

## GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS WHAT THE GIRLS DO WHEN THEY GO FOR A MORNING RIDE.

The Newest and Nattiest Thing in Riding Habits—What It Costs to Take a Ride on Dobbin—Little Carmencita and her Naivete—Otero is Leading a Buttery Life.

"Up in the morning early" is the motto for the fair young miss of Gotham who wishes to do everything that is charming, and who is also desirous of doing it at the most delightful time. Early horseback rides are just the thing this spring, because the dozen or two countesses and baronesses who have favored New York with their presence indulged in them, as soon as the weather afforded. Now, one sees every girl with the pluck and the money to in-



dulge in the sport scampering along in her best possible fashion on the prettiest horse she can procure upon the roads that lead out from the city.

Riverside and Grant's tomb are the popular drives and rides, because there one can get a nice breakfast and enjoy the luxury of knowing that one is in a thoroughly aristocratic part of the country. All the swells from sweldom go there, and all the riding masters take their pupils cantering that way as soon as they can be trusted to keep their seat in the saddle.

A young lady's mount costs nowadays, if her outfit is according to the best fashionable advices. The very cheapest habit will spoil a \$100 bill, and if one goes in for extras, why, one hundred dollars more can easily be spent. The skirt and waist, at least the former and preferably the latter also, should be of doekin. The boots must be patent leathers with tops that reach—nobody knows how high; and the suede gloves, vest and minor appointments are all so expensive that a Worth costume must be very nice indeed before it can equal the riding habit in price.

For early morning trips, the Derby crush hat on the comfortable little peak cap may be worn. Later the tall hat and regulation veil must be the invariable head-gear.

Very charming it is these bracing mornings to mount Dobbin and tear along the road side by side with a cavalier who understands his business and knows when to lead and when to follow, and who knows again when one must be tired and who suggests stopping for a gentle walk along some shady path. Then come the more dignified walk home, and half an hour later in my lady's boudoir, there is the massage and the toning down exercise which makes the skin all smooth and lovely, and which keeps my lady young and fair.

Tableaux are very popular forms of parlor entertainment. They make a pleasing variety to the somewhat tiresome dances lasting all the evening. For each tableau or fancy dress party, the guests assemble in full uniform. There are Juliets, Portias, Ophelias and the popular characters from all the latest society plays. There are also Romeos, Claude Melnottes, Hamlets and warriors bold that have been famous in song, story and upon the boards. Beautiful tableaux are produced early in the evening, to the delight of those not taking



part, and later, with their war paint on, the fancifully dressed creatures mingle altogether in the mazy whirl which is doubly attractive because of the added charm of unusual toilets.

Saucy black-eyed Otero is leading a butterfly life in this great city, and it is said that she does not want to go back to Spain for even four months, which is her allotted period for an engagement over there. In her beautiful little flat on Twenty-third street she holds high carnival with the young men of the town, after the theatre, and she entertains them sumptuously of a Sunday. She is strikingly pretty, of the boldly handsome type that one scarcely knows whether to admire or to fear. Speaking no English at all, she never travels about the city without a maid to do the talking, and the maid invariably accompanies her on the short horse car ride, which she takes from her house to the Eden Musee, where she dances. She is fond of

handling our money and takes delight in counting out from a beautiful white portmanteau the ten cents requisite to convey herself and maid across town. Is it not an evidence of foreign thrift when so great an artist as Otero and one who is making as much money as she, should care to avail herself of the very plebeian method of conveyance known as the horse car? Many an American actress, with less than half of Otero's pay, would scorn to step foot in anything more common than a hansom.

"Say something nice about me in the newspapers," pleaded Carmencita with me as she held my hand at the door of her house on Twenty-first street, and urged me to come again. "Say something very pretty, will you not?" and of course I said I would. If I could know what would best please the senorita I would say it and say it gladly, for she is the daintiest, sweetest, most absolutely bewitching little beauty who has ever been behind the New York footlights—at least that is the verdict of all the men who see her, and the women own up to almost as much—and that is saying a great deal.

A new fad has arisen among divorced women and that is, that they shall keep their husband's name, even after the courts have decided that they may legitimately go back to the ones they answered to in maidenhood. As Mrs. Leslie Carter says: "Why should I not keep my husband's name? But a few months ago every woman as fast as she obtained a divorce immediately took her own name, but now, as proof of her innocence she keeps her husband's and declares that she will not give it up."

Any woman who has attempted to transact business or to obtain favors or credit from business people knows that if she is able to prefix the title of Mrs. to her name half the point is gained. Men have more regard for a woman who has a man behind her to defend her and to look after rights and interests. If a woman is Mrs. it is a sort of introduction. It is a statement that she is not alone in the world looking out for herself, with no one to become indignant should her rights be denied. Though the husband may be, as is the case with the divorcee, merely a name, yet all the world knows that there is a great deal in a name, and that a great power is carried along with certain titles.

Mrs. Frank Leslie knew that fact when she had her name changed to Frank Leslie. Mrs. James Brown Potter knew that she stood a much better chance of recognition by her husband's name than if she had taken her own. Mrs. Langtry recognized it also and so have scores of others, some women even having gone so far as to assume the title of Mrs. when it did not belong to them.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was in town the other day, making a tour of the Pulitzer building. She is rather a stout, elderly lady, with grey hair. Mrs. Jackson professed herself much pleased with the glory of the World building, and exclaimed several times that the ascent up into the gilded dome was well worth the trouble of toiling up the corkscrew stairs beyond the floor where the elevator ends its flight.

Anent this remarkable building, all sorts of people of all states and conditions find



their way into it. Dr. Tanner who has not been seen for many a day, appeared down in the big corridor one day, and immediately drew a large crowd around him by the singularity of his decorations. His portly form, long since having become well filled out with water-melon and anything else that he chose to eat, was covered with flags of all nations, as well as medals, ribbons and satin bows of every hue. Balloons, rubber balls and papers of gaudy colors hung from his coat, and his hat was decorated to rival all the rainbow tints. He had with him a bottle of something which was purported to be an elixir of life, warranted to cure all ills, no matter from what they might arise. Starvation, misfortune and disaster were alike, easily conquered by this wonderful Tanner elixir. When told that he could not see "the editor," he became violent, and threatened personal damage, but was led by an orderly, and induced to go quietly home.

Jedediah Bassett and the original aunt Polly are in town playing singing school to the smaller churches and missions. Jedediah, whose real name is Quail, is a short, fat man, as jolly in private life as he is funny upon the stage. Aunt Polly, his mother, is a genius, having invented the singing school idea, and being the first to put it upon the stage. She is old now and does not often take part herself, but when she chooses she can walk the boards and sing "Put the kettle on and we'll all take tea" with all the vim of former days.

Among the literary women of New York one of the most attractive is Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas of Ledger fame. Eighteen years ago Robert Bonner hired her for an eighteen years' engagement, and during all that time her stories have been features eagerly read by lovers of short fiction. The engagement has now expired, and Mrs. Dallas is taking a little needed rest to look about New York which is almost strange to her, because of her long and close application to work. She is a large woman with grey hair, fine color and a pretty way of talking.

New York is full of nice literary women who are working hard to keep the people supplied with bright material obtainable only on this giddy little island.

CARRIE CARELESS.

A dry, hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No prompt remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.—Adet.

## GUMVILLE IN ECSTASY.

UNION OF HUMBOLDT HARRIS AND ARAMINTA HOPPER.

Brilliant Ceremony at the Hopper Mansion—The Bride Shivered and Humboldt Looked Pale—Mordecai Hopper Loses His Head and Becomes Reckless.

GUMVILLE, April 29.—Within the memory of man no wedding has ever taken place in Gumville to compare with the nuptials of Humboldt Harris and Miss Araminta Hopper, both of said place. Of Miss Hopper it is sufficient to say that her mother was a Hansel packer. The Hansel packers are the oldest family in Gumville—the original name was Handsattel-packers, which was reduced to Hansel packer for short. They were chased out of New Jersey at the time of the American revolution and preferred to live in their naked grandeur on English soil sooner than go back and be tarred and feathered. Since that time they have been chiefly noted for applying for offices under the local government, and opposing the Scot act in practice as well as precept. But to resume.

Miss Hopper is a broneet with a eye that seems to take in all the suburbs of your person. We believe we are voicing the sentiment of this community when we say that she will probably make it warm for Humboldt. The groom is a noble specimen of what our climate is capable of when it humps itself up. Humboldt was the pride of his doting mother while she lived. When she died he lost the job. He was the only boy she ever had that would stem the strawberries as he picked them. He would eat about all he picked, but he would do it absent-minded like, as if he was wrestling with some tremendous problem of nature, and didn't notice things. But to resume.

The mansion of Mordecai Hopper, where the wedding took place, was decorated in a manner never seen in Gumville before. The yard was carpeted with the finest of intervals hay, in which the squire's herd of shorthorns were regaling themselves when the guests arrived. As the invited friends came up they were received in good form by Mordecai, himself, the father of the bride. Many of the guests thought Mordecai was in mourning, on account of having his boots blacked. It was a pleasing innovation, and is liable to be the rage in Gumville. But to resume.

Rev. Isaiah Hooper was late in reaching the fatal scene, owing to that sorrel colt of his desiring to shake hands with him over the dashboard. We always told the reverend gentleman that that colt would kick him into New Jerusalem yet, and we believe it. We were obliged to decline the reverend gentleman's application for life insurance on that ground. But to resume.

On arriving at the house Mr. Hooper anchored his colt to a side-hill and went into the building. An impromptu and hasty prayer-meeting was convened in the parlor, at which the reverend gentleman held forth with great acceptance. His prayer was the flourent ever addressed to a Gumville audience. Miss Penelope Harris wept freely, but this is nothing uncommon for Penelope. Like all the Whalens she is 'stericky. She has been known to cry at finding an old chew of gum which she had lost a month before. She cries when anybody leaves the settlement and cries when anybody comes back. She seems to be saturated with liquid extract of sympathy in a diluted form. It is our opinion that Penelope is on tap. But to resume.

The whole party then gave way in a graceful manner to the bride and groom, Miss Hopper being supported by Miss Violet Harris, while Humboldt was buoyed up by his partner in the tow-boat business, young Bismark Whalen. We noticed that Bismark was chewing tobacco during the entire ceremony. While this was strictly in accordance with the best usages of Gumville society, it was in our opinion highly censurable for him not to have offered his plug to the groom, who was almost in a fainting condition. When will people learn manners? We cannot forgive Bismark for this. But to resume.

The Reverend Mr. Hopper at last got the intended parties to join hands, and asked Humboldt if he was willing to be hitched to Araminta. He replied that he "kalklated" he was. The bride never lifted her head during the whole operation. She had the general aspect of doggedly approaching her doom. Her complexion was of a beautiful tomato shade and she shivered when Humboldt took her taper hand. He had to lift the hand by main strength to portash the ring onto her finger. We always knew Araminta was a modest girl, but we was surprised to see the scarey way she performed. We have seen her drive a mad bull into the stall before now by twisting his tail in the most unconventional manner. But to resume.

The knot was adjusted and the drop fell at precisely 8 o'clock, amid the sobs of the survivin' relatives of the contracted parties. Then Squire Hopper in a mellow voice hollered out that "grub" was ready, and a hasty but toothsome "dejooner" was par-took of by all hands, consisting of dough-nuts, apple pie, spruce beer, and lemonade. It was thought by those who sampled the latter that somebody must have thrown a lemon peel into the deacon's spring. This was followed by a general "blow-out" in the deacon's barn, all hands "flipping the light elastic shoe" to the dulcet tones of Allison Cook's fiddle. The only thing that marred the event was that the deacon's dog Tige, becomin' excited while the deacon was dancing Sir Roger de Coverly with Araminta, took occasion to sink his teeth an inch or so into his contour. But to resume.

The presents received by the happy couple were numerous and costly, embracing a receipted board-bill from the deacon to Humboldt for the past twenty-one years, a crazy quilt from Mrs. Harris, ten cords of wood from Mr. Hooper, and four pounds of myrtle navy from Squire Dusenbury for the groom. Towards night old Hopper became so prostrated at the loss of Araminta that he chucked in three bushels of seed potatoes. Mordecai was always emotional and reckless. But to resume.

Mr. and Mrs. Humboldt Harris have settled down in the old homestead. The deacon's wife is taking a friendly interest in their proceedings. She's a noble woman. She tells Humboldt just what the matter is with Araminta, and Araminta just what seem to be the defects of Humboldt. We saw Humboldt yesterday and he was lookin' pale but resolute. They will receive their friends on the 24th ult. Humboldt said they had decided on the 23rd, but discovered at the last minute that it was wash day.

The surface of social life in Gumville has resumed its wonted placitude. BILDAD.

## TAKING TIME FROM THE STARS.

No Time-Recorder Made by the Hand of Man is Perfect.

No timepiece is perfect, and there are no means on earth of keeping perfect time. The stars, however, furnish the necessary means. At the observatory in Cambridge there are two principal clocks employed in keeping the standard time—the standard mean time clock, which telegraphs its signals over the surrounding country, and the normal sidereal clock, which is the main standard of the observatory, to which everything is referred. The sidereal clock, as its name implies, keeps sidereal or star time, which gains about three minutes and fifty-eight seconds per day over mean solar time, with which we are all familiar.

The clock is of the finest workmanship and is kept in a brick vault, underneath the observatory, where the temperature is as nearly constant as possible.

Every effort is made to protect it from any influence which might affect its "rate," or in other words the amount of its gain or loss per day. This is necessary in order that the "rate" may be depended upon to give the correct time during spells of cloudy weather, when no observations can be made.

On every clear morning the error of this clock is carefully determined by observing certain bright stars with an instrument known as the meridian circle.

This instrument consists of a telescope mounted on trunnions like a cannon and supported by a pier of solid masonry. It is so arranged that it can be directed towards any point on the meridian, but can not be pointed away from the meridian line. On looking into the eyepiece of this telescope one sees a series of fine parallel lines running north and south across the field of view, the middle line marking the meridian.

When a time observation is to be made, the observer first selects a suitable star from a printed star list, which gives the exact time at which each of the principal stars crosses the meridian. He then sets the telescope at the proper point on the meridian to intercept the star, and putting his eye to the eye-piece, waits for the star to appear.

As the star crosses each of the lines before mentioned he presses an electric key which he holds in his hand. The signals thus given are recorded electrically on a registering instrument called a chronograph, on which are also being recorded the seconds of the sidereal clock. This chronograph consists of a cylinder made to revolve by clockwork at the rate of about once a minute.

A paper, wrapped around this cylinder receives the record traced by a pen, which is connected by an electric magnet in such a manner that any signal, made either by the operator or by the clock, causes the pen to make a mark on the paper.

By examining this paper the observer is able to tell within the tenth of a second the time which the normal clock indicated when the star crossed the meridian.

Comparing this with the time taken from the star list shows the error of the clock. A comparison is then made between the sidereal and mean time clocks, which, after allowing for the difference between the mean time and sidereal time, shows the error of the mean time clock.

If the clock is slow a slight weight is placed on the top of the pendulum bob, which causes the clock to gain slightly. If on the other hand, the clock is found to be fast, a corresponding weight is removed, making the clock lose slowly. In this way the standard signals are kept within a few tenths of a second of the correct time.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Brought to the Scratch.

He had been courting her a long time—so long that she began to get tired; so one night she said to him—

"John, who is the author of the phrase, 'Man proposes?'"

"I'm sure I do not know," answered John. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I merely wanted to know who he was."

"For what reason?"

"Because I guess he didn't know what he was talking about."

Five minutes later the wedding-day was set.

## How She Knew.

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the head how much was eight and five, and she didn't know, and said twelve; then the next girl said nine, and the next one said eleven, and the next one said fourteen. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said thirteen, and Miss Maggie told me to go ahead. 'Course it was thirteen.' 'That was nice,' said the father. 'I didn't think you could do so well. How did you know it was thirteen?' 'Why, I guessed it: nobody said thirteen.'—*Ex.*

## Happiness.

"What is true happiness?" I asked, a quizzical look on my face. "The question was so simple that I greatly wondered why."

"Is it," I asked, "in married life?"

"One universal groan,"

"Soprano, alto, tenor, bass,"

"Came through the telephone."

"Is it in constant, active toil?"

"I queried, and a sigh,"

"Fierce as a mighty whirlwind, made a negative reply."

"Is it in idleness and rest?"

"I asked next, but a 'No'—

"Emphatic was the answer made, Although the voice was low."

"What then," I asked, "is happiness?"

"But no one made reply. And yet the question seems so plain, I greatly wonder why."

—Somerville Journal.

A young lady of Jefferson, West Virginia, declares that she was all run down before taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla; but that now she is gaining strength every day. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is certainly a wonderfully effective tonic for the feeble and delicate. —Adet.



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