

## GAY CARRIE CARELESS

PICTURES THE VANITIES AND FETTERINGS OF THE FAIR SEX.

What the Girl of the Day Carries with Her Upon Her Shopping—Carmenita's Comfortable Slippers—How a Girl of Nerve Got a Seat in a Street Car.

NEW YORK, May 6.—We are settled now—all of us who moved—in our new quarters. But everything is changed a little. The gas in the parlor turns more easily than the old ones used to turn, and is liable to be suddenly put out completely, if one attempts to lower its radiance a little of a Sunday evening should light prove too glaring. The boards in the hallway creak in a different place and the stairs seem strangely unfamiliar late at



THE ATHLETIC YOUNG WOMAN IN EVENING DRESS.

night—so tiresome to be annoyed thus. The parlor sofa is new and unsympathetic; it is not a sofa at all, for it has no back; it is just a white and gold couch with a heap of new china silk pillows that are most uninviting and cold. One cannot cry upon new pillows. The dear old Sleepy Hollow chair that would hold—I don't know how many—has been banished to the nursery; and there is no home feeling left in us. Everything is new—everything but the faces. Perhaps it will happen that soon the new belongings, ashamed of their stiffness and ungenerosity will permit themselves to become family friends—and then Sunday evening will be what it used to be.

Carmenita wears a No. 2 slipper, and yet she is a great tall girl, above the average height, and not very slender.

"Do you never wear slippers in the house?" I asked her.

"Yes, when I wish to be comfortable—so comfortable that I wear a two and a half."

And so with us all, great artists as well as every day women, we travel upon our style generally, but when we wish to be comfortable—so comfortable—we relax, put on a larger slipper, an easier gown, let down our black hair, and for a brief period enjoy the luxury of being as large as we really are. Perhaps some day way off in that lovely time known as "sometime" it will be the style to appear just as natural and sizable as nature has made us, and when that vague and beautiful "sometime" comes it will be the millennium wherein all women will rejoice, for they will have the unspeakable luxury of raveling about feeling like human beings, with lungs and other physiological belongings rather than creatures of whalebone, steel, hooks and tape.

The girl of nerve has found a way which she declares is most efficacious for securing a seat in a horse car. I had heard of the little plan which she is said to work, but it was reserved for me to see it only yesterday. It was in a Broadway car, and the men seated along each side of it were evidently gentlemen, for they were well dressed, and what I am about to tell will show that they were of sensitive temperament. The car



PREPARING FOR A QUIET EVENING AT HOME.

was full. There was not a seat to spare when, at the next crossing, a young woman entered. She was a slim girl, rather pale, but, like her own teeth, small and white, yet with plenty of nerve.

As she boarded the car and came in, she glanced up and down the rows of men. No one noticed her. All the faces wore a stolid, preoccupied look, and those of the men who had papers or note books handy began to study them. Not a man budged from his place. And now, what do you think that girl did? Walking slowly along the car, she looked carefully at the faces of the men until she selected her victim. Taking up her stand in front of him, she grasped the strap by hitching her umbrella handle in it, and then, leaning slightly forward, she gazed intently at the man's feet.

He stood the scrutiny for a moment, then he looked down to see if there was anything unusual about his boots, but no they were nicely blacked and in as good trim as a new "shine" could make them. He looked up again at the girl. She was

still staring hard at his feet. There must be something wrong. Uneasily he hitched about a little in the seat, crossed one leg over another, and tried to look sideways out of the window. But the scheme wouldn't work, for there in front of him stood that small bit of a girl staring with two wide open eyes directly down at that pair of boots. Again he moved, this time recrossing his legs and selecting a new position where he hoped that his feet would appear less prominent and conspicuous. But no, there they were looming up as aggressive as ever, and there in front of them stood the mite of a girl absorbed in studying them. The man had big feet and the girl knew this when she selected him and being a woman she had judged where to hit him in just the place that would strike his sensibilities.

It was becoming too much for him. He could not stand it much longer. He must move his seat or get out upon the platform. This was really becoming too awful when the size of his feet could attract attention from a woman in a street car. More and more uneasily he hitched about, and ere two blocks had been traversed he got up, made a lurch toward the door, and got out upon the platform, where it was two blocks more before he recovered his equanimity and got over feeling that all the world was wondering at the size of his extremities.

The little cheat of a girl meanwhile, with the sweetest possible smile, and half-whispered "Thank you," sank blissfully and gracefully into the seat and enjoyed her ride home. In telling about it afterwards she said she had worked her little game at least three times daily for the past month, and had always succeeded. How the man liked it or what he thought of the unscrupulous nature of the proceeding as it revealed itself to him in his calmer moments, history tells not.

A Kentuckian, speaking of the northern fashion of letting a woman hustle for herself in public places, says that this is entirely due to the demeanor of the northern woman herself. When he is south he always resigns his seat in a public vehicle to a woman, and makes it his business to secure her comfort whenever possible, regarding the welfare of every woman as the special care of every man. In the south the women are dependent, confiding and helpless.

In the north they know what they want and they go and get it with a rapidity that startles the average man. The northern woman buys her own car tickets, checks her baggage, gets aboard, buys a newspaper, looks around for a seat and waits her turn for one with all the independence and courage of any man that can be produced. She wants no favors and she asks for none. This is so plainly apparent that, as the Kentuckian says, he is half afraid to offer her any favors for fear she may resent his interference; and even when he is sure



A WALK IN THE EARLY MORNING.

that she will not, and when she looks at him longingly, he himself is half provoked at the general swing of the sex here in the north, and would not offer her a seat anyway.

When she is North she must hustle as Northern women hustle. And when he is North he will do as Northern men do. Not the slightest grain of softness is found in his make-up for the Northern woman unaccompanied by her escort. Not the slightest grain of sternness is felt for the Southern woman when he sees her alone. The former may do the best she can. The latter may revel in all the luxury which the chance man may be able to provide for her.

All the girls are going in for health and athletics. They must not—they simply must not appear sick. They must have a fine color, bright eyes, glossy hair, round elbows, and a long swinging gait that is half a dog-trot, or some one may be led to think that they are not marvels of strength and robustness.

"Does this yellow dress make me look pale or sick?" asked one girl of another in the street last week. "When the sun shines upon me I fancy that the yellow of my dress makes my complexion appear bad. Now notice particularly when we come to the next open space between the houses, and tell me honestly if you think I look the least bit sallower."

"What shall you do with the dress, if it is unbecoming?"

"Why, throw it away, or put it away, or give it away, or do something else with it, of course. I couldn't afford, for the sake of my position in society, to wear anything that makes me appear in delicate health. I shouldn't be invited anywhere. It wouldn't do at all, you know; it really wouldn't do. It is out of style to be sick or delicate or even frail in appearance."

And so the girls to ensure the health which is now so necessary to their social standing have provided themselves with chatelaines upon which hang half a dozen boxes of gold or silver, set with jewels and in which is a collection of medicine, tonics and more or less stimulating drugs. A gold chatelaine with six or seven gold bottles or boxes hanging therefrom containing quinine capsules, warranted to hold the pangs of La Grippe at bay, digestion tablets, laxative lozenges, purgative pellets, cough drops, silver coated peppermint capsules, glycerine cubes, and a variety of tonic pills to keep the system in general good order.

And so, the girl of today besides doing everything else for herself, has taken the reins of her own physical system in her own hands and bids defiance to the elements and the doctors, maintaining that she knows what is what, and how to take care of each individual ill.

CARRIE CARELESS.

## TREACHERY EXTRAORDINARY.

The Astonishing Story of the Russian Nihilist, Degaief.

The recent arrest of the nihilist Degaief in south Russia for the murder of Soudieikin, was the termination of as remarkable a career as a Russian nihilist ever ran. Eleven years ago Degaief was a captain of the guards. He was keen, enthusiastic, well educated, and discontented. He was an idealist and a firm believer in the badness of the state of affairs in modern Russia. He was not then a nihilist, but he had in him all the materials from which nihilists are made. He drifted slowly and naturally into the society of radicals, and became steadily more extreme in his political views, till a day came when he found himself at the head of a conspiracy against the life of the czar. The conspiracy was discovered, all the conspirators were arrested, and Degaief was condemned to die. He accepted his fate without a whimper. Three days before the date set for executing him the door of his cell was opened to admit Soudieikin, whom Degaief recognized immediately as an old and long-forgotten comrade in arms.

"How are you, old fellow?" said the chief.

For a moment Degaief felt hope, then relaxed into a state of resignation, and answered: "My last opportunity to speak for myself, isn't it?"

"No, comrade," was the reply. "I bring to you the pardon of the czar."

"What! What! Then he requires from me some service in return?"

"Nothing at all. You are free, unconditionally free. Come home with me and we will talk about it."

Degaief went. In his study Soudieikin said: "You know our old friendship. Well, that saved you. I went to the czar and interceded for you, giving my word of honor that, if freed, you would quit your old ways. I have the good fortune to enjoy the czar's confidence, and he granted me the life of my friend."

Degaief sank in tears at the chief's feet, and protested his determination never again to make common cause with the Nihilists. The chief continued:

"What do you expect to do now? Your return to the army is impossible. I can offer you my secretaryship, with salary enough to pay for your daily bread. You will be, in case you accept this, a member of the secret police and my right-hand man. Go home, think about it, and decide without undue attention to my advice."

Full of gratitude, Degaief hastened to enlist in the service of the chief. He put head, heart and hand in his work. He pursued his old colleagues day and night. Nineteen Nihilists were brought by him to death, and scores were sent through his influence to Siberia. Degaief obtained the full confidence of his chief. Soudieikin had estimated him correctly in everything save his susceptibility to the pangs of remorse. Degaief could not forget his old radical tendencies. The scorn of his former colleagues scorched him till he could endure the pain no longer. He went one evening to the house of a Nihilist leader, and swore by his revolutionary past to do anything required by the revolutionary party as the condition of his reinstatement.

"Kill Soudieikin," said the Nihilist leader.

Degaief requested a day in which to think over this suggestion. Twenty-four hours later he gave his promise to murder the man who had saved his life.

The full significance of his promise can hardly be comprehended without an understanding of the position of Soudieikin at that time. He was at the height of his power. He was only nominally dependent on the third division. He came and went as he pleased, had constant access to the Czar, was master of agents answerable only to him, and had unlimited credit at the Imperial Bank. He was, in short, nearer to omnipotence than any other officer of police before or since his time; and all this power he applied with all his amazing energy to the extinction of Nihilism and Nihilists. He occupied lodgings in several quarters of St. Petersburg. Every evening, however, he met Degaief in the third story of a modest dwelling house, occupied otherwise only by small tradesmen who knew nothing of the identity of their fellow tenant. Here, Degaief decided, the chief of the secret police must die. Two Nihilists took rooms on the third floor in the next house, and with the outside wall adjoining the outside wall of Soudieikin's apartments. During the day time, when Soudieikin was absent, for three weeks the conspirators laboriously scratched and filed away brick and mortar between them and their victim. Not a blow was struck, not a fragment was cut. The powder from the walls was carried off in the pockets of Degaief's accomplices. At last only a thin sheet of plaster and paper separated them from the chief's study.

On the night of the murder Degaief and the man who had saved his life sat together at the study desk. Degaief let fall a heavy paper weight, the wall was burst in with a blow from a hammer, and the three Nihilists sprang upon Soudieikin. For ten minutes all four men struggled up and down the room, and then the chief was struck down dead by Degaief. Half an hour later the nihilists in disguise left the neighborhood and hurried off to announce the deed to a company of revolutionists in a far-off basement. The murder was discovered on the next afternoon. Shortly afterwards Degaief's accomplices were arrested, but as they were only his creatures they were let off with a life sentence to hard labor in Siberia. Degaief could not be found, although his portrait was scattered over the length and breadth of Russia, and high rewards were offered for the capture of him alive or dead. Eight years later while attempting to enter Russia with false passes, he has been overtaken by retribution. All this is not the fairy tale told by Czar haters or nihilist haters. It is the plain, unadorned narrative of the Russian courts, in which the details of this remarkable crime have been revealed.

## The Death Penalty Among the Creeks.

"At the last legal execution in the Creek nation I was present," said Mr. Leo E. Bennett, the United States government agent for the five civilized tribes. "The details were very different from an execution in the army. A squad is detailed, and some of the guns are left unloaded so nobody can tell who fires the fatal shot."

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At this Creek execution the condemned man was seated on the ground with his back against a tree and his legs stretched out in front. He was not bound to the tree, nor were his hands tied. Just before the execution some one put a bandage over his eyes, but the prisoner tore it off and threw it away.

"Perhaps the strangest part of the proceedings was the selection of the executioners. That was left to the condemned man. He was told to pick out the two men whom he wanted to do the shooting. Strange to say, one of his selections was his cousin. Both men were from the light horse of the nation. The two men, without any unnecessary delay, walked out in front of the condemned man twelve or fifteen feet, knelt down, levelled their revolvers, steadying their barrels with their left hands, and fired. Both bullets struck the left breast over the heart and not more than an inch and a half apart. The man fell over on his side and in a few seconds was dead."

## A £10,000 PICTURE.

A Famous Painting Owned by the Rothschilds—Its Story.

The fact of a picture worth £10,000 being converted into a sort of bull's eye mark for schoolboys' marbles is a little history in itself. The work, by Gainsborough, is that of the Honorable Miss Duncombe—a renowned beauty of her day, who lived at Dalby hall, near Melton Mowbray. She married Gen. Bowater. For over fifty years this magnificent work of art had hung in the hall of this old house in Leicestershire, and the children, as they played and romped about the ancient oaken staircases, delighted to make a target of the Gainsborough, and to throw their marbles at the beauty. It hung there year after year, full of holes, only to be sold under the hammer one day for the sum of £6, a big price for the torn and tattered canvas. The owner of the bargain let it go for £183 15s., the lucky purchaser being Mr. Henry Graves. The day it came into the famous printseller's shop in Pall Mall, Lord Chesterfield offered £1000 guineas for it, at which price it was sold. But romances run freely amongst all things pertaining to pictures, for before the work was delivered a fever seized Lord Chesterfield, and he died. Lady Chesterfield was informed that, if she wished, the agreement might be cancelled. Her ladyship replied that she was glad of this, as she did not require the picture, which accordingly remained in Mr. Graves' shop waiting for another purchaser. It had not long to wait. One of the wealthiest and most discriminating judges of pictures in England, Baron Lionel Rothschild, came in search of it, and the following conversation between him and the owner, Mr. Graves, ensued:

"You ask me fifteen hundred guineas for it?" exclaimed the great financier, when he was told the price; "why, you sold it the other day for a thousand!"

"Yes, I know I did," replied the dealer, "but that was done in a hurry, before it had been restored."

"Well, now, I'll give you twelve hundred for it—twelve hundred," said the Baron, looking longingly at the work.

"Now, Baron," said Mr. Graves, good-humoredly, though firmly, "if you beat me down another shilling, you shan't have the picture at all."

"Very good—then send it home at fifteen hundred guineas." It is now amongst the most valued artistic treasures of the Rothschilds, and £10,000 would not buy it today. —Strand Magazine.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



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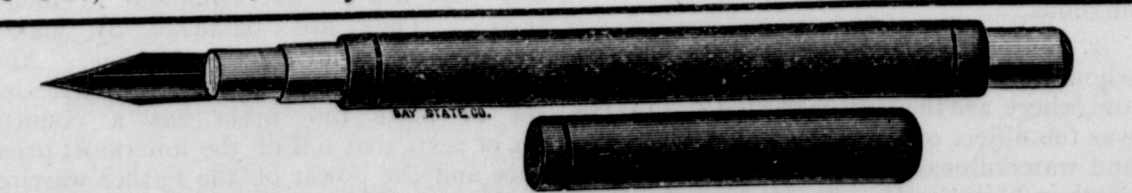
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