

MAST PICTURES REED.

The Speaker's Noble Form in Impressive Attitudes. HIS SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY. Quaint Observations From the Popular Caricaturist.

A CORRESPONDENT'S COPY RUINED

IF I could only break up this man Nast's terrible habit of making pictures, I think I should enjoy taking him about with me and showing the sights of Washington to him. Half the fun of knowing things comes from being able to tell them to somebody who does not know them; and Mr. Nast is so delightfully innocent that this irrepressible penchant of his keeps me constantly in a state of nervous expectation that he will do something to outwit us both.

Mr. Nast is so delightfully innocent that this irrepressible penchant of his keeps me constantly in a state of nervous expectation that he will do something to outwit us both.

He rises to the occasion. ten commentaries are unconstitutional. even if they were constitutional they would be inoperative in the absence of a penalty made and provided.

Mr. Nast seemed dubious. "And then there are the appropriations that have to be made," he added. "Ab! yes," said he, "now I understand why they have to have so many law-makers."

We reached the House gallery in time to see the opening of the season. Speaker Reed came in through one of the stage doors, followed by a young man bearing the faces.

He entered a Broadway car at Canal street, and as every seat was taken, he stood up and hung to a strap. On his left hand, which hung by his side, was a large ring, and everybody at once noticed that the stone was gone.

The Speaker announced Mr. Milburn. "To what question is that gentleman speaking?" asked Mr. Nast. "That is Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain," said Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain.

"What do they do?" he asked. "Why, they make laws, of course." "So it does, and so does the House." "My stars!" said Mr. Nast, "do they keep two sets of men making laws for this country?"

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. "I was generally a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"I can generally size a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk. "The faces in the proper symbol, after all, is a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."

earth that would not hold, without a dissenting opinion, that the



ten commentaries are unconstitutional. even if they were constitutional they would be inoperative in the absence of a penalty made and provided.

Mr. Nast seemed dubious. "And then there are the appropriations that have to be made," he added. "Ab! yes," said he, "now I understand why they have to have so many law-makers."

We reached the House gallery in time to see the opening of the season. Speaker Reed came in through one of the stage doors, followed by a young man bearing the faces.

He entered a Broadway car at Canal street, and as every seat was taken, he stood up and hung to a strap. On his left hand, which hung by his side, was a large ring, and everybody at once noticed that the stone was gone.

The Speaker announced Mr. Milburn. "To what question is that gentleman speaking?" asked Mr. Nast. "That is Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain," said Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain.

"What do they do?" he asked. "Why, they make laws, of course." "So it does, and so does the House." "My stars!" said Mr. Nast, "do they keep two sets of men making laws for this country?"

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. "I was generally a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"I can generally size a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk. "The faces in the proper symbol, after all, is a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."

THE NEW REPORTER.

Bartley Campbell's Beginning in Pittsburgh Newspaper Work. STRUGGLE WITH HIS FIRST ITEMS.

His Early Fondness for the Theater and All Things Theatrical. A SUCCESS AS A LOCAL HUSTLER.

One day I think it was in the latter part of the '60s—one of the Pittsburgh papers took a new reporter on trial. Newspaper affairs in Pittsburgh at those times were so very different from the standard of the present time.

On the day spoken of by John W. Pitcock, then a well-known newspaper man, came into the office where I was working accompanied by a youth who impressed me as rather the most peculiar young Pittsburgher I had seen.

He entered a Broadway car at Canal street, and as every seat was taken, he stood up and hung to a strap. On his left hand, which hung by his side, was a large ring, and everybody at once noticed that the stone was gone.

The Speaker announced Mr. Milburn. "To what question is that gentleman speaking?" asked Mr. Nast. "That is Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain," said Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain.

"What do they do?" he asked. "Why, they make laws, of course." "So it does, and so does the House." "My stars!" said Mr. Nast, "do they keep two sets of men making laws for this country?"

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. "I was generally a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"I can generally size a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk. "The faces in the proper symbol, after all, is a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. "I was generally a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"I can generally size a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk. "The faces in the proper symbol, after all, is a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."

write as rapidly as he could collect. I am not prepared to say that his "proofs" did not receive careful reading; for I don't think he mastered the craft of the printer's

But I think there never was a day when, in the bottom of his heart, both these ambitions, and all other ambitions connected with newspaper work, were not subject to a stronger one than at that time seemed far less likely to be gratified.

One day I think it was in the latter part of the '60s—one of the Pittsburgh papers took a new reporter on trial. Newspaper affairs in Pittsburgh at those times were so very different from the standard of the present time.

On the day spoken of by John W. Pitcock, then a well-known newspaper man, came into the office where I was working accompanied by a youth who impressed me as rather the most peculiar young Pittsburgher I had seen.

He entered a Broadway car at Canal street, and as every seat was taken, he stood up and hung to a strap. On his left hand, which hung by his side, was a large ring, and everybody at once noticed that the stone was gone.

The Speaker announced Mr. Milburn. "To what question is that gentleman speaking?" asked Mr. Nast. "That is Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain," said Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain.

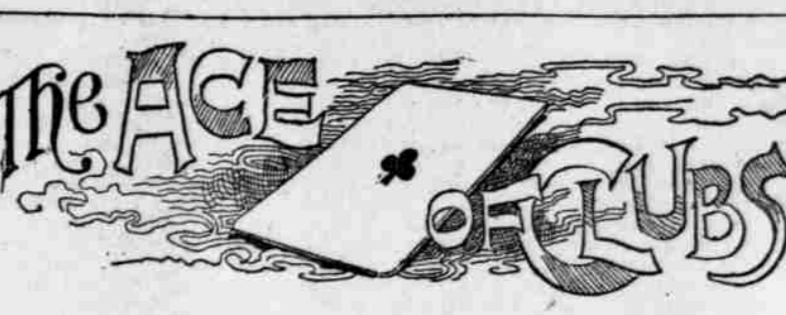
"What do they do?" he asked. "Why, they make laws, of course." "So it does, and so does the House." "My stars!" said Mr. Nast, "do they keep two sets of men making laws for this country?"

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. "I was generally a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"I can generally size a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk. "The faces in the proper symbol, after all, is a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. "I was generally a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"I can generally size a man up by his neck and heels," said a veteran hotel clerk. "The faces in the proper symbol, after all, is a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."



A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI. Author of "Safar-Hadj, a Story of Turkistan," Etc.

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

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Vladimir Lanin, nephew of Count Lanin, is in love with Jana Verina, daughter of a rich resident of St. Petersburg. On his return from the division of political affairs under the Interior Portfolio. He has asked for Jana's hand in marriage, and she has accepted his suit. This discovery, together with his rejection, leads Schelm to an infamous plot of revenge. Colonel Palkin is the author of the plot. He and Schelm are enemies. Palkin has discovered a hidden conspiracy. Schelm determines to have Vladimir taken as one of these conspirators and exiled. An old schoolmate of Schelm's, Miller, is in poverty. Schelm buys his services for 10,000 roubles and sends him to make friends with Vladimir's bride, Madame Dugarey, of the French legation, a friend of Jana's and they have

CHAPTER XIV. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door. Durian nearly a year Nicholas Popoff had lived in this cell, waiting for the detachment with which he was to march to the frontier of the empire.

CHAPTER XV. In Siberia, not far from Irkutsk, a young man, who almost broke down under an enormous load of wood, was wading with difficulty through the deep snow. He followed slowly a path lined with pine, which ended in the main street of a small village. The huts on both sides were low, poverty-stricken and irregularly built; the snow, in huge drifts, formed embankments which often reached the roofs of the dwellings occupied by poor Siberian exiles.

CHAPTER XVI. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XVII. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XVIII. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XIX. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XX. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

me, most gratefully, too. You alone I mistrust. And yet I cannot endure this any longer. Yes! I'll follow you! Give your orders. I shall obey.

"Our sleigh will follow the coach of the Countess Lanin. You must give me your word that you will not speak to her till I give you leave!" "I will be strictly obedient to every wish of your excellency."

CHAPTER XX. In Siberia, not far from Irkutsk, a young man, who almost broke down under an enormous load of wood, was wading with difficulty through the deep snow.

CHAPTER XXI. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XXII. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

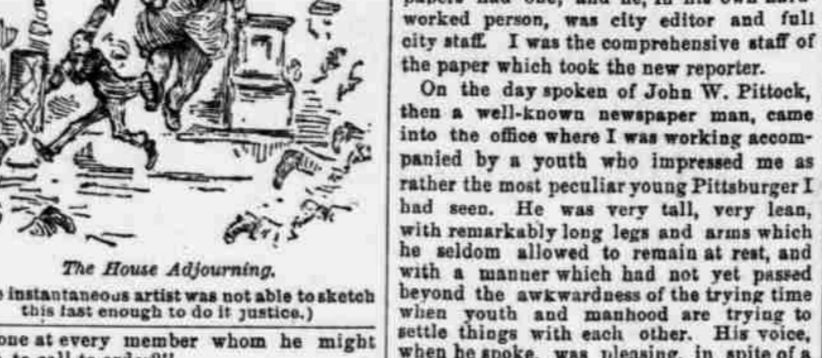
CHAPTER XXIII. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XXIV. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

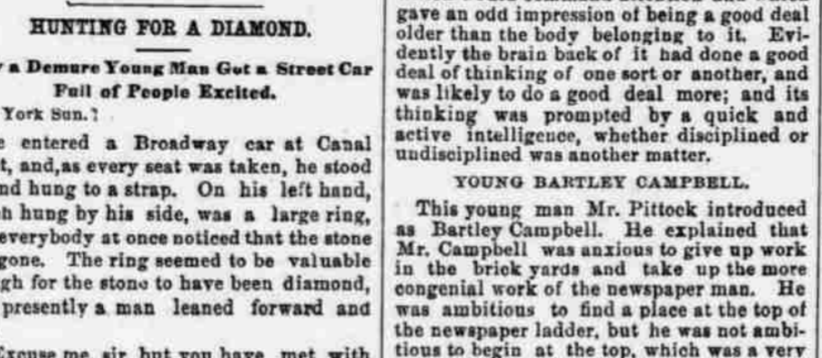
CHAPTER XXV. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

CHAPTER XXVI. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.

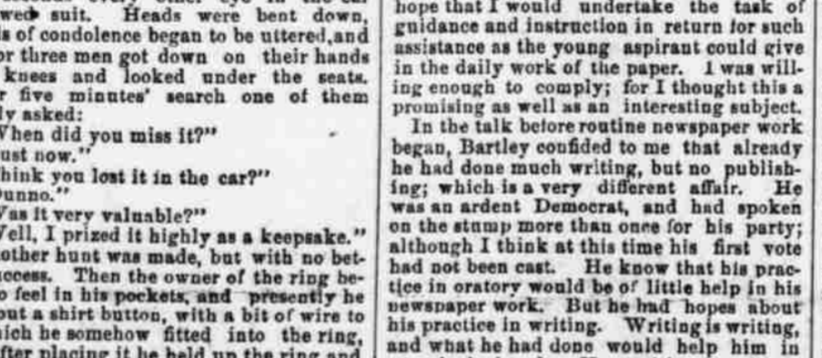
CHAPTER XXVII. It was not exactly a subterranean cave, and yet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a roof covered with snow could be seen, and a heavy iron door.



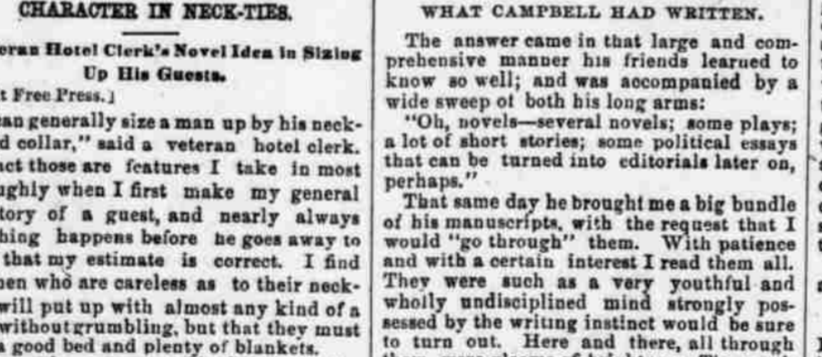
He rises to the occasion.



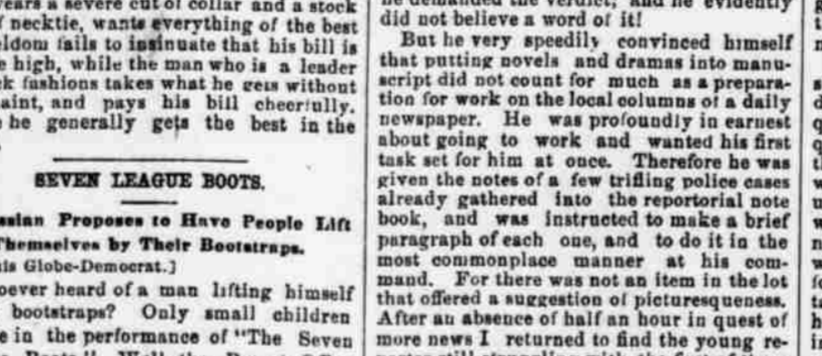
The House Adjourning.



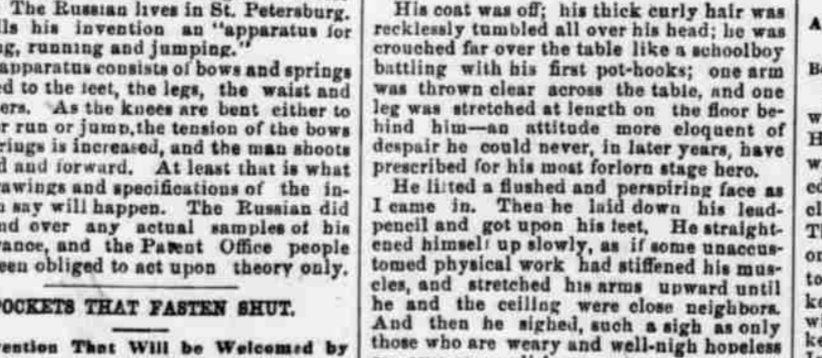
HUNTING FOR A DIAMOND.



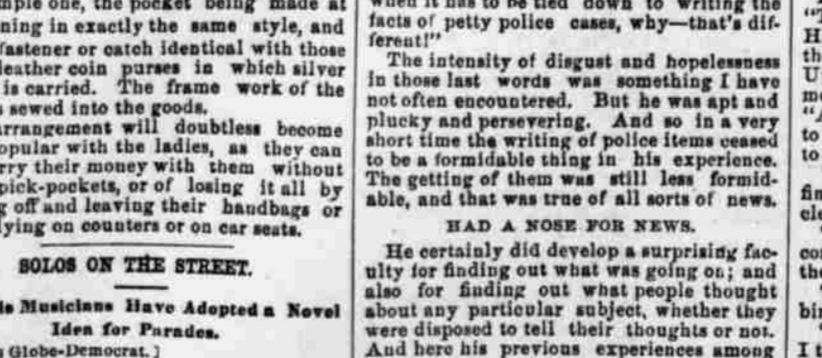
How a Demure Young Man Got a Street Car Full of People Excited.



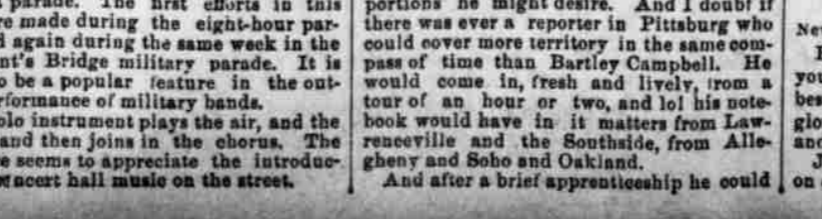
COUNTING THE HOUSE.



THE HOUSE CALLED TO ORDER.



Always Careful to Retain His Seat.



The House Sits.



THE COUNTESS FINDS HER HUSBAND IN THE INSPECTOR'S HUT.

