

NAST IN THE HOUSE. Bright Sketches of Some Well Known Public Men.

MR. BRINKER HUNTING PIE. Cracking Jokes at the Expense of Congressman Faynter.

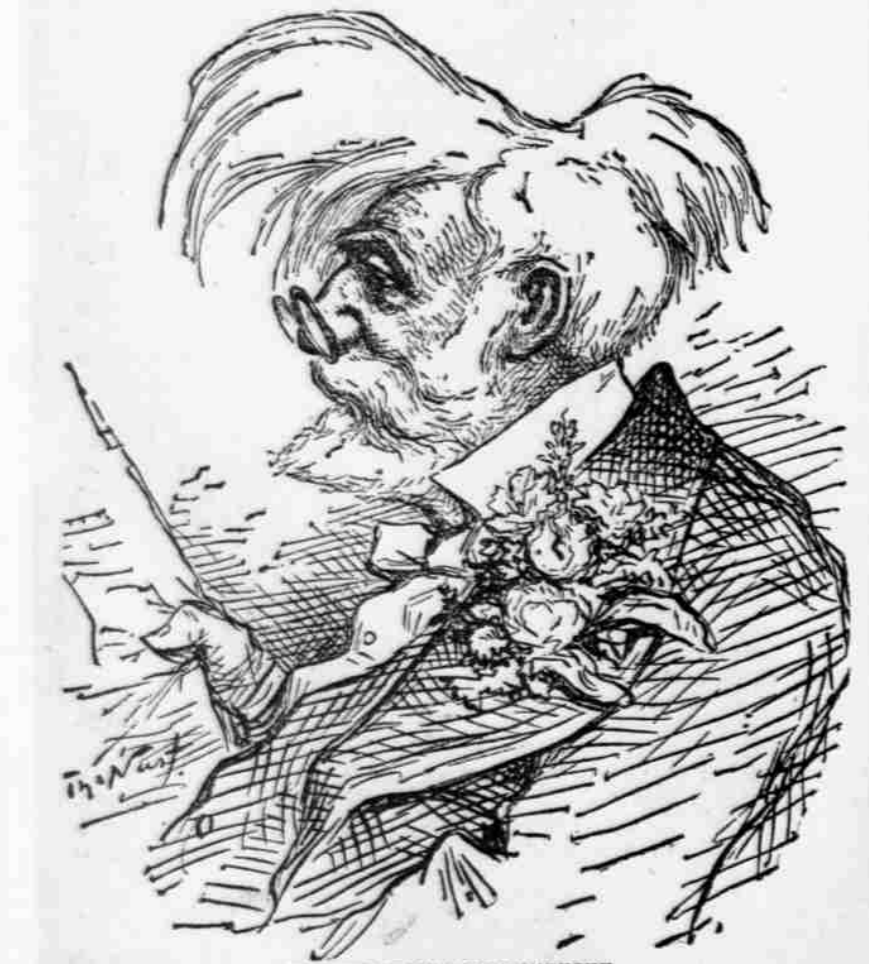
GEN. SPINOLA AND HIS MAINSAIL. A GREAT POSITION IN LIFE.



THE EFFECT OF A CYCLONE UPON BEAUTY.

were strolling through the corridors of the Capitol when I asked him if he would like to visit the whispering gallery.

where the lobbyists meet the Congressmen? I was about to enquire him for so suggestive a question as this when it occurred to my mind that they have recently fitted up one corner of the whispering gallery with chairs and sofas and turned it into a reception room where ladies come to meet members of Congress.



THE BULLY BOY OF KENTUCKY.

whisper to another person standing against the extreme western wall of the gallery.

CHANGES DOWN TOWN. A Picture of Diamond Street Drawn Half a Century Back.

THE NEW STREET NOMENCLATURE.

How the Innovation Was Opposed and How Unwillingly Accepted.

PITTSBURGERS ALWAYS LOVED MUSIC

Not long ago a man who was born in Pittsburg, who had grown to manhood there, and then had gone elsewhere to live, returned to the old home for a visit.



A Great Position in Life.

collar, "I answered, 'and the gentleman who sits inside it is General Spinola, of New York.'"

"What makes you think so?" "See him offer a bite of his apple to his colleague."

"That is not a flower garden, sir, it is a bottle-hole bouquerie."

"That is Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky."

"So that is Mr. Breckinridge of whom I have heard so for many years? What a fortunate thing Mr. Breckinridge's nose is no shorter than it is!"

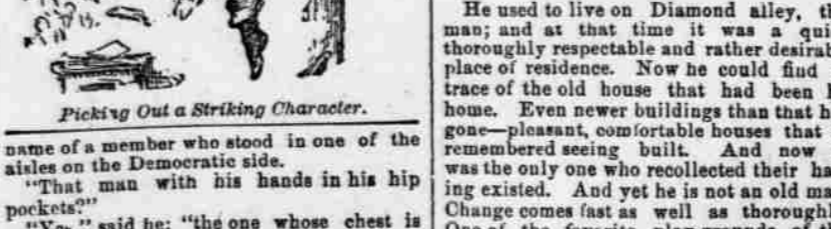


RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN SPINOLA AND ADAM.

"Well, if it were any shorter Mr. Breckinridge would have no place to rest his glasses on when he reads."

"So Mr. Breckinridge is the man you would pick out as--"

"This is what used to be Diamond alley, 'They've changed the name a little. That's all! All!



Picking Out a Striking Character.

name of a member who stood in one of the aisles on the Democratic side.

"That man with his hands in his hip pockets."

"Yes," said he, "the one whose chest is so far behind him."

"I don't know his name. Nobody knows his name. In fact, he has no name to speak of."

After such a remark as that, who can wonder that the House immediately adjourned? WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

FACE OF CLUBS. A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI.

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

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

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Valdimir Lamin, of noble birth, weds Jana Wermin, daughter of a rich resident of St. Petersburg. Oshpiri Schein, the villain of the story, is high in authority.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two months had passed since Lamin, thanks to his wife's devotion and presence of mind had escaped the revenge of the inspector's wife.

Jana had rented one of the finest houses in Irkutsk, and lived there with Dr. Haas, Lina and Helen.

"Virgin avenue." It was on this date that a state of things which appears to have been always a part of the established order should have been brought about against some opposition.

So, also, does a habit of speech. Indeed, this is very apt to survive the sentiment or the significance that inspired it.

And it has been suggested to me that some of the peculiarities of expression which strangers have noticed among Pittsburgers had their origin in the idioms of the Scotch-Irish.

There was one Pittsburg trait which I think may fairly be called a characteristic of the place. That is the lively and abiding love of music.

"Well, if it were any shorter Mr. Breckinridge would have no place to rest his glasses on when he reads."

"So Mr. Breckinridge is the man you would pick out as--"

"This is what used to be Diamond alley, 'They've changed the name a little. That's all! All!

He used to live on Diamond alley, this man; and at that time it was a quiet, thoroughly respectable and rather desirable place of residence.

What have anti-vaccinators to say to this? Surgeon Stanley, previous to the setting out of Stanley's expedition on the Congo, vaccinated every native in his tribe.

The Opium Smoker's Oath. Below are the articles to be found in every well regulated opium joint.

YEN HOP HOP TOY LAMP COVER PIPE.

kind to him, Vladimir showed signs of grief that the Governor felt moved to pity.

"Turning to his adjutant, he said: 'Is kind enough to go over there to Marchant Lateff and tell him I wish to see him to-night about the ball he wishes to give. I shall wait for you here. Come back at once, if you please.'"

"Dear Count," I was compelled to use such language with you, because I received to-day the very strictest orders concerning you. An autograph letter from M. Schlein, the head of a division in the Ministry of the Interior, concerns you exclusively.

"Schlein!" exclaimed Vladimir. "He is my greatest enemy. He--"

"I must not even hear such words. They might already count as a crime against me. Do not know whether you are guilty or innocent?"

"Of course. As soon as the Count agrees, you will have a powerful weapon against Schlein in your hand, which is now in my possession."

"No! Not here!" he exclaimed. "I only meant I knew where it is."

"Never mind! I only repeat, you will have to be very careful, because I transgress my authority, and the Governor might some time become my enemy. You betrothed comes to see you now and then--does she not?"

"Colonel, I can assure you--"

"Don't swear!" said Palkin, in a friendly tone and with a very kind smile. You see I am not so bad as you think."

"Vladimir! What is the matter?" she asked, excitedly.

"What is the matter?" he replied sadly. "Well, I think I have to return to my lonely life as a colonist, exposed to the persecutions of subordinates."

"But our petition, Palkin's protection?"

"He is an officer like the others. For a month he was a man; here he has again become a machine; either he never sent the paper, or he got an answer which prevents his taking any further steps."

"And you think the Governor also has joined our enemies?"

"He is personally as kind as ever, but he must obey the orders that have been sent to him. No, Jana, by begging for it I shall never get my rights. I stand alone, and I face this whole free masonry of officials.

"For two years I have hesitated to join the conspiracy in which all my fellow exiles are engaged; its aim is to shake off this yoke on our necks. I have refused to join it, because while almost all of them have done some wrong by which they have incurred punishment, I am innocent, and have patiently waited till my innocence should be acknowledged publicly. Two long years I have waited, and now I will wait no longer."

"What do you mean to do?" asked Jana, frightened by the excitement with which her husband spoke.

"There is a grand conspiracy spread over the whole of East Siberia. There is a regular administrative body, and at the head a chief who has been chosen by the members. They propose to shake off the Russian yoke to escape to a country where the Czar cannot reach them. As the terrible frost this winter has frozen over the whole Baikal lake, where, on account of its vast extent the authorities cannot watch them easily, they meet on one of the islands. I know this conspiracy, because I was invited six months ago to enter. I had to keep it a secret, especially as I declined to join them. Now, however, that all my hopes have failed, I have changed my mind; if they deny me what is right, I shall take it. I cannot be a martyr who waits and waits and at last dies, still waiting for release; nor can I bear it that you, so fair and so noble, should lead such a wretched life."

"But, my dear Vladimir," said Jana, "I am perfectly happy here. Have we not found here that domestic life of which you so often dream? What does it matter whether we live in Irkutsk or in Paris?"

"And yet, instead of witnessing the happiness that is paid you on all sides, I am not even allowed to visit you any more! What that why you joined your fate to mine? No, Jana, my resolution is fixed. In the little village in which I live quite a number of unfortunate exiles are going to try to recover their liberty. They are all members of the conspiracy. To-morrow I shall join them. They will be glad to receive me. You will give them the money they need so sadly. I tell you everything, because I

"Your Excellency! Do not forsake me, I am innocent!"

"Why did you not tell me that sooner? Lamin is not so suspicious as you are. I will willingly permit you to go and see him. Go and give him your documents. Only tell him expressly that I want them!"

"Of course. As soon as the Count agrees, you will have a powerful weapon against Schlein in your hand, which is now in my possession."

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