

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

There is a fountain in Florida Land... De Leon found it—where Old Age away...

A PANTHER HUNT.

There is still an occasional panther seen, but more frequently heard without being seen...

Capt. Brown was probably the most famous of the old time panther slayers. He was an early settler at the Forks of the Loyalsock creek...

Now, you go home, Rogers, and keep cool. I won't go with you after that big panther, but I'll go out myself and kill it for you...

It is the habit of panthers, like all of the cat family, to bury what is left from a feast, to be exhumed and eaten on some future occasion...

There is another genius in the peddling line among down town offices. This smooth faced peddler will one day offer a line of toilet soaps and perfumery...

A Likely Fellow's Fate. "How's Jim Bullard getting on?" inquired a passenger, poking his head out of a car window as the train stopped at a small station in Nebraska...

Utilizing a Watch Dog. An inhabitant of China, Me., has been utilizing his valuable Newfoundland watch dog by carding and spinning his fleece...

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY.

PAST AND PRESENT METHODS OF THE IRREPRESSIBLE COWBOY.

"Texas Run" and "Round Ups" Now Being Rapidly Narrowed Down Into Herd—Recollections of the Good Old Times—Losses of a Hard Winter.

The progress and success of the cattle industry in the west has been marvelous. For many years the business was conducted almost entirely by individuals, and so widened and prospered that in a few years the cattle kings were almost as numerous and potent as the famous "bonanza kings"...

The profits were large. Each successive "beef round-up" brought to the eastern market thousands of head of cattle, comparing favorably with the "pampered corn fed" stock of Nebraska and Illinois. Newspaper writers set forth the business in the most glowing colors; magazines gave facts and figures with elaborate care; money flowed in from the great commercial centers; new companies were formed every day, and the festive cowboy grew up...

But the day of retribution was coming. The spring of 1886 opened up clear and bright, with but little rain to call forth the grass from the whole earth. During the whole summer there was a terrible drought, and the hot winds swept over the parched plains, shriveling up and killing all sorts of vegetation...

How It Got Out.

When the nominations of Robertson and Hurt to succeed Arthur and Cornell as collector of customs and naval officer at the port of New York were pending in the senate there was a great deal of excitement, and every newspaper correspondent in Washington was anxious to get the exact vote by which the nominations were rejected...

You have made a great many mistakes. I took the vote on a tally sheet myself, which I have somewhere here in my pocket, but of course I cannot give it to you...

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THE "BLOOMER" COSTUME.

Mrs. Bloomer Declares That She Is Not the Inventor of It—Its History.

"I have tried often to correct that impression," said Mrs. D. C. Bloomer recently to a reporter. "I did not invent the 'Bloomer' costume, nor was I the first one to wear it. I am quite willing that the correction should be made, for I do not wish to be remembered only as the woman who invented a new style of dress."

"I did not even name it. Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, a daughter of Gerrit Smith, was the first lady who wore it. She came dressed in one of those costumes from Peterboro, N. Y., to Seneca Falls, where I was living, and where Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton lived. Where Mrs. Miller got the idea I do not know, but she is entitled to what credit there is for putting the dress into circulation, as it were, and it should be named for her if for anybody. It is hardly fair to Mrs. Miller to take the credit from her. A few days after Mrs. Miller's appearance in short skirts and trousers, Mrs. Stanton had a similar costume made, and she wore it. Then I adopted the style. Mrs. Stanton did not wear hers a great while—possibly not more than two years; but I wore mine as long as the public talked about it and me. I did not name the dress. The press did that. I wore the costume for six years—four years in my own family—and, if I had not retired to private life, I might be wearing it yet. It is a very comfortable and sensible dress."

"Some time, possibly a month, before Mrs. Miller made her appearance in Seneca Falls in the costume, a writer, whose identity I never did discover, advocated in the columns of one of the papers of Seneca Falls a reform in woman's dress. I was editing a paper there at that time and took up the suggestion in a flippancy way, and treated the subject rather playfully and facetiously. The unknown writer or the other paper answered me, and I answered again. So when Mrs. Miller came in the short skirt and trousers, and after Mrs. Stanton and myself had adopted the garb, the papers of the country round about tried to make fun of us, and called us 'Bloomerites' and 'Bloomers,' and so on. Hence the name, I suppose. Lucy Stone wore the dress for a while, but gave it up because she thought it attracted attention away from the subjects—temperance and woman's rights—which she was lecturing on. I wore my costume and lectured in it in all my tours of the cities of the north and west, and I was the first to make such a lecturing tour in those cities. I was the first woman who wore the costume in public in Chicago."

"Of course, wherever I went the dress attracted a great deal of attention. It was a curiosity, and a great many people came to the lectures as much to see it as to hear what a woman had to say. Women lecturers were quite a curiosity, too, in those days. I used to notice that after I had finished my talk, whether on women's rights or on temperance, a great many people, women especially, would remain and come upon the platform, ostensibly to see me, but really to inspect the dress."

Mrs. Bloomer showed the reporter a cut representing herself in her younger days, attired in one of her noted costumes. A short skirt reaching to the knees, baggy, very baggy trousers gathered and frilled at the ankles; a straight bonneted sailor hat, set well back upon the head, made up the attire from a masculine point of view. Female observation might have discerned that the skirt and waist were of one piece, and that the sleeves of the waist were full and slashed, and gathered and frilled at the wrists. Close scrutiny and a reversal of the picture might possibly have led to the discovery that a busid was not part of the attire. This point, however, can be left to those ladies who have been accustomed to calisthenic exercises and surf bathing.—Omaha Herald.

Sales of Patent Medicines.

Proprietary medicines sell up by the dozen every day, but you seldom hear of any outside those manufactured in your own section of the country. Every preparation is born under a lucky or unlucky star, as they seem to succeed or perish regardless of the energy or money possessed by the men who are interested in pushing their sale. None succeed without advertising, although millions have been spent in puffing medicines that never sold the original stock shipped to wholesale druggists. It is a game of chance where you cannot estimate the risk. Results are very little figure with the salesman, for if the stuff will sell it will go off their hands with scarcely an effort, because their best customers are the chronic invalids, who are thicker than flies around a molasses cake.

Nevertheless, I would prefer to take a new medicine out on the road than handle any of the old ones which have been advertised from the cliffs of the Pacific coast to the rocky banks of Labrador. Americans are experimentalists, and will buy a new nostrum without any recommendation, for the simple reason that they have heard nothing against it. St. Louis leads the country in sales of quinine, malarial specific and bilious antidotes, and some of the local manufacturers will clear millions from two articles that originated here within the last two years, but which are already beginning to elicit notice.—George Haskell.

Results of Overtraining.

There is one aspect of the Sullivan-Mitchell fight which is so far devoid of brutality as to be of public interest; this is, that a man seemingly in superb physical condition may, in reality, be so far overtrained, as it is termed, as to have been deprived of his staying powers.

Nature supplies to certain quantities of adipose tissue, which may seem to the critical eye to be an incubance, which should be reduced by careful training; but it may turn out that in thus bringing the human organism down to a mass of bone and muscle the trainer will deprive the body of the food that it needs to make good the waste of physical energy. A man thus prepared may be well fitted for a sport, but entirely unable to keep up under long continued physical exertion.—Boston Herald.

Children's Undergarments.

For undergarments, the best houses show a little woven knitted petticoat, which has a waist like a corset cover, and this buttoned closely around the body, and is being knitted very elastic and warm. Those who do not care for the petticoat can find little knitted chemises, which are long and double thickness over the stomach and abdomen, and every child should wear these at all seasons of the year. Elastic suspenders for the stockings should also be worn instead of fastening them by any other means. Shoes for small children have no heels, though they have what they call spring heels, which do no injury to the tender bones and muscles.—Olive Harper.

STUNG BY A SCORPION.

HOW THE DEADLY INSECT MAKES ITS WAY NORTHWARD.

A Scared Darkey in a New York Fruit Store—The Old Druggist's Remedy—The "Mule Killer's" Description of the Scorpion Family.

A reporter was hurrying down Barclay street a few days ago, conscious that he had but a few minutes in which to catch the Hoboken ferryboat, when he suddenly stopped at a dark opening, which led into a still darker basement. Bunches of bananas hung to the hotel and were festooned upon the jumbs of the doorway, while bursting crates of golden oranges were piled on the downward leading steps. It was an agonizing yell, which seemed to hint of murder and sudden death, as it burst from the recesses of this dingy looking cavern that had arrested his steps. He had not long to wait for an explanation. Up the steps, at the risk of overturning the piled up boxes of fruit which obstructed the passage, bounded a coal black negro, whose eyes were bulging out of his head with mingled fright and pain, and as he ran he vigorously shook one of his immense hands, which the reporter could see was growing every instant still larger. "For de lawd," he muttered, "I see a dead nigger, stah. I see stung by a rattler, I is." To a dabbler in natural history the opportunity was not to be missed, even at the expense of losing half a dozen Hoboken ferry boats, and the reporter followed the negro as he bolted into a drug store near by. He found the man exhibiting his wounded paw to an unsympathetic druggist, who seemed, however, to know exactly what to do under the circumstances, while the patient kept up a running commentary of ejaculations bearing on the agony he was suffering. "Hit's a terrible bite, stah. Hit aches me 'way up to dat ar' shoulder. Rattler's bite's poison, aint it, sah?" "That's no rattler," snorted the druggist. "Come out of a bunch of bananas, you say? Well, I guess it was a scorpion."

"No sah, hit came from among dem orange boxes."

"Then it must have been a spider or a mule killer," said the druggist. By this time he had prepared a dose which he gave the terrified darkey to swallow, and then, with a strong-smelling lotion, he bathed the afflicted member. At this point the reporter took a hand in the conversation. "Is that whisky you gave him to drink?" he asked.

"No, young man," said the old druggist. "It's ammonia, and worth a quart of whisky in the case of a spider or scorpion bite."

"Then a mule killer is a scorpion?"

"No, sir, it is not a scorpion."

"With that brilliant ratiocination—it's a spider?"

"Wrong again," said the druggist. "It isn't a spider."

"Then what on earth is it?"

"It's just between the two," said the druggist, and the darkey having subsided into a condition of mute despair, varied by an occasional moan of lingering agony, the druggist became quite conversational. He was an old man with clean shaven face, straggling gray hair and keen eyes, which twinkled at one corner of his old fashioned spectacles. This was by no means the first case of a poisonous bite he had treated, he said, since he had settled in the neighborhood. All around him were the establishments of dealers in all sorts of tropical fruits, and hidden in bunches of bananas, under heaps of coconuts or in crates of fruit, were often to be found scorpions and spiders of all sorts and sizes. Occasionally the men handling the fruit get bitten, but more often the insects nest in a semi-torpid state and are killed before they get a chance to do any damage.

"Many years ago," continued the druggist, "I was a member of a surveying party, for, among other professions I have followed, is that of a surveyor, and found myself helping to lay out one of the first railroads ever run through Florida. We were at work during the cold season, when one evening, after a hard day's work, I rode into camp on my mule, and, putting on a blanket which was lying across a log, I buckled around my beast's body to prevent it catching cold. Hardly had I done so when the mule began to imbibe in a gymnastic performance which would have put even an army mule to the blush. I paid no attention at first, beyond passing a few obligatory remarks, but finally, as he kept up his kicking and plunging, I determined to take off the blanket and see if a branch of thorny immora might not have got entangled in it and accounted for his restlessness. Instead of a thorn I found a brown creature about three inches long hanging on for dear life to the mule's back. One of the men who knew the country rather better than I said it was a mule killer, and sure enough, inside of two hours Mr. Mule was as dead as the proverbial herring. As we sat round the camp fire that night many were the stories told of the havoc wrought by this insignificant looking pest. Not only mules but valuable horses have fallen victims by the score to this insect, which is variously known as the scritchler, devil's bull-driver and whip scorpion."

The scientific description of the scorpion family states that they have an elongated body, which, like that of all members of that family, is divided into segments, the last six of which, in the case of the scorpion, are of equal size. The tail is flexible and ends in a sting. The chelicerae, or fangs, are short, and end in a pincer-like appendage, while the palpi, or jaw appendages, are long and also end in a pincer. Respiration is effected by means of two pairs of pulmonary sacs, which communicate with the air through four openings. A curious thing to be noticed about the whip scorpion is that the poisonous fangs above referred to take the place of the harmless feelers or antennae of beetles, butterflies, moths and most of the crustacea, such as lobsters and shrimps. A cognate change is remarked in spiders, in whom the antennae are replaced by poisonous jaws. The anterior pair of the legs of the whip scorpion are also peculiar. They are much thicker than the others, and the feet are many jointed, so as to be capable of being used as flexible organs of touch, so that this ugly looking beast has turned his feelers into poisonous jaws and his legs into feelers. The whip consists of the thin, veiled looking tail, which can be lashed around like a rawhide in the hands of an angry man.—New York Mail and Express.

Messrs. Fremy and Verneuil, of Paris, chemists, have informed the Academy of Sciences that they have succeeded in producing real rubies by artificial means. The tests show that this is a fact. The biggest yet made is the size of a big pinhead, but size is a matter that can be regulated.—New York Sun.

Traps for Book Agents.

"You seldom see an advertisement for a book agent in these days," remarked a veteran canvasser, "but that doesn't signify that the much abused man is no longer seen abroad in the land. There is a certain stigma attached to the business, and a man is deterred from becoming a book agent for the same reason that prompts a woman to do anything rather than go out to service. The houses that deal in subscription books are well aware of this feeling, and unscrupulous publishers resort to the most ingenious plans to ward their advertisements so as to conceal the real nature of their business. If they make a direct call for book agents they would receive very few applicants, but by couching their advertisements in ambiguous and alluring language they are sure to get the pick of the unemployed men and women. Their main object is to get the people to call, for it is then easier to induce the man usually flattered by the prospect of a book agent's employment to advertise for collectors at a fixed salary. When a man calls and proves satisfactory he is told that he can have the job as soon as it is ready, being made to believe that he is to have a new route as soon as the canvassers have drummed up enough subscribers.

"In the meantime the man is advised to do a little canvassing himself. He will be able to make living wages and familiarize himself with the business. The man, of course, a little disappointed, but at last consents to become a book agent for the time being in anticipation of getting a place as collector at a fixed salary. An iron bound contract is then drawn up, for the sake of formality, he is told, by which he agrees to sell the book on commission. He is then required to deposit \$10 as security for the dummy copy he is to carry with him. Time passes, and the route on which he was to serve as collector is as far from completing as ever. He has found that canvassing is hard work and doesn't pay his board. He gets discouraged, turns in his dummy copy and demands the return of the deposit he paid on it. The firm refuses to return the money, and point to the clause in the agreement that refers to breach of contract. The firm has the law on its side, and the man has no redress. The cost of manufacturing these dummy copies is not one-tenth of the security demanded, and many firms pay the running expenses with the money received as deposits."—New York Evening Sun.

In Havana's Eating Houses.

The cafes of Havana are as bright and winsome as those of Paris, but are more attractive at all seasons of the year, for the climate allows of a greater openness to the street. This is taken advantage of in all little ways of decoration and arrangement that stand for invitation and welcome. Some of them are very grand affairs, but all possess an atmosphere of snugness and daintiness that is delicious. Indeed, it must be set down to the credit of all these people that the delicate refinements of life are obtained. Courtesy, politeness, consideration, or at least the surface use of it, are universal. They are an artistic people in the environment of little things, though themselves unconscious of that national characteristic; and both facts are delightful to one who tarries with them.

These cafes and fondas (for eating houses, for the latter are equally resorted to by the aristocracy) are equally remarkable. Their number and patronage are remarkable. They are all wide open to the street year round. One fancies they are almost a part of it, as frequently more than one-half the cafe is underneath long, wide, huge pillared porticos. Here chattering crowds by day and brilliant crowds by night, under the flare of lamps in great century old metal frames, never cease cigarette smoking, gin and wine drinking, although all liquors, however frequently ordered, are used in sparing quantities. And between the shrill cry of the dulcinos, or confederation peddlers, the hoarse importunities of the lottery ticket mobs, the ever minor music of the wandering street minstrels and the marvelously gay but never brutal and more than half Oriental city life, the "click, click, click" of the universal and never silent domino upon the marble tables come to you as an undertone staccato of myriads of unseen castanets.—Edgar L. Wickeman's Letter.

Origin of the Blizzard.

Where is its cradle, its home? The Arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard blowing in from Manitoba, but that is not its home—the starting point. Manitoba is only its half way house.

Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi river? Why do we never hear of blizzards in Canada, New England and the middle states?

Because the Laurentian range of mountains stretches westward from Labrador along the southern line of British America 4,000 miles, skirting the north shore of Lake Superior, and tapering off in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a protecting wall of solid rock 4,000 feet high against blizzards for all the region south of it. Geologists tell us that this range is formed of the oldest Silurian or sedimentary rock to be found upon the globe, and that it extends 30,000 feet below the surface.

From northeastern Minnesota to the Rocky mountains is an open, treeless plateau—a great downward 1,000 miles wide—through which the ice king rushes from that line southward in the main, the same treeless prairie all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, forming west of the Mississippi river the royal toboggan slide. 3,000 miles long, upon which his ice crowned majesty, the blizzard, sweeps in all his jeweled robes to swoon in the arms of the tropical sun. The Texas north is only the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirls past.—C. M. Cady in New York Sun.

The Sewers of Paris.

The idea of keeping the sewers clean had not thoroughly penetrated the minds of the engineers early in the century, and in none of the smaller ones was it possible to stand erect. Many were built too near the surface, and it was sometimes necessary to climb a ladder to get into them. In every case they were of solid masonry. Until quite lately the Paris sewers were built entirely of cut stone or partly of cut stone and partly of a soft, extensively porous stone called meuliere. It is intended in future to build entirely of meuliere. The manner of using it is this: A great trench is dug, in which a wooden frame is placed, the size and shape of the desired sewer. The meuliere is placed about this frame and a concrete made of the best cement is applied in such a manner as to fill solidly all the cavities of the stone and make a durable wall impervious to moisture. The frame is removed and the trench filled up as soon as the concrete is sufficiently hardened.—Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.