

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. PLEASANT, one of the Magnates of Silk Stocking Row.
ORRIN STIVERS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.
TOM BAXTER, bred in "Bohemia" and never got out of it.
MRS. EDEN WORTH, room-mate of Rhoda.
JUDGE BARNSTABLE, M. C., "twixt devil and the deep sea."

CHAPTER XV.

HEART TO HEART WITH ZAIDA.

With a view to carrying out my resolution to have Zaida discourage the attentions of Mr. Stivers, I called on her at her apartments. After a laugh at the lateness of the hour at which our evening in Bohemia adjourned, we settled down for a cozy chat.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I have had no one to talk to all day."

"No customers in your establishment?" I inquired.

"Plenty," was her reply. "But then one can't talk to them. As a rule, superstition and ignorance are sisters, and it goes without the saying that my patrons are more or less superstitious."

"How came you to accept such a calling?"

"It was all mapped out; the lectures written for me to memorize; even my costumes designed. For a tutor I had one of the best people in the world."

"Then you are not apt to forget him?"

"Forget him! Look at this," and having on a loose wrapper, she bared her left arm to the shoulder. It presented a marvelous array of tattooing devices.

"His hard work," she said. "He did it. 'Is 'Gene your husband—but, there, I am too inquisitive!'"

"By no means. As to your inquiry, I only wish he was. I take a liking to you. I have no lady friends, only a few chance acquaintances, scattered here and there—so I'll tell you about it, if you don't mind."

"On the contrary, I would be delighted," was my response.

"Well, fix yourself comfortable in this rocker and I'll start the story on my morning gown, which was going to the St. James street in Indianapolis. She had just arrived in that city by way of a local—several hours late—from Marion. A huge grip-sack constituted her luggage and contained her earthly possessions. You can guess who that girl was?"

"The narrator?"

"Yes. At that hour, 4 o'clock, the streets were well-nigh deserted. A gentleman accosted me with: 'You might take a seat in the ladies' room in the depot until the cars start running.' I curtly told him that my companion and I were going to the depot, and asked him what he was doing on the street at such an unseemly hour. 'I am employed on a morning paper and am now on my way home. May I inquire where you are going?' 'If you insist,' said I, 'I am in search of a house of ill fame.' He gave me a swift glance, and said: 'Let's have a look at 390; then he took my grip and we walked in silence to the nearest electric light. He deposited the baggage on the sidewalk, tilted my hat back, and made a study of my features. 'Memory good; not malicious,' he muttered; and then, addressing me, said: 'I can hear it as plain as if it were last night instead of nearly two decades ago—Not this evening. Some other evening, maybe, you may go to the house in question, but not this evening.' And then added, 'You come with me. A side partner of mine is on a drunk. I'm going to take you up to his room in the Scofield block, and you can occupy the quarters for a week or more.' 'Suppose he should come in and find me there?' 'You don't know Keats. A drunk for him means a two weeks' season of disappearing. The only thing that worries me is you may be too bulky to get over the transom. The door to the Scofield block, and once on the inside you will be all right.'

"He intended you should effect an entrance via the transom?" I asked.

"Yes; and succeeded. We went up to the room, and he, standing on the door-knob, lifted me up and I dropped down on the inside O. K. He threw me on a match and I lit the gas. You will know how small space I crawled through until I told you it would not admit my valise. I opened the door and we inspected the apartment. 'A colored woman,' he said, 'comes here about 2 o'clock each afternoon to make out the bed and look after the room. You manage to get a position. They will come for your meals, patronize the Central dining-room, in the middle of the next block to the south.' 'I haven't got much money,' I said, 'and as you seem determined I shall not provide for me, or I must look after myself. It will be the better,' was his reply. 'I have neither desire nor inclination to have you figure in the role of mistress. Disabuse yourself of that idea at once. As I started to say, tell the cashier at the Central to back her head to the door, and she will give you the key for you. I occasionally eat there and will replenish the ticket from time to time.'

"He was very kind."

"The best in the world. I always said, 'This was only a starter. I go down street and get a Sentinel' he said, and come back and stick it under the door. When you get up you can look over the want column and answer those you think would furnish congenial employment. To-morrow morning I will do the same thing, and each day until you materialize, you will either go as early as possible; it's the early bird catches the worm, you know.' As he started to leave I said, 'Haven't you forgot something?' 'Why, no; I guess not,' was his response. 'Ain't you going to kiss me good night?' 'I'm afraid you'll have to imagine yourself kissed,' was his reply.

"That was great."

"What was great?"

"The fact that he promised, 'I was too tired'—I realize too much impressed

with the novelty of my surroundings—no more a quest for a job. Imagine a country girl in a big city, sleeping in one fellow's room—he absent on a spree—and eating on the meal ticket of another. I did not know my benefactor's address. He had purposely, possibly, neglected to state his name. Next night I hung a card on the knob, reading, 'The door is gone; please come in.' I awoke from a fevered dream, the wrong man might read it and not thereon; there were scores of roomers in the building. I got up and latched the door, leaving the card on the outside. For hours I remained awake. I listened to him push the paper under the door. He tore off the card, and I could hear his mauling to himself as he descended the stairs.

"In about a week he met me in the dining-room. I have rented two furnished rooms in a flat just up street. Come and see how they strike your fancy. Keats will soon be in the sober column." We found a sitting-room and bed-room, the latter about the size of a parlor, but cozy and comfortable. I thought with a few curtains and pictures you would be as snug as a bug in a rug. 'And I can never repay you.' 'I am not looking for payment. I have a scheme. When it is sufficiently developed for you to earn a livelihood for us, we're going to leave you.' 'Please don't say that. These quarters are big enough for two. Can't you see I am so madly, desperately in love with you that I can't be rational long enough to look for employment? When you leave me I'll be on the street in an hour; in a day, I'll find the place for which I was looking when you met me before the day was over. You can't outguess me,' was his reply. 'Besides, I look forward to many pleasant evenings at home before there comes this parting of the ways. I work at night as a compositor on one of the daily papers. I live out beyond Woodworth place. When I come down in the afternoon I don't care to go back home, so I'll get my dinner at a restaurant, and with your permission, will make this my headquarters for reading and writing. Should you find employment, well and good; if not, you can keep me company.' 'You know, he taught me to read!'"

"To read?" I echoed.

"I mean to read correctly. He would have me read aloud from current magazines. He bought me a little book of synonyms. I tell you we had a regular school—one pupil, one teacher. Those long afternoons, only too short for us, were the brightest hours of my life. Daily he added to my vocabulary. He made sacrifices for me, and I knew it. 'Don't those tickets last a long time with two people using them?' I asked the cashier. 'Oh, your friend only uses them to the extent of 6 cents, now and then,' was her response. The idea of his going to work on a sandwich and a cup of coffee that I might have an easy time! Then I begged him to get an overcoat. He responded that he could not afford it. Yet he could afford to supply me with every comfort. One day I told him I would no longer accept of his bounty. 'Very well,' he replied, 'I'll make you self-supporting. He inserted a personal in the Journal to the effect that a lady, fond of amusements, desired the acquaintance of a gentleman, a stranger in the city. We received dozens of replies. 'We'll work the drummers,' said he, as he sorted them over. He wrote the answers and I copied them. His idea was that a stranger in town would give a reasonable sum to secure the society of an agreeable lady companion for an evening; and he was right. You can depend upon it, under his coaching, I became agreeable. He even had me memorize the local time tables, so that I could tell the time when his train left for Munich. Then he would have me read the morning papers carefully, making a mental note of the telegraphic features. Our principal berliozals were the Clipper and the Mercury; by the study of which I was enabled to understand the news events of the day. 'I am merely stating history when I say I went to the Grand or English's Opera House six nights in each week, each time with a different gentleman, and each one gave me \$2 before he left my apartments for the pleasure of my company to the theater. With money I did buy a few meal tickets; but 'Gene would not listen to it. 'Invest your capital in your business,' he would say. 'Get you some extra nice togethers.' Often my admirers would telegraph from Walsh or Vincennes, 'Secure seats for Tuesday evening.' They would always be on hand, paying me for my trouble and the amount expended for the reserved seats. As the girls say, I was having a good time, tinged, however, with sadness. I was in love, not with the party I might for the moment be meeting, but with the idea to entertain, but with my hanker—my angel, as they say in theatrical parlance. I finally told him I could stand it no longer; we must occupy the same apartments or I would leave the city. More than once he had made use of the expression in conversation, 'the same story that goes in Kokomo goes in Kankakee'; so I thought if I could earn a livelihood as an entertainer in Indianapolis I could do the same in Cleveland or Pittsburg. Men thought alike, I reasoned, the world over. I divulged my intentions to 'Gene. To my surprise he did not oppose the move. Go into palmyra,' he said. 'We purchased a few books on the occult sciences and he proceeded to set me up a half dozen lectures. When the theatrical season drew to a close I was ready for venture No. 2. He put an advertisement in the afternoon papers for 'Zaida, palmyrist worded identically with the ad, I am appearing in the Times to-day. My right name is Edith Brand; he made my son

de palmyrist Zaida Lybrand. My powers of palmyrist were demonstrated in my sitting room. I coined money; far more money than I could have earned in any other vocation. I made up my mind I would be the one to say goodbye first, but he stole a march on me. One day he says, 'Edith, last week the receipts were less than the week before.' He had me keep an account book, to which he had access. 'You are able to run the business without me. You can jump from here to Peoria, thence to Kansas City and Western points. You might drop in here about once every two years. I will be glad to see you.' Since then I have been from Sturgis, Mich., to Macon, Ga., from Boston to beyond the Rockies. That is my history. I have been able to captivate members of the opposite sex by the same, yet signally failed in the same direction with then benefactor taking me off the street in Indianapolis. Can you account therefore?

"Perhaps he was married?" I suggested, the reason of my visit going to the front.

"At times I am disposed to think so. I'll ask him when I go back to Indiana. If so, he was true to Poll, so far as I was concerned."

"And you tell that city for the reason just given?"

"Most assuredly, Why?"

"I would like to have you leave this one."

"I fail to comprehend you," she said in surprise.

"Mr. Stivers is to a certain extent imbrued with you. Would you leave the city and thus destroy the infatuation?"

"You think I fall to read you and your motive? You want him for yourself?"

"This was a form of argument for which I was entirely unprepared, but I managed to stammer, 'By no means.' Then I told her the story how he endeavored to befriend me when I needed a friend; not quite as liberal as she experienced, but evidently with the same good intentions."

"The reason why I take kindly to Mr. Stivers," was her reply, "is because he reminds me of 'Gene. Do you know I find their counterpart in every town in the country; and they are nearly always married, too. I met a gentleman in Fort Wayne who was a congenial. Every few months I get a package, a magazine, or a clipping. I recognize the sender. Possibly as often, to keep him posted as to my address, I do the same. It is one mode of correspondence. I have no objection, if you think it will be of any benefit to you in the Stivers case, to fold my tent like the Arab and as silently steal away. Do you insist?"

"I think it would be better for all parties."

"And you are not liable to fall in love with him yourself?"

"You are poking fun at me now, I feel assured. He is nothing to me. SEVENTEEN—Globe Inside."

"Ask him; he will tell you I have positively declined to be seen in his company again."

"Well, my next stand will be Wilmington, Del. To that I had made up my mind some weeks since—when you can write me as to the failure or success of your undertaking. I hope for the best."

"I will persist therein, at all events."

"One little incident I neglected to narrate. 'Gene and I attended a matinee performance. Seated next to us was a dignified gentleman, his hair just taking on the gray tinge. 'Gene turned to him with, 'You remember, was he not?' 'You see, my friend, you have positively declined to be seen in his company again.'"

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THE ANGLIO-SAXON ABOUT WASHINGTON.

In South Africa as the Civilizer of the Boers.

KITCHENER'S VILE PROCLAMATION

Testimony to the Brutalizing Methods Heretofore with the English in An Enemy's Country, as, for Instance, the Burning of Our Nations Capitol—Raging Patriots a la '98 in Ireland and Compelling Relatives to See Execution.

Reynolds' London newspaper to hand this week, contains the following caustic criticism on Kitchener's latest proclamation to the Boers, which, by the way, the Boers have answered by capturing another English detachment:

Kitchener's latest proclamation is the most abject confession of our failure and defeat in South Africa. It is intended to cover our inability to conquer the republics, of which we do not hold a single foot of soil, except where our soldiers stand. That the proclamation outrages The Hague Peace Convention signed by Great Britain, was a gross violation of the English class government has never scrupled to break their faith when it suited them. Here are one or two articles of the convention, which our Jingo Government defies and insults Europe by ignoring:

"After the conclusion of peace, the repatriation of the prisoners of war shall take place as speedily as possible."

Article VII says: "Prisoners of war shall be treated as regards food, quarters, and clothing, on the same footing as the troops of the government which has captured them."

Article XLII says: "Territory is considered occupied when it is actually placed under the authority of the hostile army. Occupation applies only to the territory where such authority is established, and in a position to assert itself."

This government which will not pay its soldiers, is really bankrupt. There will be an autumn session for the purpose of raising more money by taxing the people. On September 15 the government will say: 'You see now the war is over. Do not, therefore, grudge us this final instalment.' That is what the Americans call bunkum. The war is not over; nor will it be over for years, unless we announce a general amnesty and colonial self-government.

The confession of the prime minister of Natal, shows how the country has been deceived. We did not know until now that the colony had been ruined by Chamberlain's folly, as the war is now called. The Boers, too, have annexed Cape Colony. In the same way, they have annexed the republics. Probably they will issue a proclamation to the inhabitants of what, according to our government's method of reasoning, must now be regarded as Boer territory, in which some wandering bands of British soldiers are almost sure to be seen. President Kruger has "staggered humanity." The British Empire is humiliated in the dust before him, and even our Kaffir levies can not save the situation, just as our employment of Red Indians in the American war of independence did not succeed in crushing the struggle for liberty among the colonists, whom we tried to rob and could not govern.

Mr. MacNeill, M. P., has received a letter from a gentleman residing at Amisde, enclosing the following extract from a letter he had received Saturday from his son, who resides in Cradock, Cape Colony, with reference to the execution of Coetzee, a "rebel" lad of twenty-one, at Cradock, which has been the subject of questions in the House of Commons, which Lord Stanley has manifested extreme reluctance to answer:—

"On Friday all adult males were ordered to be present on the square while the death sentence was read on a rebel. Fortunately I had a commission which removed me far from the disgusting spectacle."

He was hung next morning, and thirty Dutchmen, many of whom were related to him, were compelled to be present at the execution."

All this is supposed to overawe the Dutch, but it should be very much surprised if it had any such effect."

I believe there was a considerable crowd outside the goal praying and singing hymns, a gentle hint to the authorities as to what they thought of the proceedings. These khaki fools who have a rich harvest to be reaped by us who remain in the country when they are safe at home."

On the same subject the Cape town correspondent of the Morning Leader writes:—

"The recent proceedings under martial law in the Midland districts of the Colony have horrified even the members of the advanced wing of the Jingo party here. I refer, of course, to the execution in public at Middelburg and Cradock, respectively, of two young Colonists, named Marais and Coetzee. The legality of the execution of trying men for murder who have been captured with arms in their hands in open fight is not one which need be discussed here. These men were undefended at their trial. The tribunal before which they were tried for their lives consisted of a colonel in the artillery and two officers in irregular regiments—three men who, by their very training, are ignorant alike of law procedure and evidence. These officers condemn these young fellows to death, the sentence is confirmed, and they are sent, one to Cradock and the other to Middelburg. On their arrival the troops are paraded, the sentence is read out, and it is ordered to be carried into effect. That, however, is not considered sufficient, and the heads of men of the town and district are ordered to attend and witness the execution. Since martial law is in force in these districts it is unnecessary to add that the order is obeyed."

"A more infamous proceeding it is impossible to conceive. And it will be a miracle indeed if this is not remembered when a good deal connected with this war is forgotten. Two repetitions of Slaughter's Nek in one short week will neither be forgiven nor forgotten, as long as there is a Marais or a Coetzee left to be hanged. To Englishmen and English colonists, to whom South Africa is home, it is a terrible awakening to find that English officers in an English colony are capable of proceedings which, so far back as 1868, were by the statute law of England, forbidden. They feel that even prior to that date attendance at executions in England was, at any rate, voluntary, it was never compulsory; but in South Africa the traditions of England seem to have been forgotten or to be wilfully and deliberately destroyed. It is, moreover, the opposite effect to that which it is expected to create."

THE ANGLIO-SAXON ABOUT WASHINGTON.

Some Useful Information of the City for Visitors.

The Sunday Globe is now mailed to many States and Territories. It is also the favorite Sunday morning paper of visitor and resident alike. In view of these facts, The Sunday Morning Globe will keep standing the following useful information, both as a guide to visitors and as an advertisement of the Capital of the Nation:

Washington (City) is divided into four sections, North, South, Northwest, Southeast and Southwest.

The four streets which run due north, South and East (the West line being imaginary), from the center of the Capitol, and named respectively North, South and East Capitol streets, and these East Capitol streets are the dividing lines of the four sections of the city as named.

All streets in each section of the city are either lettered or numbered streets.

All avenues run at angles to the streets, and radiate from the Capitol, the White House, and several of the larger parks. These avenues are named for various States.

Every street running East and West are lettered streets, those running North and South are numbered streets.

All lettered and numbered streets are duplicated in each of the four sections.

Each front of every square has 100 numbers allotted to it, thus beginning at East Capitol street, and going north (in any street running north of same) the first house on the right will be No. 1. On the second square the first house will be No. 100, and so on to the end of the street.

In like manner the numbers run from East Capitol street (on all streets running south of same).

In the same manner all streets in all sections of the city start and number from a Capitol street. The odd numbers are always on the right-hand side, and the even numbers on the left-hand side in every street, as you start from a Capitol street in either section of the city.

House numbers on the various avenues correspond to those of the street to which they run nearest parallel.

Some of the avenues extend through two sections of the city, but the house numbers are not disarranged thereby, as all numbers begin at a Capitol street, whether on an avenue or street.

By this system of numbering houses, any desired locality or number can be readily found in either section of the city.

Short streets and places running through the center of a square have the same numbers as the streets between which they run, thus—Madison street in the Northwest section is between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, and the first house on that street is number 1700.

Washington is really a cosmopolitan city, its population embracing people from all parts of the United States, and Representatives from all civilized nations.

It is rapidly becoming the great center for holding conventions, assemblies and reunions, and the chosen city for institutions of learning.

It has the largest library, and the most scientific and historical collections in the country.

It is a mecca of American thought in all its phases.

The general opinion outside of Washington is that it is of an account as a manufacturing city, but the following will show that it stands well in comparison with other cities.

Capital employed, \$28,876,000.

The various trades representing Stair builders, Carpenters, Painting and Paper Hanging, Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Lumber, Mills, Marble and Stone Works, Masonry, Brick, Plaster and stucco work number 553, and the number of establishments of every kind in the city numbers 2,300 and employ over 23,000 hands.

The city of Washington was incorporated in 1802.

The present system of numbering houses was adopted in 1889.

The shade trees of the city begin to develop their proportions and beauty in 1880.

A public buildings of Washington have already cost over \$100,000,000.

When the construction of the canal was laid in 1793 the country around Washington was practically an unbroken wilderness.

The Government offices were first opened in the city of Washington in the year 1800 and Congress met there for the first time in that year.

There are 331 Reservations all told, including the great Mall, which extends from the Capitol to the Potomac River, a distance of over two miles, the whole covering an area of over 900 acres.

These parks and reservations are beautifully supplied with every known kind of tree and shrub, and number nearly 900 varieties. About 2,000,000 ornamental foliage and flowering plants and shrubs are annually propagated in the Government Propagating House, and in the spring months are transplanted into the various parks throughout the city.

Fountains abound everywhere, and provision is made for the weary, on the 1800 settees which are annually placed in the choicest and shadiest parts of the parks.

CIRCLES, SQUARES AND PARKS.

Garfield Park—South Capitol, Third and E Streets Southeast.

Botanical Park—Pennsylvania Avenue, opp. Capitol Northwest.

Marine Park—South Carolina Avenue, Fourth and Sixth Streets Southeast.

Stanton Park—Massachusetts and Maryland Avenues, Fourth and Sixth Streets Northwest.

Seward Park—Pennsylvania and North Carolina Avenues, Fourth and Sixth Streets Southeast.

Mount Vernon Park—I and K, Ninth and Tenth Streets Northwest.

Lincoln Park—East Capitol, Eleventh and Twelfth Streets Northwest.

Franklin Park—13th, 14th, I and K Streets Northwest.

Lafayette Park—Pennsylvania Avenue, 15th, 14th and H Streets Northwest.

White House.

Julien Park—Indiana Avenue, G, 4th and 5th Streets Northwest.

Dunport Circle—Massachusetts and Connecticut Avenues, 19th and P Streets Northwest.

Mount Vernon Park—I and K, Ninth and Tenth Streets Northwest.

Lincoln Park—East Capitol, Eleventh and Twelfth Streets Northwest.

Franklin Park—13th, 14th, I and K Streets Northwest.

Lafayette Park—Pennsylvania Avenue, 15th, 14th and H Streets Northwest.

Grand Army Place—Rear of the White House.

Julien Park—Indiana Avenue, G, 4th and 5th Streets Northwest.

Dunport Circle—Massachusetts and Connecticut Avenues, 19th and P Streets Northwest.

Iowa Circle—13th and P Streets, Vermont and Rhode Island Avenues Northwest.

Scott Circle—16th and N Streets,

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Washington's Most Picturesque Suburban Resort

CABIN JOHN BRIDGE HOTEL

BOBINGER BROS., Proprietors.
 Restaurant a la Carte and Table D'Hots.
 Situated on the Conduit Road, Seven Miles From Washington. The finest road from the District for Driving and Cycling.
 Electric Railways direct to the Bridge, Connecting with the Metropolitan and Capital Traction Lines.

FIRST CLASS FISHING RESORT
 And Meals at Moderate prices at
GEO. SULLIVAN
 River View, Condit's Quad.

Furnaces. Ranges.
J. T. DOYLE
 Tinning and Heating.
 Shop: 610 11th Street N. W.
 Residence: 1207 3rd Street N. W.
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Cluttering. Spouting.
WINDOW SCREENS.
 We have the only thoroughly equipped shop in the city for making window screens.
 Novelty Turning and
 Scroll Sawing Works
 Is 010 C Street Northwest.

Bun Bryan's Buffet.
 There are not a few birds that possess a knowledge of the principles of surgery that is not far from supernatural, says the Toledo Blade. The woodcock, the partridge and some other birds are able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A French naturalist writes that on several occasions he has killed woodcock that were, when shot, convulsing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem of feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently in the best place for the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been seriously wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of network of feathers, which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster, completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. It had evidently acted as hemostatic in the first place, and as a shield covering the wound. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other, and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.

Birds are often found whose limbs have been broken by shot, with the fractured ends neatly joined and ligated. M. Dumontell tells of a woodcock that had been shot by a sportsman on the afternoon of a certain day. After a long search the bird was given up, but it was discovered the next morning by an accident. In the meantime the wounded legs were found to be neatly ligated, an exquisite neat bandage having been placed around each limb. The poor bird, however, had, in dressing its wound, entangled its beak with some long feathers, and had it not been discovered it would have died of starvation.

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Birds are often found whose limbs have been broken by shot, with the fractured ends neatly joined and ligated. M. Dumontell tells of a woodcock that had been shot by a sportsman on the afternoon of a certain day. After a long search the bird was given up, but it was discovered the next morning by an accident. In the meantime the wounded legs were found to be neatly ligated, an exquisite neat bandage having been placed around each limb. The poor bird, however, had, in dressing its wound, entangled its beak with some long feathers, and had it not been discovered it would have died of starvation.

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IRISHMEN IN FRANCE.

Many Names Have Figured With the Highest Nobility.

The Irish soldiers at Pontenoy bequeathed to their beloved France names which became so many synonyms for honor and worth and fidelity. The Lallys and the Dillon have ever since figured with the highest nobility in the French Empire. We find more than one Dillon raised to the dignity of an archbishop; another Dillon was married to a cousin of the future Empress Josephine, fought in America with Lafayette, and later, during the reign of terror in 1794, when he was commander-in-chief of the French army of the north, perished on the guillotine. Again we find another Irish descendant, Clarke, selected by Napoleon as his minister of war and given the title of Duke of Feltre. We find a Guillaume Meagher occupying one of the most important positions in the East Indian troubles; later still, in the early days of the now spent century, we find an Abbe MacCarthy, famous as a courted preacher of such extraordinary merit that an eminent author, M. Seclard, for many years the lecturer superior of the seminary of St. Sulpice, declared him to be heart and shoulder above Lacordaire; we find a Macdonald of Highland ancestry, but of Irish brigading schooling, "the type of French honor," as Bourrienne calls him, created a marshal of France by the great Emperor upon the battlefield of Wagram. The general order of was continued secretary of Napoleon, and the elevation of Macdonald added less to the marshal's military reputation than it redounded to the honor of the Emperor. Just half a century after Wagram we find a MacMahon winning the battle of Metz, and receiving in recompense the honor of a dukedom, and destined later on to fill the highest magistracy in the gift of the French republic.

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