

BOIL IT DOWN.

When you've got a thing to say, say it. Don't take half a day. When your yars got little in it...

CAMP CHARITY.

"I frequent finds myself taking a notion agin a word," said the old cattle-man as he lighted a cigar, "same as I do agin some people. There's the word 'charity' as shurely wearies me a heap."

"You see, son, it occurs numerous in the west that many a good man rolls out his blanket in the morning to find his luck done stamped in the night."

"Well, people," says Cherokee Hall, "we're all some nervous and stamped, so 'spose we absorb some beverage penden Doc's return?"

"We gets our whiskey and sets round, not thinkin much, an bimely in half an hour Doc comes in."

"Gents," he says, "it devolves on this here camp to make a mighty delicate play. This here maiden, who this day hops into our midst, is broke—clean busted; nary a single cent in her warbag."

"This here," continues Peets, "pleases her. She says she got a whole outfit of relatives in Frisco and figgers he's gone there and says she'll go to as soon as she done earns the dinero to take her. There's how the deal stands, and I wants your action."

"That ain't nuthin as will rouse up an consome a western man as the spectacle of a female of his species agittin the worst of the deal. He'll froth an paw round frightful at the mere idee."

"This here episode I hereby relates with this way. It is justly funny that away about takin money from strange men, an it has come to my notice—the deal in resembles to this—as how they seem to regard every bill a rattlesnake. Now yer's how we fix it, Peets brings this female to the New York store, we meanwhile adjournin similar. The Red Light's all right, only it ain't no place for the caucus we contemplates."

"Now this yer is how we'll do," says Enright. "We'll stampe over to the store, as I remarks, an then when we're located Doc Peets'll bring in the girl. Then Peets up an says, 'whoever is yer unk you're tellin me of in Frisco?' just like that. An the girl replies meby 'It's Jim Jones.' Now yer's where I gets my cards. I laughs all easy an sociable an says: 'Jim Jones? Not old Jim Jones of Frisco? Why, me an Jim was old runnin mates way back in the fifties.' Then, sorter backin the play, as all proper a discoverin the child of an old friend, I ups and kisses her. Then we sets round and powwows, an final I recollects owin Jim \$45.50, clooin out a claim over in Nevada in 1859. The bein an interest Jim forgets about—an I urges her, bein she's headed that way, to take Jim's dust to him."

"At this p't we overturns her reason still more by Peets sayin he'll cash a draft on to that Red Dog brother for \$100, to take her through to Frisco, I objectin, of course, sighty guileful, agin using any of her Uncle Jim's dust, unless it's forced play som'er's along the trail. As to said sum I owes her Uncle Jim, why, we makes it up by chippin in, as was suggested by Dan Boggs."

"We takes another round of drinks on this, barkeep," says Boggs. "You can gamble old man Enright gets her straight every time."

"So we all drinks in admiration of Enright, an then Cherokee Hall, who deals fero in the Red Light, gets his stack in."

"Mr. Enright and gents," says he

stack too many for me. Whatever do you think yourself, Enright?" "I shurely has to pass a hand like that," says Enright. "At the same time I deplores a pore rank stranger like this here young woman strikin camp an no one to meet an spread a blanket for her. Now yer's Nellie."

Enright continues, turain at Fargo Nell, who's gettin her nose paint with the rest an stands lookin on, 'an it strikes me as a good safe play for Nell to go hold a powwow with her; Nell bein a person of tact an likewise a female, all similar to the other. Meant while we stands our hands 'till Nell comes scoutin round to us agin."

"Me go talk to her?" says Nell. "Well, I'll jest fool you up a whole lot. You hear me! I don't go near her. Not as I'm none too good," continues Nell, a shovin of her big sombrero back kinder oneasy, "but if you alls had as much savvy as some prairie dogs you'd know mighty well this here lady wouldn't talk to no such cattle as me."

"Just then this here strange girl comes to the stage-station door an looks out."

"She's sendin up a signal smoke now," says Doc Peets, "an I'm allowin I'll p'nt up that away an see whatever is up anyhow." So Doc threw his belt and gun behind the bar, an up he goes, jest as placid as a sod house. We was all watchin him, an the bow he makes when he throws his rope for her strikes us feel proud, 'cause we sees the camp wasn't goin to get the worst of it."

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"I don't aim to seem romantic, but I'm in favor of sparin the feelings of this here female. At the same time we s'posed, now, what I says is this: 'Stead of givin this female the money 's'pose we makes fere or six poker games out of this here assembly—say \$200 table stake—an rakes on ten or better showed, this here person in distress to take the rake. By pursuoin of this course we encourages trade, provides the money, an the girl ain't under obligations to nobody nor nothin.'"

"I'm in on this here poker game," says Faro Nell, "ain't I, Cherokee?" "Well, now, yer's shurely in it, Nellie," says Cherokee. "Your chair sets next to mine. I never wants no better people near me."

"I indorses the remark of Mr. Hall," says Doc Peets, "with my full name. He's a sport and a gentleman. Now you all center over to the store, like Enright says, while I rounds up the girl."

"Well, that's how we do it. We works round the girl too easy. Enright lies an Peets lies an Cherokee lies. Old man Enright kisses his old pard's niece, an Peets comes in similar, 'cause he knows her brother. It's a gay time, an you bet your pony it takes a heap of woe off the girl."

"Say, Doc," whispers Nell as we goes over to the Red Light to open the poker games, "tell her to sleep in my room tonight. I won't have to need it, 'cause this here game we're in for's goin to take till mawnin. But don't you never tell her whose it is, or, you see, she'll go camp som'ers else."

"Well, son, the rake on these here poker games was most \$800, an we claim the extra was interest on the \$45.50 Enright owes unk."

"The law makes him do it, miss," says Peets, "an you're dead right to take it. There's a heap of bad blood in Wolfville about this here sharp Enright a owin your Uncle Jim so long, an if he don't get it squared this here trip I'm allowin the boys are liable to lynch him some. You'd better take it; it may save his life."

"So the next day we starts her off, first givin old Monte notice we'll down him when he comes back unless he drives slow. When she's gone, we all feel free and good—like a load off our minds."

"We shoved the cut on her too easy," says Faro Nell as she turns from watchin the stage. "You all couldn't run no brace game like that on me, you bet; could you Cherokee? You liars wouldn't stand no show with me. I'd seen your smoke if I'd missed your tracks, an done run up on them lies about my Uncle Jim an what's owin him the first camp you'd made. But she's a good lady, an I'm powerful glad she's started to take her through."

—Dan Quinn in San Francisco Examiner.

Birch Bark Pretties.

Dainty Gifts for Birthdays and Christmas May be Easily Derived.

To appreciate fully the beauty of birch bark, when used for decorative purposes, it should be seen in its native fastnesses among the mountains of New Hampshire, Maine or any locality where it abounds.

Even here it is useless for the summer tourist, with only his pocketknife and his abounding ardor and untiring energy, to attempt to possess himself of any quantity of it, for the end will be a broken knife, to say nothing of scratched hands and torn garments. He can, however, pick it up in the vicinity of any lumber mill, or he can buy it of the Indians who come over the border in summer and do a thriving business by selling fancy straw and birch bark novelties to the souvenir-loving tourist.

Get the bark as you may, but be sure to get plenty of it, for its uses are many. The thick outer bark is not only most beautifully tinted and marked, but it is more or less covered with the most exquisite mosses and lichens of many varieties, in many tones of gray, green and brown.

This bark makes the most artistic frames, which are very appropriate for etchings or photographs of mountain scenery. Unless you are handy with tools it will pay you to employ a skilled workman. The foundation is an ordinary plain frame, not necessarily of metal boards, on which the bark is nailed with brads, or, if the frame be a small one, it is glued on so that the joinings do not show. The large frames have narrow strips of bark glued on the edges, while the smaller ones are edged with a sort of rope made of twisted strands of "sweet grass," which is also sold by the Indians. The bark which assumes a circular shape when peeled from the tree, must have boiling water poured over it to make it flexible.

It makes a charming dado and frieze for a den, which should be papered before with either a gray green or warm red cartridge paper. This room should have a fireplace of dull red bricks, with great iron firedogs. The bookcases should have the edges of the shelves and the outer moldings covered with the mossy bark and all pictures should be framed in like manner.

After the outer bark has been removed there are other layers, sometimes half a dozen in number. These are as thin as paper and of varying shades of cream, silvery gray, tan and light pinkish terra cotta. They can be used for postal card, mouchoir, glove and necktie cases, and lend themselves readily to decoration with pen and pencil. Lined with bright silks the contrast is very pleasing and effective.

For workboxes and fancy boxes of any kind, either the mossy, outer bark alone is used, or the thinner layers are glued or sewn to wooden or pasteboard foundations and the boxes are then lined with silk.

In a Cuban Dungeon.

Frightful Privations Suffered by a United States Citizen. Not Even a Hearing—And Only Released Through Consul General Williams' Efforts.—Gen. Gomez Headed Toward Havana.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Jose Maria Aguirre, a Cuban patriot who was kept in the dungeon of Morro Castle, Havana, from February 24 to September 6, arrived in New York to-day on the steamship Washington, accompanied by his wife and little son.

Mr. Aguirre shows the effects of his six months' imprisonment. His features are drawn and pinched and there is no color in his cheeks. He was released September 6 through the efforts of Consul General Williams.

At first he was not allowed to leave Havana, and he was shadowed night and day. Even at the dinner table at the hotel a spy listening to what he said to his wife and friends. Persons he spoke to on the street were insulted by paid watchers and were liable to arrest for holding conversations with a suspect.

He had committed no covert act against Spain. When arrested he was on the point of taking a train for his plantation, intending to bring a nephew to Havana to school. No trial was allowed him, notwithstanding he was a naturalized citizen of the United States.

He was put in a cell on the door of which was a sign warning other prisoners and the jailers not to hold conversation with him.

The water given him to drink was filthy and the bread had to be soaked in it before he could eat it. No bed clothing was allowed, and it was not many days before the exposed portions of the body became covered with sores from contact with the hard stone of the prison. Loathsome vermin abounded. Lizards ran up and down the walls and crawled over him at night.

Occasionally he could hear the shuffling feet of some unfortunate led to the outer air. Then would follow the muffled sound of rifle shots. He did not know when his turn would come.

Every time he heard the footsteps of his jailers he expected they were coming to take him to be shot. His heavy iron chains clanked whenever he moved, while the iron bands chafed his wrists and ankles.

When, finally, he was led out into the warm sunshine and clasped the hand of the representative of the United States he staggered like a drunken man and his eyes were blinded with the glorious light of day.

Notwithstanding that he was closely watched after being released he managed to communicate with friends.

Just before leaving Havana he learned that General Gomez, with 5,000 picked men headed toward Havana, and that the people in the western provinces would have risen long before for the lack of leaders, arms and ammunition.

Reports from Madrid, Cardenas, Ciegoaguas, Neuvasitas and other cities stated that the people were only awaiting the arrival of an armed body to take up arms and capture the fortifications. Thousands of rifles are concealed in the homes of patriots waiting for the signal to light for liberty.

Thousands of Cubans have fled to neighboring places and only wait a favorable opportunity to join the revolution.

The Autonomist party has been discredited. Many of its leaders have been imprisoned, others have joined the insurgents.

The financial and commercial situation of the island is getting worse all the time.

How They Differ.

Man is a creature of cast iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances; this is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilize anything, from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a corkscrew absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors; if she does not succeed readily, she pushes the work into a bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for a chiropodist's purposes.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple-pie order; pen, paper, and ink must be just so, and a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, tears it perhaps from a book or a portfolio, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man stores if the blotting-paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing on it, waving the paper in the air, or holding it near a lamp or a fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman rereads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and throws it violently into the box.

A man can out a book only with a paper-kutter; a woman deftly inserts a hairpin and the book is out.

For a man "good-by" signifies the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

General Miles.

The change in the command ought to mean a good deal to the army. General Schofield was the last of the commanding generals whose early training was entirely under old traditions and conditions. This is not equivalent to saying that he was opposed to reform, although it is probably true that in consequence of this he was not easily convinced that a new suggestion was really promotive of reform. However, he has made an acceptable commanding general, as commanding generals go, but it is to be hoped that with the accession of General Miles to the leadership of the army a new era will begin.

General Miles is one of the most capable soldiers that the United States army has ever developed. We say that the army has developed him advisedly. He did not enjoy the training of West Point, which, under ordinary conditions, is the best training that a military man can have, but he was bred and taught in the school of actual war. The responsibilities and stimulants of the formal betrothal of the young Queen of the Netherlands to Prince Charles, the second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark Queen Wilhelmina will, on that day, complete her 16th year of age. The match meets with universal approval in Holland, and the alliance is regarded with satisfaction, inasmuch as it presents one with Germany, which would awaken in the German aspirations for the annexing of Holland to Germany.

In one respect Fashion continues to be most accommodating, for she allows us to wear large sleeves in close-fitting corsages, with skirts of serge cloth, crapon or mohair, or the skirt may be of silk and the bodice a wolen fabric, plaided, striped, checked, shot or plain. In fact, a dress made up of pretty remnants is often the most successful and picturesque sort of a "creation." This fact is worthy of a little eloquence and note, for we can thus vary the appearance of dresses we have grown tired of so that they may have all the effect of novelty without being really new and this change is now both easily and inexpensively brought about, for the shops are full of handsome "short lengths" that are sold for those purposes.

For keeping the bonnet on the head in high autumn or winter wind strings are superior to all other means of fastening whatsoever. The women are beginning to discover and adopt them, particularly since fashion has sanctioned their use once again. Velvet strings are the most becoming and these may be as wide or as narrow as the bias and straight ribbons or cut on the milliner's made up with a bow to be held with pretty jeweled pins. Black velvet is the most used, but the milliners show toques and bonnets with strings made of variously of green, brilliant cherry, magenta and many other colors on models made of black or dark green velvet.

Skirts are to stand out well at the feet, and slender steels are introduced at the hem to meet this end. The python steel has been modeled on the lines of the Antarctic whalebone; two strips united by an outer network, it is also employed for evening bodices. Our old friend crepon stands by us still, and even velvet has been treated to resemble it, the pile crushed into the semblance of creping. This is used extensively for sleeves, gowns, in putania, green, magenta, black, purple and some other bright tones.

The beautiful Cleopatra shades in bronze, tawny brown, chestnut, golden, olive, and Havana—a rich russet brown—and all the deep reds and dahlia dyes, are in highest favor this autumn season, and French ateliers are adding to these favored colors bright aniline mauves, and a nes "Persian pink" that is merely a much softened magenta, far more generally becoming than the magenta dyes of a year ago.

To CLEANSE A GOWN.—One may do wonders at home with a supply of gasoline, without ripping the garment, and without much work. It may be thoroughly washed, to look as good as new, if enough gasoline is used and any care at all taken with the process. It goes without saying that there is some caution needed in the use of gasoline; it should not be brought close to a fire, for several reasons, foremost among them the odor coming from it, it is always best to take the whole thing out into the back yard and there proceed with the ablutions.

A pretty fashion for this winter is the bonnet or hat, with cape or muff to match. The cape is a most jaunty little creation, exceedingly becoming. The material oftentimes used is velvet of the new shades. The smart little bonnet and absurd little muff have a style all their own. The "seals" as they are called, are to be worn with any costume, but look best over silk or some rich material. Fine jet, chiffon and lace are all combined in the trimming. They are to be had in several different shapes, so that they are becoming alike to short and long-waisted women. The ones that will be worn during the autumn, says the New York Herald, have ruffles instead of tapes, and while it cannot be urged with truth that they have a great deal of warmth, they are so intensely becoming that no one will suffer, no matter how cold the weather may be. A bit of lace always did keep a woman warm, and these have much more in them than merely a bit of lace, as fur and velvet are the principal materials.

For those of the WATCHMAN'S women readers who intend visiting the Atlanta Exposition or traveling in any other direction I feel like advising you just a little on the matter of traveling gowns. I have lately seen several of the newest which struck me as particularly chic. They combined at once comfort and elegance. Among the various kinds of light wolen materials in favor for such costumes the prettiest and most serviceable is of course the old-fashioned mohair alpaca, but the new material is infinitely finer than the alpaca worn by our mothers. The tints are beautifully soft and light cream and crepe au lait, fawn and ecru, with all shades of bluish or russet gray, lavender and pearl. These are often trimmed with fancy plaids or checks in which bright tints are considerably softened by a good deal of white. Many traveling dresses have straps on the bodice, the waistband, and small pouch at the side of leather.

There are always different ideas as to what woods are fashionable. Just now there is a rumor that polished black walnut is once more to be in style, and persons who have been trying vainly to get rid of their black walnut furniture and replace it with mahogany may content themselves for a while in the belief that soon their belongings will be eagerly looked for by others.

Table covers and sofa pillows allow a wide field of coloring and design. The tables in themselves are now so handsome that it is rarely a long cover is seen, and a flat cloth or cover with a braid finish is much preferred, particularly for a library table. The placing of a small table that will just hold a lamp, a book or two, and an ash receiver close by some comfortable chair or sofa, is one of those little touches that give a room a home-like air.

There are many auction rooms in the city where odd pieces of furniture can be found at very low prices. Often great bargains are secured in this way. In the large furniture establishments there are often very pretty things to be bought if one but takes the time and trouble to hunt for them.

Another Slice of Public Funds.

In 1893 the Adjutant General got a salary of \$5000, now he gets \$8000. The repairs to the State arsenal cost \$22,000 in 1893, in 1895 they cost \$3000. The Adjutant General has a stenographer and typewriter at \$1000 in 1893, in 1895 there is a provision of \$2000 for this work. All of this makes an excess of \$6000 this year in this department over 1893. The Republican party certainly knows how to get rid of the people's money. Will the people put on the brakes now and stop the leak by electing an able State Treasurer? Therefore, vote for Hon. Benjamin F. Meyers.

Nothing Too Small For Them.

No department in the State machinery is too small or insignificant to be overlooked by the Republican State Treasury banditti. Here's the State Reporter's office for example. The expenses in 1893 were \$12,000 now, under the Republican rule, they reach \$16,000, an excess of \$4000. The present administration takes everything in sight and keeps a sharp look-out for something new, whereby an honest dollar of the people can be gathered in for political use and prestige.

WHERE GIRLS ARE GIRLS.

I will sing you a song of a wonderful land, Where the wheelwoman doesn't exist, Where the girl that you love is as childish and bland As the girl that your grandfather kissed.

Where the bloomers don't bloom, and the skirts don't divide, And the maiden don't box or make bets; Oh, the girls of the South, we assure you with trust, Don't talk slang and smoke cigarettes.

For and About Women.

A favorite design at present in fancy work is what is known as the deltware pattern for dollies and table centre pieces. It is a convenient design, such as those seen on the plates imitated and done with embroidery silks of the exact shade of blue required. The imitation of china patterns for table linen is not new; two years ago Dresden china's floral wreaths were first introduced for the purpose on small dollies, and this latter idea follows quite as a natural sequence.

The 31st of August, 1896, is the date fixed upon for the formal betrothal of the young Queen of the Netherlands to Prince Charles, the second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark Queen Wilhelmina will, on that day, complete her 16th year of age. The match meets with universal approval in Holland, and the alliance is regarded with satisfaction, inasmuch as it presents one with Germany, which would awaken in the German aspirations for the annexing of Holland to Germany.

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