

GIRLS OF THE WILD WEST.

NELLIE BLY GOES DOWN AND MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE RIDERS.

The Lassies of the Show Are Just Like Nice Girls Everywhere—Miss Hickok Has a Bridle Made from Hair Taken from Scalped Indians—How They Learned to Ride and Shoot Out West When Young.



WHEW! but can't they ride? Buffalo Bill removed the gray sombrero from his handsome head in languid surprise, quite English, while I explained that I didn't want to see any cowboys—although they are a jolly lot—or re chiefs in green paint, trousers and rooster-tail crowns, but just the women folk. He did not object. He said he would be pleased to present me to them as soon as they came off. Just then Nate Salisbury, a hundred per cent. hand-omer since his marriage, loomed in sight and proffered to relieve Buffalo Bill of the task. We "joked" under the rope which fences the camp and wandered down to the white tents where live the girls I sought. They were having a little meeting under one of the big trees, and so when Salisbury said: "Ladies, this is Miss Bly, from THE WORLD," I just blushed and said "Ladies," and wished I had a plate of cream, a palm-leaf fan and a fizzy soda. "Won't you come in and sit down?" one said kindly, and we all followed her into a tent on which was printed in big black letters "Lillian Smith." We talked about the weather and the recent rain and then one excused herself in order to change her habit, she said. Two more wanted to fix up, so I was left alone with two.

"Tell me all about yourself, beginning with your name," I said, generously, to the one nearest the entrance. "I don't think there is much to tell," she replied, taking off her sombrero and displaying a handsome lot of auburn hair. (She rides a sorrel.) "My name is Mrs. Georgie Duffy." "Where are you from?" "Wyoming." She crossed her feet, displaying a pair of jaunty, high-heel boots.

"How did you learn to ride?" "I always knew how to ride; I never learned." This was not encouraging. "How did I get with Buffalo Bill? Well, he was travelling out our way and I heard he wanted a rider. He had none then, so I went to him and he gave me a place. For two years Della Farrell, the young girl who has just gone out, and I were the only riders with the Wild West."

"Of course, you like riding?" I half asserted. "Yes, I like it," she replied, warmly. "Well, I wouldn't do anything else. I don't call this riding, going around a ring. Out home, where we used to canter for miles through the country, is what I consider riding." "How much do you do here?" "I have the race with Della Farrell, and then I ride in the dance. Twice a day I do this; that's all."

"Does nothing ever happen?" I asked, half desperately. "No, indeed. I think it's a tiresome world; it's all the same. My husband is one of the cowboys. He joined the show when I did. Any children? No, thank heaven."

go off. I replied that I saw it. "Well, in London the Queen called me to her and asked me my age and how I liked to shoot, and then she held the rifle, saying, 'This is quite a heavy rifle.'" There were no finger-marks on it. "I own a horse also," she continued. "He is the only horse in the world, I guess, that has a mane the whole way down his spinal cord. I call him Nigger. Yes, I like to ride, and do quite a lot of it for pleasure. Do we ever get letters from mashers? Well, rather. I got one from a policeman in Newark last week. None of the girls with this show ever care for such things." Miss Smith is the wife of Jim Kidd, the cowboy.

"Come in, Miss Bly, and sit down," said pretty Della Farrell, as she held open her mosquito-bar portais. "Bessie will be here in a moment. Take off your hat and be comfortable."



Della Farrell, the young girl who rides the race with Mrs. Duffy, is quite pretty. She had her slender, girlish form tastefully clothed in a white-embroidered blue dress. Her large, blue eyes, with long, curled lashes, gaze on one with a truthful, frank candor, and her wavy brown hair, which hangs in artistic looseness around her head, is charming. In the V-shaped vest she wore several gold medals which she has gotten by winning races. One, especially pretty, given her during her first season, is engraved with herself on horseback. Just then Bessie Farrell came in and we all went into the room at the rear of the tent, where it was cooler.

"I could not say when I rode first," said Della. "I have been riding ever since I can remember." "We were born and raised in Denver, Col., said Bessie, with a smile. "There were our father and mother, our brother and we two girls in our family. We always had lots of horses and, children-like, were always romping with them. We were never taught to ride, but just hammered it into ourselves by hard experiences, which is the best way after all."

"I was never inside a riding-school," said Della, looking up from the popcorn she was dissecting. "and from what I have seen of women who learn riding so I think it better to learn outside." "Della learned outside," Bessie said with a laugh. "We had a pony." "Dolly was its name," Della interposed, with her mouth filled with popcorn. "And we children always fought over it, rode it turn about, or stole it from the other," Bessie continued, "just as children will. We had our own saddles and bridles, that's one right we religiously kept. I never liked horses half so well as Della did, but I had a mania for stealing away—when I got any money—and hiring a horse from some stable."

"We never used riding habits, either, in Denver," said Della. "We just jumped on and rode in our shortskirts. If we had learned in long skirts we would never have lived to give exhibitions." "No, I should say not," Bessie said, as she vigorously used her fan. "Dolly ran off with Della at last—('She was a little devil,' from Della)—and so father sold her, because Della was badly hurt." "I had the worst old saddle," explained the charming Della. "It only had one horn." "We would never have been in a show," said Bessie. "If old Dave Cook, the great Rocky Mountain detective, hadn't told at our house one evening that Buffalo Bill was in town and that he wanted a lady rider for his new show. Della got wild to join him—('I had to coax a long time before my mother would consent,' said Della)—and she went down to the theatre and made an engagement with him. Then I came on and joined them

should break I am perfectly independent, having a firm footing. As an exercise for women no one can excel horseback-riding. "I want to show you something which has no like," she said, and, going to the interior, she brought forth a bundle. "When Col. Cody first saw me ride he said: 'You are the finest rider I ever saw and I will send you the finest bridle I ever saw.' Several weeks later I received notice that a package awaited me at the express office. It was an exquisite bridle made of finely woven hair, with buckles of solid silver and tassels of hair.



THE GRAND SALUTE.

"This is made of human hair," she said, "from scalps of Indians taken by Buffalo Bill, and the buckles are made from chunks of silver given him at different mines. It's not possible that you will ever see the like of it again." August Belmont, the New York banker, offered Col. Cody \$1,000 for it. "Break away, that—break away!" shouted a deep, good-natured voice, and a great, monstrous fellow, stooping almost double, entered the tent. "Break away, now," he repeated, and I looked apprehensively at the chair he threw himself into. He was immense! He wore a bright red shirt, crossed at the front with a gold chain heavy enough to tie down an elephant. He removed his sombrero and tossed back his long black hair carelessly, while he glanced at me with his bright black eyes in a boyish, teasing manner.

"You are mistaken. This is a different lady," said Miss Hickok, hurriedly, whereupon she added: "Mr. Buck Taylor, Miss Bly." "How do you do?" said I. "How are you?" said Buck. We smiled and shook hands. "Now, look here," he said. "I'm going to kill the next one. ('Please don't,' she may be nicer," I inserted.) You're the third that's come here and talked us to death and we haven't seen a line of it printed yet. I shall kill the next."

"What will you do with yourself when the Wild West is no more?" I asked, in order to divert his mind from his murderous threats. "Go back to Texas." "How do you make the un-English Indians understand?" I asked at random. "Cuss them into it," he replied, with a laugh. "Say, why don't you try to ride one of the bucking horses? Now, that's what would make a story." "But I might get my neck broken," I protested. "That's what would make the story," he replied, coolly. "Then there would be something to write up." He followed me out as I started home. I stopped to bid Col. Cody, who was dictating a letter, good-by. "Come down some day and take a ride," he said, cordially. "The girls have lots of habits. You look just the right size to ride. I hate these big women who want to ride. Do they? Well, the bigger the woman the worse she wants to ride."

NELLIE BLY.

THE OBSERVANT CITIZEN.

It was observed that some of the black delegates to the recent national convention spoke of them-

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In order to lig transform our over lent in cash, we w to-morrow,

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which will include ings necessarily on

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