

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 lead to Rome"—and office.
 M. B. PLEASANTON, one of the Magistrates of Silk Stocking Row.
 ORRIN STEVENS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.
 TOM BAXTER, lived in "Bohemia" and never got out of it.
 MRS. EDEN WORTH, room-mate of Rhoda.
 JUDGE HAINSTABLE, M. C., "twice devil and the deep sea."

OLGA, a member of the group of six.
 ZALDA LYBRAND, pianist, a hard passage.
 TONY LENTZ, a boyhood friend back in the old home.
 MRS. GRANT, with "Apartments to Let."
 DENISE GRANT, a typical Washington boy, and
 VIOLETTA—Who tried to be Violetta?

"I want to see Miss Fay, doctor," I announced.
 "One of my axioms is the boldest way is the best way. The doctor was somewhat surprised, but stated that a visitor might not be conducive to the lady's welfare; he did not suppose she would see anyone. One of the nurses had just informed him, however, that she had partaken of a light breakfast and I might send up my card."
 "A relative?" he suggested.
 "I realized I would have hard work running the gauntlet of the doctor. If I wrote Tom Baxter on a card he could see 'journalist' as plain as the Baxters as he could see Tom in front of it. He would never allow the nurse in waiting to take up a reporter's card. The lady would never recognize her title of 'Mr. Smith.' I had neglected, you remember, to give her my name. I borrowed one of the doctor's cards and wrote thereon:

It is the courier who that day
 Though many came and went that way,
 Up the Avenue and back
 Followed the plume of red and black.

The nurse carried it upstairs, and in a few minutes returned with the same card, on the reverse of which was written, "A follower of King Henry is welcome."

"The lady will see you in the parlor," said the nurse. Now, that's my idea of a sharp woman. The dude, it seems, had fired off a pistol while calling at her father's residence the night before. All the damage arising therefrom, aside from fright, was a few powder specks on one of her wrists. Reading the verse, she recognized the sender of the card.

"Now, Mr. Stevens," I said, "I do not see how we can wait any longer for your continuation."

"My selection," he returned, "has been the subject of much comment in the world of letters. It made its first appearance some seventeen years ago in a London weekly. I put in several days at the Congressional Library in an endeavor to prove that Joaquin Miller was the author thereof. I read all he has there—his 'Ships in the Desert,' his 'Songs of the Sunlands,' and his last-look, published by Whitaker & Ray, 'Traces.' It does not appear. John Boyle O'Reilly says of this poem that it was entitled to a lasting place in the world's literature. Note, as a process, the peculiar rhythm and the alliteration."

"You don't object to my taking a copy in shorthand?"

"No; seeing as you serve all of us the same way?"

"Half mechanically I had taken notes of Mr. Baxter's story."

"I forgot to give the name of the literary freak. It is called Laska; and here goes:

I sigh for a center after the cattle,
 The crack of whips like shots in a battle,
 The mule of hoofs and horns and heads
 That wars and wrangles and scatters
 and spreads,
 With the green below and the blue above
 And dash and danger and life and love,
 And Laska,
 She used to ride.

On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
 With blue serape and bright bell spar
 I laughed with joy as I looked at her.
 Little she knew of books or credits,
 An "Ave Maria" sufficed for her needs,
 Little she cared, save to be by my side,
 And ride with me, and ride,
 From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.

She was bold as the billows that beat,
 She was wild as the breezes that blew,
 From her little head to her little feet
 She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro.
 By each gust of passion,
 A smiling glance a Kansas bluff,
 That wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
 Is like this Laska, this love of mine.

So once, when I made her jealous, for
 By something I'd said, or looked or done,
 One Sunday in San Antonio,
 To a gorgeous girl on the Alamo,
 She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
 And—sting of the wasp—it made me stagger!

An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
 And I shouldn't be mauding here to-night;
 But she sobbed, and sobbing so quick
 Her torn robes the wound around
 That I quite forgave her, and scratches don't count
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, dark brown—
 Her hair was darker than her eye
 And something in her smile or frown
 Showed "that there ran in each blue vein."
 Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
 The glorious vintage of old Spain,
 She was alive with feeling to her finger tips.

And when the sun's a sea of fire,
 The sky a shining soft sapphire,
 One doesn't drink in little sips.
 "The air" was heavy, the night was hot!
 I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot—
 Forgot the herd that was taking its rest;
 Forgot that the air was close oppress,
 That the Texas north comes sudden
 and soon,
 In dead of night or blaze of noon;

That once left the herd at its breath
 take flight
 And nothing on earth can stop their
 flight,
 And woe to the rider, woe to the steed,
 Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I rose and grasped
 the cord
 Of my swift mustang without a word,
 I spring to the saddle, she clung like
 blind,
 Away, on a hot chase down the wind!
 And never was fox hunt so hard
 And never was steed so little spared,
 For we rode for our lives! You shall
 hear how we fared

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande,
 The mustang flew, and we urged him
 on;
 There was one chance left—and you
 have but one—
 Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot
 your horse,
 Crouch under his carcass and take
 your chance!

And if the steers, in their frantic
 course,
 Don't batter you both to pieces at once
 You may thank your stars. If they do,
 good bye
 To the quickening kiss and the long-
 drawn sigh,
 And the open earth and the open sky,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle galloped on us, and just as I
 fell
 For my old six-shooter, behind, in my
 hand,
 Down came the mustang and down
 came we,
 Clinging together, and—what was the
 rest?

A body that spread itself on my breast,
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy
 head,
 Two lips that close to my lips were
 pressed,
 Then came the thunder in our ears,
 As over us surged the sea of steers,
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise—
 Laska was dead.

I gouted out a grave a few feet deep,
 And there, in earth's arms, I laid her
 to sleep!
 And there she is sleeping, and no one
 knows,
 While the summer shines and the win-
 ter snows,
 For many a year the flowers have
 spread
 A pall of petals above her head,
 And the little gray hawk hangs poised
 in air,
 And the sky coyote trots here and there,
 And the black snake glides and glist-
 ens and slides
 Into a rift of the cottonwood tree;
 And the buzzard sails on and comes
 and is gone,
 Stately and stilt as a snip at sea!
 And they wonder why I do not care
 For the things that are like the things
 that were.

For half my heart lies buried there,
 With Laska, down by the Rio Grande.
 "Don't forget the copy you promised
 to mail me next morning," Mrs. Ro-
 land, said Mr. Baxter. "I intend no
 scrap-book is complete without a copy
 of Laska."

"I know one scrap-book it will be
 in at an early day, and perhaps Miss
 Lybrand would like a copy?"
 "Indeed I would," she replied.
 "With your attention," said Mr. Bax-
 ter, "I will tell you of the lady I met
 up at the Grand at a matinee:

"'Twas on a winter's afternoon, so
 murky, so dreary, so dreary,
 The wind showed me down the aisle—
 fifty-two, second tier.
 And just in front of me a handsome
 lady sat;
 I couldn't say how it happened, but
 we began to chat.
 Both wore furs on the sleeve; mine
 'neath the cuff did creep.
 Her's was of costly lace—full four fin-
 gers deep.
 I quoted from the poem, in a manner
 child-like, bland;
 Said I rather live in Bohemia than in
 any other land.
 And she said her circle was filled with
 follies fair,
 Where the pace is always the swiftest
 —none other than Vanity Fair.

She had tired of the tawdry and tinsel,
 Tired of the heyday and din,
 And longed for that one touch of na-
 ture that makes the whole world
 kin.
 I was bit up in theatrics, could talk
 of the passing show,
 And as a conversationalist, the lady
 wasn't slow.
 And all the world's cares were trifles,
 Just spilt salt on air,
 To the one who lived in Bohemia, or
 to the other from Vanity Fair.

We got lost in the crowd at the exit,
 I didn't ask her name,
 But I counted every day till another
 Wednesday came.
 I went early, took the same seat as be-
 fore,
 And turning my head in a moment,
 I saw the lady at the door.
 She, too, had counted the hours, she
 was quick to confess,
 And a little poem, garbed in lan-
 guage's rarest dress
 Quoted, "Pretty, isn't it? I know one
 that's best."

It had served on many occasions, and
 I had it pat.
 On the wings went the drama, on time
 kept no tab,
 And when the play was over, he show-
 ed her to her cab.
 And what cared they for the rabble, or
 for the gamblers' stare—
 The one who hailed from Bohemia, or
 the other from Vanity Fair.

Now, who would dream these meetings
 with non-ami were a sin,
 Though the fee along that road, I fear,
 was sometimes mighty thin?
 So one day I up and told her, told her
 'twouldn't do—

"That both of us would be in trouble
 before the name was through.
 They faltered—the adage, for reasoning
 reached the heart—
 Just a sigh and a handclasp, then a
 resolve to part.
 And where they met, there they parted,
 this pair—
 The one who lived in Bohemia, the
 other from Vanity Fair.

"I would like to make a strong guess,
 Mr. Baxter," I said, as I put aside my
 paper and pencil.
 "What is it?"
 "That the lady from Vanity Fair is
 not a creature of your imagination.
 You say it too realistic."
 "You are right. She lives in Balti-
 more, now. I call her my telepathy
 girl."

"How's that?"
 "Well, semi-occasionally, always at
 the right time, maybe when everything
 hasn't gone just right, I get a letter
 from her. It will be addressed to the
 Boy in Bohemia and signed by the Girl
 from 'Vanity Fair.' Telepathy, you
 know, is the sympathetic transmission
 of thought from mind to mind, no mat-
 ter what distance intervenes. When
 she comes to Washington, on business
 or visiting, never a line, mail, 'phone,
 or otherwise, is sent me. She merely
 takes a seat in the B. & O. depot and
 repeats the line, 'I want to see my
 boy.' It matters not in what part of
 the city I may be, or the hour of the
 day or night, I will immediately start
 in that direction, to find her seated in
 the ladies' room. It's as sure as a tele-
 gram and a blue-coated messenger."

"As I live!" interrupted Miss Ly-
 brand, "that must be a fire throwing
 such a bright light on that curtain."
 She started for the window.
 "I don't think the electric light
 would shine quite so high," said Mr.
 Stevens, as he reached the window first
 and threw up the curtain.
 Old St. poured its morning rays
 into our faces.

"I move we adjourn," said Mr. Bax-
 ter.
 Our evening in Bohemia had been of
 twelve hours' duration.
 Suppose we rest a rest in our narra-
 tive a bit. Just to see where we are
 at, Mr. Speaker, as the Alabama Con-
 gressman said. Our lady in vaudeville,
 other items have been "coming swift
 of late," to quote Demille, that I have
 had time for a room-mate, than chronicle
 detail. Be it known, then, to spon-
 sors, Olga arrived in Aspen to find Nat
 awaiting her coming; and, in the stock
 language of the novelist, they were
 married and lived happily ever after.

Since Mrs. Edgeworth won the \$1,
 000 prize offered by the National Maga-
 zine for the best short story, she has
 taken to wearing a better grade of
 clothes; began to get "upish," as it
 were, so I moved over in the other
 room, with her for a room-mate.
 Demille has been promoted. He now
 goes on the street to canvas for ad-
 vertisements—instead of being a mere
 messenger boy. He tells me he keeps
 both eyes open for Violetta. The other
 morning, en route to his office, I caught
 up with him.

"How did Mrs. Edgeworth invest her
 money?" I asked.
 "In a husband," was Demille's reply.
 "I don't exactly comprehend."
 "She got into it," in the personal col-
 umn of the Post, saying she desired a
 gentleman correspondent, with a view
 to matrimony. I didn't have any idea
 it was the old lady I answered for."

"Did you receive a reply?"
 "No; she published a whole batch
 of them in the Journal, giving the in-
 itials of each correspondent. There was
 mine big as life. You see, it was on
 the order of 'Lovey' having such a craze,
 and she made quite a readable story
 out of the bunch. One of them, how-
 ever, she neglected to publish."

"How was that?"
 "One fellow must have said some-
 thing that struck her in a soft spot.
 At any rate, a gentleman past middle
 age is a regular in the parlor four
 evenings out of the seven. They go
 courting with a pillow. I had long
 since learned to treat Demille's breaks
 as I did those of Tony—that is, remain
 silent and allow him to explain in his
 own way. In my own limited court-
 ship experience I had, as yet, no oc-
 casion for a pillow.

"Yes," he continued, "every evening
 she comes down in the parlor early and
 drops a small pillow over behind the
 sofa. You see, they are both too mod-
 est for the gentleman to put his head
 on the old lady's lap, so she takes this
 pillow and places it across her knee
 and he lays his head on that. I found
 the pillow, and that night I watched
 them over the transom."

Mr. Stevens, it will be remembered,
 had endeavored to do me a kindly turn
 to narrate in the next chapter; after
 which I shall tell how a romance came
 to Rhoda.
 (To be continued.)

Carolina Brights are mild and fragrant.

A DREAM.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Civil
 Service Commissioners.

I saw in a dream one evening of late,
 St. Peter on guard at the Golden Gate;
 And also approaching from the earth
 below,
 Three men in immaculate robes of
 snow.

Uncovering, they bowed with saintly
 smiles,
 Accented Peter in familiar style,
 Spoke blandly to him of health and
 weather,
 And things "we can do by pulling to-
 gether."

St. Peter stood thinking, quite at a
 loss,
 Then proceeded to make the sign of the
 cross;
 And queried each one, concerning his
 name,
 His occupation, and from whence he
 came.

One noting as spokesman, replied for
 his mate,
 "We've just arrived from United
 States;
 Where we established with utmost
 care,
 The merit system, almost every-
 where."
 And as we've succeeded so well be-
 low,
 We thought perhaps you would like to
 know,
 What we can do by leaving here,
 And extending our work to the heav-
 enly sphere.

"First of all we know it would greatly
 assist,
 To establish here an eligible list;
 From which, dear Peter, we propose
 to fill,
 Such places as may appear on the bill.

"Now, in all heaven, beyond a doubt,
 There is not a place we couldn't
 fill out.
 In the finest style and the latest fad,
 With some one that's better than any
 you've had.

Each person should pass with record
 clear,
 The examining board we'd establish
 here;
 Before we allowed them to twang a
 lyre,
 Or join in the song of the heavenly
 choir.

"We would try their learning, their
 voices and wings,
 And of course we know all about such
 things;
 We've studied them ever since we were
 born,
 Our motto's perfection, or too no horn.

"Each one who applied should be able
 to swear
 To the precise distance, to God knows
 where;
 And the holy virgin should not get
 through,
 Till she'd shown her skill and her fit-
 ness too.

"She would have to prove that she does
 not drink,
 Nor use anesthetics; that her eyes
 don't blink;
 That she's not profane, that there is
 no defect.
 In either limb, that the eye can de-
 tect.

"If she'd had experience, just how
 much,
 And whether her parents were Irish
 or Dutch,
 She would have to give sex of her, she
 and it,
 And the present value of shilling and
 bit.

"And we haven't a doubt but that
 you'll find,
 When once the matter is brought to
 your mind,
 That in some places there is very great
 need,
 Of information; that we may succeed.

"For instance, there should be, it is
 only fair,
 A sliding scale, for the Golden stair;
 And Gold is old, and his lungs are
 weak,
 Why not retire the crabbed old freak?"

"And there is the harpers; what could
 they do,
 If we only just hand them, a sheet
 or two,
 Of rag-time music, instead of that
 stuff,
 Of which we've already had more than
 enough.

"We propose to effectually remedy all
 this,
 And secure you a state of perfect
 bliss;
 You may quietly rest and take your
 ease,
 We'll look out for the harps, the gates
 and keys.

"We'll give you in place of those dingy
 things,
 An exquisite pair of up-to-date wings;
 With beautiful feathers, snowy and
 white,
 That shall glisten and gleam and daz-
 zle the sight.

"And all that our board will ask of
 you,
 Is to stand by us while we put 'em
 through."
 Not a single soul shall enter there,
 For 'er having served you elsewhere.

"For we frankly admit that we do not
 believe,
 That one should ever be allowed to re-
 ceive,
 Even a small recompense in way of a
 place,
 For services rendered; it would be a
 disgrace.

"And it would not do to admit for a
 minute,
 This dangerous dogma, we wouldn't
 be in it,
 Every blessed soul, in poverty's toils,
 Would be hustling above to secure the
 spoils."

The old Saint, while listening to this
 wild tirade,
 The fluent speaker had blandly
 made,
 Had unconsciously, like the polar star,
 Now suddenly recovering, brought it
 shut with a slam.
 Aun something that sounded to me
 like a dam;
 Then hastily said, with a wave of the
 hand,
 "'Tis plain, you've lived on the fat of
 the land.

"Now tell me I insist, I've a right to
 know,
 How came you attired in robes of
 snow?
 They belong to the livery of heaven
 alone;
 How can you for their profanation
 atone?"

"You're the three worst rascals that I
 ever met,
 And you seem not to be satisfied yet;
 You've perjured the ear—with your
 cursed leaven,
 And now you seek permission to pois-
 on heaven.

"Up here we believe in the merit sys-
 tem;
 But we've no occasion to roast 'em and
 twist 'em;
 We consider our laborers worthy their
 hire,
 And therefore reward them, and give
 them a lyre.

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

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 18,900 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.

<p>Jacksonville Rebuilding. Jacksonville, with great enterprise, is actively arranging for the rebuilding of its entire burned district, and the services offered by that city to investors, contractors, and workmen are unexcelled. The Seaboard Air Line is the only line from the East having its own line through to Jacksonville, and offers double daily train service from all Eastern points. For detailed information address General Agent, Passenger Dept., Washington, D. C., or any Pennsylvania Ticket Agent.</p>	<p>Better Than a Theatre. VISIT MARTIN SCHNEIDER'S Free Crab Feast. 8TH AND L STS. S. E. EVERY THING FIRST-CLASS BRING YOUR LADIES. Best and Polite Attention to All.</p>	<p>To Reach THE PEOPLE of Northern Virginia and Alexandria City and County, Advertise in THE ALEXANDRIA TIMES. Rooms 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, </p>
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