

# Madame Jambé.

You smile at her name, finding it absurd, perhaps? Do not, however, be in too great a hurry to turn it into ridicule, for she who bore it was a brave woman, and worthy of all respect.

You must know that Mme. Jambé—Mother Jambé, the soldiers called her—for many years entertained in a regiment of the line, and in this capacity she was a sort of good angel to the troops. Officers and soldiers alike all respected her.

She married, when about thirty years of age, the quartermaster-general of the regiment. His time was nearly up, but he remained with the colors in order to help his wife to keep the canteen. The little household was a prosperous one, for Mme. Jambé had more than one string to her bow, and was well understood. She had learned the art of half dressing, and on the occasion of any fête was in great request with the officers' wives. The thrifty woman was thus able to lay by a very considerable sum of money, which by no means lessened her popularity in the regiment.

After a year of married life a son was born, and Mme. Jambé and her husband agreed that as soon as he should attain the proper age, he, too, should be passed into the ranks, and being smart and intelligent, he seemed to have a bright future before him.

But the husband and father died suddenly in 1868, and it was a great blow to poor Mme. Jambé, and she would hardly have survived it were it not for the thought of her son and the hope that he would be a comfort to her in her declining years. Sorrow aged her more than her rough life had done, and she left the service and settled in a little cottage left her by her parents in the village of Clusy, near Pontaux.

A year later war broke out and this was another sorrow for her to bear. She was a patriot, was Mme. Jambé, but she was not a soldier, and she could do nothing but watch the news, she chafed sorely at the show, which she saw in the village from the outer world, and made communication a matter of great difficulty.

She passed whole weeks in ignorance of the progress of the war, of her sons' whereabouts, and then, little by little, she heard of the defeats, and at last learned that her son, a sergeant now, had been attached to the army of the east, which was being led by the command of General Bonbrak.

From this time and in all weathers she might be seen each day trudging the weary, snow-covered roads, which lay between Clusy and Pontaux, or else climbing to Fort de Joux, overlooking the Swiss frontier. She sought news, but news, unhappily, was scarce and contradictory.

Suddenly toward the end of January, the rumor spread that the army of the east was approaching, having failed to relieve Belfort. For nearly a week Mme. Jambé sat in her room, day and night, scanning eagerly the road by which she hoped to see the French arrive.

They were signalled at last, but the Germans were signalled, too, from the opposite direction, and it seemed evident that the armies would encounter one another in the immediate neighborhood.

And now I will let Mme. Jambé take up the story for what follows I had from her own lips a few months after the events described took place:

"I was sitting at the table, and the noise at the door of the cottage, and then the sound of breaking glass, I rose hastily and ran down to the entrance. I saw a cry, my boy was there and behind him stood three of his comrades, but I saw what a state. Haggard, hollow-checked, their uniforms in rags, their boots almost in pieces, blue and shivering with cold.

"Mother, you must hide us," he said. "The general has entrusted me with a message to the commandant of the fort, but the Prussians have seen us and are in pursuit. They must not find us."

"Give me your order," I cried. "I will take it while you hide here; no one will suspect a woman."

"I had no time to finish. We heard a discharge of musketry, and a neighbor rushed in, crying: "The Prussians! The Prussians are here!"

"I pushed my son and his friends into a storeroom, at the further end of which, under some hay, was the door leading into the cellar where I kept my stock of wine and cider, but I saw the Prussians entered through the open door. I saw others in the road. There must have been about one hundred of them altogether. A young officer, with a commanding air, stepped forward.

"He came up to me, and said, brutally: "Is it you who are Mme. Jambé?"

"Yes, I am she," I answered.

"Your son has just entered this house."

"My son! He is far away from here, always supposing that he is still alive."

"He is here, in the name of St. Come, now, where is he?"

"You must seek him, then."

"He made a sign, and I was surrounded and prevented from moving my position. The soldiers ransacked the house, I asking myself meanwhile who could be the coward who had betrayed my son."

"At last the brutes found him—him and his friends, and I saw them dragged out covered with the hay in which they had attempted to conceal themselves. And my son! How brave and handsome he looked, with his flashing eyes. Yes! He was my own flesh and blood, and I felt proud of him. They were rigorously searched for the message they were supposed to bear, but it was a verbal one, they could find nothing.

The officer stamped about the little room, mad with rage. Glancing at the prisoners, he cried: "Is your son amongst them?"

"He is not, and if he were, I would not confess it."

"He drew his sword on me, and then we were all dragged out into the roadway, the officer shouting: "Where is the man who gave us the information?"

"One of his companions has just killed him," a Prussian sergeant replied, pointing to a corpse which I had not seen, hidden as it was behind a bush.

"The traitor was a franc-tireur, who, to save his own life, had given up my son to the enemy. His punishment had not been long delayed.

how a French woman could do it need be, and I waited, watching my son.

"But he did not seem to see me. His eyes were turned to his comrades. They seemed to be making signs to one another.

"Ready!" the word of command thundered.

"Present!" and they obeyed, covering me with their hit-own words, took place. Her story was recalled to my mind the other day on learning that the son of this brave woman had just been promoted to the command of his regiment.

"I learned afterward that, just at this moment, the canon of the Fort de Joux began to play. The commandant had caught the reflection of the sunlight from the Prussians' helmets, and concluding—none too soon—that something unusual was taking place, had sent a few shells into the crowd and rapidly dispersed the enemy."

Mme. Jambé died a few years after the events, which I have related as nearly as I can in her own words, took place. Her story was recalled to my mind the other day on learning that the son of this brave woman had just been promoted to the command of his regiment.

## A ROYAL ROMANCE.

George the Third and Lady Sarah Lennox.

As old King George the Second was taking the air in Kensington gardens one fine summer morning in the middle of the last century a little girl of some five years, who was walking with her sisters and the Swiss nurse, broke away from the party, skipped up to the king, dropped a courtesy and greeted him with the remark, "Comment vous portez-vous, M. le roi? Vous avez ici une grande et belle maison, n'est-ce pas?" The old king, familiar and perhaps bored with the pomp and etiquette of his usual relations with his subjects, was pleased beyond measure at the originality of this introduction. He took

notice of the child, often had her to visit him at the palace afterward, even romped with her and put her in a large chair, where, instead of showing fright, she sang, "Malbroek s'en va en guerre," at him from under the lid. The little lady was Lady Sarah Lennox, and as daughter of the Duke of Richmond, a great officer of the court, she and her sister had the privilege of being in the gardens to see the royal promenade. It was the prettiest entrance imaginable to the great world where this young lady was destined for a time to play a great part. Then or a dozen years later all fashionable London was agog with excitement and every rumor of Lady Sarah, for it was the question of 1761 whether she was or was not to become Queen of England.

In 1753 Lady Sarah entered London society and returned to the care of Harry Fox and his wife at Holland House, a tall, beautiful, shy girl of fourteen. Two years later the town was in raptures, in fact, and all the young men were making sheep's eyes at the beauty of sixteen. There was my Lord Carlisle, my Lord Errol, whose she refused; my Lord Newcastle, with whom she flirted desperately; Mr. Towns, whom she afterward married, and no doubt a score of others whose names are not recorded. Last of all there was the Prince of Wales, now become George the Third of England, who was a willing victim. He saw Lady Sarah often. There was no flirtation here; the king was in deadly earnest. There was no stupid royal-marriage act in force; this the king, in the light per-



ADMIRAL DIEDERICHS.

At the head of the German navy is Admiral Diederichs, who was selected to go to Manila with the Irons. He has had great experience in naval warfare, and is one of the expert naval tacticians of Europe. He is also a diplomat, and is especially cordial to Dewey. He comes of a noble German family, and would doubtless like to distinguish himself in a good naval battle.

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ent which she had shown as a historian. Her marriage to Mr. Gould was one of the brilliant matrimonial events of the year, and excited international comment. There is not to-day a fair-minded man or woman on either side of the Atlantic who does not applaud with sincerity, born of respect and admiration, this joining together of beauty and talent with wealth, manliness and social distinction.

It was perfectly well understood by the friends of Miss Clemmons and Mr. Gould that their attachment was so sincere and lasting that all family opposition, or comment of a world which at times does not recognize youth and beauty as the co-equals of tremendous wealth and position, was unnecessary, and at the altar, and that the marriage would finally meet with the approval of family, friends and general public.

This public delight in the lovely stage pictures discussed enthusiastically seasons ago the beauty of Miss Clemmons, and on her retirement from the stage felt that here was talent which if directed in proper channels would have made a long and lasting impression upon native dramatic art.

There is, however, another side to Mrs. Gould—a side with which the children is not so familiar. It is the matron, with all the beauty, new responsibilities and added dignity of the young American girl who now appeals to us, and who, by the very nature of her natural gifts and an exercise of that rare intelligence which is as intuitive as it is well defined, must eventually place her in the van of acknowledged leaders in the first circle of society.

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THE TRANSPORT GRANT.

The Grant is the finest transport ship ever built for the use of an army. It is to take troops to Manila. The United States soldiers will travel in the Philippines in royal style. The Grant will spend the coming year acting as a transport between San Francisco and Manila.

haps of his own experience, thought-fully provided for his relations when they began to marry into Henry Walpole's family. But at present the king knew his own mind, and there is no doubt that, if Lady Sarah had known here, she might have ascended the throne in 1751 as queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Shortly afterward Lady Sarah went into Somersetshire, rode out, fell with her horse and fractured her leg. The faithful Newbottle made some unfeeling remark when told of the accident. The faithful king was all solicitude for the suffering young beauty. The young girl at last perhaps knew her mind, but it was too late. There was more in the rumor of the princess from Mecklenburg than Fox thought. It was all over there was no doubt about it at all. The king summoned the council to announce the marriage, and Lord Harcourt, who went over for the princess, and the little self-possessed lady across the channel to Hatfield and was not seasick for above half an hour, but sang and played on the harpsichord nearly all the way. Poor Lady Sarah and her troubles were not yet over, either. The king selected her as one of the bridesmaids, "all beautiful figures," says Mr. Walpole, "but with neither features nor air; Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel." The marriage did not take place till ten at night. There were the pretty bridesmaids, with Lady Sarah at their head, all in a row; and the king had more eyes for Lady Sarah than for his bride all through the ceremony. When it was over up comes my Lord Westmoreland, the old Jacobite, who has hardly any eyes at all, mistakes Lady Sarah for the queen, drops on one knee, and takes her hand to kiss it; Lady Sarah has to draw back with a blush and cry, "I am not the queen, sir," and George Selwyn utters the bitter jest: "You know, he always loved pretenders." Did the romance end in such embarrassment for a poor young girl of sixteen?—Cornhill Magazine.

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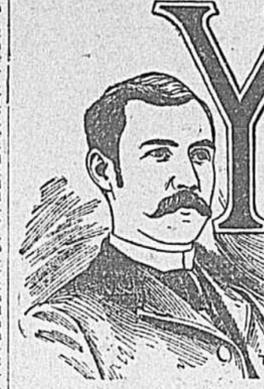
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# Young Men with a Purpose.

A few words from Dr. Hartman and a letter from Executive Clerk Hampton.



STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPT., GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O.

DEAR SIR:—I have been using Pe-ru-na for some weeks and want to testify to its value in cases of catarrh and stomach trouble. I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years, and my whole system was permeated with it, thus causing me quick stomach trouble. Pe-ru-na has cured the catarrh and I am in every way much improved.

Very truly,  
J. L. HAMPTON, Executive Clerk.

Pe-ru-na is Dr. Hartman's scientific prescription for permanently eradicating catarrh. It is sold by all druggists. For forty years it has been making clean membranes and healthy people. Mr. John F. Schmidt, Carthage, O., writes: Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.

DEAR SIR:—Pe-ru-na has saved my life. I suffered from palpitation of the heart, nervousness, weakness and dyspepsia. A few bottles of Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin cured me. I have gained forty pounds since I began taking Pe-ru-na.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O., will mail on application Dr. Hartman's books on chronic catarrh. Every interested person should have them.

HOME THOUGHTS.

The "Lady of the House"—The Dignity of her Title and the Greatness of her Power.

New York Post: Stepping over soiled envelopes thrust under the door, or beset by dirty petitions from fraudulent beggars, addressed to the "Lady of the house," we laugh over the impersonal nature of a universally applicable circular and are seldom otherwise reminded of the beautiful significance of a title dropped by modern usage.

The swing of the pendulum has been wide: from the ridiculous effrontery of the "washerlady" and the "competent lady" desirous of doing our cooking at a wage of \$30 a month, society has taken refuge in the use of "women" as a name never lacking in dignity when unstinted. Yet this also has found its abuse, and the newspapers now use the new form with an undiminished freedom which frequently jars upon fastidious ears. The courtesy of calling them ladies is his sacred right, and the respect of a gentleman's cleanliness, and he is named by the presence of the lady upon his honor as much as by the name of the world's first battle for supremacy, the old chivalric idea holds true to-day, though we see no token worn outwardly over men's hearts or pinned upon their sleeves.

"But thou that hast no lady canst not aught!"

means more to-day than it did in Arthur's time. He lacks the inspiration for endeavor given by the tender sharer of his life; he who hears only of more money, more luxury, more adornment from the roll of fortune, he who, or being single, knows no loftier cause for effort than his own aggrandizement, is terribly handicapped. He who is so far from an atmosphere of calmness, that he is not even able to confide by which were for him the noblest and fairest in the world. In life's harder tussles, in the grim and soiled fight for bread and recognition, the world's first battle for supremacy, the old chivalric idea holds true to-day, though we see no token worn outwardly over men's hearts or pinned upon their sleeves.

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