## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1890.

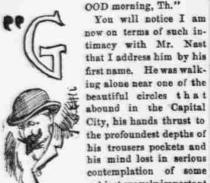
The Caricaturist Sketches Outdoor Washington.

NOVEL VIEWS OF STATUES.

Unlucky Babies Who Get Kisses Intended for Baby Mckee.

BASEBALL CUT IN THE COLD STONE

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, May 10.



ing alone near one of the beautiful circles that abound in the Capital City, his hands thrust to the profoundest depths of his trousers pockets and his mind lost in serious contemplation of some subject gravely important

to the peace of his artistic soul. "I was thinking," said be, "what a charming city Washington will some day "Is it not a charming city now?" I asked,

a little piqued. "But it will be more charming by and

"What will make it so, Mr. Nast?" "A little more street ornamentation. I notice a good beginning in the pretty wases of flowers that ornament many of the street doorsteps, but they only make more conspicuous the lack of other street orna-mentation."

"What ornamentation?" "In Paris it is against the law to throw bits of paper and other litter into the streets. Here the law is not so stringent, or at least it is not so strictly enforced. The people, therefore, should set out not only vases of flowers but waste-baskets (they migh orna-ment them with pretty ribbons, you know), and then, here and there, at convenient inand then, here and there, at convenient in-tervals, they might place—ch, a good many useful ornaments, hand painted porcelain, or peach-blow, or a Worcester, or even the plain brownstone kind—almost any sort

would do. "Then, think," continued Mr. Nast, while his resthetic imagination pictured the scene as such ornamentation would make itonly think what a delightful city Wash-

ington would be!"
I was glad to find Mr. Nast in this frame of mind, for I had long wished to take him about and let him see some of the art works of our national city.

He was pleased with the suggestion I made and gladly accompanied me to Lafay-ette Square, where the bronze figure of old General Jackson sits proudly erect upon its noble rampant steed, sits proudly erect saluting, with hat in hand, the sinking sun. I thought maybe Mr. Nast could tell me why the stern old General should salute



Pennsylvania Avenue After Nast's Arrival the sinking sun in these days of civil serv-

With a delicacy of which I felt proud. I brought Mr. Nast into the presence of this work of art by degrees, as it were. That is to say, I led him round to an easterly approach, that he might reserve the full front

hat and giving three cheers for the Stars and

Stripes.

By careful degress and easy stages I led By careful degress and easy stages I led Mr. Nast round to the westerly side, or rather front, of the statue. At each step he stopped and looked with freshly-kindled interest and a newly-stirred emotion, for each view struck him as a new idea. Finally I turned him suddenly and let the full front view present itself to his wondering gaze. It fairly took him off his feet.

Just then a guide came along and explained, that this statue was made from bronze cannons captured "by Ole Hick'ry hisself at the battle of Noor Leans" and pointed to the four cannons ranged about the

pointed to the four cannons ranged about the pedestal to prove the story. Mr. Nast, in a bewildered sort of way, asked:
"Did I understand you to say the statue was made from these four cannons here?"

We were so near the White House that Mr. Nast, wasted to step over and take a

Mr. Nast wanted to step over and take a look at it.

As we approached the main portico we As we approached the main portice we saw a little child playing under the watchful eye of its nurse. A tall man, with an office-hungry look, came up the walk. He turned his eyes toward the Mansion and saw the President looking out at a window. Suddenly he stooped and picked the infant up. Its cries and struggles were of no avail. Eagerly he put a fond, parental kiss upon the little darling's cheek, and vanished hopefully within the portals of the Mansion.

"Is that Baby McKee?" asked Mr. Nast, "Law! no, sah," said the nurse; "dis am one o' de chillun i'm de foun'lin's home,



offended his artistic sensibilities, Mr. Nast

Old Hickory Eclipsed.

there I intended to point out to him the piece de resistance of our national art. As we were passing up the central steps to the east front of the majestic edifice, Mr. Nast



sah. I brings 'em obah hyar to play in de grass an' grabble ebery dav. But I done recon I'se got to quit bringin' hyar, sah, fo' dey jes gits kissed pretty nigh to death whenebah Presiden' Harrison am looking out dis way. I doan see what gits inter all "What's the matter, Th?" I asked.

"What's the matter, Th?" I asked.
"Sir when the reconsoft by United States. de men dat dey allus goes to kissin' all de chillun'bout dese ground's every time de Presiden' am a lookin' at 'em." And aunty mosied indignantly away with her

rying charge.
But I had started out to show the art features of Washington to Mr. Nast, so I drew him away down Pennsylvania avenue and pointed with just pride to the statue of Ben-jamin Franklin which surmounts a biographic pedestal at the intersection of Tenth and D streets and the avenue,

Mr. Nast stood before it-no, behind it-in rapt admiration of this marvelous work of art. A profane and irreverent young man passed and flippantly said: "Old Ben looks as if he had been out with the boys last night." But Mr. Nast heard nothing of this. His mind was not open to such worldly words. His sensitive soul was stirred and he stood upon the heights with the grand old philosopher who had lived long enough among men and had dealings enough with them to convince him that honesty is the best policy.



"Sir, when the people of the United States become so crazy over baseball that the Gov-

ernment erects at the very entrance to the

Capitol-the main entrance at that-the

figure of Mike Kelley in the act of calling

The Franklin Statue.

on the umpire for judgment, I renounce all allegiance to the country and decline to spend more of my time looking for art treas-ures in such a land."
"But, Mr. Nast," I said, "that is Chris-topher Columbus, the discoverer of

"Christopher Columbus be hanged, sir," said he, the fire of indignation leaping from his eyes; "it is a ball player." And Mr. Nast raised his hat in a jerky sort of way,

I turned and east a very critical eye upor Columbus, and slowly, buts rely and sadly, arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Nast had really made a discovery second in importance only to the one made by Christophe, himself. WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN WOMEN. Their Wonderful Adaptability and the Effect

In Mesalliances. "I have often been struck," says Max

O'Reil, "with the resemblance that exists between French and American women. It is the same subtlety, the same suppleness of the same subtlety, the same suppleness of mind, the same wonderful adaptability. Place a little French milliner in a good drawing room for an hour and at the end of that time she will behave, talk and walk like any lady in the room. Suppose an American, married to a woman much below his status in society, is elected President of the United States; I believe at the end of a week this wite of his would do the honors of week this wife of his would do the honors o the White House with the ease and grace of a high-born lady.
"In England it is just the contrary. Of

course, good society is good society every-where. The ladies of the English aristocracy are perfect queens, but the English woman who was not born a lady will seldom become a lady, and I believe this is why mesalliances are more scarce in England than in America, and especially in France. I could name many Englishmen, standing at the head of their professions, who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves up to the level of their husband's station in lite. In France the mesalliance, though not relished by parents, is not feared so much, because they know the young woman will observe and study and very soon fit herself

Tom Reed's World-Wide Fame.

cargo of Tom Reed's rules. He thinks they on the Anarchista.

The Papa of a Famous Beauty Converted to the Idea of Rouging.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

FADS OF THE ATHLETIC MAIDEN.

A Champagne Luncheon to Settle a Dispute

About an Actor's Face. PRETTY ROBBERS AT THE BENEFITS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, May 10. OCIETY is suffering rom amateur elocuionists and vocalists. whose artistic sins are covered by charity, for they read and sing for benevolent causes, ostensibly. These performers imitate professional actresses not only in manner, but also in

"making up" their faces with paints. These examples have led to a suddenly free use of artificial colors on girls' faces, and that is the whim of the movement. It has been observed that a famous beauty, whose raven hair, almond eyes and marble white throat have combined to reduce a small army of men to the state of helpless adoration, owes a large share of the pink luster of her cheeks to such appliances as are put up on the street. The father accordingly put on his glasses the next time he saw his daughter and examined her carefully. "What is that red stuff on your cheeks, my child?" he asked, wetting his finger "That's nothing, papa," she replied,
"only a little pink powder—that is all."

HER PAPA CONVERTED. "Go and take it off at once," exclaimed

"Go and take it off at once," exclaimed the old gentleman.
"But, papa," interposed the girl.
"Not a word," shouted her father, "but do as I bid y t."

The humiliated beauty went to her room and washed her face thoroughly. Then, after shedding a few tears, she went back and knelt down before her father, implorate his few interpretable for interpretable

"You've taken it off, haven't you," he "Yes," replied his daughter.

"Well," said he, after a moment's pause for Heaven's sake go put it on again." The famous belle now rouges her cheek with the sanction of her doting parent. A young lady wearing the latest thing in waistcoats tooled a pair of glistening bay horses down Fifth avenue, turning into one of the cross streets and drawing up in front of a well-known gymnasium. Her groom sprang to the horses' heads and she, with sprang to the norses heads and she, with the grace and speed of a bird, leaped to the ground and hastened inside the building. Two minutes afterward she had donned a gymnasium suit, and then for an hour she xercised on the parallel bars, the arm and leg weights, swung clubs and took a half mile dash around the running track. BEAUTY AT THE BATH.

She then pulled a heavy shirt known as she then pulled a neavy shirt known as a "sweater" over her shoulders and hurried down stairs again. Next she wrapped a soft pink robe about her and tiptoed across a hallway into a marble-lined bathroom. Throwing aside her robe she placed herself under a shower bath, and pulled the cord, puffing and slapping herself as the icy spray deluged her. Then, with a little cry of excitement, she ran across the floor and flew head foremost into the placid and cool plunge bath. Here she disported like a paind for five minutes or more, and then pattered back to her dress ing room, getting into her street clothes with interesting rapidity, and, with a careless brush to her wet hair, flying out to the street, where her cart awaited her.

Whipping up the horses she sped away to Forty-second, and got out at a door bearing the sign of a boxing professor. Running upstairs she called out a bright good morning to two men who were lying about in fighting togs, and stepped into a side room to make herself ready. Presently she came forth attired in the same manner as at the gymnasium, and, pushing her white hands into a huge pair of boxing gloves, squared off before the herculean professor some moments the spat of the gloves kept up a regular music, the girl leading straight invitation, landing firmly on her pretty face. Agile as a cat and strong as an Indian, the fair fighter danced gracefully about, darting forward and jabbing a vicious blow at the teacher's nose and getting away with a light tap on the jaw. THE OBJECT OF IT ALL.

Three rounds of two minutes each satisfied

as a rose leaf, and she stepped about like young bantam. She next drove to a restaurant and drank a bottle of stout and ate a hard cracker. After this she went home and lay down for a half hour. For luncheon she ad a steak, baked potatoes, rolls, and ale. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon she was gal loping through the park on a thoroughbred hunter. The other day this vivacious creature was asked why she was doing such

An old sporting man said at a dinner the other night that he thought the best

good of the next generation. But it is far

more probable that the passion is a plain fad, unrelieved by real athletic ambition. AN ACTOR'S BEAUTY. Two young women, in an almost deserted

that is not he." "Well, I know his face also, and I insist that it is he." "But, my dear," persisted the little blonde, "I have a dozen pictures of him on my buresu, and do you think I could be

"But I have sat in a box, Marie, within a week and he has looked square at me. Do

you imagine I would forget his eyes. That man over there is nothing like him."
"Why isn't he like him?"
"That man is ugly and the actor is beautiful. I would never look at that big, red-faced, unshaven fellow, a second time,

while a mere glance of B. sets my heart beating like everything. Really, Marie, I think it remarkable that you should be so blind as to think that horrid-looking man

The man with the newspaper smiled to himself. He was overhearing much of the girl's conversation.
"Well, I am willing to bet everything in
the world I'm right," insisted Marie. "I
will make you a bet and prove it to your

complete satisfaction." WOULD BACK THEIR OPINIONS.

"What shall it be?" retorted the other, flushing with half indignant determination to back her opinion to any extent.
"A luncheou with champagne."
"Done. How are you going to settle

"I am going to ask him," and Marie was pale and trembling from nervous resolu-

tion.

She rose from her seat and approached the man with the newspaper. He sprang to his feet and doffed his hat.

"Permit me," said he, gazing into the girl's eyes with his prettiest stage smile, "to save you the trouble of asking any questions. You have won your bet. I am B.—the beautiful actor—not so beautiful, I am very glad to say, while riding in a Broadway horse car. To avoid the suspicions of your charming friend, who insists that I am your charming friend, who insists that I am too ugly to be B., let me beg you to accept my card. And at that luncheon to-day would it be too much for me to hope that one glass of champagns may be sipped with my name breathed on the brim. Good morning."

The stalwart fellow stepped quickly to the platform and thence to the street. Both girls looked at each other without speaking for a full minute. Then the blende snatched the eard that the actor had placed into Marie's hand. The name was cerrect.

"I've lost sure enough, Marie," she said.
"I ought to have known the moment he began to speak he was the beauty again."

The girls alighted in front of a fashion.

her cheeks to such appliances as are put up so cleverly by the French in neat boxes.

One old crab of a man made the remark in the hearing of her father, that if she would actor. I could imagine the romantic and exstop putting rouge on her face she would not be so stared at by strangers who saw her on the street. The father accordingly put on his classes the next time be saw his pledged to the name of the handsome player.

WILES OF THE ACTRESS. Some of those magnificent actresses who charitably devote their valuable services to selling flowers at theatrical benefits are too shrewd for any sort of use. One of the pret-tiest that ever tied 10 cents' worth of violets into a \$5 boutonniere was disposing of her wares with splendid success the other day when it was observed by a few of the more watchful loungers that she was a party in an ingenious little trick that successfully an ingenious little trick that successfully pulled the wool over the eyes of the goodnatured public. By the side of her table stood a young man who has a mental acquaintance with a wonderfully large number of men-about-town. As a gentleman would stroll near to this young man he would speak out of the corner of his mouth to the nearty actress behind the flower table. ing his forgiveness for being so foolish as to paint her cheeks. The old man put on his glasses once more and scrutinized his daughter's face.

would streak out of the corner of his mouth to the pretty actress behind the flower table, and she would then call out:

"Ob, Mr. Smith, can't I sell you a bou-

The passer-by, on hearing himself called by name, would stop short and, looking at the radiant face of the actress, would ap-proach her and enter into a delightful conversation over the beauty and fragrance of flowers in general and of the cluster on her breast in particular. Very often the pre-cious cluster would be detached and sold at a double price. As the purchaser went away be wondered how that stunning woman learned his name. He did not imagine for a moment that the young man at her side had imparted it to her. AN UMBRELLA COMMON PROPERTY

One incident will show how charmingly resumptuous these fair flower actresses can be. A young (ellow had bought a bunch of roses from a girl whose blonde loveliness can be found reflected in many hundred cigarette packages, and had gone away leaving his umbrella leaning against the prett one's table. A full hour passed before he remembered his loss. Then he strolled over to where she still beamed upon her patrons and asked her it she had seen his umbrella "Why, was that lovely umbrella yours? asked she, contributing upon the young man one of her irresistible smiles.

She was informed that it was, and, if she had it, it would be acceptable to its owner.
"Oh, isn't that funny," laughed the actress. I found that umbrella, and thought it would be a lovely idea to raffle it. I put it up, and it brought \$17."

The young man was naturally much chagrined, but he pocketed his wrath, when

to appease him, the fascinating little robber pinned a bunch of pansies in his coat with her own fair fingers. CLARA BELLE,

THE BREAD WE EAT.

White Flour Lacks Many Things Necessar: for a Proper Food. Science Amateur.I

Bread has been called the staff of life, and yet this figure of speech, in view of the kind of bread that most persons eat, is a decided misnomer. The ordinary white flour, which forms the basis of so much food that is eaten, is principally a starch compound, and contains only 3 of the 15 elements that go to compose the body, namely, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. To prove that white flour does not meet

the requirements of the body, Magendie led it wholly to a number of dogs, and at the end of 40 days they died. Others to whom he gave the wheat meal, at the end of this time, were in first-class condition. More than half of the children under 12 years of age have decayed teeth, owing to the insufficient supply of the required mineral ingredients, and this deficiency is caused as a

rule by eating white bread.

Dyspepsia, constipation, loss of nerve power, and many other diseases are produced by improper feeding. Salphur is required for the growth of the hair, yet while flour does not contain a trace; the phos-phates are also notably lacking, and as these substances are absolutely necessary in the animal economy, then, arguing a priori, the use of bread as ordinarily prepared should be interdicted. When flour is made of the whole grain o

wheat, we have an article of food which contains all the elements that the body requires for its support; and this flour should be universally used in spite of the false esthetic taste that demands a "white loaf."

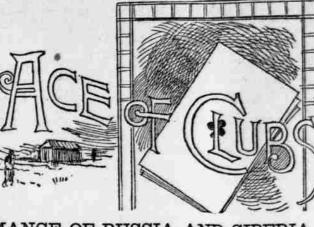
THE PRINCE OF WALES' INCOME. Searly \$300,000 for His Use From the

Duchy of Cornwall Last Year. Wexford Independent.) The balance sheet of the Duchy of Cornwall show payments made last year for the use of the Prince of Wales amounting to £63,593 5s 4d. In addition to rents and

profits accruing in Cornwall, there goes into the balance sheet a sum of over £1,200, the produce of royalties of coal mines in county of Somerset. There are two generally unsuspected sources of revenue for his Royal Highness which appear in this account. One is profits

arising out of the office of Havenor, which reached the sum of £12 1s 10d. The office of Havenor, it is explained, deals with the proceeds of the sale of unclaimed wrecks. Any wreck found on the coast of Cornwall and not claimed becomes the property of his Royal Highness the Duke. Another source Royal Highness the Duke. Another source of profit is the seizure of the personal estate of any person domiciled in Cornwall and dying intestate without kin. Last year the Prince of Wales did not benefit a copper

fect in form, was of such enormous value that no market price was ever put on it. The Bussian royal jewels comprise the most magnificent collection of pearls in the



A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

Author of "Safer-Hadji, a Story of Turkistan," Etc.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN FOR THE DISPATCH BY META DE VERA.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in St. Petersburg with an interview between Colonel Palkin, aid-de-camp of the head of the gendarmes, and Mr. Onophri Schelm, head of the division of political affairs under the construction of the construction

CHAPTER XI.

At 7 o'clock Mr. Schelm received the Count and his daughter with that cold and stiff official air which he assumed with his subordinates. The Councilor offered him a million rubles, then half of his whole fortune. Jana-proud Jana-humbled herself before him, and with tears in her eyes begged for mercy. It was all in vain. se eves began to sparkle as he

exulted in the offers of the old man and the humiliation of Jans, who knelt before him, only answered coldly: "I am out of the question now. But calm

yourselves. The Czar is merciful. The criminals will be sent as colonists to Siberia. That is the limit of punishment." "But you know that Vladimir is inno-

ent," exclaimed Jana. Schelm removed his spectacles and played he part of an astonished man to perfection. "Innocent! He? The Ace of Clubs, the head of the conspiracy ?"

"Enough of this farce, this hypocrisy," cried Jana, indignantly. "You revenge yourself for an innocent jest, and your revenge is terrible. You alone have invented the whole conspiracy, or, at least, with devilish cunning, managed to involve my husband in the affair !"

Schelm piously folded his hands. "I appreciate your grief, madame, but I cannot help you. Calm yourselt; go home and send for a physician." He rang the bell and a clerk entered.

"Please accompany these visitors down. Pardon me; my time is not my own." "Be careful, Mr. Schelm," said Jana. 'We shall fight till our last breath." "I shall move heaven and earth to discover this infamous plot. Do you hear,

wretch ?" cried Wernin, furious at the discourtesy shown his daughter. Schelm shrugged his shoulders and said to the clerk: "Accompany this poor old man and his daughter downstairs, and see to it that they do not fall." "Very well," said Jana. "We will go,

but beware !"
"At last !" said Schelm. "I have not humiliated this proud woman enough yet. I must crush her. Well, I wonder how they will enjoy the separation. Sometimes these high personages escape us after all."

After ten minutes' profound meditation knock was heard at the door. In answer to his "Walk in" a clerk handed him a letter. "There is a man waiting down stairs who

wants to be announced at once. He has written his name and says Your Excellency will no doubt receive him."
"Nicholas Popoff!" exclaimed Schelm, with a glance at the card. "Let him come up at once. When he does come, look well at him."

'Very well, Your Excellency." "As soon as he is in my bureau you will hasten to the nearest police station and ask for two policemen; these you station at the entrance of the Ministry. When the stranger leaves me you will accompany him, and, under some pretext, hand him over t the police. You know him. I am sorry he used to be employed here."

"I have been here only two months."

"Then look at him all the more carefully.

He is a very dangerous fellow. Let him be searched carefully and bring me everything that is found on him.'

"Your Excellency," said the clerk,
"Colonel Palkin happens to be in the Minister's bureau, I might perhaps—"
"Do what I have ordered," said Schelm.
"You deliver this man into the hands of the police-if I should not change my mind. In that case I shall say, 'I do not wish to see any one.' That will be a sign for you to send the policemen back. Do you under-"Perfectly, Your Excellency!"

"Now send the stranger up!"
"Hal hal" cried Schelm, delighted. "He lone was still waiting. He comes into my net of his own accord. The clerk comes back ushering in Popoff.
He drew near Schelm.
"Ah! Is that you?" said Schelm. "What
do you wish?"

'A mere trifle, Count Lanin's pardon." "Schelm sprang up from his chair.
"Count Lanin's! What have you to do

Now you persecute my benefactor and rob me of my daily bread. You will not wonder if I defend myself, therefore, I say I ask for Count Laniu's pardon. Stop, I expressed myself badly; I ask for documents establishing his innocence and the immediate stopping of all proceedings against him." against him."

"Ha! ha!" said Scheim, as soon as he had gradually recovered from his first sur-

and sentenced to lifelong confinement. You would search my papers in vain! I have waited till the last moment, because I know very well that if I take your life I jeopardize my own also. The moment, therefore, you move or call I kill you like a mad dog. They will rush up as soon as the shot is heard, arrest me, and then I shall tell all I heard, arrest me, and then I shall tell all I know, and they will soon find out, in addition, all I do not know. I count upon the scandal being big enough to reach the highest personages. I sacrifice myself, but I save the Count and he will not let my mother suffer, nor my betrothed, nor my betrother." Schelm had lost his mind entirely and

"To threaten me with a pistol—here in the Ministry of the Interior—such a thing has never happened in Russia. You are

"We must finish our business!" said Popoff, raising his pistol.
"Tell me what you want!" stammered

Schelm.
"I have told you twice the documents proving Count Lanin's innocence.
"How can I turnish them when the Count is guilty! I know nothing-I can do noth-

ing—I have no proofs."
"Enough!" cried Popoff, toying with the trigger. "Will you do my bidding or "I'll try, I'll endeavor, and after all I do

"I'll try, I'll endeavor, and after all I do not care so much for him."
"What toois men are in the face of danger," sacered Popoff contemptuously. "You keep me waiting, hoping that somebody may come and save you. Do you think I'll leave your room and be arrested as I come out? I can find the papers myself.

Than are there in the consented niche has They are there, in the concealed niche be-hind the portrait of Alexander. Open it at

once!"
Schelm was beside himself. If looks could kill men, Schelm's would have annihilated

Popoff instantly.

A second time Popoff touched the trigger.
Schelm bowed low as if to avoid the ball. Almost unconsciously he went up to the picture, fouched the spring, and muttering

curses, opened the box.
"Now stop!" cried Popoff. "I'll find the Schelm stood there as if struck by light-ning and tried to master his fury. Popoff stepped up to take the papers. This torced him for an instant to turn the pistol aside from Schelm's head. This was the critical moment. The same instant Schelm sprang aside, and with almost supernatural strength, closed the swinging portrait of the

Czar, so that Popoff was almost crushed be-tween it and the wall behind.

Now Schelm laughed aloud and threw himself into a chair to wipe the perspiration

off his face and catch breath.

Popoff, although struck hard, suffered no injury. He tried to ascertain where he was, and noticed that he was imprised in a space about six feet high and three feet wide. Soon he felt sick and the blood rose to his head. Evidently there was no ventilation. He be-gan to shout; then he tried to recover the pistol which he had dropped, but it was too dark to see anything. New despair seized him and he began to strike the wall with his fists, knowing that he would soon lose his consciousness. Suddenly he felt an acute pain in one hand. He had struck something harder than the wall. At the same time he began to breathe more freely and thought at once that he must have struck a secret spring which opened a concealed outlet.

which opened a concealed outlet.

"I am not yet lost!" he cried, joyfully.
Popost was as cunning in mind as resolute
in action. He put as many papers as he
could seize in his pockets and felt along the
passage which he had accidentally discovered. It was so narrow that he could only
proceed sideways. A little distance further
on it took a different direction and Popost perceived a faint glimmer of light, which came through a small opening from an adjoining room, evidently connected with Schelm's private office.



POPOFF COVERED SCHELM WITH A PISTOL. "Now I have the key of the whole mystery in my hand! I allowed you to finish your speech. That ought to be enough for you. If you wish for an answer here it is: You are a rebellious and a dishonest clerk! Away! Out of my sight!"

Popoff drew still nearer. "I shall not go till I have what I want. I have proof against you in my hands."
"Ha! hal a copy of a few lines! show me your proof. The low clerk Popoff against the head of division. That is langhable, but I will take pity and talk with you as my accomplice. The old certificate is already in my possession—yours has no value. No-body will inquire about the means if the end is only attained. That is what you yourself said. The Minister will even thank me for having acted thus. To whom will you show your paper? At best to some subordinate official. \* \* \* You had better listen to me, my friend. Give me back that paper and perhaps I'll pardon you. Aithough it is of no value to any one, I

"I shall only exchange it for the freedon of the Count."
"Are you insane?" cried Schelm. "Is it for you to make conditions? I can have you arrested, searched and stripped of every paper

do not like my signature to be seen in the

"You are right," replied Popoff coolly.
"In my hands this little sheet of paper may
be worth little enough, but in the hand of Count Lanin or his wife it goes quite far, and if you do not do what I ask I shall hand it to some one and tell the whole story to the Emperor's aid. You can have me searched; you will find nothing. \* \* Pardon me," he added, as he noticed that Schelm was reaching for the bell, "please do not play

with it!" Popoff's voice sounded so threatening that Schelm turned round. There he stood, aim-ing at his former chief, with a pistol in his hand and his eye glowed with such irrevo-

came from a lamp standing on a table and the sound of several voices, conversing, struck Popoff's ear. He hesitated, but suddenly he heard behind him Schelm's voice crying out:
"That man is the devil himself, he has

discovered the secret passage !"

For nothing in the world would Pepoff fall again into the power of his enemy. He gathered his whole strength and burst open the door. There was a great noise, a desk was evidently moved in great haste and Popoff found himself in a large, gorgeously furnished and brilliantly lighted apart-

An elderly man in the uniform of a Gen-eral, the Colonel of the gendarmes and sev-eral officials looked at him amazed and at the same time curious.

"The Minister!" exclaimed Popoff; "I am "Who is that man? How did he get in here? How does he know the secret passage?" asked Count Perowski.

Palkin observed the newcomer attentively. "Ho, ho!" he exclaimed. "I have seen that man at Count Lanin's. He must be one of the conspirators. Are they to be found even in the Ministry of the Interior? I recognize the man!"

He approached him, put his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"I arrest you."

"The Colonel of the gendarmes, Palkin," reflected Popoff. "He is Schelm's bitterest enemy. Now, I shall at least avenge the Count and get me a splendid generalship. Yes, Colonel," he said aloud. "I am your prisoner."

Behind the furniture that had been upset by Popoff's violent entry Schelm's frightmed face now appeared.
"Hold him fast. Arrest him. He is a

dangerous man, a former clerk of mine. He has stolen secret papers from the Ministry; he must be searched and the papers taken

with Lanin?"

"I am his secretary. He took me in when I was driven away from here. I wrote to you at that time that I should keep silent unless I was attacked. I have kept silent.

"Band and his eye growed with such irrevolution and in such irrevolution in the such irrev



elevation for the climactric view. "There is one thing I like about this Gov-

'And what is that ?" "It carries its protection principles into the realm of art with gratifying consistency and reassuring faithfulness." "Yes. Don't you see how it protects its

art? Look at the cannons about that statue!

I like that. Might not England or some other nation with free trade notions take it

into her head to come over and steal this statue, for instance? I like any nation that statue, for instance? I like any nation that protects its art."

I had some difficulty in keeping Mr. Nast from breaking the peace by taking off his of these enterprising American corporations

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Nast, "if only all the men of earth had the hindsight to see this great philosophic truth, how happy the world might be! If in the great human race we could all start even and live upon the glorious plane of policy, what a noble family we should be!

this pedestal there ought to be an admoni-

tion to passersby to take out one in some

"By the way," said Mr. Nast, arousing himself from his philosophic reverie, "apeak-ing of policy reminds me that somewhere on

New York Herald.]

The Caur of Russia has sent for a full

the athletic marden, and then the professor called his wife from upstairs to give her a rubbing down. When she appeared in her street clothes again there was an unorna-mental straightness about her dark brown hair, but her face was as clear and healthy and said: "I wish you a very good day,

rigid work.
"I am in training to become a healthy wholesome, long-lived wife and mother," she replied. "Jack was stroke in his college crew, you know, and I mean to be a wife whom he will be proud of."

This is one girl out of many in society that are running athletics into the ground. girls had desided to show that New York can be populated with Sullivans instead of dudes, and were taking on muscle for the

Two young women, in an almost deserted Broadway car, were discussing a man reading a newspaper in the corner furthest from them on the opposite seat. "I'll tell you that is B—," said one, naming an actor who is famous for his physical beauty, and who passes most of the time in which he is not assign in tearing up unjusted lave letters. acting in tearing up uninvited love letters.
"And I say it isn't," rejoined the other "I know his face pertectly well, and

"You might," said the other, who was a brunette. "Pictures do not always look like a person."

from this source. The Most Magnificent Bearl. The late Mr. Hope, of England, owned the most noted pearl of modern times. It weighed 1,800 grains, and, although not per-