

WOMAN FOREVER A MYSTERY

Bab's Brilliant Picture of a New Type of Her Bewitching Sex.

THE "ONLY MAN" WHO UNDERSTANDS HER

Thought of and Seen a Great Deal, Yet Not Even Understanding Her Own Sex—Jane Hading on the Dress of American Women.

Every season brings forth a new type of woman. And the new type invariably causes the appearance of contrasting types, and the consequence is that paying a visit to my lady is extremely interesting, if one happens to be a student of human nature. My lady who affects to be something a little out of the common has long ago given up the idea of an "at home" where everybody may come; it is possible that she may do this once during the season, but her week-day reception means that she invites people whom she feels comprehended her. In fact, writes Bab in the Philadelphia Times, she says they understand her, but, as she is a delicious little fraud, she doesn't like to think even for one minute that this is true, for then the pretty little game of folly which she plays would lose its interest.

The day of dull greens, faded blues and of sulphur yellows has been given and the go-by, and my lady who used to desert on her adoration of self-satisfying tints is now happiest when she is attired in a gown of brilliant red silk, with blue and white spots, and a quiver knot and fastened with a bright gold comb, while she lies back on a lot of cushions that show oriental embroidery, and her bonnet itself is draped and furnished in the warmest of colors. You happen to be very well acquainted with her, you can sit on a quaint, old-fashioned stool at her side and she will rest her hand on your arm—that hand the fingers of which are covered with rings set with jewels, among which the ruby predominates—and she will talk to you after this fashion:

"I never knew until now what it was to live. I went through that dull neutral life when my soul was satisfied with monotonous shades, and I seemed to drift along and not to have any real feeling. But one day the great, glorious sun seemed to glow upon me and said, 'Heart, awaken! Soul, come forth!' And the garment that I wore became abominable to me. I went through all the great shows and was satisfied until I touched this brilliant scarlet; that satisfied my eyes and my heart and made me awake from the sleep that had lasted for years. And all life changed for me. And it became brilliant and glowing and full of joy. Just at this time you happen to notice that on the couch with my lady rests a jet black cat. She sees you look at it, and the hand that has been caressing your coat sleeve smooths that abominable beast and she says: 'This is the only thing among the silent creatures that appeals to me. It seems to me that once inhabited a body like this, sleek and smooth and wicked.'

Soon after this you leave and, getting out into the fresh air, you laugh at it all; admire the good acting, find certain pleasure in how pretty the woman looks, are glad that she will be forced to buy lots of red gowns to gratify her newest caprice and so circulate money, and then you laugh again at the idea of that being speechless creature, for in your mind there are memories of nights made hideous by its ability to speak—after its own fashion.

The next visit you make is to the contrasting type. The room into which you are shown is very simple. The few curtains of last year are discarded for simple muslin ones, and the chairs, plainly covered with blue and white cretonne, are arranged about the room in just such a stiff way as they are in a convent school. You sit down on a chair, and you find exactly as you would in church, and you almost wonder if you oughtn't to whisper something in your hat. Five minutes go, and then the door opens and my lady walks in.

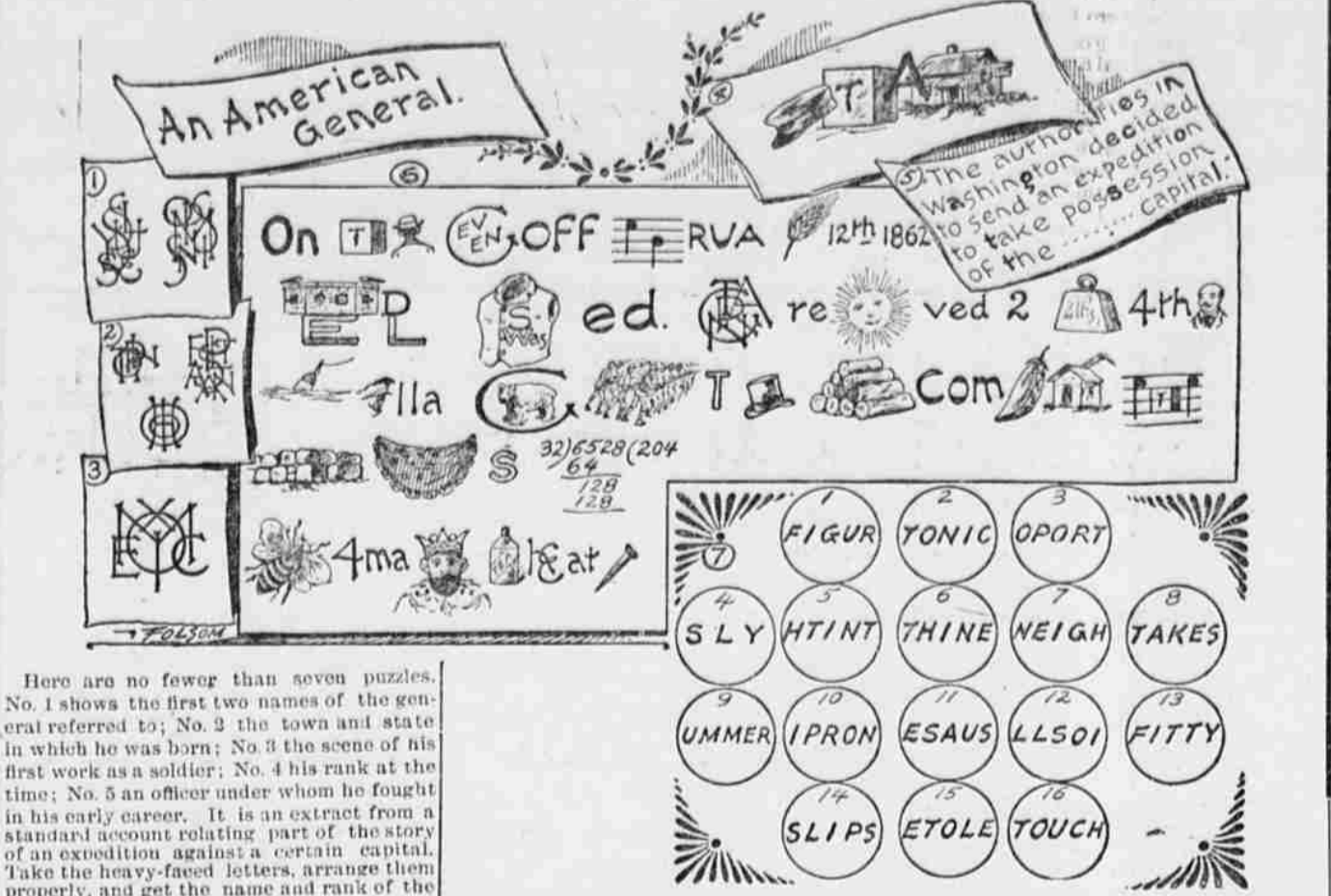
After you have talked with her awhile, you notice that she has a pretty little trick of throwing her head back so that the line from her chin down her throat is visible, and you remember that Balzac says in one of his marvelous studies that this line is one that does more to attract men than any other. And Balzac was not talking about a spiritual man. The hands still clasped full in her lap, but you notice there is only one ring worn, and that has a huge white pearl set in it. Never changing the position of her hands, she looks at you and so cold looking hands that look as if they might be for the poor or nurse the sick—my lady leans forward and says in low, almost monotonous tones: "It seems ordained that we should meet; that we should think alike, and that in all this great, wide world we should be the only one who understands me, and who unconsciously bids me live my life as it should be. You never knew this, but I have felt it since the first day I met you."

After this there is a deal more of such talk and you go away wishing that you could warm this saint into being a human being, while you think to yourself how fine it was of her to discover your ability to understand her. But you are all knocked out of you when you drop into the Cad club and you hear a fellow you don't know talking about a visit he has made that afternoon to the sweetest girl in the world and how he intended to make desperate love to her the next time because she had told him that it was the man who was destined to meet and the only one who had ever understood her, and when somebody asks her name he gives that of your fifteen-cent country saint, who is after all nothing more than a nineteenth-century woman amusing herself by a little amateur acting.

That is the charm of a woman. You never know what she is going to do. Tonight she may insist you get to bed, you a coward and a cad, and a few more disagreeable names, and tomorrow she may smile in your face and wonder in the sweetest fashion if she were disagreeable the night before. She may love you intensely, but not systematically. If she did this you would get to regard her as you do your bookkeeper. I have thought a great deal of her; I have seen a great deal of her, but I don't pretend to understand her in the least.

A BIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

And Some Money for You for Digging It Out.



Here are no fewer than seven puzzles. No. 1 shows the first two names of the general referred to. No. 2 the town and state in which he was born; No. 3 the scene of his first work as a soldier; No. 4 his rank at the time; No. 5 an officer under whom he fought in his early career. It is an extract from a standard account relating part of the story of an expedition against a certain capital. Take the heavy-faced letters, arrange them properly, and get the name and rank of the superior officer mentioned who had command of the said expedition. No. 6 is an extract from a standard account relating a proceeding in the general's later career. No. 7: Make sixteen paper circles, of any desired size, and mark as in the diagram. Lay these one over another so that on every circle two letters will be covered—except the last circle laid down, which the uncovered letters, read from left to right, will give a famous saying attributed to the general under consideration.

This is one of Harper's Young People's famous puzzles, but all readers of THE BEE who have not passed their 15th birthday may send answers and win the prize—if they can. Write out your solutions by the numbers, taking care in No. 5 to answer all of the questions, and in No. 6 to give the name and rank of the superior officer mentioned. No. 7: In addition to the saying, the order (by numbers) in which the circles are laid. Mail your answers, not later than February 15, to Harper's Young People, Franklin Square, New York, putting in the lower left-hand corner of your envelope the words, "Round Table." Give your own name and full address, plainly written, and mention this newspaper. The latter condition is imperative.

Cash prizes aggregating \$25 are offered for best solutions: \$10 to first, \$5 to second and \$5 to each of the next ten. Correct solutions and names of prize-winners will be announced in this paper as early after the close of the contest as possible. Prizes will be mailed as soon as possible, without waiting for publication of result. Grown persons may assist boys and girls in whom they are interested, but must not themselves send answers.

and translate Hebrew clear down to one who doesn't know the difference between Sanscrit and Hebrew.

I had the pleasure of passing an hour with Mme. Jane Hading yesterday morning in her pretty boudoir at the Hotel Vendome, during which time the actress expressed her views on America and the great shows and was satisfied until I touched this brilliant scarlet; that satisfied my eyes and my heart and made me awake from the sleep that had lasted for years. And all life changed for me. And it became brilliant and glowing and full of joy. Just at this time you happen to notice that on the couch with my lady rests a jet black cat. She sees you look at it, and the hand that has been caressing your coat sleeve smooths that abominable beast and she says: "This is the only thing among the silent creatures that appeals to me. It seems to me that once inhabited a body like this, sleek and smooth and wicked."

Soon after this you leave and, getting out into the fresh air, you laugh at it all; admire the good acting, find certain pleasure in how pretty the woman looks, are glad that she will be forced to buy lots of red gowns to gratify her newest caprice and so circulate money, and then you laugh again at the idea of that being speechless creature, for in your mind there are memories of nights made hideous by its ability to speak—after its own fashion.

The next visit you make is to the contrasting type. The room into which you are shown is very simple. The few curtains of last year are discarded for simple muslin ones, and the chairs, plainly covered with blue and white cretonne, are arranged about the room in just such a stiff way as they are in a convent school. You sit down on a chair, and you find exactly as you would in church, and you almost wonder if you oughtn't to whisper something in your hat. Five minutes go, and then the door opens and my lady walks in.

After you have talked with her awhile, you notice that she has a pretty little trick of throwing her head back so that the line from her chin down her throat is visible, and you remember that Balzac says in one of his marvelous studies that this line is one that does more to attract men than any other. And Balzac was not talking about a spiritual man. The hands still clasped full in her lap, but you notice there is only one ring worn, and that has a huge white pearl set in it. Never changing the position of her hands, she looks at you and so cold looking hands that look as if they might be for the poor or nurse the sick—my lady leans forward and says in low, almost monotonous tones: "It seems ordained that we should meet; that we should think alike, and that in all this great, wide world we should be the only one who understands me, and who unconsciously bids me live my life as it should be. You never knew this, but I have felt it since the first day I met you."

After this there is a deal more of such talk and you go away wishing that you could warm this saint into being a human being, while you think to yourself how fine it was of her to discover your ability to understand her. But you are all knocked out of you when you drop into the Cad club and you hear a fellow you don't know talking about a visit he has made that afternoon to the sweetest girl in the world and how he intended to make desperate love to her the next time because she had told him that it was the man who was destined to meet and the only one who had ever understood her, and when somebody asks her name he gives that of your fifteen-cent country saint, who is after all nothing more than a nineteenth-century woman amusing herself by a little amateur acting.

That is the charm of a woman. You never know what she is going to do. Tonight she may insist you get to bed, you a coward and a cad, and a few more disagreeable names, and tomorrow she may smile in your face and wonder in the sweetest fashion if she were disagreeable the night before. She may love you intensely, but not systematically. If she did this you would get to regard her as you do your bookkeeper. I have thought a great deal of her; I have seen a great deal of her, but I don't pretend to understand her in the least.

THE BIG OCTOPUS CROAKS

California's Great Marine Monster Succumbs to Captivity.

IT FOUGHT IN VAIN FOR LIBERTY

Hard Struggle of the Captors to Subdue the Many Armed Creature—Story of the Encounter Rehearsed by One of the Participants.

The Stanford university has telegraphed that it wants the monster octopus captured at Pacific Grove, Cal., on the 6th to place among its exhibits. It is not an everyday occurrence, the capture of an octopus, especially one of the enormous size of the California specimen made captive at that place. Consequently much interest is taken in this strange creature of the deep, offering as it does a splendid opportunity for studying its species. And so Stanford wants the octopus and wants it very much.

The creature, however, did not let the people who gaze upon it keep at a safe distance, for they do not like the look of those long, powerful tentacles, seeming to fear that they might be grasped in the wicked-appearing, snakelike attachments, with their numerous suckers and sucking cups, on the under side, which cling so tenaciously to whatever they touch.

The Capture of the Octopus.

The story of the capture of the octopus was briefly told. The struggle between the men and the fish was exciting in high degree and was recounted in the San Francisco Chronicle by Mr. Hill, who led the party, as follows:

"Last Saturday afternoon, while in an idle mood, I thought that I would walk down to the beach, and with some who were there try my luck at curio finding. The extreme low tides for the last few days have afforded excellent chances for those interested in the study of marine life, shells, etc.

"I was much interested in some shells that I had found, when I heard at some distance off in the direction of the water a loud commotion, such as would be made by the thrashing of the water with an oar. The noise came from a cavity in the rocks, and not wishing to venture there alone I called on a friend, and we hurried in the direction from which the sounds came.

"In going around the corner of a large mass of rocks we were somewhat frightened at seeing at the bottom of a deep cavity what at the time appeared to be six or eight large snakes, all seeming to be struggling to escape at once. On looking a little closer we perceived to our astonishment that they were not snakes, but were the arms of a large octopus, commonly called a 'devil fish.' It was trying to capture some large eels that had been held captive in the same trap.

"Not being very well acquainted with the habits of this rare monster, but much interested over our discovery, we immediately summoned some friends to share the strange sight.

"When the octopus perceived us the long arms instantly stopped thrashing the water, and by the discharge of a peculiar mucus, the color of those large arms in the cavity to that of inky blackness, which totally obscured it from our eager gaze.

"Gathering all the implements we could find, such as iron hooks, steels, gunnysacks, etc., we tried to secure the fish. But this was easier said than done, for it was as difficult as trying to be taken as we were eager to capture it. We tried to tire it by letting it fight against our poles, but this was of no avail.

"A large iron hook, such as used by abalone hunters, was then secured. Armed with this we were more than a match for the creature. We managed to get the hook around its neck and with the aid of some ropes we at last landed it on the bank. But our capture was far from being complete, for no one could venture in among those large arms that were waving about in all directions, and we came very near losing our prize, for upon seeing the water the creature lifted its arms and scurried under the sands at a swift rate.

"At the suggestion of a bystander, however, we tickled checked the creature's progress by throwing gunnysacks over it, which momentarily destroyed the use of its arms and sucking cups, and then we lost no time in placing it in a large sack. We conveyed it, after some little trouble, to my residence and placed it in the largest vessel we could find, wishing to keep it alive as long as possible. We then covered it with sea water, but it again turned it to jet black and effectually hid itself from the view of the onlookers.

"After several changes of water it finally stopped coloring it and appeared to be dead."

Seized a Man's Arm.

Mr. Smith, a clerk, was among the spectators, and had from the beginning manifested much interest in the catch. He said: "The sudden change of atmosphere with the rough usage has probably killed it," and leisurely proceeded to prove his statement by placing his arm in the vessel and taking hold of the octopus. With a yell he pulled his arm out much quicker than it went in, with one of the octopus' tentacles clinging to it. After some trouble he succeeded in liberating himself. The specimen is, without doubt, the largest ever caught in this vicinity. The creature is of a reddish-purple color, which changes when exposed to the air. The next morning, after having been left out all night, its color had changed to a muddier white, and as the sun touched it gradually the natural color returned. It has eight large tentacles, which average in length about seven and a half feet. These are covered with hundreds of suckers or sucking cups. The body is short but thick, the head being very distinct.

The octopus belongs to a section of dibranchiate cephalopods. The most peculiar thing about the body is the mouth, which, instead of being furnished with teeth, has a black bill resembling a parrot. The eyes are large and set in large sockets. The pupils are black and run clear across the eye, making it appear as though the eye were divided into two parts.

The appearance of this marine monster has brought vividly to the minds of every reader of Victor Hugo's "Tollers of the Sea" the realistic manner in which he has described this creature.

The Stanford university will probably secure the octopus and the conditions to that effect are now in progress.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send you bottles of my remedy free to any readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

"The most peculiar use I ever saw made of a Bible," said Will T. Fry to the Globe Democrat man, "was in Cincinnati. A gambling house there was conducted by a man named De Hardeleben. One night an agent who sold Bibles for a living sat down at the table and lost steadily until he was broke. The only thing payable in his possession was his Bible, and the dealer let him have it on credit. The agent's luck changed at once; he played all night and all the next day, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Bible and the furniture constituted the sole assets of that gambling room."

At a prayer meeting in an Indiana church the other evening a stranger offered the following petition: "Lord, Thou knowest I am a stranger here, but reside in a neighboring town. Thou knowest I have relatives in another town, whom I am on my way to see. Lord, Thou knowest why I am here instead of there. Lord, Thou knowest just what I want. I want 40 cents. Amos?" He got the 40 cents, and is now a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer.

Bobby—Aunt Nellie, "what became of the swine that had evil spirits, cast into them in the bible? Aunt Nellie—They plunged head foremost into the sea. Bobby (triumphantly)—No, a bit of it, auntie; they were made into deviled ham.

"Preacher made a big mistake Sunday and lost a good deal of money. He was appointed a bill collector to go 'round with the plate, and blamed if every man in the congregation didn't ask him to call again on the 14th."

The estimate of the Boise City National bank shows the value of Idaho's mineral as follows: Gold, \$1,445,000; silver, \$1,567,000; lead, \$775,000. Total, \$3,787,000, a decrease of \$1,000,000 from 1890, the shortage being in silver and lead.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
is a scientifically prepared Liniment safe and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all druggists.

KENDISHA
THE NEW COLLAR
TRADE MARK

ART A. HOSPE JR MUSIC
1513 DOUGLASS STREET
KIMBALL PIANO

Parace Office Building OF OMAHA.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF.
NOT A DARK OFFICE IN THE BUILDING
68 VAULTS.
INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTS
PERFECT VENTILATION
NIGHT AND DAY ELEVATOR SERVICE

THE BEE BUILDING. DIRECTORY OF OCCUPANTS:

- FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY, Mortgage Agency, Wagon Wheel, Seaman & Benedict, Remington Typewriters and Supplies, F. J. Black, Jeweler & Association, Walter Emmons, Barber Shop, Omaha Real Estate and Trust Co., W. Squire Lewis, W. N. Anderson, Agent Union Life Insurance Company.
- REBE BUSINESS OFFICE, AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY, FRANK L. REIGES & CO., Contractors.
- MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., C. S. EIGHTER, Law Office, DR. CHARLES ROSEWATER, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOMS, GEO. E. TURKINGTON Attorney-at-Law.
- PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO., W. H. WERTSCH, Real Estate, HAMMOND FURNITURE CO., G. W. SLES & CO., Stationers of Patents, STANDARD ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO., DR. GRANT CULL MOORE, Optician and Aurist, OMAHA CO., E. E. VAN DYKE, People's Investment Co., MO. VALLEY LOAN & INVESTMENT CO., H. C. V. GLOVE, Norwegian, Stomach and Heart, W. E. HAMILTON, School Supplies, DEXTER L. THOMAS, Real Estate.
- ARMY HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATE.
- BEE EDITORIAL ROOMS, BEE COMPOSING ROOM, G. F. BEINDORF, Architect, U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
- ROYAL ARCADE LODGE ROOMS.
- REED FLOOR: REED FLOOR PRINTING CO., STEPHEN A. BRAWNE, Real Estate, J. H. SPRELL, Court Reporter, Clara and Tobacco, THE OMAHA LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION, G. M. NATHAN, Secretary MUTUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.
- FIRST FLOOR: REBE BUSINESS OFFICE, AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY, FRANK L. REIGES & CO., Contractors.
- SECOND FLOOR: HARMAN & ROBBINS, C. H. KATZMAN, Insurance Fire Insurance, H. A. WAGNER, Agent United States and London Insurance Co., EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, JOHN A. WAREFIELD, Lumber.
- THIRD FLOOR: EQUITY COURT, Room No. 4, DR. S. R. PATTEN, Dentist, PROVIDENT LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, M. F. ROBERT, Agent, THE GRANT ASPHALT PAVING AND PAVING CO., GEORGE E. SMITH, Justice of the Peace, EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, JOHN A. WAREFIELD, Lumber.
- FOURTH FLOOR: CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OMAHA TITLE AND ESTATE CO., A. M. O'NEILL, Court Reporter, INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING AND PRINTING CO., PORT WAYNE ELECTRIC CO., E. T. PARDEE, western agent, W. J. GOSB, Cash, W. E. FINLEY, Architect, EDWARD L. MOONEY, Mortgages and Loans, H. C. V. GLOVE, Norwegian, Real Estate, E. T. PARDEE, Agent Flowery and Electric Supply Co.
- FIFTH FLOOR: HAMILTON LOAN & TRUST CO., MANUFACTURERS AND CONSUMERS ASSOCIATION.
- SEVENTH FLOOR.

A few more elegant office rooms may be had by applying R. W. Baker, Superintendent, office on counting room floor.

TRY THE MERCANTILE
THE MERCANTILE CIGAR, BETTER THAN EVER!
Made of the finest quality of Havana Tobacco that can be bought. Equal in every respect to the best imported cigars. Manufactured by F. E. MUEHLBACH'S CIGAR FACTORY, 24 South 1st Street, Omaha, Neb.