

RHODA ROLAND.

A Woman from the West in Washington. The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. S. SUTTON.

PARTICIPANTS.

RHODA ROLAND—All roads leads to Rome—and office.
 M. B. PLEASANT, one of the Magnates of the Stocking Row.
 OHRIS STIVERS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.
 TOM BAXTER, bred in "Bohemia" and never got out of it.
 MISS EDENWORTH, room-mate of Rhoda.
 JUDGE BARNSTABLE, M. C., twist devil and the deep sea.
 OLGA LIDA, Members of the Group of Six.
 ZARA ALYBRAND, pianist, a bird of passage.
 TONY LENTZ, a boyhood friend back in the old home.
 MRS. GRANT, with "Apartment to Let."
 DENNIEGRANT, a typical Washington boy, and
 VIOLETTA—Who the d—l is Violetta?

CHAPTER II.

"THE WORLD WERE BRIGHTER WITH VIOLETTA."

"Yes," repeated the Judge, musingly. "Our hates are stronger than our loves. Search the pages of history, sacred or profane, scan every annal of legal jurisprudence, and you will find the hate furnishing the incentive for the deed. 'Look for the motive,' one of the slogans of our fraternity, is but another way of saying 'Look for the hate.' The Esquimaux and Fiji are no more remote in their characteristics than the Italian peasant and the mountaineer of our Central-border States, as they are called. The low caste son of Italia is a coward of cowards—he strikes with the stiletto in the dark. The village schoolmaster of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge tears from the dictionary the leaf containing the word 'fear' that the children may never learn its meaning. Yet the vendetta of the one and the feud of the other are twin sisters; both are fostered and flourish in hate. Perhaps the Divinity, in His wisdom, intended that hate should be the stronger passion, and for that reason made love the most lasting. With the same faith with which we cling to the belief that there is a blessed land beyond the blue, we accept the teaching that love, all powerful, enters the peony gates and holds supreme sway in the realm of bliss above."

I watched the Judge as he was talking. In my gray matter were two dominant thoughts. One was the remembrance of a line in my copybook to the effect that "Disparity in age offers more barriers to companionship than wealth." The Judge was without doubt many years older than yours truly, yet we had fair to be agreeable companions. The other query was as to his romance—and every man must have experienced one or more of those dreams that are characterized as being to man an episode, to woman a life—which was the dominant spirit, love or hate?

When he had finished we were silent for some seconds, when I said:
 "Judge, I noticed you spoke of Uncle Sam's books as more or less interesting, with the accent on the 'est.' I say interesting, with the accent on the 'in.'"

"You say it correctly, and score one on me," he laughed.

By this time he had finished a hearty supper, and as we were leaving the dining room the Judge said:
 "If you will kindly step in here we will endeavor to continue the conversation."

"Here" was the parlor of the New Grand, separated from the dining room by a hall nearly the length of the building. For a wonder it was deserted. So delightful was the weather, I suppose everybody preferred to remain out of doors, it being that season of the year known as Indian summer. I remember the line from Lowell:

"What union of tints the year puts on,
 When falling leaves filter through motionless air."

"Take the rocker," said the Judge, pushing one of the easy chairs nearer the window, "and make yourself comfortable while I endeavor to outline the situation. Just as soon as I possibly can I will write Capt. Tibbles—his our county chairman—the date he can expect me to make a speech here. I will apprise you of it at the same time, and will be pleased if you will fix me up a notice for the Gazette. You see Tibbles; he keeps that grocery about three blocks down street, where the old post office used to be; he may have additional material for your item. Among other things let me impress on your mind now that if the committee in charge have any music, singing, or other side features, you insist that they shall follow, no exceptions, my remarks. I don't want to mention that to Tibbles when I was with him this afternoon. It is more than likely a band will accompany our party, and possibly a marching club, an escort, as it were. Other details I will put in your notes. I hope you do not find my writing difficult to decipher. I do not write the best hand in the world."

"So I discovered. But then I really find pleasure in deciphering had manuscript. I am ever so fortunate, or perhaps unfortunate, as to locate in a large city, one of my first acts will be to visit the newspaper offices and beg some old 'copy,' so that I may practice and perfect myself to such an extent that I will be able to read what the worst that comes to my typewriter."

"In what sense am I indebted to you for the work of the forenoon?"

"I don't suppose it will make or break either of us," I responded, as I named the amount.

"One of the mottoes of the successful lawyer is, 'make your fee big enough.' You can do likewise," he said, as he counted out the change and handed it to me.

"Speaking of miserable handwriting," said the Judge, "reminds me of a little story of Henry Watterson, the veteran editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. The name of Watterson, you know, is a synonym for brains, but the genial coolness writes a hand which is worse than mine. One day he wanted to send a note over to B. F. Avery, the head of the plow works bearing his name. He scribbled off a few words and dispatched a boy with the message. Mr. Avery looked at it a moment, and then gave vent to an expletive or two. He could not make head nor tail of it, so he called the boy up to the desk and said: 'Here, you take that back to Col. Watterson, have him read it to you, and then you come back and tell me what he says.' The boy returned to the Journal office, and gingerly laid the note on the Colonel's desk. The Colonel picked it up and tried to read it, but in the meantime the writing had got cold and he could not make out a single word. 'Here,' he said to the boy, 'you take that back where it came from, and tell him I say the man that writes that is a d—d fool.' 'Yes, sir,' stammered the boy, 'but that's just what he said.' While the Judge was telling his Watterson story it occurred to me that I was called upon to bear at least a minor portion of the conversation, so I said:
 "Judge, your story calls to my mind

"CHINK" HUSBANDS

For White Women of a Certain Class Who Marry Temporarily.

THE DEPARTMENT MONOPOLY.

Forces John Chinaman to Take Dusky Maidens in Washington, but it is not so in Chicago—The Ghetto of that City and the White Wives of Celestials—The Chicago Way of Managing "Chink" Husbands.

Washingtonians, no doubt, are more or less noting the influx of John Chinaman at the national capital and marvelling when and where he will stop. A write-up of Chinatown west of York street, along Clark street, and adjacent territory in the city of Chicago, and known to the denizens of the Windy City as the "Ghetto," made the writer acquainted with a phase of Chinese settlement which may be duplicated in Washington further along. However, the Washington Chinaman seems to favor the dusky rather than the white damsel, as all of the latter who are not concubines in the Government Departments or living a life of pleasure, (1) in the "Division" being pre-empted, principally by males of their own color, although not exclusively so, as several madams have dusky lovers whom they keep in luxury.

But here is how John Chinaman develops his hands in the kind of wife he prefers while residing among us, for he understood these white damsels know very well that they are "married on the European plan," after the manner of the Government Department dames of "influence."

Sam May, for many years king of Chicago's Chinatown, has lost his power and has been succeeded by a dynasty of white women. It is the first time that white women have ruled a Chinese colony, and the conduct of the Chinamen is attracting considerable attention. In a Chinatown consists of gambling houses, a joss-house, restaurants at which chop suey and birds' nests are the delicacies, tea stores, opium dens, and fancy goods store rooms. Back of these places are called it, but with magnificent furniture furnished suites of rooms opening from them, and these rooms are filled with thousands of dollars' worth of hangings, rugs, and pottery from the Celestial kingdom.

Chinamen are constantly coming into the colony from New York city and San Francisco, and it is absolutely necessary that there be someone in the colony who can reach the city authorities. Arrangements must be made for protecting the gambling games and the opium dens from the raids of the police. A lawyer is secured, that bail bonds be signed, and that the Chinaman must not get the worst of it in his encounter with law as it is interpreted at the police courts.

Up to a short time ago Sam May was the go-between. He used to be rich, and was sent for from Chinese colonies all over the country and consulted as arbiter in highbinder and business disputes among his fellow-countrymen. He was while ago he, in the picturesque language of the police department, "lost his graft." Chinatown refused to bow down to him. He was allowed to intercede at the station, but when it came to carry out his wishes in the colony he was no against a stone wall. He looked about him for an explanation.

In his own words he found that there "were too many Melian women."

The identity of these women, who are strong enough to overact the influence of an old ruler among the most conservative, tradition-bound people on earth, is naturally of interest. Some of them are married to Chinamen. For instance, May Lee, whose real name was May Menden, and who married Sam Lee, the tea merchant, at the first marriage held under the Chinese rite in Chicago's Chinatown, is a woman of more than average intelligence and beauty. She wears fashionable clothes, talks English correctly, and is known to every Chinaman of Clark street. She went down there first on a stunner party, liked the restaurants, went back, got acquainted with the Chinamen, met Lee, fell in love with his money, and since her marriage has had 20 times as much money as she had before. Lee, whose wealth cuts much of a figure in the colony, has his own way with his people most of the time and Lee's wife has her own way with him. Wise Chinamen who owe him money or who want favors for themselves or their relatives, go not to the tea merchant, but to his wife. Nine times out of ten she gets them what they want.

The way the American women ingratiate themselves into the good graces of the Chinamen is not so simple as it may appear. They are not allowed to rule them with hands harder than iron is a lesson in diplomacy. In Chinatown there are many restaurants to which American stunner parties, made up of men and women, go. Chinese waitresses are in demand at all these places. Then an American girl got a job in one of them as a waitress. Trade left the other restaurants and went to the one in which the white girl worked. The Chinamen who owned the places that they were left out in the cold saw that the attraction in their successful rival's place was not entirely one of a gastronomical nature, and they too secured American waitresses. By doing so they wrote their death warrant of personal independence. The white girls obeyed orders at first, but then they began to get acquainted with each other. They talked over the immense profits of their employers and the badness of the habit of paying the bill into a talker of no mean order. I failed to subscribe to the proposition that ideas are propagated in isolation.

Then I thought myself of his request to make a list of those individuals who in my hearing declared against him. Where was my brother O. K. I laid it on the dresser when I came in, together with a magazine I was carrying in my hand. I turned up the lamp and thumbed the pages of the book to find them bank, it being the counterpart of the memorandum at the supper table. No, about one-third of the way down on one of the pages is written in the scrawny, familiar hand of the Judge, the line:

"The world were brighter with Violetta."

A sacred sentence, meant only for the eye of the writer; and with the reading of the line I could hear the tremolo of a heart string.

[To be continued.]

A gentleman who had been entrenched behind a newspaper is crowded and happened to look out on the tail of his eye and see a lady standing whom he knew.

He rose and was about to offer the lady his seat when a colored man, who thought he was vacating his seat, slipped into it. "Look here," said the riser, "I was going to give that seat to this lady."

The colored man instantly rose with a profound bow.

"Suttnly, sah," he said, "I'm something of a lady's man myself, sah."

And the lady smiled and looked into her seat and smiled all around.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

DON'T THROW ME AWAY!

For I am of Unusual Importance. SEE!

Here is an opportunity to get an Electric Comb that CURES ALL SCALP AILMENTS and HEADACHES at the same price you would pay for an ORDINARY rubber comb.

DR. WHITE'S ELECTRIC COMBS

Herewith is a sample of general public opinion where these combs have been introduced. Part of an article that appeared in the Western Trade Journal, January 23, 1900, printed at Chicago:

A GENUINE NOVELTY.

It is interesting to note that fortunes are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Some of these are invented solely for safety and convenience, and when really meritorious, gain extraordinary popularity and are sold by the thousands. Many of these articles evince much inventive and mechanical skill and their success depends on the interest they excite. Among the most popular devices are those designed to benefit people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been introduced is the Dr. White Electric Comb, the name of which affords an indication of its character. This device is as valuable as it is novel, and is full of satisfaction to all. Thousands of these Electric Combs have been sold in the various cities of the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Lovers of convenience and health admit the superiority of Dr. White's Electric Comb over everything of the kind now before the public. It is new, practical, durable and is just what every one has long desired.

Not only is the Dr. White Electric Comb a source of satisfaction to all, but it is among the few things on the market that does more than the manufacturers claim for it. One lady claims that it made her feel "ten years younger," because it had saved her from headaches and nervous conditions which before its use had been almost unbearable and had aged her perceptibly.

From present indications this novelty will prove to be a money-maker, and is at the same time one of the most interesting ever introduced.

Will be sold for a short time at exactly half price by advertising agents, employed by the firm to introduce these wonderful Combs.

The conditions are these: After you have given the combs a fair trial, if they prove satisfactory, you agree to recommend them to your friends, but if they don't give perfect satisfaction, you agree to return the comb you bought and a written guarantee that is given you, to the firm, or to the agent you bought of, and the price you paid for the comb will be cheerfully refunded.

WHAT THE COMBS WILL DO: POSITIVELY CURES DANDRUFF, HAIR FALLING OUT, SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES, and makes straight hair curly in from twenty-five to forty days' time (unless a brush is used in connection with the comb).

The combs are the most wonderful and valuable article ever placed before the people. The doctors everywhere are recommending them.

We could give hundreds of testimonials from the people who have used them, but we realize that the best testimonials would not be half as effective or convincing as a fair trial for our goods, and in order to induce the people to give them a trial we are selling a limited number of them at prices that any intelligent person realizes that they take no chances to lose, but everything to gain. In appearance these combs are very similar to an ordinary aluminum comb, but are of a much smoother finish, and are much more elastic.

WHAT THEY COST WHILE WE ARE INTRODUCING THEM.

Pocket size, 10, 15 and 20 cents; fine combs, 30 and 35 cents; dressing combs, 25, 30, 35, 50 and 80 cents each.

The aluminum that these combs has been made from undergoes an eight weeks' electrical process in which medicine, electricity and heat are used before it is made into combs. This leaves the combs in a medicated condition. The medication is imparted from the comb to the scalp through the friction obtained in combing the hair. There has been 15,900 combs sold on a written guarantee since they were patented February 2, 1899, and only three have been returned.

THESE ARE THE ONLY COMBS IN THE WORLD THAT HAS A PATENT ON THEM.

The fact alone that these combs are patented is a very plausible proof that the combs possess medicinal properties. For practical use they are ten times as cheap as any comb you can possibly buy. Why? Because they will last twenty times as long. They are practically unbreakable, seldom, if ever, need cleaning, will last a lifetime and always remain the same. No plate to wear off, being solid metal all through.

WE WANT MORE AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

BIG MONEY IS NOW BEING MADE IN EVERY STATE BY BOTH MEN AND WOMEN. These combs sell on sight. Over half of the more intelligent class of people buy them. Call on or address

D. N. ROSE, General Manager,
 437 NORTH MAIN STREET, DECATUR, ILL.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS DELIGHT.

MAKES HOUSECLEANING SO EASY.

"SWEEPING" STATEMENTS ABOUT THE HUNTER INTERCHANGEABLE BRUSH "DUST KILLING."

Have you seen it yet? It is the most practical invention of the New Century. This Brush does better work than the best carpet sweeper ever made. It goes into corners and behind furniture and cleans out the dark places in a most amazing manner. In a word, the HUNTER INTERCHANGEABLE BRUSH is a revelation to Housekeepers, Janitors and Servants. As a brush it has practically no limitations. It is perfectly simple and impossible to break or get out of order. IT HAS TWO LIVES and will outlast the finest brush ever manufactured. When after long use the bristles are forced one way, which in the ordinary brush renders it useless, by a single contrivance the Hunter Brush can be reversed and made precisely as good as new.

It will sweep a brick sidewalk as perfectly as the most expensive velvet carpet. It will not injure or break the pile of the carpet, as all hard brushes must do.

The Added Delight of "No Dust!"

Sweeping with the usual brush or broom means a houseful of dust which settles everywhere. It is inimical to health, and spreads the microbes of disease. With the Hunter Interchangeable Dust-Killing Brush no dust arises at all. The brush sweeps everything in front of it cleanly and neatly. No cloth need be tied around the head when it is in use. It adds a new pleasure to housekeeping. It is not necessary to go around picking up cotton or needles or other articles after the Hunter Brush has done its work. It misses nothing. Although but recently introduced the Hunter Brush is already highly endorsed by leading concerns, and no less than three factories are taxed to supply the demand.

USED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Hunter Brush is used by the Southern Railway, National, St. James and Watoldi Hotels, Singer Sewing Machine Co., Central Union Mission, Capital Savings Bank, Columbia and Central National banks, Parker Bridget & Co., Firemen's Insurance Co., Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., and in thousands of public buildings and private houses. THE PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR—the best investment you can make. If you drop a postal card to the undersigned an agent will call and demonstrate to you the wonderful labor and timesaving merits of the Hunter Interchangeable Dust-Killing Brush. DON'T BUY A NEW BRUSH OR BROOM UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THIS ONE.

Agents are making big money, for it sells to housekeepers positively at sight.

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 Try a Gallon of Hunter's Dust Killing Oil. Fifty cents a Gallon.