THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.

THE SLAVE OF THE HEAD WAITER.

Boodling in Connection With a Grand and Artistic Tableau.

DECLINE OF THE HOST'S ORCHESTRA

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCEL!

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 a sure cure for large variety of ailments, none of which I had ever had before I went there. During

my stay, however, I enjoyed them all. The landlord told me that nothing but the salu-

briety of the place saved my life. I shall never impose the same strain on that climate

The early part of my term was passed practically in solitary confinement. No-body but the head waiter paid any attention

to me, and I should have been much obliged

AN UNEQUAL CONFLICT.

the pasture lot outside as she passed from

amply sufficient cause of his remorse. Close

upon them came the remaining chumps treading upon each other's heels in their haste to be fed. Then I tried coming late,

sation of the hour; the only real, live, guaranteed foreign nobleman in the place. And he was a bachelor, too. Lord Yorkshire

HIGH ROPES BLASTED.

when my lord pulled one of his side-whiskers with an air of decision and remarked to
the man beside him, in that generously
andible voice of his: "I say, dear boy, that
table girl, as you call em, don't-yerknow,
waiting on those old women over there, is
the prettiest girl in this hotel, ba Jove."
The blight which fell on the table at my
right beat the one which killed all the currant bushes in the State of Maine, when I
was a boy.

DECLINE OF THE ORCHESTRA

again, for I do not wish to spoil it.

who wea

Pittsburg's Public Building From Its Inception to the Present Day.

CAUSES FOR THE DELAYS.

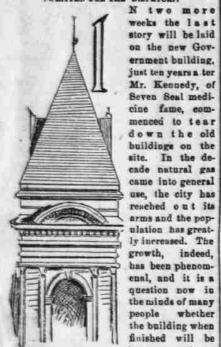
It is a Structure Perfect in Detail and a Credit to the City.

SOME OF THE ORNAMENTAL WORK.

How the Foundation Was Made Pirm, Though On a Bed of Quicksand.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR

WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 N two more



the minds of many people whether the building when finished will be large enough to amodate the extensive business or not. Re that as it may, the public will be glad to get the building in a finished state with its

The ancient and modern history of the structure since it was first talked of would fill several volumes. Songs have been sung and jibes flung with wanton abandon at the slowness of the work, but after all there are many extenuating circumstances and numerous causes for the delay that the people do not know or understand.

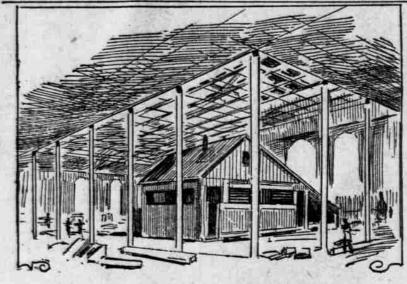
A GRAND STRUCTURE.

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, most substantial and ornamental structures of all the Government's houses. The people who stop long crough to examine the architectare to detail will be surprised at its beauty and delieucy of finish. The time is coming this building, and future generations a

The Pennsylvania Construction Company The reansylvants construction company is responsible for the present delay. That company commenced last spring to put ou the roof and said it would have it finished in 35 days, but if it completes the job by November it will do well. The third foreman is being tried now, and he doesn't seem to be muon of an improvement on the other two.

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 Romanesque order. It is six stories high, including the attic. All the Government buildings are made on the Romanesque style, as it is the most substantial, and they are intended to stand for centuries and the wonder and admiration of the ages. The stone is Blue Hill granite from Maine, roughed down to a considerable degree of fineness. The superstructure contains 124,000 cubic feet, and there are 75,000 cubic feet in the basement. The work of pointing the stone was commenced three months ago, and the Third avenue side is finished. The men are now engaged on the rest. It the people interested enough would take the time to stand on Third avenue and study that side of the building they could then get some idea of the fineness of the stonework that has been done, work that required months to complete. In the center of this side and the same thing is repeated



THE FIRST FLOOR AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

on Fourth avenue is a most beautiful arch The pointing has brought out the fine de-tails that were before obscure. Above this growth, indeed, has been phenomenal, and it is a question now in ate, and has been well executed.

Latis that were before obscure. Above this arch are two alcoves, each containing figures that are truly works of art. The decoration around them is unique and appropriate, and has been well executed.

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 wrathful citizens anxious to see the building finished. Superintendent Pattison says the heads were intended to represent types of various nations. The women are arranged toward Smithfield street, while the men, as is becoming, are given the rear places. Taking some of them individually, especially the dude with eyeglasses and large mutton-chop whiskers, who was doubtless designed to stand for a Frenchman, they are ridiculous, but Mr. Pattison says that when the building is completed and the large plate glass windows are put in PHILOSOPHY OF THE HEADS.



Une of the D corutions

general effect will be pleasing of their aucestors. That it required ten the ault of the people and not the designers years to build it will be orgoteen, and we are doing everything possible now to hasten appearance of some of our brethren across

On the root 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. Both groups are very handsome and much

It would require an intimate acquaint-

on the new building there were 95 employes in the postoffice, 38 of whom were letter earriers. Now there are 286. The actual work of the office has increased 500 per

It may have been forgotten by some, but the older citizens will remember that the foundation of the new postoffice is laid on a bed of quicksand. It is regarded as a most remarkable feat, and is the only example in the world where a successful foundation was ever made under such circumstances. When Architect Malone was engaged in his famous pile driving operation he was heartily ridiculed, but the wisdom of his plan has since been acknowledged. When he first assumed charge of the building General Powers had dug a three-foot trench for the foundation. Mr. Malone some years before had struck a vein of quicksand in the cellar of the Central Hotel, and he leared it extended under the building site.

HUNTING THE QUICKSAND. BUNTING THE QUICKSAND. He asked the Government to allow him

to sink test wells, and nine were put down, three along Smithfield street, three in the center and as many more in the rear, where solid rock was struck. When the wells had gone down seven feet along Smithfield street a lot of old cellars were encountered containing loopskirts, brickbats and kindred articles. One of the wells in the center soon reached the quicksand, and then the job commenced. Without going into intricate details, by means of an iron curbing the well was sunk 65 eet, when a sloping rock was struck. These discouraging facts were reported to

It may have been forgotten by some, but

the Government, and piles were reported to the Government, and piles were at once ordered to be driven into the ground.

About 15 leet of the coundation was dug out, and the piles were forced into the earth about 25 cet all around under the foundation. This countries considerable them. about 25 eet all around under the foundation. This consumed considerable time,
and to keep them from rotting a layer of
sand several leet deep was placed over the
tops. Over the sand a bed of concrete three
fect deep was placed, and then the first
layer of stone was put down. Each stone
was five feet wide and ten feet long, the
stones in the next layer were a little shorter
and in the third one they were five feet
quare. The foundation proper was then
tarted on top of these stones and piles.

THE PILE 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 no longer force down a pile 5-100 of an inch he stopped. He also stated that in his opinion, judging from the arrangement of the pebjudging from the arrangement of the peb-bles and soil a stream once ran over the site, and this is what made it so difficult to get a solid foundation. As a result of his work he claims that the building to-day has not sunk in the least, and he defies anyone to show that the corners are out of plumb. He has an instrument which he uses to tell this fact, and he goes over the building carefully

fact, and he goes over the building carefully every once in awhile—searching for flaws.

The ancient history of the building will make interesting reading matter. The need for such a building was long felt, and after considerable talk and agitation General Moorehead, who then represented this district in Congress, secured the passage of a bill March 3, 1873, appropriating \$300,000 for a new postoffice and Court House or Pittsburg. At that time the present postoffice was considered a rather fine affair, and some of the ditterest declared it was adequate sidered a rather nue allair, and some of the citizens declared it was adequate and sufficient. Their mistake has been demonstrated since. Thomas Steele and Colonel Phillips were some of the leading spirits

FIGHT FOR A SITE.

This amount having been appropriated then came the scramble for the site, and it finally narrowed down to three piaces, the present site, Hare's Hotel, at the conjunction of Fifth avenue and Liberty street, and the property opposite Trinity church, including the Lewis block on the corner. The demand was to have the building located as near the business center as possible, and Colonel Phillips insisted that Hare's Hotel was that point. Supervising Architect Mullet, who built the New York postoffice, came to the city, and looked over the three sites proposed. He was a shrewd little fellow, and went away keeping his own counsel and leaving everybody in the dark. Public meetings were held, and the people were divided.

Finally, a ter much dickering, the Government selected the present site. Seven viewers were appointed, and they appraised the property at \$356,000. Everybody was in a quandary, and the owners of the other sites being mad, this gave them a handle, and they went to work again. At this juncture Thomas Steele put up the \$56,000, and he was reimbursed by popular subscription afterward. Simon Johnston had a drug store on the Fourth avenue corner, and he gave \$000. Others did the same, and the propersy was secured.

THE PROPERTY OWNERS.

THE PROPERTY OWNERS.

sppropriations were made as follows: June 16, 1880, \$75,000; March 3, 1881, \$100,000; August 7, 1882, \$200,000; March 3, 1883, \$125,600. In 1885 the limit to the cost of the building was placed at \$1,500,000. In 1880 Mr Kennedy, of Seven Seal fame, commenced the work of removing the old buildings.

AT A SUMMER HOTEL.

How Fielding Spent His Term of Seventeen Days and Nights

BEADY 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 Postmaster's room will be in the end facing Fourth avenue and Smithfield street. The Internal Revenue office, the Custom House and Pension Department will be on the second floor. The internal revenue office will be on the Fourth avenue side; the Custom House on Third avenue and the Pension Office will be in the rear. On the third floor are the two United States Court rooms, clerks' offices, Judges' rooms, District Attorney and United States Marshal's offices. The United States Engineer, Board of Examining Physicians and the principal office of the signal service will be located. On the fourth floor will be four petit jury rooms, two grand jury rooms, United States storage room for models and patterns of subjects under litigation. On the fith will be located the dormitories for the men in the postal and patterns of subjects under litigation. the dormitories for the men in the postal railway service, the boiler inspector's room

THE GIRL WHO WOES.

THE GIRL WHO WOES.

Her Great Fault is That who Hasn't the Brains to be Clever.

I may as well be frank at once and say I do not like the maid who does the wooing. She is usurping the privilege of her knight, and if I were he I should turn and flee. "But," says Ethilinda, "he needs encouragement!" Perhaps he does. But not too much of it. When you want to give an in
to me, and I should have been much obliged to him if he hadn't. He appeared to have reserved a table in the dining room exclusively for people of no account on earth, and I was one o' them, in the head waiter's warped and dislocated judgment. There is, nothing so corrosive to a man's self-esteem among the men who order the whole bill of fare, and the women who publicly quarrel with their husbands in order to remove injurious suspicions from the

much of it. When you want to give an invalid something to increase his appetite you do not offer to eat for him; instead you offer a dainty bit, a little spicy, or a little acid with their husbands in order to remove injurious suspicious from the mind of the observer—to be classed, I repeat, by a gentleman of color who wears a dress suit at breaka dainty bit, a little spicy, or a little acid that quickens the taste and makes a great hunger come. Treat your sweetheart in the same way,

says Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal. Let him be conscious that you are pleased with his liking, but do not for a minute take away his prerogative and do the wooing. No man has a true appreciation for good things too easily obtained. Man is yet a little hit of a savage, and the hunt is always a delight to him. Your eyes may reflect his love, but they need not amounce your's first, thereby sending out an invitation. My dear girl, ask almost any man you know what his lavorite flower is, and, after he has thought, he will tell you either a violet or the rose. One grows surrounded and protected by green leaves, and to get it perfect—that is, with stem—you have to reach down and pluck it carefully, but in a determined way. The other is guarded by sharp thorns, and though it stands up in a most dignified way, it resists, except by its encouraging sweetness, the one brave enough to take it from the parent tree. Journal. Let him be conscious that you

You can learn a good lesson in a flower garden; you see the bollyhoeks plant and know that they are the forward beauties of the world o flowers; you see the lilies with their bowed heads, and are convinced that beauty without faith is of little worth; you are aware of a dainty periume, and know that the little lady, whose qualities surpass her charms—the mignonette—is near; you can see the masculine girl in "Johnnyjump-ups;" you can see the positive one in the gaudy sunflower; you can see the ag-gressive one in the scarlet geranium, and you can think of them all and conclude this, the ones worth having, sweet of per-ume and restful in color, are not the ones that protrude themselves on your vision, and say, as do some flowers and some maid-ens, "Take us."

DUTCH COURTSHIP.

The Cigar Plays an Important Part in th Wooing and Winning. ondon Spare Momenta. In certain parts of Holland, when a young

man thinks he has found his affinity, it is customary for him to ask for a match to light his cigar at the door of the loved one's house. This little subterfuge is intended to arouse. This little subterings is intended to arouse the parents of the girl to the fact that something is in the wind. If a second call with a similar object is made soon after, no doubt is left of the young man's intentions, and then brought all the chumps over there, and the parents proceed to investigate the young man's character and autecedents, with a view of ascertaining his eligibility as a member of the family. When he calls the third time, always for a match to light his eigar, they are prepared to give him an

If his suit is regarded with favor he is politely requested to step inside or the first time, and is served with a light. It he is door is shut in his race without further cere mony. But having prepared for this contingency, the downcast suitor will, in all probability, light his weed with a match from his own box, and walk away musing on the transitory nature of all earthly things.
When the accepted suitor is invited to enter
the house he, as a matter of course, informs
the parents which of their daughters has captivated his fancy.

When this is settled the young man steps

When this is settled the young man steps forward and they join hauds. While the engagement is by no means considered a settled fact, even at this important stage, yet it is stated as a truth that when on the occasion of the young man's third visit his insmorata has offered him a second cigar, which he had smoked in the house, the engagement has never been cancelled.

CURE FOR MALARIA.

The Eucalyptus Planted in the Neighbor head Drains the Ground Perfectly.

For years past the Trefontane Convent at Rome had become positively uninhabitable, owing to the malaria which attacked-in many instances with fatal results-its inmates. Senator Torelli presented a bill in Parliament proposing that the estate annexed to the convent should be planted with eucalyptus as an experiment against maeucalyptus as an experiment against malaria. The bill was passed, and the Trappist monks planted thousands of eucalyptus
plants of all species on the estate. But still
the majaria ravaged, and several monks
auffered severely. But it was remarked
that it was only the monks who had their
cells looking on the central cloister who fell
victims to the malaria.

This suggested the idea of planting four
encalyptus trees at the four corners of the
cloister. The plants, sheltered from the
winds, soon grew to a great height. The

winds, soon grew to a great height. The immediate result was the complete draining of the soil in the cloister, and the disap pearance of malarial fever from the convent

THE TIPPLERS' GIVEAWAY.

THE PROPERTY OWNERS.

William M. Darlington was the principal owner of the condemned property. His land extended along Fourth avenue and part of Cherry alley. The Wilkins heirs and William Armstrong also owned some of the property in the block. Mr. Darlington was not satisfied with the price offered him, and he went into the courts. Judge ton was not satisfied with the price offered him, and he went into the courts. Judge to was his attorney, and the land was in litigation for two vears. The court finally awarded him, and this amount was also raised by subscription. The law suit delayed the work for two years.

Compressman Hopkins and Congressman W. S. Shallenberger, of Beaver, who were favorable to the building, did much to seneed. The con-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 drink as far greater

Everybody was talking about the incident after dinner while the evening promenade on the pisaza was in progress. I was there, catching the neuralgia in one car and the sweet strains of the botel orchestra in the other. The orchestra was not what it used to be. Many a senside hotel proprietor has had to cut down expenses this season.

The unhappy musician has been the first

to feel the sharp edge of retrenelment. Hotels which formerly supported an orchestra of half a dozen player—and two or three dummies who worked the well-greased joints of voiceless trombones—nave come down to a violinist, a cornetist and a maid

down to a violinia, a contests and a main to pound the pinno.

And the "hop"—I will say only that the hops at our hotel this summer were failures. So, in the last week of my stay, they got up some tableaux, by way of variety. As I was known to have perhaps the most re-



Genius and the Nine Muses. fined artistic taste o any man of my weight

RUNNING A TABLEAU.

The belle 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 entries for that event were closed. The next day I was approached by Mrš. A., mother of Miss Birdle (one of the nine). Mrs. A. tapped me playully on the arm with her fan and inquired what I was going to do with her Birdle. I came very near saying that I didn't see what anybody could do with her, but by great self-control I limited myself to a mild inquiry as to what Birdle's mother wanted me to do with her. It did not take me long to discover that the old lady wanted her Birdle to perch higher than any other in the But I never could get up the courage necessary to resist the head waiter. When he beckened to me I invariably tell humbly into his wake, and then he steered a straight course for the chumps' table, where I was served by a girl with hair so red that it kept an old gray horse trotting back and forth in

to discover that the old lady wanted her Birdie to perch higher than any other in the tableau. I scented danger, and promised only that I would give the subject the consideration it deserved.

"I need not tell a person of your fine artistic sense," said Mrs. A., "that Birdie is the only girl in this hotel who can fill a position of prominence in a tableau. I only wish to inquire whether you had chosen your subject. And, by the way, I understand that the expenses are to be defrayed by the ladies. Allow me to put whatever sum you think necessary at your disposal. But you must promise me about Birdie." OPENING A GOLD MINE.

"My dear madam," said I, "it has ap-peared to me necessary from the nature of the subject—which I must keep secret for

the subject—which I must keep secret for the present—to give perhaps the most prominent position to Miss B."

"Oh! you can't think of it," cried Mrs. A., holding up her hands in horror, "my dear sir, she has been fading steadily for the last ten seasons. Poor girl; I pity her. Under these circumstances I must withhold my subscription from the affair."

Of course I had no idea of losing her subscription. I had figured the expenses of the affair very carefully, and had arranged to conceal my board bill and a few other trifles among them when the account was rendered.

the pasture lot outside as she passed from kttchen to dining room and vice versa.

I tried getting there early in order to eat before the chumps arrived, but no sooner did I reach my place than I observed in the doorway the melancholy countenance of the lonely young man who did not wear cuffa. 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 remorae. Close trifles among them when the account was rendered.

"I don't see how I can promise about Birdie," said I, with hesitation.

"I: you only won't let Betty B. have the best place, I'll subscribe double," said Mrs. A.

"Madam," said I, "you may have my word of honor upon it."

So she took my word, and I took her subscription. Within 10 minutes I was approached by Mrs. B. scription. Within 1 proached by Mrs. B.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

haste to be fed. Then I tried coming late, but the chumps were also unavoidably detained on that occasion, and we were all fed from the same trough as usual. One day I summoned up all the nerve I had left, and asked the head waiter togive me another seat. He said: "Yes, sah; dis way, sah," seated me in my old place, and escaped. I hadn't the moral courage to move.

THE FINAL VICTORY.

"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."
I thought Mrs. B. was going to faint, and, as she weighed over 200 pounds, the moment was full of terrible anticipations. But

That afternoon I asked the clerk to make that if I would keep Birdie out of first place she would bear the whole expense of the affair herself. I accepted her proposition.

In the course of the day I encountered all the ladies whose daughters were to appear. They all complimented me on my exquisite artistic taste in all matters connected with tableaux; and they all ended with bribery. After these interviews I was somewhat shocked to reflect that I had solemnly promised to keep every blessed girl in the list in some subordinate position. The change, however, was not wholly fruitless, for it enabled me to hear a fairly good thing. On my right was a table where a mother and four daughters sat. The girls were all old enough to marry rich men, and the mother was willing that they should do so at any moment. On my left sat the sen-

NINE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. This was not easy, for in a tableau some person has to shine with especial effulgence. After mature deliberation I decided that I was the person in this particular case, and I constructed a tableau representing the Nine Muses at the leet of Genius. I furnished the feet. All the lights were turned full upon me, and the spectacle was proba-bly one of the most beautiful ever pre-sented to an American audience.

The thought that I had suffiled my nine

bargains at once fell upon my conscience as soothingly as cold cream on a sunburned nose. However, I had to leave the house very soon to escape the consequences of too much same.

Just before I left, I asked the landlord

what he would give me to write up the hotel. "Write it up?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, "give the facts about it."
"Do you want to kill the place?" said he, turning pale.

HOWARD FIELDING.

AROUSING THE DRUNK

One of the Safest Trentments is Pinching Under the Arm.

Pudding—I can't remember his real name—was a good enough sort of fellow, for an Englishman. He had that neculiar breeding which makes even Chicago pork seem a very interior article in England. Nobody who hasn't had the advantage of being reared in that little island, can be pariectly courteous to one whom he honors with his immediate society, and at the same time as cruelly indifferent as a barbed wire fence to the comforts of the stranger who casually gets within range. The polished American, on the other hand, is scrupulously polite to the man he doesn't know, while he may not tip his hat to his own wife's mother.

HIGH ROPES BLASTED. 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 clubbed him over the soles of his feet and rolled and shook him, but he lay as limp as a rag. Just then an old gentle-man came along, and suggested that I pinch My lord certainly kept his eye-glasses bearing steadily on the table where the mother and daughters sat, and they were not allow to notice it. I could hear some pretty little squabbles between the girls, as to which one of them was getting the best of it. The mother did not enter into these disputes, but she looked at my lord in a way that meant: "Oh! how I wish there were enough of you to go around."

She was in high feather, and the girls couldn't sit still in their chairs. It looked like a clear case even to my unpredjudiced vision, and I was beginning to be interested to discover which of the daughters stood the best chance of being unhappy for life, when my lord pulled one of his side-whishers with an air of decision and remarked to

him under the arms.

The effect was electrical. I had him awake and fighting mad at once. On another occasion Sergeant Fierce tried the same experiment on a sot at the Fourth district station, who was delaying the Black Maris. The man stood it for awhile, and then suddenly opened his eyes, and dealt the Sergeant a blow that would have selled an ox. The treatment is a dead sure thing; fetches them every time.

PARROTS ARE SHY.

The Most Garralous Birds on Earth Are Shy Before Purchasers.

People expect to come into a bird store and open up a conversation with a parrot ff-hand. They fail, and then make up their minds that the parrot is worthless. This will apply to the majority of people. They do not give the bird credit for the 111-

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 not be coaxed into a conversation with a stranger, and yet they are among the best talkers extant.

The birds often refuse to "perform" when there are purchasers looking on, but once the store is cleared of people they will chatter away as though their very life depended on their being heard. The majority of parrots will take to agirl or a woman much engicker than to one of the sterner as x.



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 Piccadilly with aced George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrie, on their way, to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noise Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he as engaged in preparing for the publication of a v-dume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburgs to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just bunding into womanhood and feels homillated when her grandfather accepts £50 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his promest veh, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Bethune of Balloray. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and betame strangely interested in the young girt. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from Maisrie's home. He has an aunt, Mrs. Ellison, who is just new busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself, intimating that the bride will not be without a liberal dowry if Vin, marries a girl of her choice, At his rooms Vin. is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people. Vin, invites the pair to visit Henley Regarta. At the regarta Mrs. Ellison their poverty or social standing. Mrs. Ellison consults Lord Musselburgh and comes to the conclusion that George Bethunes and his daughter are after Vin's money. She starts out to save him, but Maisrie wiles to an American, ed

CHAPTER IX.

DOUBTS AND DREAMS. And at first Vin Harris was for rebelliously thrusting 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-this proud and solitary old man with whom he had all this while been on terms of such close and friendly intimacy? Had he not had ample opportunities of judging whether George Bethune was the sort of a person likely to have done this thing that was now charged against

He went over these past weeks and months. Was it any wonder that the old man's indomitable courage, his passionate love of his native land, and the constant and assiduous care and affection he be-stowed on his granddaughter, should have aroused alike the younger man's admiration and his gratitude? What if he talked with too lofty an air of birth and lineage, or allowed his enthusiasm about Scotland and Scottish song to lead him into the realms of rodomontade; may not an old man have his

sure that the coast was clear, he passed downstairs, crossed the little thoroughfare, and knocked. The landlady told him that Miss Bethune was upstairs, and upstairs he went. The next moment a voice that he knew well invited him to enter, and there-withal the young people found themselves face to face.

"You are early," she said, with a little smile of welcome, as she stopped in her sew-

smile of welcome, as she stopped in her sewing.

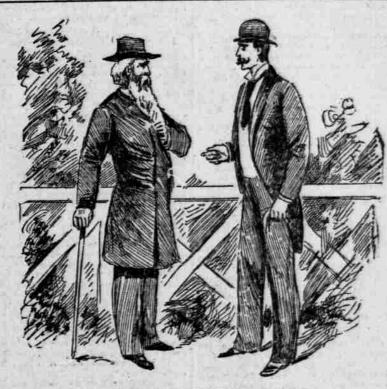
"Yes," said he, and he added quite frankly, "I saw your lather go out, and I wished to speak with you alone. The fact is, Maisrie," he continued, taking a chair opposite her, "I have heard from America to-day about that proposal I made—to get some one to collect materials for your grand-father's book; and the answer is rather a strange one—I don't quite understand—perstrange one—I don't quite understand—per-haps you can tell me something about it." He hesitated, and then went on: "Maisrie, I suppose it never occurred to you that—
that some one else in America might be proposing to bring out a similar book?"
She looked up quickly, and with a certain apprehension in her eyes.
"Oh, yes, I knew. My grandiather told
me there had been talk of such a thing.

What have you heard?"

He stared at her.
"You knew?" said he. "Then surely you might have told me!" There was something in his tone-some touch of reproach—that brought the blood

harmless foibles? Anyone who had witnessed Maisrie's devotion to her grandfather, her gentle forecarance and consideration, her skill ul humoring of him, and her never-failing faith in him, must have got to know what kind of man was old George Bethune.

And yet, when Vincent turned to the letter, it seemed terribly simple, and straightforward, and sincere. There was no vindictiveness in it at all; rather there was a pained surprise on the part of the writer that a loyal Scot—one, too, who had



taken the form of a cheque; so that the charge brought by the writer of this letter practically was that George Bethune had obtained, and might even now be obtaining, money by fraud and talse pretenees. It was a bewildering thing—an impossible thing—to think of. And now, as he strove to construct all sorts of explanatory hypotheses, there seemed to stand in the backgranters. visionary form of Mrs. Ellison; and her eyes were cold and inquiring. How had she come to suspect? It was not likely that she could be familiar with the Scotch-American newspaper offices of the United

States.
Old George Bethune, as he knew, was quite careless about pecuniary matters; for example, if the bill for those little dinners at the various restaurants was paid by some one, that was enough; the old gentleman made no further inquiries. He was content to let his young friend settle these trivial details, and Master Vin was willing enough. It is fact, the latter had devised a system by which the awkuardness of calline for the bill in Maisrie's presence was avoided; this system worked admirably, and Mr. Bethune saked no questions. Doubtless, if he had remembered, or taken the trouble, he would have paid his shot like anyone else.

But amid all these conflicting speculations, there was one point on which the mind of this young man remained clear and unswerving; and that was that whatever might be the character or exeer of old George Bethune, his principles or his practice, Maisrie was as far apart and dissociated from them as if worlds intervened. And the more hepondered, the more anxious he became to know whether Maisrie had any idea of the position in which her grandfather was placed. How much would be be entitled to tell her, supposing she was in ignorance? And when could no hope for an opportunity?

For time favored him. Toward evening, a little before 6 o'clock, he heard a door shut on the other side of the street; and, lifting his head, he perceived it was Mr. Bethune who had just come out of the house, alone. Here was a chance not to be missed. Walting for a couple of minutes, to make States, Old George Bethune, as he knew, was

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She sprang to her feet with an involun-tary gesture, and stood still for a moment, her lips grown suddenly pale and her eyes bewildered; and then she turned away from him to hide her emotion, and walked to the window. Instantly he followed her.

"Maisrie, what is the matter!" he exher lashes were wet.
"Oh, it is a shame—it is a shame," she

said, in broken accents, and her hands were cleuched together, "to steal an old man's good name from him, and that for so small a



Those in charge of the building will made ance with the technique of architecture to no predictions about the time of its completion, but in 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 L.

A COIGN OF VANTAGE About the only variation made from the original plans was a charge in the tower fronting Smithfield atreet. So veral years ago the department at Washington lecided to lower it about five teet, and place on top a little house to accommodate people who might desire a view of the city from the height. The superstructure on the top will be well supplied with windows, and suppress who desires a billion was read to and anyone who desires a bird's-eye view of Pettsburg can get it from the elevated point free or any cost. The elevated point free or any cost. The elevater will run to the top floor, where the sight-seers will be admitted to the root. A bulnstrade is previded to keep them from falling, and in this manner the tower-house can be easily reached.

What is worrying Superintendent Malone now is the neglect of the city to lower the grade of Fourth and Third avenues and Cherry alley. The building was erected below these streets to avoid several additional steps in front facing Smithfield street. Mr. Malone has already taken measurements and prepared plans to build a retaining wall around three sides of the building, unless the city comes to his rescue and performs its part of the contract. wrt of the contract.

RESULT OF NEGLECT.
Should this work be done it will entail reher expense, cause more delay, and the to building will be surrounded with an

properly describe and then properly under-stand the description of the exterior of the new postoffice. It contains any number of pretty pilasters that set it off, and the heavy piers in the front on Smithfield street and to the general beauty of the structure. Facing

DAYLIGHT IS COMING.

the general beauty of the structure. Facing the two avenues on the roof and about the center of the building are two towers smaller than the one that will be used for an observatory. Indeed fancy stone work and beautiful designs have been introduced all over the surface with a layish hand. The longer one studies this building the more does its beauty and delicacy grow on him. To tell the truth, the new postoffice will be a credit to the city, and the people will recognize it as such when, after the exercise of a little more patience, they behold it complete. Superintendent Malone is taking a tonic these days to keep up under the public pressure that is brought to bear on him for a rapid completion of the building.

bear on him for a rapid completion of the building.

But the interior will be something gorgeous. The floors will be laid in oblong marble tile. The great iron columns have been covered with curved tiling to make them fireproof, and over this will be placed king's cement, as hard as adamant and white as alabaster. Capitals will ornament the tops and lancy figures will be placed at the base. The iron girders will be finished in stuccowork, or ornamental plastering. Pretty brackets of various tesigns will hide the corners.