

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

ACCUSES A WOMAN OF BEING IMMORAL BECAUSE SHE CAN COOK.

How a Woman Can Attract a Man in a Thousand Ways—Dainty Ways of Fixing the Dressing Table—A Girl's Hair as it Appeared When Only Half Bleached.

NEW YORK, May 13.—That dear Rudyard Kipling accuses one of his heroines of being immoral—positively immoral—because she said she could cook. The said heroine had come temporarily into a soldier's headquarters to look after his comfort, and was making things so very attractive that the soldier himself was weakening, and was even half guilty of wishing that his furlough might last forever. To cap the climax and to secure a permanent



"SCATTERING THE SEEDS OF DISSATISFACTION."

resting place for herself, the little mix tempted him past all endurance by saying that she could cook—actually cook. Man-like this attraction was too much for him, and he came near entangling himself too deeply with the siren, who could preside over the mysteries of the tea kettle and the frying pan. Fortunately for the welfare of his country, the soldier was rescued, ere he tasted of the savory dishes which the temptress—a modern Eve—would have prepared for him.

Just as immoral, so say the men, is it for the girl of the period to get herself up in the altogether bewitching spring styles and parade the streets, as it to charm the men with the fascinations of her get up. How does she go to work, this spring girl, to look so lovely? How does she achieve the grace, the pretty color the lawn like carriage, and the charming yet dignified demeanor which we see every moment as we walk the streets of a fair day?

First of all she washes her hair and then she washes it again. She washes it until all the oil and stickiness is out and there remains only the light fluffiness and half curl which we all admire so much. Then sometimes, all alone, and sometimes with the aid of her hair dresser, she coils a lovely knot on the back of her head, and sticks into it a great jeweled dagger, so pretty that you cannot resist asking her a question or two about it. The front of her hair she fluffs up directly over the middle of her forehead and draws the sides down, preserving the oval of her face, a la Mrs. Cleveland, and finishes the destructive work by sticking in pretty gold hair pins wherever there is an excuse for one.

On top of the captivating head, she spikes her hat with a wavy brim and a rose upon the crown. At the back of the hat are some feather tips, some lace, a few jeweled pins, and I don't know what else. A beetle, maybe, or a small lizard, or something else from out of the animal kingdom—but the effect is pretty.

And then the rest of her attire? Oh my! Oh my! You have seen it, you know all about it. It was a pity, yet a pleasure to



SHE GOES FOR AN OUTING.

just run over its fascinations. There is the bodice, fitting as tight as the skin, and suggesting a plump loveliness underneath. There is the high collar, ever so high at the back of the neck and low enough at the front to show the pretty little hollow which grows underneath a woman's chin. And the skirt! St. Denis help the men as they gaze upon the beautiful outlines of the modest girl's skirt. It is skimp and it is scant, so very skimp and so very scant that it looks as if the woman had bought just enough material for a pillow case, and had sewed it up at the sides, leaving the ends open so she could jump in and sally forth. No petticoats are worn underneath this tight skirt, and no gathers or tucks break up the long lines. It is immoral, really immoral, to go forth arrayed so attractively, for, as a man himself was heard to say, "No woman can come down town in such a rig without scattering the seeds of dissatisfaction."

A girl's dressing table is the pride of her room. She may have pretty pictures, a collection of photographs of her best fellows, far exceeding in number that of her envious girl friends, she may have a gum board of real rosewood, five dozen sachet bags, and a night-gown case of real Japanese silk; yet with all these glories, to outshine it, the dressing table is the pride,

and the *piece de resistance*, so to speak, of the room. The sweetest dressing table is all of glass, and is provided with two shelves, an upper shelf and a lower shelf. These are of bevelled glass, and are held in place by beautiful gold legs. Another kind of a dressing table less expensive has simply a bevelled glass cover on top, and is just a plain table elsewhere. On top of the table go the silver manicuring implements, the celluloid brush and comb and the ivory-backed glasses and brushes. Besides this there must be the dozens of little fancy boxes, powder, and puffs and bottle of cologne and perfumery. To make these bottles more ornamental manufacturers have supplied beautiful cut glass pitchers and odd shaped things filled with perfumery of all colors. One can thus, if she be a dainty Miss, and particular as to the appointments of her room, have her perfumery to match the general color of the boudoir.

I saw a girl last week with the funniest looking hair I ever beheld. At first I thought it was the odd light in which she was seated. For she was at the matinee, and sat in one of those yellow gold lights of the Casino. Her hair as it looked to me was auburn in front with yellow shades upon it. Further back it was red, and the coil at the back of her head seemed streaked with red and black. I asked her about it later, for she was a good natured little thing and willing to enlighten literary women who wished in turn to enlighten the world.

She explained it thus. For a few cents she got a dye at the drug store warranted to take the color out of naturally black hair upon twenty applications. Her hair being very thick was somewhat unmanageable, so she found that it would not be convenient to shampoo it with the bleach each day, and that she must be contented with dipping it twice or thrice a week. "Every night I wash my bangs in the bleach and every other night I wash my top hair in it—you know that part of the hair that a girl frizzes and catches back under her Psyche knot. The back I wash only twice a week and that accounts for the shades in color."

"The front hair has been washed just twenty times, for I have had the bleach just twenty days, so it is a nice, lovely auburn. The middle hair has been washed ten times, and it is only now at the red



HE GOT A LITTLE RASH.

state, not exactly red nor yet black, a sort of mud color you see, but it is fast becoming auburn. The back is all streaked with red and black and I am almost in despair of ever getting that lovely auburn hue that you see upon my bangs. But I shall keep right on, for that dear, sweet druggist said that it would surely do the work, and that he had sold it to ever so many girls, and every one of them had become a lovely strawberry blonde."

A little excitement was occasioned last week at a girl's athletic club, by a discussion which arose as to the possibility of this being an invalid's summer. Every one has had the gripe, you know, and nearly every one has been left with some weak spot which is liable to attack from sudden colds.

It was the fashion to have the gripe and it is the fashion now to have a weak spot as the result of the gripe's ravages. It may be one's heart that is weak—that is, perhaps the sweetest thing to have—or it may be that one is subject to rheumatism—youth Mrs. Blaine made this fashionable a year ago—perhaps a trifling trouble to the eyes, brings havoc to the constitution, or the system may be so delicately framed that almost anything is liable to set in.

"Shall we or shall we not be semi-invalids this summer?" was the question discussed at the Athletic "club." Shall we go on punching imaginary adversaries and trying to pick a spot in the wall or shall we rest upon the laurels which we earned in athletic fields and declare ourselves too much debilitated by the season's fashionable disease to further pursue our muscular exertions?"

You have heard of the third sex, the young men who are almost like girls because they walk with their hands in front of them and employ their leisure hours in doing drawn work, and working on canvas. They are the girlish young men, the lady-like gentlemen who are rather nice to have around when one is out taking Fido for an airing, or doing a little light shopping. Of course, no girl wants to lean her head upon one of these lady-like bosoms nor does she care to have her hands squeezed by a soft feminine hand, but she enjoys these young men because they are something new to look at, and she likes to have them around and to give them help and hints about the fancy work upon which they are engaged. One of them last week embroidered a sofa cushion, and when his best girl suggested that he extend his industry to embroidering suspenders, he did not seem averse to the proposition.

Somebody says dip the feminine young man up and down several times in a pool of clear cold water; but no, it is not best to do so, let him go on and devote the precious little brain to the nice worthy object of making himself pretty and attractive. Maybe when the manish woman sees how unattractive is the womanly man, that she will turn from the error of her ways, discard the derby, the boiled shirt and the cut-away; and become a nice womanly woman once more. If the feminine man brings about this boom to humanity, he will have fulfilled a glorious mission.

CARRIE CARELESS.

THE CONVERSABLYONY.

What conversablyony wuz, I really did not know, that, you must remember, wuz a powerful spell ago; The camp wuz new 'nd noisy, 'nd only modrit sized; So fashion's sossiety wuz hardly crystallized. There hadn't been no grand events to interest the men, But a lynchin', or a inquest, or a jackpot now an' then. The wimmin-folks wuz mighty scarce, for wimmin' is a rool, Don't go to Colorado much, except' for teachin' school. An' bein' scarce an' chipper and pretty (like as not), The bachelors perpose, 'nd air accepted on the spot.

Now Sorry Tom wuz owner uv the Gosh-all-hem-lock mine, The wick allowed his better half to dress all-fired fine; For Sorry Tom wuz mighty proud uv her, an' she uv him, Though she wuz short an' tacky, an' he wuz tall an' slim.

An' she wuz edicated, an' Sorry Tom wuz not, Yet, for her sake, he'd whack up every cussid cent he'd got; Waal, jest by way uv celebratin' matrimonial joys, She thought she'd give a conversablyony to the boys.

A peert an' likely lady, 'nd ez full uv cute ideas, 'Nd uv etiquetish notions ez a fyste is full uv fleas. Three-fingered Hoover kind uv kicked, an' said they might be burned; So far ez any conversablyony wuz concerned; He'd come to Red Hoss Mountain to tunnel for the ore.

An' 'nd to go to parties—quite another kind uv bore! But, bein' he wuz candidate for marshal uv the camp, I rayther had the upper bolts in arguin' with the 'scamp; Sez I, "Three-fingered Hoover, can't you see it is yer game To go for all the votes you kin an' collar uv the same?"

The wick perceivin', Hoover sez, "Waal, ef I must, I must; So I'll frequent that conversablyony, ef I bust!"

Three-fingered Hoover wuz a trump! Ez fine a man ez I know; Ez ever caused a inquest or blossomed on a tree! A big, broad man, whose face bespoke a honest heart within, With a bunch uv yaller whiskers appertainin' to his chin.

'Nd a fierce mustash turnt up so fur that both his ears wuz hid; Like the picture that you always see in the "Life uv Cap'n Kidd." His hair wuz long an' wavy an' fine ez Southdown fleece; Oh, it shone an' smelt like Eden when he slicked it down with grease!

I'll bet there wuzn't anywhere a man, all round, ez fine Ez wuz three-fingered Hoover in the spring uv '09!

The conversablyony wuz a notable affair, The bong tong deckies 'nd en regally bein' there; The ranch where Sorry Tom hung out wuz fited up immense— The Denver papers called it "a palashal residence!"

There wuz moun' pinners an' fern an' flowers 'shangin' on the walls, An' charrs an' hose-hair sofas wuz a-settin' in the halls;

An' there wuz heaps uv pictures uv folks that lived down east, Sech ez poets an' perfessers, an' last, but not the least, Wuz a chromo uv old Fremont, we liked that best, For there's lots uv us old miners that is votin' for him yet.

When Sorry Tom received the gang peritely at the door, He said that keards would be allowed upon the second floor; And then he asked us would we like a drop uv ody vee, Convin' at his meanin', we responded promptly, "wee."

A conversablyony is a thing where people speak The langwidge in the wick they air particulerly weak. "I see," sez Sorry Tom, "you grasp what that 'ere lingo means, 'You bet yer boots,' sez Hoover, 'I've lived at New Orleans, I did'n't no Frenchie, nor kin unto the same, I kin parly voo, an' git there, too, like Eli, toot lee name!"

As speakin' French wuz not my forte—not even covvy poo,— I stuck to keards ez played by them ez couldn't parly voo, An' bein' how that poker wuz my most perficient game, I poneyed up for 20 blues an' set into the same, Three-fingered Hoover stayed behind and parly-vood so well That all the kramy dolly krame allowed he wuz the belle.

The other candidate for marshal didn't have a show; For, while Three-fingered Hoover parlyed, es they said, tray bow, Bill Goslin didn't know enough uv French to git along.

'Nd I reckon that he had what folks might call 'a movy tong; From Denver they had freighted up a real pianny for Uv the warty-leg an' pearl-around-the-keys-an' kiver sort. An', later in the evenin', Perfesser Vere do Blaw Performed on that pianny, with a considerable eclaw, Sech high-toned opry airs ez one is apt to hear, you know.

When he wound up down to Denver at a Emmy Abbott show, An' Barber Jim (a talented but ornery galoot) Discouraged a obligattee, conny mory, on the floor, Till me, ez set upstairs indulgin' in a quiet game, Conveyed to Barber Jim our wish to compromise the same.

The maynoo that wuz spread that night wuz mighty hard to beat— Though somewhat awkward to pernoonce, it wuz not so to eat! There wuz puddins, pies an' sandwidges, an' forty kinds uv sars, An' floatin' Irelands, custards, tarts, an' patty dee foy grass;

An' millions uv cove oysters wuz a-settin' round in pans, 'Nd other native fruits an' things that grow out west in cans. But I wuz all kuttummuxed when Hoover said he'd choose "Oon peety morso, see voo play, de da cettie Charlotte Rooze!"

I'd known Three-fingered Hoover for fifteen years or more, 'Nd I'd never heern him speak so light uv wimmin folks before!

Bill Goslin heern him say it, 'nd uv course he spread the news; Uv how Three-fingered Hoover had insulted Charlotte Rooze At the conversablyony down at Sorry Tom's that night.

An' when they asked me, I allowed that Bill for once wuz right; Although it broke my heart to see my friend go up the fluke!

We all opined his treatment of the girl deserved rebuke, It wasn't no use for Sorry Tom to nail it for a lie— When it come to sassin' wimmin-folks there wuz blood in every eye;

The boom for Charlotte Rooze swep' on an' took the polls by storm, An' so Three-fingered Hoover fell a martyr to reform!

Three-fingered Hoover said it wuz a terrible mis-take, An' when the votes wuz in, he cried ez if his heart would break. We never knew who Charlotte wuz, but Goslin's brother Dick Allowed she wuz the teacher from the camp on Roarin' Crick.

That had come to pass some forrin tongue with them uv our allies Ez wuz at the high-toned party down at Sorry Tom's that night. We let it drop—this matter uv the lady—there an' then, An' we never heern nor wanted to, of Charlotte Rooze again.

An' the Colorado wimmin-folks, ez like ez not, don't know How we vindicated all their sex a twenty year ago. For in these wondrous twenty years has come a mighty change, An' most uv them old pioneers have gone across the range.

Way out into the silver land beyond the peaks uv snow,— The land uv rest an' sunshine, where all good miners I reckon that they love to look, from out the silver haze, Upon that God's own country where they spent sech happy days.

Upon the noble cities that have risen since they went; Upon the camps an' ranches that are prosperous an' content, An', best uv all, upon those hills that reach into the air, Ez ef to clasp the loved ones that air waitin' over there!

—Eugene Field.

HID IN THE LOG.

How a Southerner Escaped From a Party of Guerrillas.

A Southern correspondent sends to *The Companion* a story of war-time. In some parts of the South, and especially in North Carolina, the horrors of war were greatly aggravated by the strife between irregular organizations of Union and Confederate sympathizers, known respectively as "Buffaloes" and "Guerrillas." Both organizations were composed of lawless men, and no ultimate good appears to have been accomplished by them, either for the North or for the South.

After General Burnside's capture of Roanoke Island and Elizabeth City, things began to grow very uncomfortable for the buffaloes, who had made themselves obnoxious to their neighbors by many deeds of mischief. One of their acknowledged leaders put his family into a buggy, and set out for Elizabeth City. On the way he was met by a band of guerrillas, who called upon him to surrender.

He knew that he could hope for no mercy if he gave himself up, and thinking that they might not fire upon his wife and children, he urged his horse forward, at the same time holding his infant child in front of himself as a shield. But the order to fire was given, and he fell back dead, a volley of bullets having reached him through the body of his child.

The horrible deed roused intense indignation, of course, and vengeance was threatened. Unhappily suspicion fastened upon the wrong man, and he was marked for destruction. News reached him upon his farm that the buffaloes were in pursuit of his head, and he arranged with his wife a code of signals for his protection.

Again and again, by day and by night, his house was searched, but without success. Many times he watched the searching parties as they withdrew, disappointed, from the premises. One day he had a peculiarly narrow escape.

A band of armed men were seen approaching. Evidently they were after him again. He hastened from the house into the field, thinking himself unseen; but his pursuers had caught sight of him, and at once started in pursuit. There was no time to reach the woods, and in his extremity he crawled into a log which lay near the entrance to the field.

Hardly was he inside when his enemies swarmed into the field. "Where is he?" "Where is he?" he heard one and another ask. "We saw him run this way, and he hasn't had time to cross the field. He is hiding here somewhere and we have him at last."

Some kept watch the rest searched the field. After a while all hands came together about the log, and some of them sat down upon it. One would shoot him at sight; another wanted to hang him to a tree and riddle him with bullets. No suggestion of a trial, or the possibility of his innocence.

The prisoner was almost afraid to breathe. Another search was made, and his agony of suspense continued. In his distress he prayed earnestly for protection. No one thought to look into the log, and late in the afternoon the sound of the bell notified him that the coast was clear and he might return to the house.

Many years have passed. The man still lives, and still believes that there was some connection between his prayer and his deliverance.

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