

A QUARREL IN THE OVEN.

Oh, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl. They had a quarrel one day. Together they sat on the oven shelf. The piecrust fry and the gingerbread elf. And the quarrel commenced this way: Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl: "I'll wager my new brown hat. That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned. Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand. But what is the good of that? Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up in a most provoking way. "Oh, maybe you're brown, but you're poor as can be; You do not know hard from a round green pea! Is there anything that you do know, pray?" Oh, the ginger bread boy, he laughed loudly with scorn. As he looked at the flaky piecrust. "Just watch how I rise in the world," cried he. "Just see how I'm bound to grow light!" said she. "While you stay the color of rust."

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

The orchestra was playing the "Auf Wiedersehen." It was his favorite waltz, but he stood at the far end of the ball room leaning languidly against one of the massive pillars that supported the brilliantly lighted dome. With an aimless indolence he watched one couple after another while past and around him. Fragments of their conversation came to him at intervals, softly blended with the musical laughter of women. For the past five years he had danced and laughed and flirted with them—some made love—but all that was over now; at least, it would be on the morrow, for then he was to marry Mildred Van Rasselas. This was his last bachelor ball. He scarcely knew why he had come. He felt out of place. Already the people had begun to stare wondering at him, and that saucy little debutante, Rosa Carey, had just gilded up to him whispering something about "the great pity that she wasn't there to make life worth living!" The ball was a bore. He would go around to the club. He found some of his friends on the lookout for him; so he summoned the little through into the buffet, bade them drink to his health, and while the wine was circling, and one old fellow—a bachelor by the way—was telling his juniors of his first love, "his divine love" as he termed it, the room else stepped away unperceived and entered his room. Stirring the fire that glowed in the grate, he sank into a chair. The sound of the "Auf Wiedersehen" rang in his ears. With it came a flood of memories, and the faces and forms of his old loves took semblance in his mind. There was Alice—what a bright little creature she was! They had met over at the Blanchards', as some informal affair. She smiled at him so sweetly when they were introduced that he liked her from that moment. It was only a flirtation at first, but such things will turn out differently sometimes. Two months, then came some slight misunderstanding—a few hot words, and—well she was a jolly little thing—too bad she married that beast of a man, Wiggins the pork millionaire! Augusta was tall and stately. The wealth of dark gleaming hair was crowning glory. How well it matched her black, fearless eyes, and how it contrasted with her even, white teeth! She wrote poetry, and read deep books, and tried to make him read them. Just to please her he had begun "The Ring and the Book." When he found, however, that the same rather uninteresting story was being told over and over again, he really had to lay it aside. The root of their trouble was that their tastes were not alike. Their minds moved in different avenues. She could not look up to him as a woman should, to the man she is going to marry. They realized it, after awhile, and it was by mutual consent that the affair was broken up. He really was fond of her, though, and it might have gone rather hard with him, but just at that critical moment Mand came into his life. Mand was a horn flirt. He might have known that she was just amusing her self, but then her eyes—how blue they were, how truthful, how full of womanly sympathy! What a fool in those days, those old days! He trusted her, believed in her—until that night. How well he remembered it! They were out on the pier at Narragansett. The moon was up, the water smooth and bright as a sheet of silver. He was holding her hand; how small and soft it was! "Set the day, Mand," he was saying. "Yes, to be sure. Let it be tomorrow," she laughed. "No, no come now," he had persisted, "set the day. Why should we wait any longer?" "Oh, Harry, don't be so foolish," she answered, yawning slightly. "Foolish!" he had answered in surprise. "I am deeply in earnest!" "In earnest?" then she threw back her dainty head, and the sound of her laughter went out over the still water. "What we marry! How ridiculous!" and she laughed again. Did he let her see how deeply he felt the sting? Not he! His pride served him with strength to act out the wretched little one-sided comedy. He, too, laughed at their idea of marrying. He was the gayest man at the ball that night, but with the coming of the morning a great bitterness crept into his heart. Money was the only thing worth having, after that, Mildred Van Rasselas, wealthy and wise in the lore of the world, took society by storm. With a business like delirium he had set about his task of winning her; and to-morrow was their wedding day! Alice, Augusta, Mand, Mildred, and—yes, there was another—one who came before them all, and whose memory he still cherished as a sacred heritage. It was so long ago, yet he could see her now, with that calm smile on her childlike face, with the soft light in her clear gray eyes, and the halo of daffodil hair! How dearly he had loved her—his first love, his "divine love!" He was sure in those days, that she loved him too. Her

A Ghost Taken Into Captivity.

Two young women solve a horrible mystery of a haunted hut.—Wild midnight screams.—The scene of murder and a gambling den.—The rendezvous of thieves. The Women Win a Wager. A ramshackle log shanty in the woods near Coudersport, Potter Co., has a career most unenviable, and can perhaps lay claim to being the scene of more sensational events in the space of a year than any other structure in the West. First bearing a name as the home of Floyd Myers, the murderer, it subsequently became the rendezvous for a notorious gang of gamblers and highwaymen, but of late the place has produced a genuine ghost, or at least, it was genuine until unmasked in a most sensational way by two plucky young women. Now the people of that community threaten to set fire to the structure, so that its existence is liable to be cut off most any night. It was in this hut that Floyd Myers first met his victim, Leonard Hart, on Christmas night of last year, during a quarrel. Both had been drinking together and became involved in a quarrel. Hart was struck on the head. When Myers was arrested next morning he had hidden a pair of nightgowns in the chimney place of his shanty, where they were found. He was convicted and is now serving a term in the Western Penitentiary. Believing that the associations of the Myers abode would make it proof against inquisitive eyes, a gang of gamblers took possession of the cabin and soon hereafter an epidemic of highway robbery and thieving began in that section. On three different occasions victims of "hold-ups" tracked their assailants to the ravine in which the Myers shanty was located, but none was brave enough to investigate fully. Midnight noises, in which the sounds of revelry and riotousness were heard, were frequent, and the neighborhood was well-nigh terrorized when a new feature of the place suddenly asserted itself. A man named Allen, a traveling man from Buffalo, was enticed to the place one night, and there induced to take a hand in a game of poker. His associates in the game were all dressed as gamblers, and the woodenman, but as was evidenced by Allen's fast decreasing "pile," they were experts with the cards. A black bottle was frequently passed, and long before midnight, Allen, having been felled of all his money, was stored away lying on the floor in a drunken stupor. How long he slept he was unable to say, but it was not yet daybreak when he was awakened by a curious sensation of fright and fear. It took him some time to collect his befuddled senses, but before this was rightly accomplished he was startled by a light, and saw a man in a dark, unbuttoned, right-handing coat, that he had never seen before, standing in the doorway. Although it was not yet late in September, his blood seemed to congeal in his veins. Aside from the scream which seemed to have been made by a woman, there was a death-like stillness in the shanty. "The drummer" knew nothing of the fact that the place had been tenanted by a murderer, and being a brave fellow he soon mustered up courage to crawl to the narrow stairway and peer down into the room below. He could hear no shouting and the appearance of the man was not alarming. He was about to descend, when there came another piercing scream, and the words: "For God's sake, Floy, you've killed me!" The voice was unmistakably that of a woman, and Allen made haste to help her. He saw the shadow of some dark object in the doorway, and then the place—save for the weird song of the crickets in the trees outside was as still as a tomb. LOOKING FOR MURDER. Allen struck a match, expecting to see the body of a murdered woman lying on the floor, but the flickering light threw to his surprise, revealed nothing but a vacant room, even the tables on which the poker game had been played not having been disturbed. On one of them was a broken topped lamp and this Allen lit. He searched for blood, but there was none to be found, and at last he concluded that the thing he heard and saw must have been a ghost. He was unable to tell what time of night it was, for the gamblers had stolen his watch. Unpleasant as was the task he was compelled to sit in the old shanty until the break of day, when he started afoot for town. Allen told a few of his friends about his experience with the ghost, and soon after his story was corroborated by others who had heard of a similar occurrence several times afterward. The ghost, instead of being a hoax adopted by the gamblers, was a real, a specter to them as anybody else for it had the effect of driving them out. It is said that the apparition would appear in the midst without the slightest indication of its coming, and twice the gamblers fled precipitously, leaving their stakes on the table. Strangely, however, next day when they returned to claim their deserted booty the money was gone. Then the gamblers gave up the place. The ghost, however, did not for it was seen and heard there several times. It remained for two young women to solve the mystery of the ghost, and they did it to perfection. They thought done on a banter, it was nevertheless done well. The story of the haunted Myers hut was the only topic of conversation in that part of the country, and old and young alike shuddered at the sight of the structure, which they thought of as a haunted house. THE GHOST HUNTERS. Three weeks ago the lovers of Marie Peifer and Kathryn Phillips dared these young women to visit the haunted cabin at night, wagering each the choice of a lady's bicycle. The girls were not to be deterred, and a night or two afterward they repaired to the old log cabin in the ravine. They had hit upon a novel plan of action. Miss Peifer is an adept at amateur photography, and they prepared a painful flash light powder with which to surprise the ghost. It worked charmingly. It was not yet 12 o'clock that night when they heard the door of the cabin creak on its rusty hinges, and a moment later the girls, who had stationed themselves in the corner near the stairway, saw the black figure of a man or woman appear in the doorway. They waited until the thing had shut the door behind it. Then the flash of a match ignited the powder and the next instant there was such a flash of light in the dusty old room that every nook and corner was illuminated. It was a startle for the ghost, for the figure, which proved to be a woman, stood rooted to the spot. Her cloak dropped from her shoulders and in another moment she was made prisoner by the two plucky girls. Both the young women knew their captive, for she was a neighbor whom they

Insane of Pennsylvania.

The yearly increase in the number of the insane in Pennsylvania is about 600, and gives the members of the board of public charities much concern. All State hospitals are crowded; their fair capacity is about 4,500, and they contain 5,600; the chronic asylum at Westmoreland is full; the local almshouses contain more than 2,500 insane, and something must be done to provide more shelter for the present aggregate and the yearly increase. The insane population of the State exceeds 10,000. A plan of relief recommended is the adoption of the Wisconsin system, which has been in operation for a number of years, and is reported to be an excellent one. The State Board sent Dr. H. M. Wetherill, their secretary, to Wisconsin, to investigate the system. He went to the State of Wisconsin, and inspected five out of 23 of the Wisconsin county asylums, and the two State hospitals, at Mendota and Oshkosh, inquired into the working of the system, now in force there for 16 years, and came home advising the Pennsylvania board to adopt it. The Legislature will be called on to do so next winter. The Wisconsin system separates instead of congregating the chronic insane. The policy of this State has been to withdraw the insane from inefficient county care and place them in State hospitals. In Wisconsin, according to Dr. Wetherill, its plan "has rendered possible the treatment of the insane in the hospitals, which are no longer mixed asylums, and are now performing excellent medical service. It has in every respect greatly improved the condition of all classes of the insane, and has accomplished this at a saving to the State of millions of dollars." The lunacy committee of the State board, at the head of which is Dr. George I. McLeod, of Philadelphia, go farther than their secretary, and urge that this system be adopted at once in Pennsylvania, saying: "The plan to encourage county or local care of the indigent insane, if carried out, should act as a permanent relief to the State hospitals, and finally limit the necessity for such expensive buildings, whereby the expenditure of millions of dollars would be avoided. The quality of care in the county asylums of Wisconsin is admirable, and far better suited to requirements of chronic than that of any hospital we have ever seen. The methods of her State hospitals, and the excellent results in special, individual treatment of curable and relapsable cases, are excelled by no public hospital of which we have knowledge."—Pittsburg Post.

McKenna Confirmed.

The Entire Executive Session of the Senate Spent in Considering the Nomination. McKenna has been confirmed as Justice of the Supreme Court. He said he was convinced almost the entire executive session with his speech, his opposition to confirmation, though there were brief remarks by Senators Turner and Wilson, of Washington, and others favorable to Mr. McKenna. There was no division of the vote. Senator Allen had before him the charges filed with the committee on judicial affairs which he read at length. This comprised a large number of letters, some resolutions and the protest of lawyers and judges of the Pacific coast, charging that McKenna is unfitted for the high office of Supreme Justice by the grounds of a want of legal attainments. His committee report at length upon this latter document and was interrupted by Senator Perkins, of California, who read a published defense of Judge McKenna, giving statistics to show that he had not as judge of the California Superior Court, in 1882, frequently reversed by superior tribunals that had other judges of the same rank. There were also other interruptions during the day, but the proceedings were devoid of general interest. Mr. Allen spoke for about three hours. He said he was convinced of Mr. McKenna's unfitness for the office. He insisted upon a roll call when the vote was taken, and the vote was overwhelmingly favorable to confirmation. An effort was made to secure the confirmation of the nomination of Gen. Longstreet to be Commissioner of Railroads. Senator Vest objected to immediate action and the nomination went over until another day. Mr. Vest did not state his objections beyond mentioning the fact that they were not personal. The Senate also confirmed these nominations: To be Consul—C. B. Towle, of New Hampshire, at Saltillo, Mexico; R. S. Berg, of North Dakota, at Gothenberg, Sweden; M. R. Sulzer, of Indiana, at Liege, Belgium; B. Nusbaum, of Pennsylvania, at Munich, Bavaria.

Will Extend His Railway.

John E. DuBois, the millionaire lumberman has decided to extend his Juniata Valley railroad from DuBois to Emporium, Cameron county, a distance of forty miles. His ostensible purpose at present is to have the lumber on his timber lands brought to his mills, but another deal of greater magnitude is behind the present extension, it is rumored. Notice to Subscribers. An Arkansas editor, in reading that a young lady in New York kneads bread with her gloves on, indulges in the following soliloquy: "It is said that a New York girl kneads bread with her gloves on, but that is no news to us. We need bread with our boots on; we need bread with our pants on; and if these subscribers so much in arrears don't pay up pretty soon, we will need bread without anything on."

Squaw Wives.

They Make Good and Honored Helpmates for White Husbands in the Indian Territory. After a long residence in Indian Territory and a careful observation of family and domestic life as it exists here, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, I am thoroughly convinced that the Indian woman who becomes the wife of a white man always makes a good and faithful wife, and manifests a devotion to her husband's happiness and comfort which we seldom see equaled among women of the Caucasian race, no matter what their nationalities. The Indian woman married to a white man seems to think that she must be her husband's slave, and her gratitude to him for having made her his wife and for treating her with kindness and consideration is unlimited. White men who come here and become owners of large tracts of land are compelled for their own safety to marry Indian women—they must have Indian wives to afford them protection, and some of them even get rid of their white wives in order to marry Indian women for the reason. No white man married to an Indian woman in Indian Territory dares to ill-treat or abuse her. A man would be an utterly heartless brute who could maltreat a creature so loving, faithful and devoted as an Indian wife but if such a wretch should dare to manifest his unkindness to his Indian consort her relatives and friends would soon put him out of the way. The Indian woman who is chosen in marriage by a white man is so grateful to him that in every instance she will try with all her heart and soul to be what he would have her. She will try to learn and improve herself in every way. When they see a woman from the States they will examine carefully every article of her dress and ask her all sorts of questions about the manners and customs, the ways and fashions of the effete East. They are more anxious to be stylish and fashionable, if possible, than any of the society women in our Eastern cities. McAlester, the place from which I write is named for James McAlester, my host, who is the richest man in all this part of the country. He has the finest residence in Indian Territory, and his wife is an Indian woman. It would never do, however, to use that word "squaw" in such a case. Here we would say that Mr. McAlester is married to a "native." That is the term by which Indians are designated in polite society in Indian Territory. Mrs. McAlester is a tall, handsome woman of commanding presence. She is the daughter of a Choctaw chief. She has a very pleasant and friendly disposition, and I never saw a better housekeeper. She regards servants as a nuisance and refuses to employ any. She has three children, two sons and a daughter, and she brings them all up to be housework. Indian mothers make no distinction in that matter between boys and girls. On wash days one of Mr. McAlester's sons helps her wash the clothes and the other gets the dinner. The children of Indian mothers by white fathers always treat their mothers with the greatest respect, and regard their white fathers as superior beings toward whom they show veneration and respect. Susie McAlester, the daughter, is 15 years of age. She is very tall and as straight and graceful as a pine tree. If you saw her with her hat on you would think that she was only a very dark brunette, but with her hat off Indian blood shows itself in her hair and her high cheek bones. She is very pretty, as well as highly intelligent and accomplished. She has been at boarding school in Missouri, and plays very well upon the grand piano which ornaments her mother's drawing-room. Mr. McAlester takes his children with him on his business trips to the East, and in company with their father they visited the World's Fair in 1893. Mrs. McAlester never went East with her husband but once, and that was many years ago. When they arrived at St. Louis they went to the Planter's hotel, but they were refused admittance because the proprietors believed Mrs. McAlester to be a negress. Fortunately Mr. McAlester met in the hotel lobby by a traveling man who was well known to him, as well as to the hotel keepers, and who vouched for the fact that she was Indian and not negro blood which gave the dark tint to Mrs. McAlester's magnificent complexion. Rooms were then promptly assigned them, and the hotel people did everything possible to atone for their unfortunate mistake, but the young wife, who like all Indians, is of a very sensitive nature, had been so deeply wounded and mortified that she has steadily declined to accompany her husband outside of the Indian Territory ever since. The homes of the Indian wives of wealthy white men are handsomely furnished. The china on their tables is fine and their meals are well served. All these Indian wives are very fond of flowers and devote a great deal of time to cultivating them. They have a profusion of them in all parts of their dwellings. The married life of Indian wives and white husbands seems ideally happy so far as I have been able to observe it, and if you want an absolute certainty of getting a loving, faithful and devoted wife you cannot do better than to marry an Indian woman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

"The shops before their shirt waist openings in January," and if you don't secure the new models and novelties now they cannot be bought later." In the first place you must give away your lovely transparent organdie waist of last year, for while there is little, if any change in the cut, opaque materials are a rigor for wash waists. Piques, white shirting linens, canvas cloth, gingham, satens so fine and lustrous that they look like silk, are made up and shown at the openings as the only correct thing. There are many white waists, the handsomest in pique, made with attached cuffs and detachable collars. These details remain the same as last year. The full fronts are gathered to the short yoke and the effect gained by the materials and cut only as a contrast to these are waists of white, short bosom linen made in the same way, but the full fronts are ornamented by clusters of fine tucks slanting to the center. There are other white waists shown, lawns and lappets. Pique in checks with pinhead dots of color and plain pink, lavender and blue are charming and new. Gingham is in high favor, complicated red plaids, two-toned checks, and dainty lines of white on colored grounds are displayed. These have detachable collars to match, but white may be correctly worn in place of these. In the canvas cloth waist the end pale-green plaids artistically mingled with red rose and blue, yellow and green combinations. In the cambric and percales are lovely checks on white ground. The bars forming these checks are nearly an inch wide and in floral designs, exquisite lavender and pale blues. Crossing these are other floral bars mingled with stripes of black. The rage for gray has reached and claimed the shirt waist at last and some of the prettiest and most becoming are plaids of all tones of gray. A home-made emollient for chapped hands is compounded from an ounce of white wax and an ounce of spermaceti. Cut into shreds and melt together in an earthenware jar; then add an ounce of camphorized oil, stir the ingredients until they are well mixed, place the jar in a basin of cold water, stir until the mixture is cold, then pack in little jars for the dressing table. If this is rubbed on the hands and a pair of wash-leather gloves worn at night the relief will be prompt. Everyone admits the necessity for guarding against exposure, especially when there are sudden changes from heat to cold, and few persons take these imperative precautions in the proper way. They are chilly when the weather changes and immediately seek out an overcoat, a jacket, a scarf or a muffler. The shoulder cape comes into use and the leather box or wrap that is pulled up close about the neck and chest. If, instead of this, thicker shawl and warmer hose, without garters, were put on and a warmer covering for the limbs were afforded the trunk of the body could take much better care of itself. Cold and exposed extremities and too much wrapping around the neck and chest connection and pave the way for disease. The hygienic and sensible method is to give the throat, chest and arms a dash of cold salt and water every morning upon rising. An entire sponge bath of this sort is of great advantage, but this treatment of the throat and chest is not necessary if necessary if one would avoid a multitude of ills that affect this portion of the system. A charming spring gown for a young girl is of Havana brown twilled serge; the skirt four yards around the hem; the hips fitting snugly; the fullness laid in four inches of shirred material. Each side double stitched, the bottom entirely plain, the whole made over a lining of apple green taffeta. No dust ruffle, they add to the dust. Two inches of the material for facing, the skirt quite long, touching all around. The coat rather long, reaching over the hips; single breasted, buttoning on a secret flap, with brown horn buttons. Small pockets with flaps on either side of the waist; these seams also lapped and double stitched. As to the fit of this coat, it goes into the figure, but does not press it. The curve of the back must be faultless, the line over the hips without a wrinkle. With such a costume can be worn a gingham or pique shirt waist, a crimson silk Ascot tie, and a brown, plaid velvet straw toque, with a green bird at the side. With tan pique walking gloves and kangaroo walking boots, highly polished added, no debutante could be more wisely or more attractively gowned. According to London predictions, the hats to be worn low again, way down in the nape of the neck, so that they have been worn for many a day. No one for dress wears her hair ornamented these days. A twist of velvet or jet is in favor, especially when accompanied by a single ostrich feather at one side. The old turban effect is revived in a fold of gauze tied into a knot at one side, with an ostrich nodding over the whole. What a turn about there has been! women adore change. Few can be true to any style long enough to really enjoy it. Only on short years ago they were vying with one another in the matter of silks. Great was their anguish of soul when they discovered some other woman with an inch or two more of sleeve than theirs, skirts had an impertinent flare and swing about the bottom; we wore millinery of skyward tendency; our flowers reared above misty foundations as straight as wire could prop them. They have collapsed in every direction. The inflated arm covers have gone the way of all modes, the sleeve they now profess to be in love with, hugging skinny as well as plump arms, to the distraction of their owners. Skirts hang around as limp as the feathers of a rain-soaked owl, while bobbing plumes bob low—so low that many of them trail shoulderward. To be sure there are still women with hats that suggest top loftiness. The sourette hat of velvet carries many plumes heavenward. To be very swell, however, the feather must be long and it must cling as closely as possible to the head-ger it adorns. Never place wet boots by the fire, for the heat stiffens the leather so that it becomes most uncomfortable to wear. The best way to dry them, and at the same time preserve their shape, is to fill each boot with oats, or any other grain. This gathers up the moisture from the leather and in doing so, swells so that the shape of the boot is well defined. When the boots are quite dry shake out the oats and dry them for use on a further occasion. Boots that have been allowed to harden should be well rubbed with paraffin.

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