THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1890.

NAST PICTURES REED.

The Speaker's Noble Form in Impressive Attitudes.

HISSYMBOL OF AUTHORITY.

Quaint Observations From the Popular Caricaturist.

A CORRESPONDENT'S COPY RUINED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) 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 know-

ing things comes from being able to tell them to somebody who does Inot know them; and Mr. Nast is so delight- makers." fully innocent! But this irrepressible penchant of his keeps me constantly in a state of

nervous expectation that he will do something to outlaw us both.



Two weeks ago, it will be remembered, I took him into the press gallery of the United States Senate. Well, he had been there but a few moments when this irresistible desire to make pictures soized him, and he snatched up the first piece of paper that came to his hand. When he had covered it with drawings he stuffed it into his pocket and carried it away. Now, it happened that the other side of that sheet contained a part of a correspondent's report of the Senate's proceedings-a very impo nut part, too, since it was the closing part of a paragraph on one subject and the opening ing words of a paragraph on another. The report as it appeared in print next morning

Senator Ingalls made an eloquent and impressive argument in favor of Senator Evarts' motion to strike out [here the miss-ing page should have come in] for the Senate restaurant, where you can get a huge piece of pie and all the cheese you want

cents."
Of course, I shall not take Mr. Nast to the Senate gallery again until this incident shall have been forgotten. This morning I proposed to him tha



The House Called to Order. we take a look at the House of Representa-

tives. "What do they do?" he asked. "Why, they make laws, of course." I thought the Senate made laws."

"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? Why, I supposed we already had more laws than we could take care of," and he went off into an earnest argument against piling up laws on laws until robody can tell what is lawful and what is not. "Why," said he, "the greatest law-giver of

them all deemed ten simple commandments sufficient for the entire world." "True; but, Mr. Nast, the Ten Commandments are not suited to this advanced age. We have progressed since the time of Moses. We have developed millions of splendid intellects that cannot be pent up within the narrow confines of those prime tive injunctions. Fancy if you can, sir, the great American people of this glorious nineteenth century living under such an artler



The House, Sits. law as 'Thou shalt not steal,' for instance. Sir, we have outgrown such simplicity. The giant intellect of these progressive times is above such laws as this. It demands something else, something that will give enterprise a chance. Moreover, the spirit of reedom is abroad in this noble Republic. It will not be governed by commandment. It wants constitutional rights and statutory provisions, and it insists upon judicial in-

He Rises to the Occasion ten commandments are unconstitutional And even if they were constitutional they would be inoperative in the absence of a penalty made and provided.

Mr. Nast still seemed dubious.

"And then there are the appropriations that have to be made," I added.

"Ah! yes," said he "now I understand why they have to have so many law-

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

"What is that thing the young fellow is lugging?" asked Mr. Nast.
"Sh! Don't call it a thing. That is the Speaker's symbol of authority. If that young man did not come in every morning and plunk it down upon its marble pedesta beside the Speaker's chair the wheels of Government could not go round."
"But what is it good for?"
"Why, sir, it adds the weight of authority

to the Speaker and his-"

Just then Speaker Reed stood up and hit his desk a bang with the gavel. Mr. Nast looked at the ponderous form and said:
"I shouldn't think he would want anything to add weight to him."
"Hush!"

The Speaker announced Mr. Milburn. "To what question is that gentlemen peaking?" asked Mr. Nast. "That is Mr. Milburn, the blind chap lain," I said.
Mr. Nast maintained reverent silence till

the end of the prayer.
"Is he blind, did you say?"
"Yes." "And does he lead the House in prayer every morning?"

"Every morning."
"What does that symbolize—the blind leading the blind?" I do not condescend to answer all Mr. Nast's questions—he asks so many!
"How do they choose a Speaker?" he
asked, after looking a long time at the incumbent of the chair.



Counting the House.

"Why, by ballot, of course. How on earth did you suppose they chose him?"
"I didn't know but it might be by weight," said Mr. Nast, and then, after many seconds of silence during which his eyes were fixed admiringly upon the Speaker,

"Isn't be majestic in that attitude?" "I tried to attract Mr. Nast's attention to other important members of the House, but his gaze was bolted and riveted to the speaker, and he sat and made pictures of that august personage in his many shifting attitudes and altitudes.

"The fasces is the proper symbol, after all," said he—"a long pole surrounded by sticks tied up with red tape."

Such was his admiration of the Speaker. Just then a member arose to make a point of order. The Speaker rapped with his gavel and made him sit down. Another member rose to a question of personal privi-lege. The Speaker rapped with his gavel and made him sit down. Still another member rose to make a parliamentary inquiry. The Speaker rapped with his gavel and made him sit down. " said Mr. Nast; "the Speaker is about all there is to the House of Repre-



Always Careful to Retain His Seat. "But he is only the servant of the House,

"Oh! yes; andlso is the sleeping-car port "Oh! yes; and so is the sleeping-car porter the servant of the passengers. But he bambook be she maround as much as he pleases nevertheless. He drives them off to bed when they are not sleepy, and drags them out in the morning when they are sleepy; he opens the windows when he is too warm and closes them when he is too cool; he makes the passengers quitsmoking and leave the smoking-room when he wants to take a nap; and then at the end of the journey he brushes the dust from one person to another brushes the dust from one person to another and holds out his palm with the same old confidence, and is seldom disappointed."
"Am I to infer. Mr. Nast, that you think

Speaker Reed will be the next Republican But my companion was busy making a picture of the Speaker in another attitude. "There is one thing that ought to be re-formed," said Mr. Nast, after awhile.

"Why, the Speaker ought not to It mants constitutional rights and statutory provisions, and it insists upon judicial interpretation of all its statutes. Why, sir, there is not a Supreme Court on men ought to see the advantage to be de-

earth that would not hold, without a dissenting opinion, that the Now, if they would only put a big hammer instead of a gavel into the Speaker's hand, and place an anvil instead of a useless deak and place an anvii instead of a useless desk before him, he might go on pounding for order in the House and hammering out horseshoes at the same time. It is a sin to let all that mighty effort go for nothing more than noise."

"But if we are to have reform, why not go to the root of the difficulty and cast out the gavel altogether?" I suggested. "It is apparent that the gavel has lost its power to produce order in the House. The Speaker may rap until the cows come home, but the racket goes on just the same. The gavel only adds its own noise to the other. Would it not be better to let the Speaker stand behind a heap of bricks and



(The instantaneous artist was not able to sketch this last enough to do it justice.)

fire one at every member whom he might wish to call to order? Mr. Nast had to admit that this was an advanced idea, wholly in keeping with the growing spirit of the times. WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

HUNTING FOR A DIAMOND.

Haw a Demure Young Man Got a Street Car Pail of People Excited.

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 ring seemed to be valuable enough for the stone to have been diamond. and presently a man leaned forward and

"Excuse me, sir, but you have met with a loss. The stone is gone from your ring."
"What! So it is!" he exclaimed as he lifted his hand.

He dropped his eyes to the floor, and in five seconds every other eye in the car followed suit. Heads were bent down, words of condolence began to be uttered, and two or three men got down on their hands and knees and looked under the seats. After five minutes' search one of them finally asked:

finally asked: "When did you miss it?" "Just now. "Think you lost it in the car?"

"Dunno."
"Was it very valuable?"
"Well, I prized it highly as a keepsake."
Another hunt was made, but with no better success. Then the owner of the ring began to feel in his pockets, and presently he took out a shirt button, with a bit of wire to it, which he somehow fitted into the ring, and after placing it he held up the ring and said:

"Thanks for your interest, good people." Tis a button from the shirt of my brother

CHARACTER IN NECK-TIES Veteran Hotel Clerk's Novel Idea in Sizing Up His Guesta.

Detroit Free Press. "I can generally size a man up by his necktie and collar," said a veteran hotel clerk. "In fact those are features I take in most thoroughly when I first make my general inventory of a guest, and nearly always something happens before he goes away to prove that my estimate is correct. I find that men who are careless as to their neckwear will put up with almost any kind of a

room without grumbling, but that they must have a good bed and plenty of blankets.

"Men who are exceedingly particular with their collar and ties, will raise a row over an ordinary bill of fare and plain service a hundred times to one complaint they will make over their room. The chap who wears a severe cut of collar and a stock sort of necktie, wants everything of the best and seldom fails to insinuate that his bill is a trifle high, while the man who is a leader in neck fushions takes what he gets without complaint, and pays his bill cheerfully Hence he generally gets the best in the

SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

Russian Proposes to Have People Lift Themselves by Their Bootstraps.

Whoever heard of a man lifting himself League Boots." Well, the Patent Office has just granted papers to a Russian upon a device which is a combination of the hitherto deemed impossible bootstrap act, with a little of the seven league business added. The Russian lives in St. Petersburg. He calls his invention an "apparatus fo walking, running and jumping."

The apparatus consists of bows and springs fastened to the feet, the legs, the waist and shoulders. As the knees are bent either to walk or run or jump, the tension of the bow upward and forward. At least that is what drawings and specifications of the invention say will happen. The Russian did not send over any actual samples of his contrivance, and the Parent Office people have been obliged to act upon theory only

POCKETS THAT FASTEN SHUT.

n Invention That Will be Welcomed by People Careless With Their Money. An ingenious Eastern man has taken out patent upon a safety pocket for men's clothing and lady's wraps. The idea is a very simple one, the pocket being made at the opening in exactly the same style, and with a fastener or catch identical with those on the leather coin purses in which silver change is carried. The frame work of the

purse is sewed into the goods.

The arrangement will doubtless become quite popular with the ladies, as they can thus carry their money with them without fear of pick-pockets, or of losing it all by walking off and leaving their haudbags or purses lying on counters or on car seats.

SOLOS ON THE STREET

St. Lonis Musicians Have Adopted a Novel Iden for Parades.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] A novelty in the line of street or marching music has been introduced by the St. Louis bandmasters in the rendition of cornet or bass trombone solos during the prog-ress of a parade. The first efforts in this line were made during the eight-hour parade, and again during the same week in the ade, and again during the same week in the Merchant's Bridge military parade. It is bound to be a popular feature in the outdoor performance of military bands.

The solo instrument plays the air, and the entire band then joins in the chorus. The populace seems to appreciate the introduction of officert hall music on the street. THE NEW REPORTER

Bartley Campbell's Beginning in Pittsburg Newspaper Work.

STRUGGLE WITH HIS FIRST ITEMS.

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

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 One day-I think it was in the latter part of the '60s-one of the Pittsburg papers took a new reporter on trial. Newspaper affairs in Pittsburg in those times were set to a very different standard from the standard of the present time. THE DISPATCH had two reporters, but most of the other papers had one; and he, in his own hardworked person, was city editor and full city staff. I was the comprehensive staff of the paper which took the new reporter. On the day spoken of John W. Pittock,

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 Pittsburger I had seen. He was very tall, very lean, with remarkably long legs and arms which he seldom allowed to remain at rest, and with a manner which had not yet passed beyond the awkwardness of the trying time when youth and manhood are trying to settle things with each other. His voice, when he spoke, was pleasing, in spite of a little aggressiveness in its tones. But the most noticeable thing about him was his face. It was a rather handsome face, with fine, strong and clearly cut features—a face which would command attention and which

which would command attention and which gave an odd impression of being a good deal older than the body belonging to it. Evidently the brain back of it had done a good deal of thinking of one sort or another, and was likely to do a good deal more; and its thinking was prompted by a quick and active intelligence, whether disciplined or undisciplined was not the matter. undisciplined was another matter. YOUNG BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

This young man Mr. Pittock introduced This young man Mr. Pittock introduced as Bartley Campbell. He explained that Mr. Campbell was anxious to give up work in the brick yards and take up the more congenial work of the newspaper man. He was ambitious to find a place at the top of the newspaper ladder, but he was not ambitious to begin at the top, which was a very promising peculiarity. What he wanted was a chance to become a reporter—to develop and train his "nose for news" under patient and friendly advice; and his triend patient and friendly advice; and his friend (and mine) had brought him to me in the hope that I would undertake the task of guidance and instruction in return for such guidance and instruction in return for such assistance as the young aspirant could give in the daily work of the paper. I was willing enough to comply; for I thought this a promising as well as an interesting subject. In the talk before routine newspaper work began, Bartley counfided to me that already he had done much writing, but no publishing; which is a very different affair. He was an ardent Democrat, and had spoken on the stump more than once for his party; although I think at this time his first vote had not been cast. He know that his prac-

and gymnastic exercise is gymnastic exer-cise; but the man who can swing heavy clubs can't always dance on his toes. What kind of writing had he practiced?

WHAT CAMPBELL HAD WRITTEN. The answer came in that large and com prehensive manner his friends learned to know so well; and was accompanied by a

wide sweep of both his long arms: "Oh, novels—several novels; some plays; a lot of short stories; some political essays that can be turned into editorials later on, perhaps."

That same day he brought me a big bundle of his manuscripts, with the request that I would "go through" them. With patience and with a certain interest I read the They were such as a very youthful and wholly undisciplined mind strongly possessed by the writing instinct would be sure to turn out. Here and there, all through them, were gleams of brightness. The youth who had done the work would be able nite awhile to do work worth considering; but it would only be by dint of patient effort and severe self-discipline. I told him so when he demanded the verdict; and he evidently did not believe a word of it!

But he very speedily convinced himself that putting novels and dramas into manuacript did not count for much as a prepara-tion for work on the local columns of a daily newspaper. He was profoundly in earnest about going to work and wanted his first task set for him at once. Therefore he was given the notes of a few trifling police cases already gathered into the reportorial note book, and was instructed to make a brief paragraph of each one, and to do it in the most commonplace manner at his com mand. For there was not an item in the lot Whoever heard of a man lifting himself that offered a suggestion of picturesqueness, by his bootstraps? Only small children After an absence of half an hour in quest of believe in the performance of "The Seven | more news I returned to find the young reporter still struggling with the first of those crabbed and obstinate police items. And it had brought him close to the verge of des-

THE FIRST STRUGGLE.

His coat was off; his thick curly hair was recklessly tumbled all over his head; he was roughed far over the table like a schoolboy was thrown clear across the table, and one leg was stretched at length on the floor behind him—an attitude more cloquent of despair he could never, in later years, have prescribed for his most forlorn stage hero. He listed a flushed and perspiring face as I came in. Then he laid down his leadpencil and got upon his feet. He straight-ened himself up slowly, as if some unaccus-tomed physical work had stiffened his muscles, and stretched his arms upward until he and the ceiling were close neighbors. And then he sighed, such a sigh as only those who are weary and well-nigh hopeless

can ever accomplish.
"Oh!" he said. "This is hard! The
hardest thing I ever did. It's so different,
don't you see? When I'm writing fiction
But my imagination can soar, as it were. But when it has to be tied down to writing th facts of petty police cases, why-that's dif-The intensity of disgust and hopelessness

in those last words was something I have not often encountered. But he was apt and plucky and persevering. And so in a very short time the writing of police items ceased to be a formidable thing in his experience. The getting of them was still less formid-able, and that was true of all sorts of news. HAD A NOSE FOR NEWS. He certainly did develop a surprising fac

He certainly did develop a surprising and ulty for finding out what was going on; and also for finding out what people thought about any particular subject, whether they were disposed to tell their thoughts or not. were disposed to tell their thoughts or not. And here his previous experiences among the politicians did prove of use to him. He was discovered to have an unexpectedly large circle of acquaintances among politi-cians and officials, and he seemed to find little difficulty in extending it to any pro-portions he might desire. And I doubt if there was ever a reporter in Pittsburg who could cover more territory in the same comwould come in, fresh and lively from a tour of an hour or two, and lol his note-book would have in it matters from Law-renceville and the Southside, from Alle-gheny and Soho and Oakland.

write as rapidly as he could collect. I am not prepared to say that his "proofs" did not invite careful reading; for I don't think he ever mastered the habit he had of luxuriant writing; and his luxuriance was sometimes a little impatient of grammatical and rhetorical restraints. He was a capital standby in "dry times," when space in the paper was large and the amount of actual news wherewith to fill it was small, He could "fill up"

to an indefinite extent, and in the most picturesque fashion. One of his newspaper ambitions was to be a correspondent of the "graphic" school; and another was to be a "society" writer of authority and elegance. THE THEATER, ALWAYS.

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 that at that time seemed far less likely to be gratified. To be a successful newspaper writer of any sort was not the ulnewspaper writer of any sort was not the ultimate purpose he had, no matter what he may have thought about it. In the time of our association together he used to talk to me very freely about his aspirations; asking my advice and then disposing of it as advice is generally disposed of. And from the nature of his talk I certainly did not expect him to remain in the newspaper. him to remain in the newspaper harness so long as he did. He looked with impatient eagerness toward the far-off time when he would be able to take his place in the field

would be able to take his place in the field of "pure literature." That he made known to me not once, but many times. He would write romances; and, if he could get any encouragement, he would write plays.

That last was the masterful ambition, I early discovered. He always spoke of doing this in connection with journalism. But his real thought was to do it in place of journalistic work. To be a successful playnalistic work. To be a successful playwright-that was the desirable thing. To have a good newspaper connection would be a capital accessory to the other, but—"the play's the thing." And already, even before he had mastered that first police item, he secretly considered himself a maker of plays. And once, at least, very early in his career as a reporter, he demanded—and received—recognition as a dramatist.

AN ARTISTIC DEADHEAD.

Late one night he came into the office and proposed to write a "notice" of some per-formance which had taken place, not at one of the regular theaters. Now I knew that in the distribution of tickets to this enter-tainment none had gone into Bartley's possession; and mentioned the fact to him in the manuer of an inquiry. He replied in the most matter-of-course way; not boast-fully, but as if it were something I only needed to be reminded of:

"Oh, I had no use for a ticket. I went in was to march to the frontier of the empire.

'As a what?" "Why, a professional. I told them I had written plays, and told them the names of the pieces. There was no difficulty about

belled against a superior, he was to be struck from the roll of the living. Since a And actually that enterprising youth had calmly walked past the guards of a high class dramatic entertainment, on the strength of having written sundry plays which as yet no manager had seen and no audience had heard of! more talkative jailer had told him that he was looked upon as a dangerous man, Siberia's boundless deserts had ever been before his mind's eye, never leaving his imagination.

guidance and instruction in return for such assistance as the young aspirant could give in the daily work of the paper. I was willing enough to comply; for I thought this a promising as well as an interesting subject.

In the talk before routine newspaper work began, Bartley confided to me that already he had done much writing, but no publishing; which is a very different affair. He was an ardent Democrat, and had spoken on the stump more than once for his party; although I think at this time his first vote had not been cast. He know that his practice in oratory would be of little help in his newspaper work. But he had hopes about his practice in writing. Writing is writing, and what he had done would help him in what he had done would help him in what he had do. Yes, writing is writing, and gymnastic exercise is gymnastic exer-

I remember one day seeing Manager Canning and some newly arrived star of the first magnitude—Jefferson, I think—en-gaged in conversation. The conference gaged in conversation. The conference could hardly be called a private one, for several people were standing about, although taking no part in the talk. Among these was young Bartley Campbell. Something that was said attracted his that was said attracted his attention and gave him his cue. He stepped forward and without the slightest embarrassment tossec a remark in between the other two. In another minute he was in the tull tide of their conversation, taking his full share, and seeming to interest them as much as they in-Later I asked him when he had made the

acquaintance of that emment artist. "Just that minute," he replied. Eccentric? Yes, it must be conceded that Bartley Campbell was that. But when I knew him he was genuinely good-hearted, generously kind, a cordial friend and a good worker in the field he had undertaken to cultivate. Whether the successes of his later years rendered him less cordially and generously a friend I know not; for when that time came we were far apart and I saw nothing of him.

I have no purpose here to criticise his successes or his failures. That has been done to the utmost limit by others. Every quality claimed for him has been called in question and denied by his critics. But there is still standing the one decisive fact which no critical dictum has been able to upset: Whether or not Bartley Campbell was able to write good English; whether or not he put any original ideas into his work; whether or not he wrote things that conformed in no degree to the requirements of taste and artistic judgment—still the work he did had the rare and valuable merit of interesting the public. It interests the public even yet. And the man who can achieve that must have some genuine stu-in him! JAMES C. PURDY.

MUSICAL BULLFINCHES

Shoemaker Who Russ a Conservatory of Music of His Own.

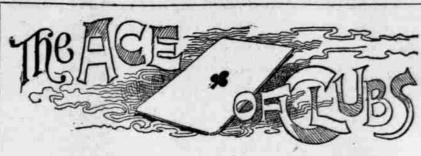
There is a little shoemaker on Dover street who trains bullfinches how to whistle tunes. He has about a dozen birds of his own, and with them are over 30 which he is now educating. He divides his birds into three classes-sentimental, patriotic and Irish. They are kept in different rooms, so that one class never hears the melodies taught to the others. The patriotic birds he keeps in his workshop, and to these he whistles "Yankee Doodle" all day long, keeping time with slips on his lapstand. In his living apartment he has about a dozen birds, which he calls his Irish brigade. These are learning to whistle "Kil-larney." Some of them are already pro-ficient in the tune. Formerly he taught his 'Irish" class either "St. Patrick's Day" or "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," Of late he has abandoned both these airs and come down to "Killarney." Upstairs in his sleeping rooms are the senti-mental birds, and all that these hear is "Annie Rooney." No other tune is allowed to reach their ears but the one they are going

"How long does it take a capable bullfinch to learn a tune so he can whistle it clear through?" asked a Globe reporter. "Anywhere from two to six months, ne-cording to how much pains are taken with the birds."

"And how much do you get for giving the birds their musical training "About \$5 or \$10, according to how much I think I can get."
"When a bullfinch has learned a tune, "You bet he will; and he will just whoop

it up, too, every chance he can get." Must be on the Ups. New York Weekly.] Blinks-By the way, I must introduce

you to my friend Winks. He's one of the best fellows in the world-a noble fellow. glorious fellow. He's had a great many ups and downs, Winks has, Judging from your enthusiasm he is now



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 YERA.

> > SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Vladimir Lanin, nephew of Count Lanin, is in love with Jana Wernin, daughter of a rich resident of St. Petersburg. Oniphri Schelm, the viliain of the story, is head of the division of political affairs under Minister of the Interior Perowski. He has asked for Jana's hand. She refuses, and weds Vladimir, sending an invitation to Schelm. This indignity, together with his rejection, leads Schelm to an infamous plot of revenge. Colonel Palkin is Ald-de-Camp of the head of the gendarmes. He and Schelm are enemies. Palkin has discovered a Nhillist conspirator. Schelm determines to have Vladimir taken as one of these conspirators and exiled. An oid schoolmate of Schelm's, Miller, is in poverty. Schelm buys his services for 100,600 roubles and sends him to make friends with Vladimir and his bride. Madame of Dugarcy, of the French legation, is a friend of Jana's and they have orguized a ladies' cub. Miller gets into the Nihilist conspiracy, the leader of which is The Arc of Clubs, an unknown person. At the meeting before the final meeting for action, Miller tells the conspirators The Ace of Clubs will make himself known just before the blow is to be struck. Miller seizes upon Jana's club as the means of exciting Vladimir's jealousy. He contrives so that Vladimir overhears a conversation, in which Jana's conduct at the club is made to appear scandalous. The conversationalists speak of the password of the conspirators meeting place as if it were Jana's clubhouse. Mad with jealousy. Vladimir begs Miller to accompany him to see if Jana is true. He walks right into Miller's trap. The conspirators hall Vladimir as The Ace of Clubs just as Palkin and the gendarmes rush in and arrest all. Nicholas Popoff and devended the conspirators well and the gendarmes rush in and arrest all. Nicholas Popoff is a poor employe whom Schelm had unjustly discharged. Popoff and learned of Schelm's rocked transactions, and of the contract with Miller. Vladimir had befriended Popoff, and the instead of the way. Instead, Schelm breaks his word, and

CHAPTER XIV.

It was not exactly a subterranean cave,

Popoff did not delude himself as to his

future. He knew that because he had re-

here? I had to undress when I was searched even my boots I had to pull off.

"Very true," said Palkin, "but what can-not be kept concealed when a man will do and vet a more dismal cell could hardly be imagined; a small, cold, bare room with a thickly grated window, through which only a "Unfortunately I possess nothing," sighed roof covered with snow could be seen, uncanny like a huge pall. During nearly a year Nicholas Popoff had lived in this hut, waiting for the detachment with which he

Popoff.

'That is a pity! Formal proof would have been very useful to you. But it is no use lamenting. * * Well, as soon as Schelm had gotten the papers and saw that I had no longer any weapon in my hand against him, he changed his tactics. He became openly my enemy. Denuuciations and evil reports poured in to my superiors. At first with-out effect, these attacks gradually obtained an entrance into the count's mind, perhaps mainly by dint of constant repetition. In vain I tried to convince him that Schelm was a malicious man and his conspiracy a fiction. This injured me seriously, and one fine morning I received the appointment of head of the gendarmes-in East Siberia!"

For a whole year he had lived in seclu-"But that is a very high office. Surely sion, seeing no human form except his you cannot complain."
"Do you think so? Then you do not jailer, who twice a day handed him h) scanty food through an opening in the door. know what such an office means for a man

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

"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 shall obey. Shall I see the Count also

and receive news of my 'amily?"
"Later, when we reach Siberia." "I will be strictly obedient to every wish

"Agreed! Take your things and follow

"What? At once?"

"Yes! Make haste!"
Nicholas felt blinded for a moment; the sudden transition from utter solitude to ac-tive life; this unhoped-for change made him happy, but terrified him also. Seized by a mysterious sensation, he once more looked at these walls within which he had a whole

year suffered such anguish; then he took his cloak and cap and said:
"I am ready, whatever your intentions may be. I thank you for restoring me to freedom and for letting me see my fellowmen once more." men once more."

The jatler opened the door and they stepped out into the street. Palkin made Popoff sit at his side and the sleigh drove rapidly to the postoffice

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 pines, which ended in the main street of a small village. The huts on both sides were low, povertystricken and irregularly built; the snow, in huge drifts, formed embankments which often reached the roofs of the dwellings oc-

cupied by poor Siberian exiles. Large, glittering icicles hung like stalactites from the roofs. The sky looked dark and dismal, and the whole village seemed to be forsaken. Not a bird was visible; not a window open, and in the streets was not a human being.

The young man alone broke the monotony of the landscape. It was evidently an unusual task which he had undertaken. His distinguished looking features had under-gone no change, but his eye had lost its luster and his whole carriage spoke in men-

luster and his whole carriage spoke in men-tal as well as physical depression.

The little village was a colony of exiles; the young man, Connt Lanin, only here he did not bear that name. He was neither count nor nobleman, nor landowner; he was nothing more nor less than the colonist Vladimir. He had been forced to build his own little hut; he had to cultivate a piece of land which the Government gave him, and in winter he lived on the result of his hunting. He had no individual rights, the in-spector disposed of him according to his ar-bitrary will. This man could impose on him any labor he chose; he could punish him in any way, not excepting corporeal punishment, and the poor colonist had in

such cases no protection.

On that day the frost was hard, and Vladimir had gone into the forest to fetch wood to warm his hut. Tired, half frozen, sadder than ever, he was now returning.

He stopped before one of the huts, and threw the load, which had nearly overcome



THE COUNTESS FINDS HER HUSBAND IN THE INSPECTOR'S HUTtook it for granted that he was far from the You are told that it is only for two years, capital, on the road to Siberia, but during his long journey in the kibitka he had not been able to form an idea of where he was going. The solitude was becoming unbear-

able to him, the enforced idleness was hateul to him. As his cell had not been opened for 12 months, he shuddered, when all of a sudden the heard unusual sounds. The latches were un fastened and the door opened-a sign that his long imprisonment was at an end. Nicholas was painfully excited.

Palkin entered. At this sight Nicholas forgot everything, his sufferings and his hopes and sudden wrath seized upon him. He looked at Palkin and shouted in his "Wretch! Hangman!" Paikin only smiled and his features as-

sumed even a seeming good nature.
"Yes," repeated Nicholas. "You are an infamous traitor, a contemptible scoun-"That is not correct," said Palkin, scornfully. "At the worst only: Fool!"

This calm reply acted like cold water upon Popoff's raging passion. He stepped

"Listen, my friend," said the chief of the gendarmer, "I confess having cheated you, but I have been cheated myself. The papers found upon you—"
"You sold to Schelm!" shouted Popoff. "Of course! But I managed it badly You see wolves do not eat one another. have fared badly in that bargain, because if followed the proverb. Scheim gave me 50,

000 roubles for the papers, and that round sum led me into temptation. "And you betrayed me and] other inno-"What is there strange in that? What do you complain of? Did you entrust those documents to me? Did I not find them during the inquiry, and had I not the righ to use them for my own benefit?"
"I doubt not that a chief of gendarmes

will always find an excuse."
"Look here, Popoff!" said Palkin, shrugging his shoulders, "enough of those complaints and reproaches! Listen rather! I never wished you ill, and do not to-day. "Because the worst has come to me," said Nicholas, bitterly, "But speak!" "As soon as Schelm found out that I had the papers he became very humble and sub-missive, and declared finally his desire to buy them of me. I was foolish enough to

accept the money, rather than to injure a rival. But no sooner did Schelm get hold the papers-"
"But did you not have some more papers?" asked Palkin, interrupting his narrative. "I gave him a treasurer's receipt, a letter signed by Miller, which compromises him seriously. This, however, did not satisfy him; he constantly asked for more, and kept me an hour inquiring." "Could you possibly possess some more papers against him?" asked Palkin, looking

papers against him?" asked Palkin, looking sharply at Popoff.

Like a flash of lightning Niebolas' eye blazed up for a single instant. The colonel. an old policeman, had noticed it, but waited with pretended indifference for an answer.

Popoff shrugged his shoulders.

"How could I keep anything concealed"

and that after the expiration of that time you will be recalled and probably promoted to a higher post. We cannot decline. Then one of two things happens—either we are entirely forgotten, and this is the preferable fate, or they send an inspector, who is specially instructed to discover malfeasance in office or short accounts, and one fine day we become exiles and colonists like the rest. You'll find in Kamschatka many a degenerated family, whose ancestor was head o

Popoff looked surprised at the colonel, not knowing what he could mean by this statement. "Schelm is the cause of my being in dis-grace. But with Colonel Palkin he cannot leal as easily as with Count Lanin. I have good teeth, and mean to bite when I am attacked! It is now a battle for life or death between Schelm and myself. He wants to

secome a director of the secret police. Then

I should be his subordinate. I must antici-pate him. You must know much about him: "I hate him with my whole heart."
"Well, then, will you follow me? I am going to Count Lanin in Siberia; his wife is traveling with me; she is here to-day. Nicholas trembled with exertement.

"The Counters Lanin here?" "Yes; she is waiting for me at the post Popoff passed his hands over his eyes like one suddenly aroused from deep sleep,
"Tell me, please," he said a moment later,
"where I am. What is the city to which this

prison belongs?"

The question was so heartrending that even Palkin felt touched.
"You do not know that? You are in Kasan. But answer me quickly, will you go with me? You are considered here a very dangerous personage, and I have promised the Governor that you should surely disappear under my protection. I'll take you as an important prisoner in my sleigh. Do you agree?"

Popoff could not overcome the mistrus

which Palkin produced in his mind.
"Why do you make this proposal?" he "I have told you already. I want you to help me overthrow Scheim. I have no doubt that you can do it. I nederstand

I ask as a favor what I might readily order you to do.' "You will take me in your sleigh?" asked Nicholas, scornfully. "Are you not afraid I will escape?"

your mistrust. You will throw it off as soon

as you see Count Lanin. Bear in mind that

Palkin simply drew himself up to the full height of his gigantic frame; then leaning on Nicholas' shoulders, who had been ut-terly worn out by inactivity and suffering, he made him at once succumb to the pres-sure of his iron hand, "You see!" said the Colonel. "Well, de-cide; will you go with me or stay here? I

him, into the snow; then he opened the door and entered. The colonists do not even own hooks to facilitate inspection. Thus Vladi-mir was not at all surprised to find a Cosaack within, one of the soldiers who guarded

"Where have you been so long?" saked the man very roughly. "I have waited half an hour for you!" "I had to get wood from the forest, and as I am not used to such work, it goes a little "All right," growled the Cossack. "Forlow me. The inspector wants you.' "What can he want again?" asked Vladi-

mir angrily. "What is that to you?" said the soldier rutally. "You have to obey me blindly."
"Lanin's eyes flashed fire, but he checked brutally. himself and bowed his head submissively.
"Follow me!" said the Cossack once more

and turned to the door.

Vladimir obeyed but looked sadly at the wood he had brought home with so much trouble. They were soon standing before a house that was much larger and looked much better than the others. It was the inspector's house.

They found here another colonist who "You will surely join us to-night, Vladimir, in our expedition to our fur store? We must make an end to these constant

thievings. The inspector has permitted us to go into ambush before night, and there can never be too many of us." "The inspector has sent for me," answered Vladimir. "I do not know that he will dismiss me in time. I'll ask him, however, to let me join you—we must, as you say, make an end to this robbery."

The inspector was a former officer, a drunkard and a man without culture. He was not exactly a bad man, but he was also literally good for nothing. He did no harm for harm's sake, but it never occurred to him to do a kindness. When drunk he was wicked and brutal; when sober, simply an indifferent egotist. Such a man need only to be subject to bad influences and he

becomes terrible, and for the misery of the colonists such influences were at work here. When the man was still in active service, and in garrison in one of the frontier towns, he had married a foreign woman, by name Caroline. No one knew her past; her youth had probably not been edifying. It ap-peared, however, that she had once been beautiful, and her fortune was traced back to various, an her fortune was traced back to various, ah, very strange sources. She might have been about 36 years old when the inspector fell in with her; he had married her purtly from affection and partly from interest, not inquiring into her pust. Now she was perhaps 40, and her beauty had entirely vanished. Kind hearted she had never been, and when the mirror began to tell her that her pretty face was gone she became a hitter, malignant and cruel woman. Her husband obeyed her blindly; in (set, he trembled be ore her, and this power she used to rule the colonies with an iron rod. Caroline had light hair, regular features, sharply marked, thin, compressed lips, and an expression in her eyes which

When Vindimir crossed the threshold of