## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1890.

## AS MR. NAST SEES IT.

The Capital City, With Its Funny Freaks and Fancies, Reproduced in Black and White.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE DOG CART.

A Critical Observation of the United States Treasury and a Disquisition Upon the Surplus.

EDMUNDS IN THE ROLE OF SOCRATES,

Stray Remarks About the Monument to Washington, and Their Usual Effect.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. ] WASHINGTON, June 28 .- We walked down the Mall-Mr. Nast and I-down the



-we walked down its winding ave nues, so deceptive in their distances by its moss-stained buildings, so solemnly set upon the hills; under its generous old trees, so prodigal of the shade they flung down upon our uncovered heads. Mr. Nast stepped

high and wore an air of conscious pride. His soul seemed to berigged Purest Thing He'd Seen, out in top boots and white cockade, and appeared to be strutting with its thumbs in its vest armholes. As

we came out into an opening upon a rise of ground Mr. Nast stood and looked with sparkling eye and heaving breast upon the grand old dome, so serenely, so securely resting in its dignity upon the central structure of our Union, and turning square about, beheld in rapt and lingering admiration the tall white shaft



which marks a Nation's grateful memory of Washington—the tail, white shalt, sharp-pointed at the top. The artist stood transfixed and mute. His spirit canced; his feasting eyes drank in the glory o the scene. He threw his shoulders back and best his gaze on high as if inviting down that heavenly affatus which wafts the thoughts of poets far away from worldly themes and sets their spirits reveling with

old Olympian gods.
"Ah!" said he, in swelling tones, "that is the purest thing I have seen in Washington, and typical of the Government which George fought for and founded and which he would have continued to carry on by lines as straight as those.

"Wanl, I snum!" said a man from Vermont who happened to overhear Mr. Nast; "the ole monyment does look like a big stick o' chalk, ready sharpened, sure

When a Minneapolis man came up and asked what mill that was over there with the "tall white chimbley," Mr. Nast and I walked on in solemn silence.

I was the first to speak. I kicked a yel-

low dog that crossed my path, and then, re-lenting, coaxed the skulking creature back to me and stroked its mangy head and mut-

"Dogs are not so very contemptible after all. In some respects dumb brutes show off



to good advantage. It was Madame de

Stael, I believe, who said that the more she saw of men the more she liked dogs." While these thoughts and those which had suggested them were wallowing in our minds we met a beggar being led by a woeful-look-

ing cur.
"Please help the blind," said the man. "Is the poor dog blind?" asked Mr. Nast, putting his hand into his pocket.

"No; I am blind," answered the beggar.
Mr. Nast withdrew his hand from his
pocket and passed coldly on. We were soon
out on Pennsylvania avenue. "What is that imposing looking structure down the avenue there?"

Which one?" I asked. &Why, that tall edifice with the group of

one of the ultra-fashionable vehicles of Washington—an English dog-cart, don'chu-knaow. They are now the very height of

"I knew they were the very height of some-thing," said Th.; "but I didn't know of what."

Then as the dogeart came nearer he contemplated it more in detail.
"Where's the elevator?" he asked.

"What elevator?"
"Why, how do they get up to the main

"Oh, you know the young men who ride in these carts are not very heavy. I pre-sume they merely let go of their canes and just float up."

Mr. Nast had by this time turned his field



Thou Shalt Not Steal, but Thou Mayest Explo-

glass toward the top of the cart and discovered that it was not a group of statuary-not exactly statuary—that he had seen up

young man and his cluster of footmen. "And does the young man own and control the entire outfit?"
"Yes, indeed. He is an exceedingly wealthy young man."
"How did he make his money?"
"By the sweet of his father."

"By the sweat of his father's private sec-

retary."
"Why doesn't he buy the Eiffel Tower and hitch a bobtailed horse to it?"
"Mr. Nast," I said, severely, for I thought
I detected a tincture of irony in this speech, 'you should not speak with undignified or disrespectful levity of our rising young

"Great Cæsar! You don't mean to tell me this young man is ever going to rise any higher, do you?"
"Not in the concrete sense, perhaps; but, Mr. Nast, that particular young man, sit-ting up there among the toprigging of his

dogcart, may one day be a United States "You don't tell me. Is he, indeed, as rich

And my companion lapsed into silence al-most reverential. We had not gone far when we saw a woman coming toward us, limping and following a small, hairy dog which led her by a silken cord.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Nast, "how many beggars you have in Washington!"

His tender, sympathetic soul was touched

with remorse for the coldness with which he had declined to help the poor blind man in the park. He drew a large coin from his pocket and was hastening toward the woman to give it to her when I inquired of him his

ourpose. "I cannot pass by such a case as this," he alms to a man, but the sight of a poor, lame, blind woman appeals to my heart and arouses sentiments and emotions which I cannot resist. Madam," he said to the woman, holding out the coin, "this is but a mean and unexpressive token of my sympa-'Stop Th!" I said; "for Heaven's sake stop," and I dragged him away.
"Would you hinder me from giving this



Socrates Edmunds

pittance to a poor, lame, blind woman?" he

'She is not poor." "And she is not lame."

"Nothing but corns, my dear fellow."
"Do you know her, then? Who is she?"

"What! A Senator's wife? Blind though, isn't she?" "No, of course not. Well-er-that is to

say not blind exactly."
"Only short-sighted, ch?"
"W-c-l-l-um-in a manner, perhaps,
That is, her vision might be improved if she wore spectacles on her mind. That i

As we turned into Fifteenth street Mr. Nast asked: "What building is that over

I told him it was the Treasury of the United States. "Let us walk round it," and we did soelear round and back to the starting point.
"Where are the soldiers that guard it?"

"They don't have soldiers to guard it, Mr. "Who does guard it?" "Nobody in particular." "But back in the sixties I used to read that they kept a strong guard of soldiers about it all the time."

"Yes; but that was when there was no money in it. You see, it is different now. The vaults are crammed full of money "Then I should think there was all the more reason for guarding it."
"Ab, it is easy to see that you do not

understand the economics of Governmental finance Mr. Nast. Why, sir, it would be a godsend to this country if somebody should burrow into this building and steal every cent that is in it. I was talking with an in

"About burrowing into the building and stealing the money? I suppose he favored

the project."
"No, no; you don't understand me. I was talking with him about the vexatious and expensive surplus, and he told me that he had complete confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the present Congress and fully believed it would do all in its power Why, that tall edifice with the group of the overcome this great national bugbear."
"So that is the reason no guard is kept upon the treasury, is it?"

I saw that Mr. Nast was incapable of comprehending this vast subject in all its broadness. He could readily understand,

he said, that the more money a nation has the poorer it is, but he could not go forward the poorer it is, but he could not go forward far enough to see that if the possession of great wealth is so heavy a burden, it logically follows that the way to dispose of the surplus, and at the same time to break down the excessively and dangerously rich classes of the nation is to pile this money upon them by means of subsidies and grants. So I changed the subject.

"Shall we go to the Capitol and see what the lawgivers are giving us?"

the lawgivers are giving us?"

The proposition pleased Mr. Nast, and we crawled over the feet of the man who persisted in sitting at the end of the seat in the

squeezed by his legs.
In the Senate gallery Mr. Nast began asking questions as usual.
"Who is that tall gentleman down there in the front row?"

"Which one?" "The very bald one who tells all the others what to do and makes them do it; the one that looks like Socrates come to like again, after the fatal cup of hemlock."

'Oh, that is Senator Edmunds." "Been South recently, hasn't he?"
"Yes; returned only a little while ago."

"I thought so his nose is so dreadfully sunburnt." We listened a long time to the debate. It

was all about the tariff.
"Is the tariff bill before the Senate?" asked Mr. Nast.

"Bless you, no; they wouldn't be talking about the tariff if it were. When you hear them discussing the race question or the free coinage of silver, or something of that sort, you may guess the tariff bill is up. It is one of the traditionary rules of this body that Senators must avoid as far as possible any even remote allusion to the question under consideration." asked Mr. Nast. under consideration.'

At this point Senator Edmunds made some eloquent remarks in support of the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal" not even the fruits of the American manufacturer's labor, he said. "By the way," said Mr. Nast, as if this had reminded him of something, "what did



International Copyright Theft-Our Flag Was they do with the international copyright bill

in the House?" "Beat it by a clear majority."

Mr. Nast looked off into space, and his countenance were the expression of a man who is trying to solve the intricate problem of riding two horses going in opposite di-rections without ultimately yanking off a suspender button or two.

WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

Some Carlous Similes Illustrative of Catch-

An odd lot of strays turned up the other day in the corner of a drawer, including some pennæ that in hands entirely great might have come to something. One that seems to have been begotten of an inquiry into the grounds of cotemporary renown makes such an appearance as this:

So mixed it is, a body hardly knows
If fame is manufactured goods, or grows.
Douce man is be whose sense the point imparts,
Where advertising ends and glory starts. Another grasp of plumage, gleaned, it would seem, in another chase after this same bird, disclosed this:

And here the difference lies, in that, whereas What a man did was measure of his glory In those gone days, now gauged by what he has He reads his title clear to rank in story.

The patriot lives, obscure, without alarms;
The poet, critics tell us, smoothly twaddles.
The patent-tone man it is who storms
The heights of noise, and fame's high rafter ap is the stuff-

CAMBRIDGE LADY SENIORS. Miss Phillippa Garrett Fawcett-Above the Senior Wrangier.

Pall Mail Budget.] The papers are full, and no wonder, of the remarkable triumph of Miss Fawcett in winning the blue ribbon of the mathematical year at the university of mathematics. Miss Fawcett's triumphs in the mathematical tripos puts the crown on a long series of successes by lady students at Cambridge. There have now been lady "seniors" in all the important triopses (except law). Here

the important triopses (except law). Here is the list:
Moral Sciences Tripos—In 1880 Miss Jones was bracketed Senior. In 1581 Miss Moberly was senior, and so in 1884 was Miss Hughes.
Historical Tripos—In 1886 Miss Rolleston (daughter of the late Oxford Professor of Zoology) was bracketed senior, and in 1887 Miss Blanche Paull was similarly placed.



Miss Phillippa Garrett Fawcett. Mediaval and Modern Languages Tripo Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos-Here there have been four lady seniors. In 1886 two ladies and no men were placed in the first class. The ladies, who were placed in alphabetical order, were Miss Chamberlain and Miss Skeat (daughter of Prof. Skeat). In 1887 Miss Hervey was senior, and in 1888 Miss Tuke (whose father is well known in connec-tion with schemes of irish emigration). Finally, there are the successes of Miss Ramsay in the classical tripos (1887), and Miss Fawcett in the mathematical (1890). Of these Il lady seniors, 2 came from Girton (Miss Jones and Miss Ramsay), the rest from Newnham.

It is often asked what becomes of lady students when they leave college. A few particulars about some of these lady seniors may therefore be added. Miss Ramsay is now Mrs. Montague Butter, the wile of the Master of Trinity. Miss Moberly is Head Mistress of the Tonbridge Wells High School for Girls. Miss Hughes is head of a training College at Cambrigde. Miss Chamberlain is instructor in German at Mawr College, Philadelphia; and Miss Jones is moral science lecturer at Girton.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

Legislation on Socialistic Lines in England and America

IS SCARCELY A POSSIBILITY. The Reliable Trades' Unionists Do Not Want an Eight-Hour Law.

JOHN BURNS AND HIS CONFEREES

summer streetcar—crawled over his feet and [COURS PONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ] LONDON, June 20 .- One of the most interesting features of English social and political affairs at present is the question of Socialism. This may sound strange in regard to this conservative and steady-going country, but it is a fact just the same, and there is much connected with the question that concerns America. It is safe to say that Socialism, or the advocacy of socialistic principles is more prominent in England to-day than has ever been the case; and to a very great extent there is a unity of effort between the Socialistic leaders here and those in the United States. It is remarkable that in this country trades' unions. generally speaking, are almost steeped body and soul in Socialism. What I mean by Socialism is the desire and the demand to have the National Government pass laws

> world. Well, what I wish to point out is that the working classes of England are, like the working classes of the United States, stepping prominently to the front and demanding special legislation in their favor of a very pronounced socialistic type. The success attained in one country means to a great extent success in another, so that a recital of the true state of affairs here as regards the "eight-hour demand" and other matters cannot but be of the greatest importance to the masses of the United States. I have inquired into the matter not only faithfully but fully, and while I am not disposed to enter into any discussion regarding the right or wrong of these socialistic demands, I am persuaded that the English Parliament will not by law limit the working day of adults to eight hours.

to remedy every evil in the industrial

VIEWS OF THE EARL OF WEMYSS. I have come to that conclusion notwithstanding the fact that such labor leaders as Burns, on the one hand, and such opponents of Government interference as the Earl of Wemyss on the other, both declare that the tendency of the National Government is toward socialistic measures. On this subject I had a long conversation with Earl Wemyss. He is the recognized leader of the laisses faire party in England, a prominent member of the House of Lords and President of the Liberty and Property Defense League. For more than 30 years he has in-terested himself in social and industrial matters, and undoubtedly is a leading authority on the questions referred to. The Earl sees some awful things ahead of England and America because of the Govern-ments yielding to the demands of a socialistic kind. During the conversation he said:
"I know that the desire of the masses in

America for Government interference in their behalf is very strong, but I venture to say that we are beating you Americans in that respect. The growth of socialistic notions in England has become alarming, and I have fears of the future. I define socialistic legislation to be legislative cur-tailment of liberty and legislative confisca-tion of property for the benefit of the poli-tician. There are many bills before Parliament that illustrate what I mean. There ment that illustrate what I mean. I nere are three, for instance, dealing with mines. One of them is called the eight-hours' bill and another refers to quarries. The latter is a very remarkable bill. It is brought in by a Liberal, and it prescribes the angle at which ladders are to be placed, the distances at which platforms are to be fixed, and further, that an inspector is to go around, and the owner or person working the quarry is to state to him the amount of produce from his mine and the quantity of metal in the mineral got. This is the way trade is

PROPOSED LIQUOR LEGISLATION. "Then there have been no less than ten bills presented lately in reference to alcohol. These temperance people would do far better if they relied on the fact that 999 out of every 1,000 Englishmen prefer, on the whole, beer to water. I think we may say in England that every man has been more or less sworn on the Horns at High-gate, by which I mean that a man swears he will never drink small beer as long as he can get ale, and that he will never drink water as long as he can get small beer. Yet we have Parliament giving heed to the noisy faddists, who go about the country advocating all sorts of what they call reforms and crying out for prohibitory legis-lation, in the face of the fact that such legis-

lation has signally failed wherever it has been tried, as in America and Canada, "And I wish to say a few words about the trades' unions. I believe that our legisla-tors are greatly influenced by the opinions of workmen, as expressed through their trades' unions. Not long ago there was a Trades' Union Congress, the President of which said: 'The eight-hour bill is only a temporary measure; land reform will give permanent relies. It must be searching, durable and give the land to the people. Inspectors should be allowed to enter at all nours without warrant to see whether the work is properly carried on, whether it be

work is properly carried on, whether it be in a bedroom or anywhere else.'

"Another president said: 'When light is spread, then, indeed, it will go hard with stock gamblers, land monopolists, rents and royalties. With trades' union magistrates, trades' union parochial managers, and with trades' union M. P.'s, what could not be accomplished?'

THE ROAD TO NATIONAL RUIN. "Now there is no way of mistaking the full meaning and intent of all this, and it is of importance to every English speaking country. Depend upon it this Socialistic heave must be stopped both in America and in this country. What I mean is that the legislators must stop making laws embody-ing the socialistic notions, because they are the road to national ruin. I don't say that the laboring classes have no grievances to be remedied; they have many, but law can-not do as much as the workmen can do for themselves. I find that the English socialistic movement will receive no encouragement from the success of American move ments. I am persuaded that Americans are too practical to cling to that false notion of relying on the Government for everything."
Without doubt the Earl is very strongly impressed with the notion that socialistic laws are going to predominate. There are many others of less importance who think similarly, but I believe that facts are against them. Sound and trustworthy Rad-icals like Messrs. Burt, Fenwick and Bradlaugh have no such apprehensions; indeed, the three members just named are strongly opposed to making an "eight-hour working day by law, Messrs. Burt and Fenwick are paid by trades unionists, so that matters do not seem to be as bad as the Earl of Weemyss makes them or thinks they are. Still, there is a "rong section of the trades unionists who are demanding the eight-hour law. The majority of these trades unionists are of the socialistic class, and have their leaders in Messrs. Burns, Williams, Morris and others. The influence of the last named three, however, is waning last.

Buckingham Palace and parade all the thieves and criminals for the benefit of the pot-bellied aldermen and the idiers of the West End." No, Williams also went on to

West End." No, Williams also went on to to say "there were thousands ready to cut off Lord Satisbury's head, like the French in 1789. They would terrorize Parliament and knock down members of Parliament like bullocks."

This is a true specimen of the talk of the Socialistic-labor leaders here, and it is of great significance to Americans just now, as it will ully give them an idea as to what class of leaders in England Americans are asked to support. It seems to me that the asked to support. It seems to me that the utterances of these English Socialists are in the same class as those of the Chicago Anarchists. Most certainly these leaders and orators of the Socialists here, that is, those trades unionists who are demanding law to remedy everything, are not representative trades unionists. They are enemies to such recognized union leaders and officials as Mesers. Broadhurst, Burt, Fenwick and Crawford. It is important that Americans should know, because I am aware that a wrong impression regarding the situation prevails in America. In a word, then, the clamorers for an "eight-hour law" here are not the trades union leaders who have be in the van of unionism for the last 20 or 30 years, but they are men who have sprung into prominence in a Jonah's gourd-like

OBJECT TO THE LAW PART. I came to the definite conclusion then that the English Parliament will not pass an eight-hour law for adults. The best friends and leaders of the laboring classes are opposed to any such law. Of course they are not opposed to a day's work being limited in duration to eight hours, but they are opposed to having that limit enterced by law. On this point Mr. Bradlaugh says: "In my opinion a law of the kind referred to would have a most demoralizing effect upon the laboring classes. Let the working men en-courage a spirit of self-reliance and settle their hours of labor for themselves. Parlia-ment cannot make backbones for men who have not got them; and to legislate for the weakest and most helpless would discourage weakest and most helpless would discourage the strongest and most vigorous in the con-tinuance of the efforts they have hitherto made, and which have advanced this country before the other nations of the world."

It follows, then, that Mr. Gompers and others in the United States who are urging "eight hours a day" by law" have little to expect from England in the way of encouragement. Last night I talked with a well known Liberal member of Parliament on the matter. Outwardly he supports many Socialistic demands simply because he knows that they will never become law. He said to me: "We know that the United States won't have a national eight-hour law, and certainly we won't. But an airing out of the ideas hurts nobody. JOHN D. PRINGLE.

FOLLOWING THEIR LEADER.

How the Standard Oil Magnates Accumu lated Their Millions. New York Sun. ]

Nearly all of the Standard Oil millionaires have followed the lead of one of the senior members of their trust and built magnificent residences on the Sound. Two or three of them go to the main office of the Standard Oil Company from their residences every morning on their yachts, but Mr. Flagler, though he likes a sail as well as any of the other of the millionaires, still patronizes the train. The Flagler palace near Larchmont occupies a penin-sula, and is one of the most mag-

nificent country seats on water front in this country. Just off Mr. Flagler's private dock lies a huge steam yacht, and beside it a big 100-foot schooner. Both of the craft are ully manned, so that whenever the Standard Oil millionaire likes to take a sail he has only to stroll down to his pier and step aboard one of his yachts.

Mr. Starbuck, whose place is four or five miles beyond the Flagler house on the Sound, rises in the morning, takes his bath, steps aboard his yacht, and breakfasts on the way to New York. By the time he has his shoulders contemptiously and said: finished with his breakfast and has smoked his eigar on deck, he is ready to go to the office of the Standard Oil Company and arrange a few more twists for the innocents. One of the Rockefellers lives further

up the coast of the sound-at Greenwichand his vacht occasionalty indulges in a race with Mr. Starbuck's. The other Rockeeller comes down the Hudson to busines on his steam yacht. Taken all in all, the Standard Oil millionaires enjoy the luxuries of life as thoroughly as any similar group of financiers in the world.

AS BABY, MAN AND SAGE. Three Pictures of Cardinal Manuing, Who Has Just Celebrated His Silver Jubilee.







[From John Oldcastle's Memoir.]

who had drawn her veil still more closely around her as she recognized the adjutant

Schelm had expected this, and rubbed his hands with delight. Lanin was revolted by this injustice, and, stepping up to Schelm, her?"
"No, but I hope—"

"I beg Your Excellency will make no ex-"Ha! ha! You do not like to expose your-

self to the ill will of your fellow-prisoners? The Count insisted, adding: "If you knew the name of this lady you would perhaps be And yet that is to be your punishment for your obstinacy. I will not decree any other. You have too powerful protectors!" less strict.' "I beg Your Excellency will punish me!" "What have you to say until I do you the

THE ACE OF

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.

ionor to turn to you?" said Schelm con temptuously. Vladimir saw the hostile glances of his companions and the overseers, and con tinued in great excitement:

CHAPTER XXIX.

All eyes turned threatening to Vladimir.

"I pray you will not exclude me from the unishment, as I am the guilty one-" "Be silent," said Schelm. "We have wasted enough time with the letter of an adventuress to an exile."

At these words Vladimir turned deadly pale, and his eyes flashed fire. He walked close up to the Revisor, and said in broken words:

"Does that refer to my wife? Repeat

shoulders contemptuously and said: "Do you think you stand above the law? Do you think you can do what you choose? To be sure your wife came in company of a Colonel of the gendarmes to Irkutsk, and now she has even had the Governor General to keep her company as far as Petersburg.

pretty and unscrupulous wifel"

Most contemptuously he threw Jana's letter on the floor and stamped on it. At the same moment Vladimir fell upon him, saine moment viatural ries upon aim, seized him by the throat and cried: "I know it is my destruction, but first, you scoundrel, you shall feel my hand." At the same time a blow was heard. The

It is very pleasant, certainly, to have a

at the same time a blow was heard. The commandant and the overseer seized Vladimir. Scheim was colorless, and yet a smile of satisfaction played on his lips.

"Now you are in a nice fix," said one of

. The commandant accompanied Schelm to to his carriage.
"I have found a nice state of discipline in your prison," he said upon leaving. "For the present I suspend you from your office." His place was filled the same evening by one of the most hated, because most cruel,

directors of prisons in all Siberia. We are at St. Petersburg at the court of Czar Nicholas. The entry to his rooms at the Winter Palace is very simply furnished, but monumental in its proportions. Sofas. covered with red damask, are placed against the walls, which form an oval; between two windows stands a writing table; before it ar armchair and a number of other chairs-this is all. Opposite to the writing table a door, white and gold, opened into the Czar's own study. This room is so well known in Russia not only, but in Europe generally, that it needs no description here; suffice it to say that its great simplicity formed a striking contrast with the gorgeous splendor and matchless luxury that reigned everywhere

else in the Winter Palace.

April 21, 1852, was one of the days on which the Czar received all who during the last fortnight had asked for an audience. He observed this custom strictly to the end of his life, never omitting it, when in the city. The adjutant, who sat at the table, entered the names of those who were admitted, and compared them with his list. The crowd of people waiting for the mon-arch's appearance mingled with the many officers, chamberlains and other courtiers on duty. All seemed to be greatly excited; many a heart beat louder at the thought that in a few moments the ruler over so many millions of men, on whose word their fate in this life depended, was soon to be

Twelve o'clock, the door opened wide, the men of the Imperial Life Guards on duty presented arms, and an adjutant general entered, escorting a lady draped in black and closely veiled. These adjutant generals, it must be known, are the only persons who have the privilege of speaking to the Czar without having previously demanded an audience. At this sight the adjutant on duty rose and advanced a few steps. He started, however, for the features of the newcomer were strange to him, and yet the number of adjutant generals was so small that the two men ought to have known each "General Lanin! You seem not to know

me," said the last arrival. "After five years' absence in Siberia man may well change very much, especially when he has held all that time the reins of government in his hands. I am Count Moski !"

Lanin shook hands with him heartily. "Pardon me, dear Count! We courtiers have a short memory for those we do not often see. I shall amounce you at once to His Majesty, the Emperor!"

The Governor of Siberia held him back with a nod.
Oue moment, dear Generall Later I shall

avail myself of my privilege, but to-day I
beg you will do me a favor and give me a
token of your good will."
Saying so, he glanced at his companion or, saying:

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 scorn. 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 matructions Miller, in the guise of a friend, betrays Lanin and has bim 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 Popog, a discharged employs 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 Popogf to Siberia. Then he gets Palkin transferred to Siberia. Jana gets the Carr's consent to join her hisband and sets out with Dr. Haas, her friend; Popoff's mother and his sweetheart. Palkin falls in with them and, portly out of passion for Jana and partly out of hope he can use them to avenge 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 forbinden his visits to Jana. Desperate, he joins an exile 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 but. He catches Popoff at Vladimir's that, has him stripped bound and knouted. At every blow he demands Popoff's papers against Schelm. Popoff refuses and the awful torture continues until he dates. Just then Miller and his men arrive. A fearful fight follows, i

on duty.
"I wish to obtain an audience with His Majesty for this lady.
"Has she had an audience granted to

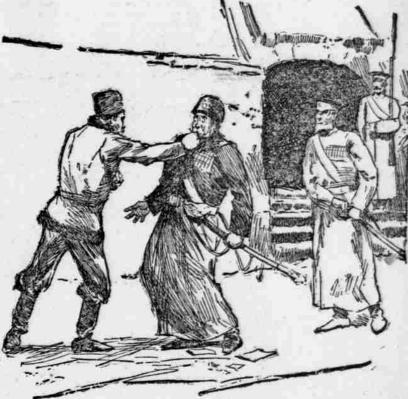
"Then you ask for an impossibility. His Gendarmes, and the Minister of the Inte-Majesty, the Emperor, is very strict in such rior. You, Lanin, will also return."

He was interrupted by an unusual commotion among the assembly. The door of the Czar's study had opened, and on the threshold Nicholas himself appeared. If the Czar wants to show anyone special favor, he accompanies his visitor to the door and

hard of heart. In the greatest excitement he awaited the end of the audience. Suddenly a bell rang in the Emperor's even, in his haste, forgot to close the door behind him, se that all could hear the Czar's words.

I seem much to blame. Your nephew seems to be innocent."

there, in the reception room, takes leave of come here two or three days hence, at the



AT THE SAME TIME A BLOW WAS HEADD

him with a cordial pressure of the hand. A diplomat from one of the smaller German courts had just been thus dismissed. Nicholas was famous for his wonderful memory. The Adjutant was just about to present the Governor of Siberia when the eagle-eye of the Czar anticipated him. He had at once recognized his old friend in the

"Welcome, dear Moski," he exclaimed, walking up to hix. The Governor General "What good star brings you here? Do you know, it rains denunciations against

"Yes, Your Majesty."
"They report to me from all sides you are too kind, especially to the political exiles. You give them their liberty and permit everything. Can that be true?"
The Governor answered calmly:
"It is true, sire. My idea is that the Czar

punishes, but does not persecute, and since I represent Your Majesty in Siberia—" Nicholas kindly held out his hand to him and said: "Here is my right hand, dear General. You have understood me, and I thank you for it. I am not only glad to see you here;

I should like to grant you any favor you might have to ask of me." Full of emotion, Count Moski bent over the Emperor's right hand. "I came, indeed, to ask for favors." "Speak. What is it?"
"In the first place, I beg for mercy for

"For yourself?" asked the Czar surprised.
"Yes, indeed. They have sent me a "A Revisor-to vou?"

"Should Your Majesty not have known "Then you wish to speak to me person-ally?" You did well to count upon my good will and my justice. I sgain thank you from the heart. Pray, follow me into my

study!"
When Nicholas was not irritated by resistance or by treachery, he showed in his every-day life a remarkably kind heart. He turned to the crowd of people waiting for an audience and said: "Pardon me, gentlemen and ladies; I meet here an old friend whom I have not

seen for five years. The audience will, therefore, continue an hour longer to-day than usual. Come, dear Count!" Very modestly the Governor said: "Your majesty has heard but one of my petitions; may I be permitted to state the second also?"
"And that is?"

"And that is?"
"An exceedingly important affair which is nearer my heart than my own interests. I wish to present to your majesty an opportunity to redress a great injustice that has been done in Your Majesty's name."
With these words he took the lady in deep mourning, who was visibly trembling, by the hand and presented her to the Emperature.

same hour. If the investigation I shall order confirms your statement I promise justice shall be done you, and I give you my imperial word upon it!"

Jana concluded from this that she might

withdraw, and she dropped a low curtsy. The Governor was about to follow her, but the Emperor held him back. "We have not spoken of your own affairs, and I have not thanked you yet enough for the way in which you have maintained the

honor and the glory of my government.
Stay, I have much to ask yet."
When Jana reappeared on the third day
she was in a state of most painful excitament, as she did not at all know what to ex-pect. She had seen no one in the meantime, and the entire absence of all news from her protector troubled her sorely.

The ante-room in the palace looked very different to-day. This was not a day for audiences, and hence the vast apartment

was empty. A few officers on duty were alone visible. Jana mentioned her name to the Adjutant General, who at once rose, opened the door to the Czar's study and an-Jana was terrified at seeing the Emperor, surrounded by many Generals, and among them her husband's uncle, the Minister of the Interior, and the Chief of the gen-darmes. She was to fall at the Emperor's

feet, but was so unnerved that she could not stir. Nicholas approached her, bowed most stir. Nicholas approached her, bowed most respectfully, and said in a voice full of emo-"Countess, the Emperor of all the Russias begs your pardon."

Jana had to lean against the wall, or she

would have fallen.
"Does Your Majesty deign to pardon us?" she asked, making a great effort.
"It is not a question of pardon," replied the Czar with emphasis; "but justice shall

Now she knelt down before the Czar, and leeply moved, kissed his hand, but was still

unable to utter a word.
"An inquiry has been held and Orloff, who cannot be surpassed in a case where in-justice is to be reiressed, has helped us greatly. All you told me has been found to be perfectly true. The house has been found in which your husband was arrested, and it has been ascertained that the name Ace of Clubs was used there for the first time in 1870, when you were in the Crimea. Sev-eral conspirators, whose share in the affair was too triffing to warrant their being exwas too trifling to warrant their being exiled, have conjessed that they had never heard a word of your husband. This receipt is evidently in Schelm's handwriting. At the police his order to arrest Popoli for stealing 5,000 roubles has been found. The Minister of the Interior remembers the event perfectly well. Your husband has always been considered one of my most loyal subjects and servants. All this, to be sure, ought to have been ascertained at that time already, but the baste with which this affair was dispatched is inexcusable. Minister," added the Czar, in a stern tone of voice, "you were badly informed at that time."

have more courage than you in the presence of our most gracious master!"

Nicholas knew how to appreciate independence of character in those on whose devotion he could reply; he therefore replied: "Very well, madame. Present your petition for an audience and it shall be granted."

The Governor was, however, determined to remove at once all impediments and to procure a hearing for Jana on the spot. He said, therefore, in a beseeching tone:

"Your Majesty! This unfortunate woman is surrounded by very influential enemies."

"Your Majesty, grant the wife of Count Vladimir Lanin an audience!" The Czar's countenance clouded over,

General Lanin exclaimed, frightened and

"Yes, your nephew's wife! You see I have more courage than you in the presence

discontented:
"What! My nephew's wife?"

"Your Majesty! This unfortunate woman is surrounded by very influential enemies who strain every nerve to prevent her approaching the footstool of your throne. I alone take her under my protection. I must soon leave here. I yield to hermyown privilege, if your Majesty will only be graciously inclined to hear her to-day!"

"You make good use of the pleasure I desire from your conjuct to the pleasure I derive from your coming to me, a very good use," replied Nicholas, not without a shadow of displeasure. "But you shall not say that I have refused you a favor to-day. Pray

follow me!"
Nicholas opened the door to his study and beckoned Jans to enter before him. The countess had removed her veil. Her queenly beauty had not failed to impress the Czar favorably. As she was crossing the threshold she cast an imploring look at the Gover-

nor, who at once understood her.
"Your Majesty, the poor woman does not dare face Your Majesty alone. She wishes to have me at her side at this critical mo-

ment. Your Majesty will be pleased to grant her wish, I pray!"

The monarch's brow began to clear again.
"It cannot be denied that you understand now to speak for those who have secured

your assistance," he said, smiling. "Is it really so, Countess? Do you wish to have the General near you?"
"Yes, indeed, Your Majesty!" replied Jana, eagerly.
"Well, then, come. I see I can refuse you

nothing!"
They disappeared behind the closed door, and all were marveling at the very excep-tional favor which the Czar had shown the Governor of Eastern Siberia! Lanin was utterly bewildered. The protection which the Governor extended to his kinsmen as-tonished and troubled him at the same time. He himself must have been unjust and

apartment. Lanin was at once at hand and "I must instantly see the Chief of the

The Adjutant was spared the trouble. A. Colonel on duty had immediately gone and sent two messengers.
"Poor Lanin," said the Czar. "You and

"Vladimir?"
"Yes! As yet I am not certain, but the absolute faith of this noble wife has made a deep impression upon me. Countess, please

