THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1890.

NAST IN THE SENATE.

He Sketches Senator Evarts in Hi Celebrated Act of Long-Sentence Evolution.

THE EFFECT OF A NOSE IN REPOSE.

A Few Short Lines That Produced a Man More Like Ingalls Than Ingalls is Like Himself.

HIS STRIKING ATTITUDES REPRODUCED.

The Great Cartoonist Not Yet Beconciled to Secret Session Severity.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, June 21 .- It will be re membered that in my last letter I related how Mr. Nast was unceremoniously whisked out of the Senate gallery a week ago, when he insisted on staying there and making pictures during one of the secret sessions and how it therefore happened that he had but half of his last picture completed when I went to press. According to promise made at that time I now have the distinguished pleasure of submitting the other half of that picture, not necessarily to enable the reader to recognize the Senator whose portrait is



therein completed-for anybody ought to have known whose feet and shins those were that were published last week-but as an evidence of Mr. Nast's good faith in the matter, and as an indication that had he been permitted to remain in the gallery dur-

ing the secret session he would have made some very readable pictures.

"Of course, you know who that Senator is," I said, as I entered the gallery and found Mr. Nast busily engaged upon the remaining half of the picture.
"The far-reaching Senator? Oh, yes,"

said he, "I have seen him many a time at the Union League Cub in New York. By the way, does he occupy both the New York Bless you, no; the other one is occupied

by his colleague."
"But it seems to be vacant most of the "Exactly! That is what I say; it is

occupied by the other Senator from New York." Mr. Nast seemed to be very much drawn o Senator Evarts; and when a man lraws Mr. Nast, Mr. Nast always re-urns the compliment by drawing him.



A Sketch in Repose Ie sat with his eyes glued to the cynical enatorial face for a long time. Presently "How affectionately the Senator treats

'What do you mean?" "Why, see how lovingly he wraps him

elf round himself." That is not affection, Mr. Nast; he is serely seeking to contain himself, to keep imself from getting away from himself." 'Do Senators ever lose themselves?'

"Sometimes. Oftener, however, they give hemselves away." "I thought it was his affectionate nature hat made Senator Evarts hang on to him-

sit in this manner."
"No; if it were affection, he would wrap imsel about his neck and press himself anderly to his loving breast. But you see

e only hugs his understanding."

Mr. Nast studied this profound proposi on in stlence for several seconds. Ther

"I don't believe either of us is right. I aink I have discovered why he sits in that avolved position."

"He is framing one of those remarkable

I had to admit that the Senator's attitude n favorite one with him-did seem to bear ut the supposition; and when the gifted gician, a lew moments later, began makig a speech I could not but notice that me of the sentences bore a striking reemblance to the portrait which Mr. Nos as making of the man. I imagined I mid see them winding their way up and



wn the labyrinthine twistings of his legs, rinting in the narrow confines of his chs, dragging themselves up the rugged ighs, dragging themselves up the rugged rraces of spine, excursing through the gles of his arms, and ultimately lodging his head, to be on tap when he should se and need a good, long sentence to reel t and wind and wind and wind about the

"It has been whispered," said a gentle-to sitting near us, "that Mr. Evarts has a such of theosophy in his religion."

"And believes in reincarnation?" "I presume so."
"What a fine old tree he must have been when he was on earth before!"
"Why a tree?"

"Why a tree?"
"Don't you notice how much his mind is like a tree; how his mental sap starts up the trunk of a subject and turns off into every branch, every twig, every stem and every vein of every leaf?"
"Yes; and results in shutting off the light

Tes; and results in shutting on the light from every shrub and berb beneath it."

This conversation was waxing so superpoetic that I shut it off by calling Mr. Nast's attention to Senator Evarts' face in repose. At once his pencil began to jiggle through a series of odd gyrations. But his mind was

not wholly on the picture he was making.
His injured soul seemed to be grating its teeth over the ignominious manner in which he was hustled from the gallery last week.

"But executive sessions are secret," I said.

"What of that?" he answered, tartly. "I'll bet I can keep a secret as well as any



"But you know the Senators are sworn to secrecy, while you are not."
"Then there's all the more likelihood that I wouldn't blab. When you swear a man to keep a secret he has two incentives for telling it—the desire to let somebody into it and the desire to violate his oath.

What did they do at that secret session Have you heard?" "Oh, yes; the papers told it all, of course, next morning. They merely confirmed a lew foreign appointments."
"Did they confirm the appointment of Murat Halstead to his new position in Williamshare."

"I don't see how any Senator could object to that. It was too bad that Colonel Hal-stead was not sent to Berlin," added Mr. Nast. "He could have got even with Bis-marck for objecting to the American hog." "How? I should like to know."

"Why, of course if he had gone over there he would have taken his pen with him. But then perhaps it is just as well, since he has now transported it to a place where it will probably do the greatest good to the

will probably do the greatest good to the greatest number."

While Mr. Nast was uttering these foreign opinions I watched his pencil. I could not make out what the jumble of strange lines meant until he added a reposeful-looking nose to them. I recalled what Napoleon said about noses, and fancied I could see the Emperor looking in admiration at this picture and declaring his willingness to abdicate in favor of the owner and possessor of that nose.

Just then Senator Ingalls came in and looked over the Senate with a searching eye. Seeing nothing else that he wanted to

take, he took his seat.

"Draw him? Of course I can draw him.

He's nothing to draw," said Mr. Nast, vanking a picture out of the air, as it seemed, and slapping it upon the paper.

"Anybody can draw him."

"A good many Senators have tried it without very successful results."

Small nets are woven of the pendanus, larger ones of the poir fiber.

"Pshaw! Senators can't draw." "Guess you haven't heard about Don Cameron filling out that bob-tail straight-

flush the other night."
"I suppose Senator Ingalls has been drawn more than any other public man of the present time," said Mr. Nast,

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I must say he looks it. And as for this picture of yours, Th., he looks as it he had been drawn through a knot hole."

"May be you don't like that pleture," said he, in a quarrelsome sort of way.
"Well, candidly, I don't." "What's the matter with it?" "Why, it looks as if the Senator were conscious that his picture was being taken, and had struck an attitude for the purpose.

Now that sort of thing is what one may expect of theatrical actors, but it is hardly up to the dignity of a United States Senator. I think your picture does Senator Ingalls great injustice in this respect, Mr. Nast. "I suppose, then, you want something of the conventional sort. Very well, how does this life-size portrait suit you?"



A Little Frozen Oratory. "That is much better, though it seems really too bad to sacrifice the Senator's dreamy-looking plaid pants. Don't you yourself, Mr. Nast, think this is a better style of picture of a United States Senator

consciously?"
"No, I don't; and I may as well tell you right now that what you don't know about the art of picture-making would cut up into strips and reach from here to nowhere. Sir, you must get character into a picture. It is not enough to make something that looks like the man; it must be the very man himself on paper. You suggest in a vague sort of way your capability of ultimately grasping this idea when you say you miss Senator Ingalls' plaid pants. Now, to the real artist it doesn't make a bit of difference whether in act he wears plaid pants or not; if plaid pants match his complexion better than those he actually wears, the artists must dress him as befits him. So with regards to attitudes. I don't know whether Senator Ingalis, for example, ever took a hand in a genteel prize fight or posed as an elegant tough, but when the artist

looks at him he must see him in the atti-tudes that fit him." At this point Senator Ingalls got up and walked back into the smoking room, and every time he passed up and down before the open door the artist brought his instantaneous pencil to bear on him with such effect that the pictures he made were more like Ingalls than Ingalls is like himself. WILLIS B. HAWEINS. BEATS THE TARPON.

Senator Quay Must Hie Away to the South Sea for Real Sport.

THE KING OF ALL THE GAME FISH

Is the Monster Tunny, Which Turns on Its Captors in Its Anger.

HOW THE NATIVES USE THEIR LINES

I WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. There is so much water in the South Sea and so little land, and what land there is has such small dimensions that the inhabitants are by nature almost amphibious and are fully as skilled in the arts of the sea as in those of the firmer shore. And the sea gives good reward to those who practice its arts. It teems with fish of all sizes and shapes and colors, fish for the net, fish for the spear, fish for the trap, fish for the baited hook and fish which greedily catch themselves upon

fish which greedily catch themselves upon the flashing lure of the troller.

The fisher stands upon the cool beach in the early morning. Close at hand where the quiet water laps the rocky coral that etching of the surface in a myriad crosshatcheled lines means 'he orderly school of mullet, as toothsome a dainty as was ever drawn from the sea. Just beyond the mullet's feeding ground those splashes of silver which dart through the air and splash upon the sea like the first great drops of the summer thunder shower, are the flying fish which are caught upon the wing. Fish for them at night, but mark their place now, for they are a sure sign of game fish below greedy for the hook. Far out by the reef those dark triangles are the great sharks, 20, 30, 40 teet long; they move lazily now, but let them once feel the spear in the soit skin behind the pectorals and they can be as active as a steam engine. Those glistening streaks near the sharks show where the swift tunny glides. the flashing lure of the troller. BUTTERFLIES OF THE DEEP.

Rest the cance a moment over this patch of coral, which seems to grow from the white sand of the bottom like a sturdy tree, reaching its tangled branches nearly to the surface. Look over the side and watch the fish swimming in and out among those stony branches; they are as gaudy as the most brilliant birds, their scales flash all the colors of the most richly-painted butterflies. Sometimes the highly-colored fish are poisonous. On the shady side of such a patch is the place to drop a baited hook, the eager fish dart out into sight to grasp their food and the water is so clear and the bottom so white that the fisher can watch every movement and angles by sight instead of in response to jerks upon the line, which turn out to be but ribbles.

The tackle of these island fishers is simple and in every respect is of the same sort as other civilizations have evolved under similar conditions. The rod is the green bamboo, which will resist any strain a fish could have a series.

which will resist any strain a fish could bring upon it. Their lines are of two sorts, the finer twisted of the fine fiber of the pan-danus leaf, the latter plaited into a sennit of the coir fiber of the husk of the cocoanut. The pandanus lines are strong, but not very durable, the coir line is strong and is really improved by exposure to salt water. In the utter absence of metal workers hooks are made from shells by the slow process of rub-bing them down on smooth stones. The smaller hooks are made from the cone shell and a painstaking workman can make per-haps ten in a long day. Rough-and-ready makeshiits are sometimes provided from a orked twig to which a sharp cone is affixed by way of barb; these are untrustworthy because the twig is apt to break or bend. The largest books used in trolling for such great

small, but effective affairs. For this purpose fishers make clever use of the covering which protects the first leaves of the sprout-ing cocoanut. It is a thickly matted growth of fiber which is cast aside by the leaf when it begins to unfold; in shape it is a cone about 20 inches long and very strong. In the bottom of this long cone the fisher ties his bait and sinks his trap in any conveni-ent place. The hungry fish runs his head into the cone a ter the tempting morsel and finds too late that he has run his head into a bag which there is no shaking off. Trying to back out of the sack he comes to the surface, where his violent exertions call atten ion to his plight and he exhausts himself

and is easily picked up.
Still another device completes the fisherman's outfit. A vine which grows abund-antly about the shore is bruised in the hands and made into a bundle to which a stone is attached. This is sunk in a basin in the coral where fish are seen to be numerous; in a few minutes the sap clouds the water and the fish as they begin to seel its influence swim about giddily for a short time and then float belly up at the surface. It is necessary to revive fish thus taken by putting then in uncontaminated water as otherwise they taint very rapidly.

SOME PECULIAR BAIT. Almost anything which lives upon the beach serves as bait from the gorgeous sea anemone up to the smaller try of the fish themselves. Many of the molluses are an attractive bait when cracked out of their shells and particularly the cowrie is greedily snapped up by all fish though it is very dif-ficult to get the meat out of the shell in good condition. Hermit crabs abound, they good condition. Hermit crass abound, they are easily drawn from their second hand shells and are a good buit for ground-feeding fish. Surface feeders rise readily to a natural fly or moth tied to a hook and

sometimes will snap at a feather.

A combination of bait and tackle is found in the devil fish or octopus which abounds in the crevices of the coral and frequently has arms a foot in length. When tied to a hook and dropped overboard this bait is a three-old lottery whose result it is impossi-ble to foretell. Either some large fish will take the octopus and be hooked, or the devil fish will catch ten or a dozen smaller fish with his suckers, or the bait will take such firm hold of the bottom or of a stem of coral as not to be dislodged, and in that case it is necessary to sacrifice the book and all the line beyond reach. It is a difficult bait to affix to the hook, for each of the eight arms is equipped with suckers which draw the blood from every point they touch and in the midst is a cruel bill like a hawk's.

HOOKING THE MULLET. The mullet likes hermit crab, but the angler must allow them abundance of time to take the bait, and, above all things, must not attempt to strike at the first nibble, for down under water there is going on son very pretty manœuvering where the fish is trying to reach the soft parts of the erab and at the same time avoid the nipping claws.

A surface feeder, which will take almost any floating bait, is a two or three pound fish which much resembles the northern John Dory. It has the same shape, though its colors are far more brilliant, and upon each gill cover it has the characteristic thumb and finger marks which recall the old tradition that this fish is the one which yielded the apostles their piece of tribute yielded the aposties their piece of tribute money. This is a fish to test the strength of tackle to the utmost, and it calls for the best art of the angler to land it. Net fishing is carried on along shore in two ways. Each fisherman carries a net a fathom in length by half that in breadth, and stretching it from hand to hand siviy draws it uning it from hand to hand slyly draws it un-der a fish which he sees lurking in some When the net is well under the fish a quick jerk of the hands brings him to the surface, where he might easily escape if it were not that by some peculiar knack im-possible to describe and almost impossible for a white man to acquire, a half turn has been put in the net, completely entangling the fish. The longer nets are drawn through the water by bearers stationed two fathoms apart in the ordinary way.

THE PIERY RED SNAPPER. Drop line fishing from a cance will bring good returns. Among the coral patches lurks the red snapper ready to gorge the bait and then lie so motionless that no jerk upon the line gives a hint that a fish is below. the line gives a hint that a fish is below. But when the fisherman begins to haul in his line he will find a surprise in the vigorous pull which will come upon it and perhaps jerk it out of his hands. The snapper tactics are peculiar and baffling. When the first pull comes upon the line the fish makes a dash directly along the bottom, and, keeping the line always taut, thus comes to the surface and leaps into the air. Then it swims in a circle about the cance, always in one direction. It is impossible to haut the fish in and the usual plan is to allow the fish to wind the line about two paddles, and thus haul himself within striking distance, where a well-directed blow will break his neck.

The grouper, another bottom-feeling nan, takes the hook very lightly, and the moment he feels the prick makes a dash straight upgrouper, another bottom-feeling fish, ward to the surface, and darts quickly to one side just before breaking water. This makes it a very hard fish to strike, and one may well feel proud of catching even one in a dozen bites.

Among many strange fish to be caught upon the same feeding grounds, fish of odd shapes and gorgeous colors, quite unknown in colder waters, occurs an oddity which makes no count in the fisherman's take. The reason for his abstinence is a tradition of a dreadful fate which should smite the man who should dare to even taste the fish reserved by taboo for his womankind. So it is that when he brings his catch ashore the women overhaul the fish and take them for their own dainties. THE KING OF GAME FISH.

The finest sport comes in trolling for tunny. The swift cance flies over the sea, the long line trails out astern and 50 fathoms away the shining hook of glistening pearl shell leaps from wave to wave and catches the light upon its irridescent surfaces and flashes the gay colors from its bunch of bright feathers. The sea seems empty as that glittering bauble tows over the stern, yet the sport will come to the one who has patience. Far astern the watchful eye takes

patience. Far astern the watchful eye takes note of a sleek back cleaving the surface; it might be a dolphin were it not so sharp.

The canoe, with a fair wind, is paying off a good 12 knots, yet that object overhauls her hand over hand, as though she were at her hand over hand, as though she were at anchor. Thus the tunny first shows himself. He has come alongside the fishing hook and slackens pace that he may look; he darts now on this side and now on that, forges ahead and drops astern, and all this while the men on the came stand in anxious expectation to see if the fish will bite. Suddenly he leaps through the water in great bounds and seizes the gleaming hook and stops short. Then comes another anxious moment; but all is safe, the line is stout, the hook bites deep into the jaws, the fight begins of man against the most agile fish of

the seas.

To play such a fish as this means seamanship of the highest order. He darts about the cance in a circle, he leaps high out of the water, he dives toward the distant bottom, he comes to the surface as though shot from a mighty submarine bow. Every movement he makes must be anticipated by the cance, the strain must be taken from the line which stands clear out of the water like a rod of steel, 300 feet without a

At last the fish finds himself mastered, he knows that he is caught, but he seems resolved on one desperate stroke to release himself. At the top of his speed he rushes upon the cance; sometimes he strikes it no tair a blow that he breaks in its sides; sometimes he comes along the beauting to destribe the comes the comes to destribe the comes to destribe the comes to destribe the comes to destribe the comes the comes to destribe the comes the c times he comes aboard to be beaten to death with clubs. Whoever brings a tunny to

ing in a milder light. In the gentle breath of the evening wind two canoes glide soitly side by side over the waters, genmed with the twinkling reflection of the stars gleaming warmly overhead, waters strangely lit by glowing effulgence at the bottom. Between the two canoes hang a broad strip of cloth, whose clews and foot are held up to form a bag. Suddenly torches gleam and throw flickering flashes of light upon the white vereen, strange whirring noises fill the air, flying objects strike the screen and fall helpless into the bag at the bottom. Thus dainty less into the bag at the bottom. Thus dainty morsels, the flying fish, catch themselves while the fishers sail the quiet waters of the South Sea, where the charm of the summer night is the charm of every night.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

THE THEORY OF CRYSTALS.

Ancient Scientists Declared They Were Pirces of Ice Too Hard to Melt.

"The ancients," says a collector of curios the Washington Star, "had a theory that rock crystal was actually ice frozen to great density and by duration of time congealed beyond liquidation. 'Krystal-los' in Greek means 'ice.' The famous writer on natural philosophy, Pliny, who wrote more facts that were not true than ever any man collected together before or since, says that crystal is undonbtedly water trozen by cold so interse that nothing frozen by cold so intense that nothing can melt it again. Roman ladies of that time were accustomed to carry spheres of cystal in their hands during hot weather for cool-ness. It was the thing also to have the material worked into wine jugs and other vessels. Nero had two drinking cups of crystal worth \$3,000 each and a crystal tadle also; but when he learned that he had lost his kingdom he broke them, lest they fall into the hands of anyone else.

"A crystal lens was employed in Rome to kindle the sacred vestal fire. Great care was taken not to put the crystal ware in a warm place for fear it would melt. The most remarkable discovery of crystal on record was made in 1867 above the Tiefen glacier by a party of tourists, a single cave in the granite yielding 1,000 crystals of irom 50 to 100 pounds' weight."

MUST BE ORIGINAL A Parisian Belle Will Not Tolerate a Parasol Handle Like Any Other Belle's.

The Sesson.1 Parisian ladies devote especial care on the choice of their parasol handles. According to their idea, an elegant lady's parasol must have a perfectly original handle, such as sed by any of her rivals. Whole goods are of no value. There ladies who even sacrifice their



on its curve was once a bracelet, the two dragous once figured as brooch and shawl pin on their owner's bosom; the buttos-like handle in the middle or the illustration was originally the stopper of a scent bottle, and the snake formerly wound its golden colls round a fair, white arm. These things are a very innocent luxury and very beautiful. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

In Another Language and Directed Against Another Wrong.

ORIGINAL EXILES OF SIBERIA. The Book That Directed the World's Attention to Russia in 1806.

PRASKOWJA LUPOLOWA'S INSPIRATION

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 Praskowja Lupolowa: In all the writings of George Kennan, of Stepniak, of Joseph Hatton, there is no figure more pathetic than that of the beautiful young girl who bore this name. Who and what was she? Ab, that is a mystery, like everything that relates to the dreadful Russian horror—banshment to Siberia. This much is certain: Her father was a

Pole who was exiled to Siberia for a political offense. Doomed to this life of hell upon earth, he little deemed that deliverance would come while his mortal spirit en-dured; least of all that his freedom would be attained by the almost superhuman efforts of his frail daughter of 17 years. This miraculous event occurred as by angelic supervention; for how otherwise can we account for the safe conduct of a girl of we account for the safe conduct of a girl of 17 who undertook on foot a journey of 2,700 miles, from the Siberian deserts to the court of Moscow? This awful journey Praskowja Lopolowa made, nerved to the task by the wild hope of winning the pardon of her father by throwing herself at the feet of the Czar. And that pardon she won. In 1810, six years after her wonderful act of filial devotion, Praskowja Lupolowa died at Novogorod. Not for the real heroine, but for one of fiction, whose exploits were taken from those of Praskowja, was the heart of the Christian world moved to pity.

AN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. In 1806 "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," was published in Paris, and instantly became the leading topic of conversa-tion in every cultivated circle in Europe and America. The sensation the bookcreated was analogous to that which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" caused a half century later; and that "The Exiles of Shberra" did not win for its authoress that un'ading renown which will ever be associated with the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe, is only due to the fact that the evil the latter combatted was destroyed, while the Siberian exile system endures to this day—and how much longer will it endure?

The authoress of "The Exiles of Siberia" was Madame Sophie Cottin, born Ristaud. In 1790 Sophie was married to Monsieur Cottin, a Parisian banker, much her senior, whom she had seen but a few times previous to the wedding day. With him she occu-pied a magnificent private hotel in Paris, and their entertainments of the beau monde were nothing less than princely. In three years her husband died. This was in the fatal year of 1793. The revolution swept away the colossal fortune which she should have inherited, and left her a modest competence, on which she lived in case and retirement. Then she began to write. Her first efforts were in the line of that which is now a lost art, namely, epistolary effusions. Her letters to friends were so fascinating that almost in spite of herself she was led to

HER CROWNING WORK. "Malvina," a love novel, was a great success. "Claire," "Amelie," "Matilde," sustained her reputation. But the hour of her full fame arrived when "Elizabeth, or novel sensation of being himself hunted by the fish he went out to catch. But for sport and for food it is a royal fish.

One other scene shows the South Sea fishing in a milder light. In the gentle breath of the evening wind two canoes glida south side by side owned the company of the standard of the was now at the standard of the stan heir to the Kingnom of Poland, co-prison Empress Catherine. In her preface to the work Madame Cottin wrote: "This is a true story, but the real heroine is much above mine. In giving an aid to Elizabeth in enduring her trip to Moscow, I much diminished her danger."

The real heroine was not far to seek. I vas Praskowja Lupulowa, who belonged to a distinguished family, but the cause of whose father's exile was unknown. Elizabeth makes the journey of 2,700 miles on foot, accompanied part of the way by an aged missionary, Father Paul. Scarcely anything in fiction is more touching than the picture of the death of this venerable man of God, leaving the delicate girl of 17 alone in the wilds of Siberia, with a lew roubles for all her store. Even these she soon parts with. She meets an unfortunate man who is being dragged to the place of his exile, and who, lacking the small sum necessary, cannot let his beloved daughter know his late. She gives him her last kopec, and only asks as a reward that he will give Stanislas Springer, her tather, a lock of her hair, when they meet in exile.

THE BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT. She continues her awal journey. What fearsome sights it is her's to behold! She begs her way and at last she perceives the walls of Moscow, and learns that the Emperor has arrived and is to be crowned in a believe her to be an impostor, and she alls fainting from cold, hunger and fatigue, insulted by soldiery, almost perishing, when a man of pity gives her an honest shelter.

The scene where she asks and obtains the pardon of her forth.

pardon of her father is doubly dramatic by its interruption of the ceremony of corona-tion and by the unexpected arrival of the son of the Governor of Tobolsk, who loves her; she loves, too-but her feelings have been so absorbed in her filial duty that she has had no thought lor aught else. In giving him her hand she makes him promise never

the book was at that time a revelation. Edition after edition of the book was ex-Edition after edition of the book was exhausted; the "Exiles of Siberia" were soon known in all modern languages. Dorvo dramatized the work and a charming metrical version of the work appeared in England. Although Elizabeth's story is not now, as once it was, an active leature in literature, it must ever hold the distinguished and lettres, if not in stern reality, the original "Exiles of Siberia." OLIVE LOGAN.

THE MOTOR GANGLIA.

Explanation of the Activity in Flesh After Denth Has Occurred. Washington Evening Star.

Tear out the heart of a human being quickly and it will continue to beat for some seconds after it has been parted from the body. A frog's heart will pulsate for 24 hours after it has been taken from the batrachian. Ignorant persons suppose this to mean that the heart is still alive, and their notion is very natural. But the fact is merely that there are in the frog's heart certain groups of movement nerves, called "motor ganglia," which keep on agitating the organ until they are starved out by want of nutrition, though no actual life is present. There are motor ganglia in the human beart also, but they are not so strong in their When the flesh of a turtle is cut up in

pieces for a stew the scraps continue to quiver for many hours. The popular notion is that the turtle is so tenscious of existence that it keeps on living, though chopped up. In reality the fragments of the motor nerves in the flesh, stimulated by cutting, keep up an automatic movement. Galvanism was accidently discovered through the effence contact of an electric wire with a trog's leg on Galvini's table. A human being dead for quite a while may be affected in like manner by the electric current.

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.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Valdimir Lanin, of noble birth, weds Jana Wernin, daughter of a rich resident of St. Peters burg. Oniphri Schelm, the villain of the story, is high in authority. He had sought Jana's hand and was rejected with soorn. Schelm's life work seems to be to revenge himself on Lanin and his bride. He purchases the services of Miller, a schoolmate of his and of Lanin's. Under Schelm's instructions Miller, in the guise of a friend, betrays Lanin and has him taken prisoner with a band of conspirators, the head of which is The Ace of Clubs. Lanin is sent to Siberia. Miller had Schelm's promise of help but he knows too much to suit the latter and he, too, is sent to the mines. Nicholas Popoff, a discharged employe of Schelm's, gets papers showing that Lanin is innocent of part in the conspiracy. These papers fall into the hands of Colonel Palkin, also high in authority. Schelm bribes Palkin, gets back the papers and sends Popoff to Siberia. Then he gets Palkin transferred to Siberia. Jana gets the Czar's consent to join her h-shand and sets out with Dr. Hass, her friend: Popoff's mother and his sweetheart. Palkin falls in with them and, partly out of passion for Jana and partly out of hone he can use them to average himself on Schelm, acts as their escort. Once he betrays his designs to Jana, but frightens her so she dares not tell of it. Jana rents a beautiful house and for a time Vladimir is happy again. Then come orders from Schelm that Vladimir must be treated as a most dangerous criminal and forbidden his visits to Jana. Desperate, he joins an extile conspiracy. Miller is at the head of it. The men meet and Miller craves Vladimir's forgiveness, and after telling his story, is freely forgiven. Palkin has Vladimir arrested on the ground that he is found away from his hut. He eatches Popoff at Vladimir's hut, has him stripped, bound and knouted. At every blow he demands Popoff's papers against Schelm. Popoff refuses and the awful forture continues. Suddenly Dr. Haas, who with Jana had succe

CHAPTER XXVI.

Palkin soothed his aching wounds for s moment, while Schelm seemed to enjoy his pain. At last Palkin said: "Listen, I pray," and he told the story of his knout-When the Countess Lanin was menioned as taking part in the conspiracy, Schlem jumped up with delight. At the same time he was at the door and

called the adjutant on duty. "Request the Governor to come to me at nce!" he ordered. Joyously he rubbed his hands and re-turned to his seat.

"Go on quickly." "That band was armed with carbines. My gendarmes were instantly thrown down. I myself fought as long as I could and cut down a number of these men, but in the end was overpowered, tied to a post and

schelm's malignity was too strong for his cunning. He could not conceal his delight and laughed sloud. Patkin bit his lips to keep back his fury, but his eyes glowed the keep back his fury, but his eyes glowed the bre of unquenchable hatred.

"You may laugh now!" he murmured to "Now to the point: The Captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk was their accom- I am not informed, as the Colonel keeps him

"I shall speak of him, also, presently! Enough, this Captain offered to inflict the punishment. The inspector and the Cossacks will bear witness that Lanin participated in the affair.

The Governor's aid here entered the apartment. "The Governor," he said, very much embarrassed, "is momentarily engaged; he sends word, however, that he will be here directly.

Schelm was so furious he did not know what to do. "Do you know who I am?" he threateningly asked the poor, trembling officer.
"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Do you know that everybody here has to obey me?"
"Yes, Your Excellency." "The Governor is himself responsible for his own conduct, but you must be ready to

"Yes, Your Excellency." "You will go instantly to the house occu-pied by the Countess Lanin. Arrest every person whom you may find there, even strangers. The matter is important. Do

"But, Your-" Schelm sprang up from his chair.
"Are you still here? Do you wish to be

The Adjutant went away in great terror "The Minister was not mistaken; the whole nest is full of rebellious creatures!

against him to Petersburg or more. It is well known that he protects the exiles, and helieves all they say. He has overcome a few barbarous hordes of natives, and now thinks he can do what he chooses. I knew that he was a great avorite with the Czar, and on that account I feared I could do nothing against him. But your arrival proves that my reports must at last have to quit her parents.

The geographical knowledge displayed in had their effect."

"Not exactly. The Minister of the In-

terior asked me, it is true, to be strict and even severe; but, on the other hand, the head of the gendarmes recommended to me to spare the Governor General of Irkutsk as much as I could, as he was the most loyal intention of being very considerate with him it he should make no opposition, but I

Schelm did not conclude, for at that moment the Governor appeared in the door; he must have heard the last words of the revisor, for he asked: "Well, and what do you see, Mr.

The general was in full uniform and his talk, soldier-like appearance, made quite an impression upon people like Scheim, who are haughty only with their inferiors. The revisor bowed and sat down slightly embar-rassed. Military discipline required Pal-kin to remain standing in the Governor's kin to remain standing in the Governor's presence, but the latter motioned him with the hand to omit the formality "Your wounds have not had time yet to heal, Colonel," he said ironically. your seat therefore."

He seemed to evince a hidden control

over the two scoundrels like a sovereign, for they looked at each other helptessly. however, Schelm remembered the supreme power with which he was for the time endowed, and at once his presence of mind and his impudence revived again. "I see, General," he began in a harsh tone, "the administration of East Siberia leaves much to wish or."

The Governor bit his lips, and his eye

flashed, but he checked himself, and asked, "How do you ascertain that, Mr. Revisor? Perhaps you will have the kindness. This apparent resignation seemed to en-courage Scheim to think that he had intim-idated this great man.

lence against the representatives of the

was guilty."
"General, such operations," broke in Pal-

"Have you also been appointed revisor, that you dare interrupt your superior? When I shall cease speaking you may de-fend yourself."

The General could not suppress an ironical

to me, at the special request of Colonel
Palkin. Hence the responsibility would in
the first place seem to rest with himselt."
"We shall inquire into that hereafter," said Schelm.

Czar's authorities are quite eloquent enough. A band of exiles dared attempt the life of the Colonel here, and the Captain, whom you appointed, is also involved."

The General replied with studied courtesy and quiet:

"The events to which you allude are known to me; but I consider them in a diferent light. That act of violence was provoked by the abuse of which the Colonel

kin. But the Governor did not allow him

"If your presence, Mr. Revisor, had not for the time suspended my authority I should already have ordered an inquiry into the matter, but as I heard of it only at the

curtly: "What else?"

a prisoner in his own house, I beg to observe that I promoted this man, who is unknow

The consciousness of seeing his vanity gratified made him very happy. He thought the Governor had humbled himself before him and was surrendering at discre-tion. He said, therefore, reproachfully:

personal affairs. If you reflect a moment

over; he felt how dangerous the General, with all his high-bred courtesy, might be, and yet he saw no escape.
"Do you wish to declare war against mo General?" he asked.

General?" he asked.
"What can you mean? Do you represent any high power? I am accustomed to fight

only independent powers—"
"General! this boldness—"
"You insist upon treating me as a subordinate. You must know then, Mr. Revisor, that you insult me, if you peer into
my private affairs, and I shall not fail to
report this to His Majesty the Emperor,
who must surely be ignorant of your being
here. During my long service I have been
commanded by sovereigns princes of royal commanded by sovereigns, princes of royal and imperial blood, generals grown gray in

and imperial blood, generals grown gray in wars, but never by spies!"

The Governor said all this as coolly and calmly as if he had been speaking of very ordinary topics. Schelm was clever enough to see that he was no match for such a man. Besides, the insulting epithet "spies" closed his lips, and he began to realize the limits within which he might use his privileges.

"Very well, General," he said, not without a certain feeling of respect, "the whole affair will be settled before a higher authority; but I hope you will not raise any diffi-culty against the duties I have to perform in Siberia?" "How could I conceive such an idea ?"

replied the General. "I am very well aware of my own duty. You have been appointed revisor of Eastern Siberia. Very well then!
Revise, inquire, spy out all you wish to find! I have no right to inter ere with your work. For the time being I have ceased to

be Governor General!"
"The Lanin family, whom you protect-" "Let me tell you, once for all, that I pro-tect no one, as I do not desire to persecute

Schelm interrupted him visibly excited. and, with a wink to Palkin, he added:
"Not even the enemies of the Czar?"
The Colonel had pulled out a notebook and a pencil. The General noticed it with a

smile of contempt. "Not even the Czar's enemies! I insist upon it that no one shall escape due punish-ment, but I also do not persecute any one. Count Lanin was caught absent from his assigned hut. I have sentenced him for this to three months' imprisonment. These punishments, degreed by me, continue during my absence, and I insist upon their being faithfully carried out by my subalterns. You are, therefore, not at liberty to increase the Count's punishment, nor to reduce it. It I should not be here at the end of the time, you can then do as you like." Now Palkin cast an unmistakable glance at the revisor and put away again his notebook with the new entries he had made. Schelm

replied:
"I have ordered the Countess to be arrested on the spot."

The Governor looked at him in aston-"Arrested? You? Whom?"

"The Countess Lanin-here in Irkutsk-in her own house!" "As to that, you ought to have informed me of your intentions," replied the General, with an ironical smile. "I could have saved you some trouble. The Countess left for

Petersburg three days ago."
"She has left? Who gave her leave?" "I, on the strength of the imperial ukase." In spite of his usual self-control Palkin

here started up, after having been a silent witness so 'ar, and cried madly: "You dared that?" The Governor measured him with a look of utter contempt, and said: "You venture to use very bold language.

You forget you are only at liberty to make "And I shall not fail taking down your words, General," continued Palkin, still beside himsel: "but this is too much. I shall at once send my report-

"Oh! I doubt not."

Schelm trembled with subdued fury. He "I must have her pursued! This is open rebellion! Did you not know I was coming? Colonel Palkin, give at once the necessity orders and send a tew gendarmes after

"I doubt whether you will do anything in that way. The Countess has three days' advance, and she travels with a passport signed by the Czar. You ought to save un-



SOMEONE SLIPPED A LETTER STEALTHILY INTO VLADIMIR'S HAND.

"Besides this, General, I have several other complaints to make. The way in which you sent me word through your Adintant-

The General interrupted him with the most courteous smile on his lips:

"You seemed to be so much excited when I entered, and I was so much struck by the to Paikin: ast words of your conversation that I forgot to make my excuses. I was just engaged in giving orders about my de-

"You mean to leave Irkutsk?" asked Schelm. "I cannot understand." And yet the matter is very simple. I sur-render the administration of East Siberia to the civil Governor of Irkutsk and leave tonight for Petersburg. Schelm sprang up.
"Are you making fun of me?"

"That is very far from me."
"Then forbid you most solemnly to leave this place." The General could not keep from laugh-

ing aloud.
"Your journey seems to have affected you badly, my dear Mr. Schelm. You will forbid me? You will order me? I pray, do you really think you have the right to give orders? What do you think I am?"

Schelm could not recover at once his presence of mind; he was so used to see his interiors tremble before his feriors trembte before him, that a really

dignified manner was incomprehensible to him. Angrily he exclaimed: "The Czar sends me here as a revisor."
"In order to inspect East Siberia, and in this no one will interfere with you. But this does not by any means authorize you to interfere with General Count Moski and his

necessary expenditures. Fortunately we have no telegraphs yet in Siberia."
"Yes, indeed! Fortunately!" repeated
the Governor, "Put back your book, my dear gondarme, I am ready to confirm with my signature all I have said so far." Schelm could not brook delay. He said "I implore you, Colonel, make haste to

bring that woman back here! She must be brought back!" "I told you your measures would be with-out result," said the Governor. "Besides, I have ordered all post horses on the route to be reserved for my own use, so that I

could first of all overtake her-and then should certainly accompany her on her "And thus protect her against being arrested ?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, we'll see how that will be looked at in Petersburg," Schelm exclaimed, persectly beside himself.

"Yes, yes. And now I wish you goodby. My substitute will report to you, Mr. Re-

The Governor left them with slow, digni-The Governor left them with slow, dignified steps. Palkin and Schelm looked at each other rather anxiously.

"That is our worst enemy," said Palkin at last "All my denunciations avail nothing as long as he enjoys the Czar's favor. We must make haste to destroy Lanin and to prevent this woman from reaching Petershape.

Schelm shook his head.

"I do not know why, but I have had presentments and almost ear."

"That is your way!" laughed Palkin