

American Woman Outbids The Prince of Wales

The mode in London at the moment is to own a crystal ball, at least every one must be able to talk intelligently on the subject. Probably the present passion of the prince of Wales for collecting historic and fine specimens of crystals has had much to do with this state of things and has also kindled the dealers and importers of them to unearth a number of formerly obscure treasures. The craze is spreading rapidly. In this country Miss Helen Gould is a student of crystals and owns a very beautiful one. It is an unusually large one, is free from blemishes and cost several thousand dollars. Miss Gould has it set up in the center of a much darkened room, which is lit from the top, and where it can be freed from the reflection of other things. Its own representations can then be sought for within its depth.

As is well known, these balls have for centuries enjoyed the reputation of being prophetic and revealing to their student's secrets of the future. Among the ancient Hebrews there were those who regarded crystal gazing as a ready means of finding God. The seeker after truth usually muttered over the globe a number of prayers and then delivered it over to a youth or maiden, noted for purity of living and the power to divine its revelations. Sometimes written characters were seen which were afterwards interpreted by the sages. Spirits also appeared to invoke the good. By many of the present day, who have to do with these balls, it is said that seeing things in them is through some astral and unexplained condition.

Apart, however, from any occult interest, there is an immense amount of beauty in the crystal themselves. They are more like rare gems than pieces of bric-a-brac, and soothingly cool and agreeable to the touch. In fact, this is one means of distinguishing them from glass. The glass becomes warm when exposed to heat, while the crystal always remains cold.

The finest specimens of these balls are said to be those that come from Japan and which are claimed by many to have a more distinct gleam of white in them than any others. In Japan, too, they are polished by hand, the art being highly esteemed and passing in certain families from father to son through many generations. Sometimes the work on a crystal begun by one man will thus only reach a state of completeness under his grandson.

Many astonishingly fine bits of crystal have been found in California and made by machinery into beautiful spheres. The work is so skillfully done that it baffles the experts to tell them from those moulded and polished by hand. The largest ball that this country can boast of having produced measures seven and three-sixteenths inches in diameter. It is not free from cloud-line waves of imperfections, or its value would be very great. In passing it may here be said that a large exhibit of these American productions has been sent to the exposition at Paris and will include crystals ranging in price from \$50 up to \$5,000. But even those that touch the topmost figure are less expensive than some of the Japanese specimens recently shown in London. Especially is this true of those that have some incident of historic value connected with them. Lately an American woman outbid the prince of Wales and paid \$4,000 for a rather small crystal, but one that was quite perfect. It had been one of the eyes in a celebrated Chinese dragon, a curious monster whose figure once typified sin in one of the temples. The other eye of the beast was bought at a similarly high price by a Russian merchant, he said, "as a speculation."

Some Secrets of Beautiful Figures

A beautiful figure is the most precious gift, after perfect health, that any woman can possess, says the New York Herald. It is of far more value than a pretty face. It lasts much longer and it does not betray the years as must eventually even the most perfect features and the most lovely skin. With a perfect form, smartly gowned and well set up a woman cannot fail to look charming.

There are three classes of women from an artistic standpoint who may lay claim to beauty of form. In the first class belong all the daughters of Juno. They are great, tall, magnificent looking creatures, whom some men describe as "full-bodied" women. In the second class are the daughters of Venus. These women usually give the impression of ideality. They are always well developed, graceful and generally good to look at. In the third class are gathered the children of Psyche. Under this class come the women and maidens usually described as having fragile, girlish-looking figures. Of the three classes, some admire one and some another, but very beautiful women are found in all three.

A woman who desires to make the very most of herself should study her own figure. She should find out its good points, its better points, its bad points and its very bad points. She should then take it in hand and by means of exercise, diet, gymnastics, a good tailor and a first-class corset-maker, set herself up to the best possible advantage.

A woman can really do more with her figure than she can with her face.

If inclined to be too stout she should rigorously abstain from everything that encourages embonpoint, such as late hours,

overindulgence at table and leading in general a lazy, indolent existence.

If she has not the courage to make these sacrifices she must say goodby to beauty of form. She will then join the overflowing ranks of women who, when they have passed the age of 30, make no further pretensions to beauty of figure.

If, on the contrary, her trouble be an unsightly leanness of body and limb, which makes it impossible for her even to appear in either becoming evening gown or smart



WHITE FOULARD FROCK.

tailor frock, she should, with the aid of both diet and gymnastics, set about developing her form to the utmost. It is her duty to cover, with soft, firm curving flesh, the harsh outline of her angles. Some thin women think it useless to try to put on a little flesh. They say, hopelessly, "Oh, it's not my nature to be fat." They appear never to have learned that it is of the very nature of a human being to possess a healthy, well developed body.

When they lack this gift of nature, their birthright, there is something wrong somewhere. They should find out what it is, and remedy it.

She Fought the Apaches

A plucky girl is Miss Rhoda Riggs. At the end of a detachment of cavalry and with an escort of cowboys from the Riggs ranch, she pluckily pursued the Indians for five miles and shot three of their number.

This exciting adventure was the result of the recent treacherous killing of J. D. Mack, a prospector in Pinera canyon. He was shot from ambush by an Apache of the Chiricahua tribe, one of half a dozen who, in war paint, were out for murder and plunder. They took his ammunition, rifle and six-shooter and left him, as they thought, dead. He then painfully dragged his bleeding body over the sharp rocks of the trail to the Riggs ranch, where he knew he would receive kindly care, for Miss Riggs had often spoken cheering words to him when he came to her ranch after a fruitless search for gold in the mountains.

She heard his cries early in the morning, and, dressing hurriedly, ran down the trail



FRINGED SILK BODICE.

in the direction the moans came from. Mack was almost exhausted and could scarcely speak. She took him in her strong arms and carried him to her cot, where she made him comfortable. The cowboys had started out to attend to their horses and Miss Riggs and her aged father were alone at the ranch-house. She bandaged the wound of the injured man, and, learning the story of the shooting, quick as a flash buckled her six-shooter, which hung in a belt on the wall, about her waist and was off to the corral.

There she summoned one of the cowboys to attend to the injured man until her return, and, saddling one of her fastest horses, started on a run along the trail, which cut across the foothills to Fort Grant, where she told the officers what had taken place. A detachment of cavalry was at once ordered to return with the young woman and run down the Indians if possible.

"We got sight of the Apaches and we never lost them," said Miss Riggs when she returned from the trip. "The Indians that went toward the pass were sure clever, for they left the trail one at a time, half a mile or so apart, and bore off toward the high places where the band we followed hit for. The places where they left the trail were picked out so that the soldiers would not be able to tell unless they got off their horses and picked about in the grass where the blades were knocked down and trampled. All but one of the Indians jumped the trail, and the one who stayed with it led the soldiers through the pass and around the other side of the mountain and was going to take them to a place where the others could shoot them from ambush. The Indians that left the trail went up over the mountain and down the other side and they were about all together excepting the man who was herding the soldiers when we saw them. We got out of the canyon and were not long in getting up on the side of the mountain. The Indians were just disappearing over the ridge when we caught a second glimpse of them. We lit out and went straight after them.

"I reckon it was about five miles of the hardest riding the boys ever saw. We sure sifted through the pines, and it was all I could do to keep the men from yelling, they were so glad that the Indians were in sight. We spoiled the prettiest ambush you can imagine when we struck down the mountain side. There were the soldiers coming up on the trail of the lone Apache, who was leading them an interesting chase, and not a mile below us were half a dozen Indians hidden behind the rocks so that the soldiers could not see them. They were getting ready to surprise the soldiers, and I reckon those brave men from Fort Grant would not have returned had it not been for us. We cached our horses in the pines where they could not be seen and crept down toward the Indians. There were only two rifles in our crowd and the other men had six-shooters. We could not fight unless we got up close and this we were trying to do. All the time the soldiers were getting nearer and I was afraid that they would be fired on and

killed before we could engage the attention of the Apaches.

"Don't go any further; I'm going to shoot," I said to the men, and they jumped toward me and tried to take my rifle from me.

"Can't you see that the Indians are getting ready to fire on the soldiers and they will be right in range in a few minutes. Let me alone. I know what I'm about," I said, and I pulled away from the men, took good aim and fired. The Apache who was slowly leading the soldiers dropped from his horse dead, and down we all went on the ground behind a big rock. The soldiers stopped in their tracks when the Indian fell, the ambushed redskins acted like crazy men and the soldiers bunched together and seemed uncertain what to do.

"I saw that the Indians had located our

shaded and varied tones of blue make it very becoming, and the style having a folded girdle and bolero jacket adds grace to the garment as a whole.

The pretty little green and white foulard frock for a 13-year-old lassie is attractive. It is rather elaborately trimmed with heavy cream lace, edged with stitched bands of white taffeta. The hat is a leghorn having a corded silk crown and is dressed with white roses and knots of black velvet ribbon.

Woes of the Wedded

Philadelphia Call: "Maria," said Mr. Smart, "whenever I go to the club I always think of the verse, 'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' I alter one word and feel perfectly happy." "Which word do you change?" asked Mrs. Smart.

"I say, 'Now I am where the women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

"John Smart," said his wife severely, "you should change a word in the last part of that. It should be, 'Where the women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.'"

Boston Transcript: "There goes a man," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, "who is completely under petticoat government."

"Of course you know something about the man?" suggested the interested interlocutor.

"Never saw him before in my life," replied the great detective. "It is all a part of my art. Perhaps you saw him kick that dog just a moment ago? Well, he spoke in an angry manner to the newsboy at the corner. The inevitable inference is that his wife is a little bit of a woman and that he is afraid of death of her."

Baltimore American: "Say," said the man with the worried look, "do you remember giving me a lot of advice on how to conduct my love affairs about two months ago?"

"Yes," replied the man with the wise expression.

"Told me if I wanted to win the girl I should make love to her mother?"

"Uh-huh."

"Said if I could get the old lady on my side all I had to do was to toddle around with a ring and say 'When?' to the girl."

The wise man nodded.

"Said for me to compliment the mother on her youthful appearance," continued the worried man, "and give her a jolly about how sad it was that the young ladies of the present were not to be compared with those of the past?"

"Yes, yes! You won the girl, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did—not. The old lady has sued her husband for divorce, and me for breach of promise."

There is a young woman in Topeka, Kan., who thinks that being married ought to be all the qualification required for a woman to be entitled to vote. A young woman and her husband presented themselves before Commissioner of Election Yount the other day and requested the privilege of registering their names. The man said he wanted to vote at the primaries and the woman said she wanted to be registered in order to be ready for any possible emergency that might arise. The woman, by the way, did the talking for both.

The young man gave his age as 23 and was duly registered. The woman when her turn came gave her age as 19.

"That is not near old enough, madam," said Mr. Yount.

"Why, sir, I am married. That being the case, I guess I can vote if I want to."

"You may possibly be old enough to get married," said the commissioner, "but as I understand it, you are not old enough to vote. Being married and voting are two things entirely different from each other. I am afraid I can do nothing for you today, and I am sorry, too."

The young woman took her husband in tow and started away, vowing that "it was a mighty funny state of affairs when a married woman couldn't vote." The matter of age had never entered her mind.



ATTRACTIVE OUTING SUIT.

hiding place and their rifles were trained in our direction. It would no do for us to move, because we could not fire at such long range with six-shooters, and the soldiers could not figure out who killed the lone Apache they were trailing. They were too far off to do us any good, but I told the boys that I would start things moving and requested my man, with the other rifle, to go after the Indians with me from the best place he could find in the rocks. So we just peppered away and the Indians came at us, but did not hit even so much as a piece of leather. We could see them getting into their saddles and in a moment three of them lit out down the mountain, with the soldiers after them. The other three were done for."

The Indians were not from the San Carlos reservation, but were Chiricahua Apaches, there being a number of renegades who come out of the mountains frequently and cause trouble.

The yells of the cowboys were hushed when they reached the ranchhouse, for the aged father of Miss Riggs stood at the door with his right arm extended. They knew by this sign that Mack was dead. But his death had been speedily avenged.

Living Fashion Models

The outing suit photographed in this week's Bee is one of the most attractive styles designed this season. It is of Oxford mixture, a rather light gray, is heavily stitched and the coat has the effect of a Norfolk jacket. A scarlet necktie and gray felt hat with white silk scarf complete a very neat costume.

We also print a charming model of an extremely fashionable fringed silk bodice. A silver white ground with figures in



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