PERPETUAL YOUTH.

Tis said there is a fount in Flower Land-De Leon found it-where Old Age away Throws weavy mind and beart, and fresh as day Springs from the dark and joins Aurora's band: This tale, transformed by some skilled trouvere's wand

From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay, Rests on no truth. Change bodies as Time may. Souls do not change, though heavy be his hand.

Who of us needs this fount? What soul is old? Our more masks age, and still we grow me

young For in our winter we talk most of spring: And as we near, slow tottering, God's safe fold, Youth's loved ones gather nearer-though

among e seeming dead, youth's songs more clear The

they sing. —Maurice Francis Egan in The Century.

A PANTHER HUNT.

There is still an occasional panther seen, but more frequently heard without being seen, prowling about the lumber camps of the Susquehanna basin, and making its presence apparent by raids on sheep and even cattle among the sparsely settled farm localities of Sullivan and adjacent counties. The advance of civilization has not been so rapid among these dense pine and hemlock wildernesses to have alone caused the pauther to abandon its haunts in those forests, for there are still inaccessible jungles and wild, rocky retreats. so well loved by this boldest and flercest of the great cat family, where it might hide itself with almost, if not quite as much security as it did in earlier years; but civilization was aided by a band of inveterate and cunning woodsmen who passed their lives almost solely in carrying on an offensive warfare against the panther, following it even to its remotest and most dangerous haunts, and engaging it there fearlessly, and with tactics which they had reduced to an exact science. It was the perpetual and unrelenting crusade of this hand of woodsmen that gradually redinced the once numerous race of panthers in these woods to a condition of almost absolute extinction, so that today, with -conditions favorable not only to its existence, but to its increase, it is only at rare intervals that the blood curdling cry of this once monarch of the woods is heard among its old haunts, and, rarer still, that the dreaded possessor of the voice is 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, near what is now the mountain village of Forksville, Sulli van county, where he put up a cabin and spent his time in hunting. He was the panther scourge of a wide region, and his cabin was the first place that was visited by the settlers thereabouts when a panther had bereft some one of them of a much treasured sheep or cow, the visit being to beg Capt. Brown to come and rid their particular locality of the maranding beast. Among the hundreds of tales of daring and persistence manifested by the great pioneer hunter one is recounted with especial pride by descendants of his.

Among the first to seek the then unknown and unbroken region about the forks of the Loyalsock was a settler named Samuel Rogers. One morning Rogers appeared in great trepidation at Capt. Brown's cabin, just as that hunter was rigging himself up for a day's tramp among the panther haunts. Rogers said that a big panther had broken into his sheepfold the night before and had carried off his most highly prized ram. Rogers was a good panther hunter himself, but he implored Brown to accompany him in the chase. It was

sent another bullet after his first. Again the tenncions beast sprang into the thicket, but Capt. Brown's quick eye saw that his last shot had been an effective one, and he still followed the trail, now marked by blood. From the direction the wounded animal took the skilled woodsman knew that it was making for the rocky recesses fur her down the course of the outlet, at a spot now famous as the Rainbow falls. There the creek flows through a deep ravine, and the faces of the rocks are cut

and searced by fissures and deep ravines. The hunter, now sure of his trophy, followed more leisurely than he had, and when he came to the head or top of the falls, where a perpendicular rock towers nearly fifty feet above the stream, at its base being a roomy but dark cavern, he saw the enormous body of the panther stretched on the ground at the mouth of the cave. Brown clambered along the rocks which hugged the water so closely that passage was difficult and dangerons. and at last reached the flat rock which covers a space of several feet between the cave and the water's edge. The ways of panthers were well known to the hunter, as he had learned them by rough experience; but he was so certain that this great beast that lay stretched at the mouth of its den had died in its effort to reach that retreat that he laid down his gun, and taking his knife from its sheath advanced upon the prostrate beast to claim the magnificent skin as his reward for the long chase. He reached the side of the panther. and was about to bend down and commence stripping it of its skin, when the great beast sprang to its feet as quick as lightning, and with a yell that almost deafened the surprised hunter, threw itself upon him. The force of the shock threw Prown several feet away, off of the rock. It was not only a blow that the panther gave him, but as the infuriated animal struck it buried its long claws in the hunter's thick buckskin shirt and ripped it from him from neck to waist. Brown still retained his knife in his grasp and struggled to quickly regain his feet. He rose to his knees, and as he did so the crouching panther leaped toward him. Quick as a flash the wary hunter threw himself on his back on the ground. But for that the panther, flying through the air with wonderful velocity, would have struck him and carried him along in the flight. As it was, the panther passed over him.

Rapidly as the panther's leap carried it through the air, Brown's eve and hand were quicker still. The hunter's keen, long bladed knife, thrust upward as the huge body of the panther was passing over him as he lay, was plunged almost to the hilt in the animal. The thrust was between the fore legs, but the knife was not withdrawn, and its keen edge, buried in the panther's flesh, passed the entire length of the great animal's body, and the panther fell dead and disemboweled fifteen feet beyond the spot where Brown lay covered with blood that had poured upon him from the frightful wounds of his now vanquished foe.

The hunter jumped to his feet, and was eyeing with grim satisfaction the completeness of his work, when a cry, of which he at once knew the significance, echoed among the rocks. He sprang to where his gun lay, and, seizing it, looked in the direction of the cry. There, crouching on the summit of Cavern Rock, her eyes glaring and her long tail swaying in that deliberate, snake like movement that denotes the fury of the cat and its kind. was the mate of the great panther that had just met his death. The mate plainly comprehended the situation, and did not tarry in her efforts for vengeance. With a frightful yell she launched herself from the rocky peak in a furious leap for the hunter, who stood near the water's edge. His bullet met the vengeful panther in mid air and passed through her heart. The impetus of her leap carried her to the spot where she had intended to fall upon the hunter and bury her fangs in his throat, but she fell dead at the water's edge, where her enemy had stood. Brown skinned the two panthers and The course started back for his cabin. he took led him to the spot where the big panther had buried Samuel Rodgers sheep that morning. As he neared it he heard the growling and snarling made by panthers while devouring their food. He approached cautionsly, and peered through the bushes. A male and female panther were busily engaged in making a meal off the sheep. Brown shot one of the panthers dead as it atc. Its mate sprang into the very tree in which the hunter had discovered the big one earlier in the day. It paused on a branch and looked back at its dead mate. As it gazed Brown re-loaded his rifle. The panther in the tree presented a favorable mark. Brown fired, and the panther fell from limb to limb, clutching at each in its death struggles, and at last tumbled to the ground and died -New York Sun.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY.

PAST AND PRESENT METHODS OF THE IRREPRESSIBLE COWBOY.

"Texas Runs" and "Round Ups" Now Being Rapidly Narrowed Down Into Herds-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 opnient as the famous "bonanza kings." They had a personal supervision over their range and stock, and as the circle of their dominion broadened the "round up" and the line riders found here and there fields of all the game animals which in former times swarmed over the country. Indian tradition told them that away back in the forties a certain winter had left no living creature for spring to make giad with her balmy air and green grass. So the idea was born to them that it would be well to take in partners while the business was yet in its glory. So friends in the east were written to concerning the profits and small costs of cattle raising. Individuals purchased half, third or fourth interests in the ranges or herds, as the case might be, and then came about the formation of syndicates and companies. For several years the increase was simply immense. and the trail from Texas became one continnous stream of animal life, emptying itself upon the plains of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota.

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 commer cial centers; new companies were formed every day, and the festive cowboy grew apace and flourished his six shooter with impunity, while his employers sat by their warm fires in ease. Did not the cowboys look after their interests on the stormy range? So they must not be curbed, even if they did sometimes make things lively in these little western towns. In those days the owners of small herds had no rights these reckless fellows were bound to respect. A regularly recorded brand was the only thing that insured anything like safety to the flocks. Indeed, it was no unusual thing to see during the spring round up a half dozen men, mounted on bronchos, ride up to a farmer's gate, open it and gallop pell mell across the pasture and "round up" his whole herd of tame cows. If there was any doubt in their minds about the brand on a creature the lassoes were taken from their places on the saudle, there were a few dextrous flings of the rope in the air and then the animal was stretched upon the ground. May be it was the children's pet heifer, but for fear of hurting her the hot iron in the timid hand had pressed too lightly, and and there was no mark on the hide. So she was a "mayerick," and regardless of threats and persuasions, she was driven away to starve to death the next winter on a bare range.

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 disclosed that the skirt and waist were of in the neighborhood. All around him the whole summer there was a terrible drought, and the hot winds swent over the parched plains, shriveling up and killing all sorts of vegetation. The grass was as dry and brown in June as if the frosts of autumn had already come and locked up a goodly supply of nourishment in the dead looking blades for hungry cattle during the long winter months. But the old frontier men knew that there were too many caltle on the range, and that, even if the grass was good enough to keep them during the summer and fall. a great many must die in the cold storms of winter. In September and October there was a larger drive from the south than ever before. Cold weather set in early in November, and continued until 500,000 cattle had perished from starvation. In every little gulch might have been seen cattle staggering from weak ness as they vainly tried to nibble the short grass to prolong their tortured existence a few hours longer. But at last they lay down in the snow, and soon the stupor came on which took their value from the cattlemen's pockets. Now, however, the order of things has changed, and it is the man of small herds who has the advantage. It is acknowledged by men who ought to know that in the future the only way to raise cattle successfully will be to feed and shelter them well in winter, and either close herd or pasture them during the warm seasons. The ranges are fast becoming settled by industrious men, and the land which a few years since formed part of valuable ranges now produces good crops of wheat, oats and corn. In regard to this, a cattle man well known throughout the west said to your correspondent a few days since: "The day of the 'round up' is practically over; from this time on we will either have to watch our cattle or lose 'em.' Another prominent member of the stock association said: "Yes, it will not be many years before large herds will be a thing of the past. One or two years will put an end to the round up, and the business will be in the hands of local men." On being told that your correspondent had questioned one man about the loss last winter, he laughed and voluntarily said: "Well, I don't know that I blame any one interested in the matter for not wanting to talk about it, but there is no use in trying to keep it secret any longer. Seventy-live per cent, of all the cattle is somewhere near it, though 80 may be nearer. One firm made a drive of 20,000 in the fall, and in the spring found a scarce 1.500; another of 5,000 numbered but 500 after the 'round up. The greatest loss was in cows that had been, or were, sucking calves. The calf 'round up' was very small, because the cows were nearly all dead. No, it wouldn't do any good to provide a little shelter for them. If a creature once gets into an old shack during a storm it will stay there until the elements are at peace or it starves to death. Anyway, cattle are strange anomals. Where a horse will paw away two feet of snow, and when chilly, take a little run by way of exercise, a cow will get discouraged and stay in the place without food or water until she dies .- Sun Dance (Wy. T.) Cor. Chicago

THE "BLOOMER" COSTUME.

Mrs. Bloomer Declares That She Is Not the Inventor of It-Its History. "I have tried often to correct that im-

pression," 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 Gerritt 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's harily fair to Mrs. Miller to take the credit from her. A few days after Mrs. Miller's appearance in short skirt 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 yearsfor two years in Council Bluffs—and, if I had not retired to private life 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 flippant way, and treated the subject rather playfully and facetiously. The unknown writer of 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 rightsupon which she was lecturing. I wore my costume and lectured in it in all my tour of the cities of the north and west. and I was the first to make such a lectur-

in Chicago: "Of course, wherever I went the dress attracted a great deal of attention. It of whisky in the case of a spider or scorwas 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 bargey trousers gathered and frilled at the ankle; a straight brimmed sailor hat, set well back upon the head, made up the attire from a masculine point of view.

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 lintel and were festoosed up the jambs of the doorway. while bursting crates of golden oranges were piled on the downward leading steps. It was an agonizing yell, which seenied to hint of mu der and suddon der i, as it burst from the recesses of this dingy look ing cavern that had arrested his stens. He had not long to wait for an explana tion. Up the steps, at the risk of overturning the piled up boxes of fruit which ob structed 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. 'Fo' de lawd.'' he blubbered, "Tse dead niggah, suah. I'se 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 ter'ble bite, such. Hit aches me rattler," snorted the druggist. "Came out of a bunch of bananas, you say? Well, I guess it was a scorpion.

'No sah, hit came from among dem or'nge boxes '

"Then it must have been a spider or mule killer," said the druggist.

By this time he had prepared a dose swallow, and then, with a strong smelling deposits."-New York Evening Sun. lotion, he bathed the afflicted member. At this point the reporter took a hand in ing tour in those cities. I was the first the conversation. "Is that whisky you gave him to drink?" he asked. woman who wore the costume in public

"No, young man," said, the old druggrist. "It's ammonia, and worth a quart pion bite.

"Then a mule killer is a scorpion""

"No, sir, it is not a scorpion "Ah, then"-with 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 darky having subsided into a condition of mute despair, varied by an occasional moan of lingering agony and the store being otherwise deserted the druggist became quite conversational He was an old man with clean shaven face, straggling gray hair and keen eyes, which peered at one over the tops of his old fashioned spectacles. This was by no means the first case of a poisonous bite he Female observation might have had treated, he said, since he had settled one piece, and that the sleeves of the waist were the establishments of dealers in all

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 word their advertisements so as to conceal the real nature of their business. If they made 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 easy enough to induce the most likely to try their luck by holding out flattering prom-The scheme most usually employed is 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 mountime the man is advised to do a little convassing himself. He will be able to make living wages and familiarize himself with the business. The man is, 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 completed as ever. He has found that canvassing is hard work and doesn't pay his board. He gets 'way up to dat ar' shoulder. Rattler's discouraged, turns in his dummy copy bite's poison, aint's it, sah?' "That's no and demands the return of the deposit he discouraged, turns in his dummy copy 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 their runwhich he gave the terrified darkey to ning expenses with the money received as

In Havana's Eating Houses.

The cafes of Hayana 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, bui 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 inherent. 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 (or eating houses, for the latter are equally resorted to) are the resting places of the gay city. Their number and patronage are remarkable. They are all wide open to the street the year round. One fancies they are almost a part of it, as frequently more 9

one of Brown's eccentricities that he never hunted in company with anybody, and he refused to go with Rogers. But he said:

"Now, you go home, Rogers, and keep scool. I won't go with you after that big panther, but I'll go out invself and kill it for you, and hope I'll have a chance to wet it's mate, too.

That was satisfactory to Rogers, and Capt. Brown took his sun and went at once to the woods on the flats at the forks of the creek.

It was late in the fall, and there was a light snow on the ground. At the edge of the creek he struck the fresh track of a panther in the snow. From the unusual size of the footprints and drops of blood here and there along the trail, the blood having come from some animal the panther had secured and was carrying away, Brown knew he had located the big sheep stealer that had been in Settler Rogers' fold.

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. Brown knew that by following the trail, if he did not overtake the panther itself, he would come to the spot where it had buried the remains of the sheep, and that by waiting near that spot he would be sure to get a shot not only at the one panther, but more than likely at its mate, which former would fetch along to the to join in devouring the matten. The hunter followed the trail for a long distance, and finally, on the edge of a dense langel thicket, found where the panther had buried the sheep. Before preparing himself to hide for the coming of his game he instinctively glanced up among the tops of the tall trees bordering the swamp, and discovered the panther, his huge length stretched along a limb near the top of one of the trees, and his eyes fixed on the hunter below. Brown raised his rifle to fire, but the agile animal sprang to another tree top, and so swift were his movements that he escaped from the sight of the hunter, who could only follow the line of the great beast's retreat by the swaying of the tree tops as the panther leaped from one to another. The course the panther took was toward Doubling Run, and Brown made his way as rapidly as he could through the intervening thicket, and when he reached the run he found that the panther had come down from the trees, and had taken a course through the snow toward Lewis lake, now the mountain summer resort of Engle's More.

The tireless hunter followed the trail Through the dense forest, and it led him straight to the lake a distance of five miles, and around the southern shore for two miles more, when Brown discovered his game drinking from the lake. The ant site of the Eagle's Mere steamboat landing is pointed out as the spot where the great panther stood and received Capt. Brown's first bullet. The shot did not disable the panther, and it sprang into the laurels and again disappeared, leaving the echoes of its yells reverberating about the rocky shores of the lake. The course of the panther lay toward the outlet of the lake, and Capt. Brown followed through the dense growth of laurels. When he came to the outlet he discovered the panther half buried in the soft mud at the edge of the water. It was treating the wound it had received, as is the instinct of wild animals of its kind. The hunter did not wait for the panther to enjoy the benefit of the healing mud, but Epoch.

How It Got Out.

When the nominations of Robertson and Burt 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. A certain correspondent, making up an "ave and no list" of his own by guess work, took it to the room of a very distinguished senator, and, laying it before him, asked how nearly correct it was. The senator looked over the list and said:

'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.

Taking the slip from his pocket he compared the two carefully. Then he put the ogus list in his pocket and, as if by mistake, handed the correspondent his own correct one. The next morning at least one paper published an accurate roll call. showing how each senator voted; and the senator, of course, was not to be blamed for letting the information get out .-Chicago Times.

An Enterprising Peddler,

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. The following day he offers publications and stationery. At another time he may be seen with an assortment of rat traps, whisk brooms and miscellaneous hard ware. Clothing is another line of trade in this man's list .- New York Tribune.

A Likely Fellow's Fate.

"How's Jim Bullard gettin' on?" inquired a passenger, poking his head out Times. of a car window as the train stopped at a small station in Nebraska. "Jim was a likely feller, an' I told him when he started west that he was bound to rise. He was always way up back east."

BOD. stealin' hosses."--Philip II. Weich in The ter, and spun as easily and well as sheep's

Utilizing a Watch Dog.

An inhabitant of China, Me., has been utilizing his valuable Newfoundland watch dog by carding and spinning his "Same here, stranger," replied a citi-m, "Jim was hanged last week for yarn, weighing two pounds and a quarwool .- Boston Budget.

were full and slashed, and gathered and sorts of tropical fruits, and hidden in reversal of the picture might possibly have accustomed to calisthenic exercises and surf bathing .- Omaha Herald.

Sales of Patent Medicines.

Proprietary medicines spring 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 cut very little figure with the salesmen, 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 Paci ic coast to the rocky banks of Labrador. Americans are experimentative, 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 us certain quantities. of adipose tissue, which may seem to the critical eye of one who looks only at the

outside to be an incumbrance, 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. man thus prepared may be well fitted for a spurt, but entirely unable to keep up under long continued physical exertion --

For undergarments, the best houses show a little woolen knitted petticoat, which has a waist like a corset cover, and this buttous 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.

frilled at the wrists. Close scrutiny and a bunches of bananas, under heaps of cocoanuts or in crates of fruit, were often to led to the discovery that a bustle was not be found scorpions and spiders of all sorts part of the attire. This point, however, and sizes. Occasionally the men handling can be left to those ladies who have been the fruit get bitten, but more often the insects are in a semi-torpid state and are killed before they get a chance to do any damage. "Many years ago," continued the drug-

gist, "I was a member of a surveying party, for, among other professions 1 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 role into camp on my mule, and, picking up a blanket which was lying across a log, I buckled it around beast's body to prevent it catching cold Hardly had I done so when the mule; began to indulge 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 objugatory 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 account for his restlesness. Instead of a thorn I found a brown creature about three inches long hanging on for dear life to the nule'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 her ring. As we sat round the camp fire that night many were the stories told of the havoe 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 scruncher, devil's bull driver and whip scorpion."

The scientific description of the scor pion 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 chelicers, or fangs, are short, and end in a pincer like appendage, while the palpi, or jaw appendages, are long and also end in a forceps. Respiration is ef fected by means of two pairs of pulmomary sacks, which communicate with the air through four openings. A curious thing to be noticed about the whip scorpion is that the polsonous fangs above referred to take the place of the harmless feelers or antennæ of beetles, butterflies, moths and most of the crus tacea, such as lobsters and shrimps. cognate change is remarked in spiders, in whom the antennæ are replaced by poison ous jaws. The auterior pair of the legs of the whip scorpion are also peculiar. They are much thinner 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 ngly looking heast has turned his testers into polsonous jaws and his legs into feelers The whip consists of the thin, vicious looking tail, which can be lashed around like a rawhide in the hands of an angry man .- New York Mail and

Messrs. Fremy and Verneuil, of Paris, chemists, have informed the Academy of Sciences that they have succeeded in producing real rubles 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.

Express.

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 lease eigarette smoking, gin and wine drinking, although all liquors, however frequently ordered, are used in sparing quantities. And between the shrill erv of the dulceros. or confection 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 dominoes upon the marble tables come to you as an undertone staccato of myriads of unseen castanets .-- Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter,

Origin of the Blizzard.

Where is its cradic, its home? The Arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard baying started from Manitoba, but that is not its home-it. starting point. Manitoba is only its hat

way house. Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi Why do we never hear of blizzaris riverF 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 3,000 miles, skirting the north shere of Lake Superior, and tapering out in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a pro tecting 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 doorway 1,000 miles vide-through which the ice king rushes. From that line southward is, in the main, the same trecless 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 arms of the tropical sun. The Texas norther is only the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirls past. -C. M. Cady in New York Sug.

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, excessively 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 bes 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. Sau Francisco Chronicle.

Boston Herald. Children's Undergarments.