An Artistic Fad Attacks the Purses of Gotham's Rich Women.

Faces of the Fashionables Reproduced on Dinner Plates, in Stained Glass Windows and in Cameo Photographs.

It is a soleme truth that portraiture has become a gentle rage. In the millimaire feminine botom. Full length paintings in oils, by the most eminent Parislan artists and miniatures on ivory are among the

NEW THINGS IN PORTRAITS remarkable portrait, have had small medel-London ertist, no less person than Alma Tadema, the young duchess of Mariborough, is giving sittings for a glass portrait like her mother's.

THE IDOL OF NORWAY.

Freda Knagen Halled as the Queen of FEMININE FANCY MIGHTLY TICKLED Skiers in a National Contest. Skiling, queen of national sport, is at its zenith in Norway. The country at its best is a desolate part of the earth in winter time, and were it not for some such health-

ful, inspiring, invigorating and exhibitanting pastime as that provided by the great out-door game of the Norwegian, there would not be much in life for the inhabitants of this northern land.

The necessary elements for the successful practicing of the novel sport, relates a correspondent of the New York Heraid, are snow that lies deep, crisp and firm; a cold, frosty and miniatures on ivory are among the methods of picture making that the rich women are beginning to tire of and as tecessity is the mother of invention, a whole new sories of schemes for limning attractive faces has been obediently brought forth by the prevailing condition.

That ites deep, crisp and firm; a cold, frosty air, and a wholesome appetite for outdoor irrectation. When the time for skiing is ripe, Norway turns out in countles, in villages and in clubs. Only those who have seen a grand akting celebration can realize the enjoyment of participating in this amusement and feeding one's system on the pure tractic and invigorating air. Solighbor shall ment and feeding one's system on the pure frosty and invigorating air. Sleighing, skating, toboggan'ng have their own peculiar charms, but none at its best begins to complete genius hidden away in a back street of the control of the most perfect profiles kn America, who first took the pairs to hunt out a little old genius hidden away in a back street of the control of the contro

Curved Horn of a Bullock Grew Into Eyes, Driving Him

to Insanity and

Death.

A squatter in the back blocks of New South Wales had a young steer with horns so perfectly turned that they formed two artistic loops at the sides of his head. One "Boss" strayed with a mob of store cattle into a piece of wild country infested only by kangaroos and the out-station bound-

ary riders' families. These cattle are rounded up and otherwise handled but once a year. Before this annual yarding took place "Boss" had become a fractious terror to every animal and man in that range. He had terrified and scattered the herd that was once his mates;

carriage drive up to the door.

Something in this same line is a story told of a Brooklyn house. It was rented by a man and his wife, who lived there peacefully and happily for several years, during which nothing unusual happened.

The man was finally called away on busi-ness, which took him for a week to a city some distance away. To prevent loneliness FURE tils wife knyited a friend to visit her during WINE this time. One day they were sitting in the dining room. On the table stood one of those huge glass pickle jars, which are not used now so much as formerly. Suddenly there was a pound on the table, as if some strong man had brought his fist down with all his strength. The pickle jar was shat-tered in a thousand pieces.

The two women sat speechless with terror for some time, for there was no one else in the room and the occurrence was enough to leighten the bravest. A few hours after-ward a telegram was received stating that the husband had been killed in an accident end it was afterward discovered that the

time of his death tallied exactly with that of the breaking of the pickle jar.

It is further related that the owner of this house could find no more tenants for it and finally had it torn down, when it was discovered that the foundations were kild

in an old grave yard. A lady of unquestioned standing, who is not the least inclined to be superstitions, tells of some experiences which she had while visiting a friend who lived alone. This friend was a widow who had lost several children and had lapsed into a state of melancholia, which really bordered on in-sanity. They were sitting in the parlor on the night of her arrival, when steps were heard on the stairs.

"Who's that?" inquired Miss S.
"That's little Johnny," replied her friend.
Miss S. felt alarmed at such a speech,
but forgot it after a while and when she
went to bed her thoughts had been turned into other channels. Suddenly as she brushed her hair she felt a hand, very cold, encircle her wrist. She turned quickly dropping her brush and expecting to seher friend standing there. But she saw nothing! At that she rushed into her friend's room and told her what had hap-

"That'e Johnny," her friend repeated

again. "You know he was always full of fun. He plays pranks all the time." As little Johnny had died a short time ago from pneumonia Miss S.'s feelings may be imagined. She spent an uncomfortable night, but in the morning was inclined to laugh at her fright, and to think that her fancy had been playing her tricks. A shopping trip had been planned, and the two stood in the lower hall pulling on their gloves, when a noise was heard above, and a great cardboard box, filled with old pieces which emelled of camphor, suddenly came tumbling down at their feet, upsetting the contents on their way. Miss S, nearly fainted. When she could speak she assured her friend that she could stand it no longer. She tremblingly packed her trunk and left, but it was a long time before she got over the effect of "Little Johnny's" pranks.

Look out for cheap substitutes! Beware of new remedies. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has stood the test for nearly fifty years.

INDIAN FIGHTER'S STORY How Hound Another Found

Charlie Gates is an old-time Indian fighter. He used to reckon his dead Indians by the cord. He has fought more Indian battles than any man on earth or under it te has just returned from a trip to the north, and speaking to the Salt Lake Herald of the journey said:

"The most interesting part of it was that I went back to the place where Bill Hanks lamb. Six months after his entrance upon and me stood off 3,000 Ludians for three days one time back in the late 60s. There was seventeen of us at first, but only three of us lived to tell the tale. The spot is ome thirty-five miles from Blackfood Idaho, near where the roads fork. The Indians sailed into us one afternoon and made things lively, I tell you. We dragged the wagons together in a circle, killed all the horses and strung them around for breas, works and bade the painted fiends come on and they came. Why, it fairly rained in-dians. We kept shooting and so did they, until night came on, when we discovered that Bill Hanks, myself and Jim Defoe were all there were left of us. We knew we could not hold out, so we drew lots to see who would go for help, and Defoe won and crawled out. He told us when he got back

darkness before he dared rise up."

"Why did he crawl so far?" asked Dan Nickum, who was a listener. 'Pecause he didn't get through the In-dians for nine miles,' answered Gates with diguity. There were more Indians there at that time than was ever gathered together at one time, before or since. Well, sir, for three days me and Bill sat there to that circle and mowed down Indians. When the soldiers did come we were mighty glad, I tell you. After the fight was over they counted and found me and Bill had killed exactly 2,000 of the 3,000 which first at tacked us. The soldiers killed the balance "How could you tell which ones you killed and which the soldiers killed?" asked

"Simple enough," said Gates. "By the freshness of the corpses. When a corpse was over a day old we credited him to our

"But how do you tell the freshness of a "Oh, that's dead easy. Of course you have to know and so long's the Indians are not likely to trouble us again there's no use in telling you now, for the information would not do you any good. But a man that is used to killing indiane can tell a corpse any time and turn how long it has been dead. any time and just how long it has been dead. Even if that wasn't the case we had an-other method, for we never shot an Indian except right through the head. Didn't want to spoil the hide."

"What on earth would you do with an In-dion's bide?" asked Nickum. "Cut 'em in slices and make razor strops 'em; that's what we always did with Indian hides. We used to ship bales of Indian hides to Europe every year. That's where I got my start."
"That must have been as hard a fight as you had, wasn't it?"

"Yessir. All but one. Was in a harder fight than that down in Arizona one time. Lost more men. The Indians came on us by surprise and killed every darn one of us. Not a man escaped to tell the tale.' And then Gates engaged himself in a footrace for a street car.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great Pile remedy.

WHEN THE MOST PASCINATING.

Woman's Zenith of Attractiveness Above, Not Below, Thirty Years Balzac, famous as a literary and social lion, was once attacked in a Parks salon by a pretty little miss of 17, who demanded why it was that he liked women whom she

would consider parse.

old as 40 you seem to enjoy their society. Balzac looked at her earnestly for a second and then laughed heartily. He bent over to explain matters and remarked in

"Why, monsieur, even when they are so

without being eeen.

Every one felt frightened and awestruch and no one was able to suggest a satisfactory explanation. The next morning one the men like being entertained for awhile come which they could accept or not, as they chose—it was a telegram from a near relative saying that their grandmother had died at exactly the time on the previous evening that they had heard the invisible to the time of the invisible to the time of the previous formed woman. Of course, the woman must have the happy knack of discovering what subject the man talks about best Then she must listen quietly and in an in-terested manner. She can draw him out with happy queries until he is astonished at his own brilliancy,

IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE

NURSERY OF THE SEA. of the Winter Habitat of

Salt Water Fish. The most important discovery in coast Ishing so far has been made by the fishermen off Beaufort, N. C., and there is reaon to believe that there will be far-reaching results obtained in the future through im proved methods of deep-sea seining. In the two winter months of January and February, relates a correspondent of the Globeruary, relates a correspondent of the GlobeDemocrat, all of our littoral species of fish
disappear almost entirely from the waters
off our coast and fishermen are compelled
to fold up their seines and wait until spring
for the reappearance of their favorite game.
A very few daring and adventurous spirits
go far out to sea with long lines and succeed in catching a few each day to supply
the markets; but, as a rule, the catches
have been comparatively small and insignificant.
Scientists have concluded that the fishes
go to some unknown region or dept's of the

go to some unknown region or dept's of the ocean to breed during these two esid months, and upon their return in the spring they are accompanied by innumerable hosts of young fry. The discovery offshore at Beaufort is nothing less than that of a winter nursery of our littoral species of fish. From six to each fathoms below the surface of the water than the first have been found to be Beaufort is nothing less than that of a winter nursery of our littoral species of fish. From six to ebont fathoms below the surface of the water the fish have been found to be literally swarming in countless numbers, and nooks and seines let down to that depth invariably bring up rich hauls. No amount of coaxing and temptation can induce the fish to leave their warm winter habitat far below the surface, and the fishermen have to adopt new methods of catching them.

The discovery is important in modifying our prevailing methods of catching marketable food fish and in cheapening the supply in winter and in furnishing the needy workers with employment at an off season when poverty and hardship often press mest severely upon them. Naturallist have believed for some time that most of our sea food fishes migrated to warmer climates in winter, as our birds do, and returned in the spring; but now it seems that they merely swim offshore some distance and drop down into deep corrugations, and remain happy and contented until spring returns.

The fish are found off Beaufort and Morehead City in deep noles or corrugations. In the summer time they come inshore further, and swarm around the oyster beds and the bays and inlets. A great variety of food fish is found in this winter nursery, such as the red drum, gray trout or weakfish, spotted sea trout, bluefish, cronkers and many others. Last whiter the fishermen, with deep-sea lines, managed to make big auls over these winter pasture fields. They let down lines from five to ten fathoms and brought up big game. But this was soon considered too slow work, and special deep-sea nets were manufactured for the purpose. These nets were heavily weighted, and when sunk to the proper depta they brought up enormous hauls of fish.

This winter the fishing as been better than ever. Improvements have been scoring wonderful successes. In the first five days of February 153,000 pounds of trout and 155.00 contact were easier, in this muner

the nets, and the fishermen have been scoring wonderful successes. In the first five days of February 153,000 pounds of trout and 125,000 cronkers were caught in this manner about two and a half miles off shore from Fort Macon, near the sea buoy, where the depth averages six fathoms. The fishing has been so good in places that the men lave made as high as \$70 each in one day. Men all along shore out of employment are flocking to the place to take part in the fishing. A man provided with a deep-sea line and hooks who is willing to endure the hardships can make a good living in this way. But it is no easy work to operate a way. But it is no easy work to operate a line six to eight fathoms in length, with several pounds of lead and a five-pound fish on the other end. Some of the line fishas i on the other end. Some of the line fish-ermen come in at night with a boatload of fish, but their hands are so cut and muti-lated that they are unfit for work the next day. Thick buckskin gloves on the hands are necessary for the proper protection of the skin.

are necessary for the proper protection of the skin.

A new sort of seine has been used here this winter for the first time. It is designed just for this deep-water fishing. It closes up in the shape of a long, narrow eel pot with a heavy weight at the lower end. It dangles over the side of the fishing smack by several ropes, which are manipulated either by the men or a tackle. When the lead reaches the bottom the seine is allowed to rest there for some time while the men spread it open. This is done by means of ropes. Four rowboats leave the smack, and each one pulls a rope attached to a corner of the seine. Thus it is spread out on the bottom of the sea directly under the flocks of sea fish. Then it is gradually hauled up. A deep pocket in the bottom of the seine is quickly filled with so many fish that they threaten to break through the meshes by their very weight. In each haul the fishermen bring up at least 500 pounds of fish.

The number of the fish seem inexhausti-

meshes by their very weight. In each haul the fishermen bring up at least 500 pounds of fish.

The number of the fish seem inexhaustible. When one hiding place is pretty well cleaned out the fishermen flunt around for another. The bottom of the sea off the coast here is undulating, forming deep hollows or holes, in which the sea fish hide. They are never found on the ridges of the bottom, but always in the hollows. Consequently the fishermen carry sounding leads with them when in search of a new hiding place or winter nursery. When the water is six to eight fathoms deep they drop the net and leave it there for a stort time before hauling it up. If they strike it rich, they haul it up and let it down until their boat is loaded.

The fact being established that the fish merely sink to a good depth off our coast in winter, instead of migrating to some tropical sea, the question of discovering the hiding place of other species becomes interesting. It is thought that the same sort of fishing may be applied to the codfish off the Newfoundland banks and to the red snappers off the Florida coast. If the winter habitat of these fishes is not too deep, they may be caught right through the cold weather with properly constructed seines. It is believed now that countless millions of shad, salmon, herring, striped bass and other anadromous fish are hidden away in the fields of the ocean a short distance off our coast, and that only a small per cent of them enter our rivers to spawn in a given season. In fact, if one-hundredth of all that are in the ocean as short distance off our coast, and that only a small per cent of them enter our rivers to spawn in a given season. In fact, if one-hundredth of all that are in the ocean as short distance off our coast, and that only a small per cent of them enter our rivers to spawn in a given season. In fact, if one-hundredth of all that are in the ocean should make a simultaneous movement in this direction, they would completely choke up every river in the country. Hence it is quite imp ring and said have been caught, demonstrating that they are aground somewhere in the deep carrugations of the ocean's bottom. The man who discovers their winter hiding place will open up a new industry of tremendous importance to the country.



STRANGE DEATH OF A STEER a great open fired in the hall, when they heard the noise of a carriage on the road, then on their driveway; it finally stopped before the door. One of the boys sprang up and opened it, but there was nothing to be seen; he stood quite still, he was so amazed, and the rest of the family crowded around. All had feared the carriage drive up end halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road on either hand, so that it would halt; they could see for some distance down the road of the man whose favor see factoring is, of course, a matter of opinion, but the age EXTITATION EXAMPLE IS AN

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Gebhard had this set about with large dia-mends and wore it as one would a miniature brooch, every woman who saw it and could afford the expense went and did likewise.

The little old cameo cutter has, since that world, is held the big meeting of skilled

as well, very exquisite vignette photographs, the figures in brown or gray thrown on a

PLATE PORTRAITS.

young woman, one of the most prominent and beautiful of New York's fashionable

matrons, has had her own sweet face painted

with most exquisite art on six very choice

Sevres plates, that are only used for her

smallest and selectest luncheon parties. The

eyeling, golfing, driving, riding, fishing and

It has remained, however, for the Mrs.

This window fourteen feet high by eight broad, looks toward the west, and every one who enters the ball of the house connet fail to look up at this window through the many colors of which all the light for the hall comes. In a framework of marvelous glass roses the mistress of the mangion stands arrayed in the most gorgeous willow broaded satin, wenting her famous

stroke of lucky patronage, been overwhelmed with orders and the women who have their profiles carved do not all wear the square or oval cameos as brooches. One of the popular fancies is to set the cameo as a belt buckle, as a shoulder brooch, as a clasp for a sable or ermine cape or mount it in a a sable or ermine cape or mount it in a broad gold band and wear it on the arm. Not all women can, however, afford to have their features chipped out in agate stone and a great many of them are going to the photographs taken. This is a process brought over from Parie, where they are just now making, greatly exaggerated to the sight by reason of the mantle of white that covers it.

It is 160 feet above the level of the lake, which forms a plain at its base, the slope, or track, being 186 yards long, the angle of the upper two-thirds to the "hop," or o'atform, whence the leap is made—as will be presen ly the lower portion twenty-five degrees.

polished white surface.

The cameo process is nothing more nor less than a face in clear profile, photoless than a face in clear profile, photographed, in strong white lights, against a
block of prepared and polished black wood.

The block of wood is usually about six or
eight inches square, with a circular depreseight inches square, linto this the picture is
skillfully on the soft snow, continues the
skillfully on the soft snow, continues the
skillfully on the soft snow, continues the
skillfully on the soft snow, continues the slide, with the increased momentum gathered from the leap, until he reaches the plain at against ebony. Every curl and stray strand of hair, every filmy bit of lace and flower of hair, every filmy bit of lace and about the shoulders is outlined by the camera and a pretty woman could not find suddenly with his face to the slope down which he has descended at such breakneck

It need hardly be said that it requires Since miniatures have become cavaire to the general a new industry, first put forward under the patronage of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, has blossomed forth. This rich remembered that in a leap of sixty feet the sheer all is about thirty feet. It is in the taking of this leap that the most exciting part of the performance is exhibited, on which the applause of the spectators is concentrated. The greater the leap the more applause and honor for the skier. The record leap until recently was eighty-seven feet

p'ates show Mrs. Astor in evening dress, tailor dress, reception gown, skating furs, in a delicate summer muslin and in her bridal gown. It is no secret that the plates This record was beaten in a monner that drove the spectators wild with enthusiasm by the queen of skiers, Miss Freda Knagen, a dashing brunette of Christ'ania, who has well won her royal title. This little limbed and athletic beauty has distanced all competitors in the thrilling side down the bill erst \$150 apiece and they were all made in Mrs. Potter Palmer, with higher patriotism and as keen sense of art, has given to an American girl the valuable order of decorating half a dozen plates much like those of Mrs. Astor, while Mrs. Sloan of New York is having her likeness transferred to six plates for one at small breakfasts. These platters are all of fine American china and the femiline artist who is decorating them. and in the leap has left every one far behis helpless eyes back in their sockets and
come anywhere near her record leap, and the
best jump to the credit of a man is so far
brain and enraged him. "B ss" had scatthe feminine artist who is decorating them is going to show Mrs. Sloan in skating, bi-

It has remained, however, for the Mrs. Beffich, who is the grandmother of a duke, to lead all the rest of her set in portraiture, of an original, beautiful and the most expensive sort known on this side of the water. Only the beautiful but extravegent queen of Italy has snything to show like the huge window of stained glass that fits into space at the head of the stairs in Mrs. Helment's New York house.

A GORGEOUS AFFAIR.

petitions, but this year a change was made in the rules of the game by which it was a rranged for men and women to take the slide in competition. The result has shown the wisdom of the move.

Miss Freda Knagen, when making here seemd great jump, came down the hillside with the speed and grace of a bird on the wing, derted from the pietform far in edvance of the nearest ekier, and to the cast tonishment of the people of Christiania, attachment of the people of Christiania, attachment

borhood. Some years ago the tremendous leap of 120 feet was made, but the record did not stand, for the reason that the man who made it, insion stands arrayed in the most gorgeous feet was made, but the record did not stand, yellow brocaded satin, wearing her famous turquoise tiara, necklace and brooches. The window was designed and the glass work done by American artists, and the crystal pieces of glowing color and many degrees of thickness are put together in a framework of silver instead of lead. It required for the dealers of the window knows the price that was paid for it. At some points in the decoration genuine jewels are set in with the

tions are held, and in the presence of hun-dreds of thousands of enthusiastic spectaexcitement seen at any public event in the world, is held the big meeting of skilled skilers, which has come to be known as the "Derby of Norway."

The hill on which the great event is held himself of some annoyance. Then "Boss' looks so formidable that to one wacquainted would stand and stare at the points which with the skill of the Norwegians at their national sport it would seem as though its de-scent must be accompanied by the loss of life or at least by the breaking of limbs. Both its height and steepness, however, are

explaned-being about fifteen degrees, and

the foot, where he stops tils further progress by making a dexterous turn and twisting

which was made by a daring youth at on of the Holmenkollen meetings.

petitors in the thrilling slide down the hill

Usually the sexes are divided in the com-petitions, but this year a change was made

was paid for it. At some points in the decoration genuine jewels are set in with the gloss, and at night a heavy iron door closes at the back of the window, which by cunflingly arranged electric lights, is softly illuminated.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Brukes. Sores, Ulters, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulters, Salt Rheu

added to this delusion of likening him to a the range he began to act strangely. A wild look shot out of his eye under the points of the ingrowing horns, whose shadow fell heavier and heavier upon the retina. He enstantly shook his head, as if trying to rid were pressing the pupils nearly up against the sockets. He became more irritable and

unfriendly. He reared, stamped, shook his crized head and stared at the creeping things before his vision.

At last "Ross" went mad and bellowed through the night, like an enraged demon. He chased everything in sight and viciously dashed himself against the forest trees. The mere tramp of a foot angered him. The



THE BULLOCK WHOSE HORNS GREW THROUGH HIS EYES (DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

short of hers as to make it almost hope-less to beat her. tered the mob of his ruminating mates and had so terrorized the few people about that fences did not give a sense of security. Women and children lived in mortal dread

The horns of "Boss" were never curved by any art. They grew as nature directed The horns of "Boss" were never curved by any art. They grew as nature directed their fatal tips, and, unless seat to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Eng-land, the preserved head still hangs upon the door of the Darling out station, where "Boss' lived and died. OCCULT HAPPENINGS.

Women Give Their Testimony as Some Mysterious Experiences. A short time ago a New England family was spending the Christmas holidays at the country place, which is lovely and isolated