THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Two more weeks the most story will be laid on the new Government building, just ten years ago...

When Inspector Pattison was approached for some information yesterday about the architecture of the new postoffice, he said: "I wish you would say to the people of Pittsburg that when this building is finished it will be one of the finest and most substantial and ornamental structures of all the Government's houses."



AN ALLEGORICAL GROUP.

Those in charge of the building will make no predictions about the time of its completion, but a general way it will take at least another year. The Postoffice Department is anxious to get into the first floor, and it may be transferred about January 1.

open space like the Court House. Mr. Malone hopes the city will cut down the grade in time to avoid this trouble. The building itself is a model in architecture of the Renaissance order. It is six stories high, including the attic. All the Government buildings are made on the Renaissance style, as it is the most substantial, and they are intended to stand for centuries and the wonder and admiration of the ages.



THE FIRST FLOOR AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

Philosophy of the Heads. In the arch of each window is a head that acts as the keystone. Some of these heads have been sources of great amusement for the newspaper paragrapher and wraithful citizens anxious to see the building finished.

On the roof of the Third and Fourth avenue sides also are the figures of Justice, standing erect and holding in her hand a metal scale. The scale has not been placed there yet, but that will be done very soon.

Mr. Malone said yesterday that he used a 40-foot pile driver with a 3,000 pound hammer, and when with this weight he could not get the pile down to a depth of an inch he stopped. He also stated that in his opinion, judging from the arrangement of the piles and soil a stratum once ran over the site, and that the soil was not very soft.

William M. Darlington was the principal owner of the property. He had a large tract of land extending along Fourth avenue and part of Cherry alley. The Wilkins heirs and William Armstrong also owned some of the property in the block.

appropriations were made as follows: June 16, 1880, \$75,000; March 8, 1881, \$100,000; August 7, 1882, \$200,000; March 3, 1883, \$125,000. In 1880 the limit to the cost of the building was placed at \$1,500,000. In 1880 Mr. Kennedy, of Seven Seal came to the office of removing the old building.

READY TO MOVE. The location of the offices for the Government officials has been made, and the plans forwarded to Washington. The postoffice will occupy the entire first floor. The Post office will be on the second floor.

Her Great Fault is That She Hasn't the Brain to be Clever. I may as well be frank at once and say I do not like the maid who does the washing. She is usurping the privilege of her knight, and if I were he I should turn and see the Duke of Edinburgh, the most successful man of my age.

THE GIRL WHO WORE. Her Great Fault is That She Hasn't the Brain to be Clever. I may as well be frank at once and say I do not like the maid who does the washing. She is usurping the privilege of her knight, and if I were he I should turn and see the Duke of Edinburgh, the most successful man of my age.

THE FILE DRIVING. Mr. Malone said yesterday that he used a 40-foot pile driver with a 3,000 pound hammer, and when with this weight he could not get the pile down to a depth of an inch he stopped. He also stated that in his opinion, judging from the arrangement of the piles and soil a stratum once ran over the site, and that the soil was not very soft.

THE TIPPLES' GIVEWAY. A Hot Stomach Makes Dry Lips and Indigestion. I have given up prescribing for ladies who are victims of alcoholism, says a St. Louis physician. One of the Globe-Democrat's local gossipers recently spoke of the amount of suffering caused by drinking at far greater rates than generally imagined, and the same might be said of the tipplers in high or aristocratic circles.

AT A SUMMER HOTEL. How Fielding Spent His Term of Seventeen Days and Nights. THE SLAVE OF THE HEAD WAITER. Bedding in Connection With a Grand and Artistic Tableau. DECLINE OF THE HOST'S ORCHESTRA.

DECLINE OF THE HOST'S ORCHESTRA. I have just served a sentence of two weeks and three days at a summer hotel. I will not state where the hotel is, but the climate of the place was said to be more pure for a large variety of ailments, none of which I had ever had before I went there.

AN UNEQUAL CONFLICT. But I never could get up the courage necessary to resist the head waiter. When he beckoned to me I invariably fell lumbly into his wile, and then he steered a straight course for the champagne table, where I was served by a girl with hair so red that it kept an old gray horse trotting back and forth in the pasture lot outside as he passed from kitchen to dining room and vice versa.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE HOTEL. The pasteur lot outside as he passed from kitchen to dining room and vice versa. I tried getting there early in order to eat before the champagne arrived, but no sooner did I reach the table than I was surrounded by the melancholy countenance of the lovely young man who did not wear cuffs. When he had seated the young man the head waiter at once returned to the door and brought in the husband who palpably regretted his choice, and the wife who was the amply sufficient cause of his remorse.

THE FINAL VICTORY. That afternoon I asked the clerk to make the head waiter change my seat, and he obliged me. I thought I was going to be a lucky brother obeyed the instructions he had received. He took me to another table, and then brought all the champagne over there, to my surprise.

NINE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. This was not easy, for in a tavern some person has to dine with capital and without. After mature deliberation I decided that I was the person in this particular case, and I constructed a tableau representing the parrot man and the bird keeper. I thought Mr. B. was going to faint, and as he weighed over 200 pounds, the moment was full of terrible anticipations. But she recovered her composure, and told me that if I would keep Birdie in the first place she would bear the whole expense of the affair hereafter. I accepted her proposition.

TO FEEL THE SHARP EDGE OF RETIREMENT. Hotels which formerly supported an orchestra of half a dozen players—two horn players or three drummers who worked the well-greased joints of volecous trombones—have come down to a violinist, a cornetist and a maid to pound the piano.

BUNNING A TABLEAU. The bells of the hotel (through her mother as mediator) volunteered to take part. There were nine of her, and would have been more if I had not stuck up a notice in the office saying that the entire orchestra had been dismissed. The next day I was approached by Mrs. A., mother of Miss Birdie (one of the nine). Mrs. A. tapped me playfully on the arm with her fan and inquired what I was going to do with her Birdie. I came very near saying that I didn't see what anybody could do with her, but by great self-control I limited my remarks to an inquiry as to what Birdie's mother wanted me to do with her.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM. "I need not tell a man of your extraordinary good taste," said she, that my daughter Betty— "Madam," said I, "all that you would say has already occurred to me, but the nature of the subject points with an unerring aim to Miss Birdie A."

ABOUT THE DRUNK. One of the safest treatments is Pinching Under the Arm. The best way to arouse a drunken man is to pinch him under the arm, says a police officer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I found a drunken fellow lying across the track at Tenth and Morgan streets late one night, and it seemed impossible to arouse him. I clapped him over the soles of his feet and rolled and shook him, but he lay as limp as a rag. Just then an old gentleman came along, and suggested that I pinch him under the arm.

THE MOST CURIOUS BIRD ON EARTH ARE THEY BEFORE PURCHASERS. People expect to come into a bird store and open up a conversation with a parrot off-hand. The parrot is a creature of their minds that the parrot is worthless. This will apply to the majority of people. They do not give the bird credit for the intelligence it actually possesses. There are parrots in St. Louis valued at from \$50 to \$150 that will answer a question with a stranger, and yet they are among the best talkers extant.

DECLINE OF THE ORCHESTRA. Everybody was talking about the incident after dinner while the evening programme on the piazza was in progress. I was there, standing by the orchestra, and the most strains of the hotel orchestra in the other. The orchestra was not what it used to be. Many a seaside hotel proprietor has had to cut down the expense of his orchestra, and the unhappy musician has been the first

to feel the sharp edge of retirement. Hotels which formerly supported an orchestra of half a dozen players—two horn players or three drummers who worked the well-greased joints of volecous trombones—have come down to a violinist, a cornetist and a maid to pound the piano.

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STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON. A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. BY WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. The story opens at Ploceally with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Mairie, on the way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is a noble Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburgh is to procure assistance from him.

CHAPTER IX. DOUBTS AND DREAMS. And at first Vin Harris was for rebelliously throwing aside and ignoring this information that had reached him so unexpectedly. Was he, on the strength of a statement forwarded by an unknown correspondent in New York, to suspect, nay, to condemn unheard-of this proud and solitary old man with whom he had all this while been on terms of such close and friendly intimacy?

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