

A COWGIRL IN TEXAS.

A YOUNG LADY ASSISTING AT THE "ROUND-UP."

An Exciting but Dangerous Undertaking for an Equestrienne—Compliments of the Admiring Cowboys—The Risk She Ran—A Ring.

[Midland (Tex.) Cor. New York Sun.]

There is an ocean of prairie about this new town, and it rises and falls as far as the eye can reach like the swell of a troubled sea. Like a dark cloud on the horizon, great herds of cattle appear in the distance, either in motion or under the guard of cowboys holding them.

The herd of Col. A. W. Dunn, president of the Colorado national bank, came upon the plains the other day, and the colonel came here with his niece, Miss Marie Bynum of Mississippi, to "cut out," as the phrase goes, the calves that were ready for market, and to pen them in the cattle pens at the railroad station. The wild Texas steers were full of life and run, and the cowboys had their hands full with all of their skill, to get them penned.

Col. Dunn, who is a typical cowboy, mounted a Mustang to help the cowboys, and his niece insisted on going with him. She could not be persuaded that there was any danger in the adventure, or that her dress and sex placed her at any disadvantage in an effort for which the cowboys were rigged with Mexican spurs, big leather leggings, three or four revolvers, lariats at their saddle horns, big white sombreros with rattlesnake skins twisted about them, and watch chains of snake rattles. She insisted that if she could get a swift pony and a side saddle she would show that she could ride alongside of the wildest steer and turn him, in spite of his dangerous horns. The pony was provided, and Miss Bynum, placing her foot in the hand of the cowboy, leaped into the saddle, and, gathering up the reins, dashed off with a hearty laugh, followed by her escort of cowboys, who spun over the prairie after her. She reined up as they came into the herd, as the process of selection of the calves required a quick judgment that only experience give.

The cowboys went into the herd and their trained pines, when they were pointed to steers that were to be "cut out," ran them out of the herd, and as soon as a bunch was formed, the cowboys swung around them, and Miss Bynum, with a lash made of the end of the reins, started her pony forward, and joined in the semicircle and started the steers to the pen. The work was exciting to a novice, and the fair cowgirl's cheeks flushed as she sped along. A big brown steer, all branded over, reared up, and breaking out of line, tossed his horns and his tail up, and started off like a deer. Miss Bynum whirled her pony, and started after the animal. She did her work bravely. The cowboys watched her with admiration. Her pony dashed alongside of the steer, and the cowboys expected that, as the animal turned, he would catch his horns in her drapery, or she would plunge over the pony's head as he turned with the steer. They saw her stop as the steer turned and balance herself like a skilled equestrienne, and then head off the steer and turn him back. Soon she came dashing back alongside the steer and landed him in the bunch that was headed for the pen. Several of the cowboys pronounced her a "thoroughbred" and a "long horn"—their coarsest compliments, for, in the fertile vocabulary of the cowboy, the terms "half breed" and "short horn" are equivalent to the "tender foot" of days gone by, with, perhaps, a shade more of derision to them.

Miss Bynum, when the first lot of cattle was penned, dashed back to the herd, and, with a little instruction, began to help "cut out" the cattle. Each trip from the herd to the pen was marked by some exciting chase of a steer, and each time the young woman bore herself bravely, and she did not let a single steer escape. When at the pen, of which the cattle, with apparent consciousness of their impending fate after the long trip to Chicago, showed fear, they tried hard to escape. With heads down, the steers that could would dart past the ponies and dash away, and the nearest cowboy would touch his spurs to the pony's side and point him and start on the chase. The wild Texas steers are swift-footed, and it takes a good rider to pass one and turn him, but Miss Bynum was equal to every steer that tried to run.

Although she was in imminent danger of being dragged off her mount by the horns of some steer striking into her riding habit, she was able to manage her skirts as well as her pony, and when the task was ended she contemplated the forest of horns in the cattle pen with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks.

That night, when the cowboys were drinking their black coffee and eating their jerked buffalo meat, they agreed to present Miss Bynum with some token of their appreciation of her assistance, and a few days ago there came to the bank at Colorado a massive gold ring, inscribed, "To Miss Bynum from the Texas cowboys." Col. Dunn presented the shining circle of gold to his niece, and said that he hoped it would signify an engagement of her services at the annual round-up on the plains.

"I never enjoyed anything so much in my life," said Miss Bynum to the writer, "and, would you believe it? I didn't hear the cowboys quote scripture once. I am going to ride at the next round-up, and I expect to do much better. I'll show them what a cowgirl can do."

A New Hypnotic.

[Medical Journal.]

According to Dr. George W. Winterburn, the therapeutic uses of the white passion flower resemble the bromides on the one hand and gelsemium on the other. It is one of our best hypnotics, producing a quiet, pleasant sleep, altogether different from the comatose stupor of morphia, and from which the patient may be aroused at any moment. It may be given in doses of two or three drops of the tincture or low dilution. Even in the worst form of sleeplessness, that associated with suicidal mania, this drug will produce quiet slumber, from which the patient awakens with clear mind and rational thought. In its control of convulsions, passiflora closely resembles gelsemium.

Paper Pillows.

[Chicago Herald.]

Save all your scraps of writing-paper, old notes of no use for keeping, old envelopes, backs of notes, etc. Cut them into strips about half an inch wide and two inches long, and curl them well with an old penknife. Make a pillow-case of any material you have; fill it with your curled paper mixed with a few shreds of flannel. It is quite full, sew the end up and cover it as you please. These pillows are good in cases of fever, as they keep continually cool, and are cheap, and good substitutes for leather pillows.

Russia's Holy City.

[Moscow Cor. Hartford Times.]

One can not be a day in Moscow without realizing that he is in a holy city; he meets groups of pilgrims in the streets, carrying their bundles over their shoulders—not the pilgrims clad in gay shawls and with bright kerchiefs that we see in Italy; these are wayworn travelers, their clothes the color of the dust. In the churches they fairly impede one's progress; men and women of all ages bow down with their foreheads to the ground to every picture and shrine, and each has to be kissed, while the religious crosses himself many times before every sacred object. One stands back at first, to make way for so much religious zeal, but soon concluded that each must have his turn, so closely do the pilgrims follow one another; they seem utterly absorbed, and go through the prescribed forms apparently unconscious of the presence of others. In all the churches there are tombs containing the bodies of holy men, and a spot on the forehead is left bare for the pilgrims to kiss; the kiss is given to each saint with the deepest reverence, and also to each of the valuable, or rather invaluable, relics, such as a finger of St. Andrew, a drop of the blood of John the Baptist, pieces from the cross and one of the nails, also the sponge used by Christ while He hung to the cross.

I despair of giving an idea of the beauty of the churches. The coronations all take place in the church of the Annunciation, which was newly gilded for the present emperor. Standing in the center, one sees on every side a mass of gold and jewels, relieved by the deep, rich coloring of the paintings on the walls, and the ceiling of the pillars. Figures in heroic size of saints, apostles, and prophets are set off by a glittering background of gold leaf; there are ornamented thrones for the czar, the empress, and the metropolitan, and gorgeous banners flying. Here is the picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir, which was brought from Constantinople, and is said to have been painted by St. Luke; miraculous powers are ascribed to it, and the jewels which adorn it are worth \$250,000.

I fear I should discredit an exact account of the quantity of precious stones which ornament these churches had I not seen them for myself. There are rubies, sapphires, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, in marvelous profusion. They are on every picture, and also on the priestly garments. Some are beautifully cut, like cameos, and one emerald measures an inch and a half in length and an inch in thickness.

Remerementementem.

[Jungendfreund.]

Frederick the Great, in his declining years was rather short and snappish with his officers, especially on review days, when the thunder of cannon drowned all other sounds, and was beside the officer who should fall to understand the king's verbal orders and put them into immediate execution. The older members of the staff, through long habit, were able to read the king's commands from the movement of his lips. On one occasion, however, Frederick was left alone with a young aide-de-camp, who for the last hour had strained his ears to catch the king's meaning, but had failed to understand a single word; and now trembled in his shoes lest his turn should come, now that all the other staff officers were tearing across the ground on various errands.

Suddenly the voice of the king was heard, saying in broken accents: "Lieut. Klemm, ride across to Gen. Seidlitz." But not another syllable could he catch; the rest was jumbled together in an inarticulate jargon, something like this: "R-m. Remerementementem!" The poor fellow stood there as if paralyzed, while the king called out: "What are you waiting for? Aren't you going?" The lieutenant quickly made up his mind what to do, and galloped away at full speed. On approaching the general he eagerly exclaimed: "Your excellency, his majesty commands, Remerementementem. And so saying he wheeled round and returned with lightning speed, without stopping to listen to the mystified general who demanded more precise information. The sharper light passed off as usual. The king never laughed so heartily in his life as he did when told of the trick, and immediately raised the lieutenant to the rank of aide-de-camp.

Sugar as a Dressing For Wounds.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Professor Lucke, a Strasbourg surgeon, strongly recommends powdered cane sugar as an antiseptic dressing for wounds. Hitherto it has been used in equal parts with salivine, or with one part of iodine to five of sugar. In cases of wounds united by suture the mixture is put up in gauze and applied to the part; where there is loss of skin the sugar is sprinkled directly over the part. The sugar dressing is fixed in place by some layers of gauze deprived of fat, over which a layer of gutta serena was applied, and the whole secured by a bandage.

The sugar dressing may remain from eight to fourteen days without the sugar dissolving. The secretion from the wound is equally distributed through the sugar, and it is only when the layer of sugar is too thick—more than about one-fifth of an inch—that lumps are formed. The wounds have a healthy appearance under the sugar, the dressings are not offensive, and bacteria cannot be found in them.

Earthquake Velocities.

[Scientific Journal.]

In experiments by Professors Milne and Gray it has been determined that normal earthquake waves are transmitted through hardened mud at the rate of 437 feet per second, and transverse waves at 357 feet per second. Mallet's earlier experiments showed that earthquakes traverse sand at a speed of 835 feet, jointed granite 1,396 feet, and solid granite 1,665 feet per second. Professor Ewing considers the last number to be very much too small.

The Original Cigarette.

[Exchange.]

The cigarette antedates the pipe or cigar by many years, and, as nearly as can be determined from history, was the original method of using tobacco. Christopher Columbus, on his first voyage of discovery says the natives on the island of Cuba had a "filthy habit of rolling up the leaf of a noxious weed, setting fire to one end and inhaling the pungent and nauseating fumes from the other, which they called tobacco."

The Sultan's Beauties.

[Chicago Herald.]

Sixteen lovely harem ladies belonging to the sultan have, by his permission, sent their photographs as a contribution to the beauty exhibition of Paris. It appears that the competitors need not at all put in appearance in flesh, but that, under certain circumstances, ladies at any distance and of all nations will be allowed to compete her photograph.

The land of Holland is cultivated by 143,994 persons, of whom sixty per cent. are owners of their own holdings.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Some New Points Brought Out on the Side of the Negative.

[Ben Wylie in Chicago News.]

"Mr. President," began Mr. Doolittle, boldly, "is life worth living? That's what we're here to find out. Now, fust, what's the question? Why it's jest, is life worth living? Taint, is John Cary's life worth living? It's, is life worth living? Now, what is life? That's the fust question. Everybody knows what life is. It's what keeps us alive! Not jest us in this room, nor all the folks in Tammany, nor all the folks in the hull world. The question haint, is folks lives worth living? It's, is life worth living? Now, ye see, life is what keeps ev'rythin' a livin'. S'posin' Deacon Bibbs was a scythin' down in the meadow back o' his orchard, and a big rattlesnake sh'd come a-slidin' out at 'im! Dye reckon the deacon'd think that air snake's life wuz worth livin'? Waal, I rather reckon not!"

A new light seemed to break on the villagers. They had not thought of life in this wider sense.

"When we're a-debatin' hefty questions like this un we don't want no narrier ideas about it. I don't want ter say nothin' agin Deacon Bibbs, but he haint got the right kind o' idee about what life is. He's got the narrier idee that men and women is the only things that's goin' to be nothin' to debate about, but snakes an' toads an' rats an' hosses an' fleas an' all them varmints has got lives, an' that's the reason life haint worth livin'. They haint no one o' ye that wouldn't kill a weevil if ye saw 'im. Why? 'Cause 'e swoozles aroun' an' steals hens, an' his life haint worth livin'. What dye put pizened cheese under the woodshed fur? It's 'cause a rat's life haint worth livin', haint it?"

Mr. Doolittle stopped to wipe his dampened brow with his hand and to wipe his hand on his trousers leg, and several villagers took this time to look at each other, and say with their eyes: "Ab's a downin' em, ain't it?" Then Mr. Doolittle proceeded:

"Is life worth livin'? Ev' course taint! They haint a man nor a woman in Tammany that'd be willin' to live a dog's live. Ye see, you've got to take all these things in consideration. Now s'posin' I had'n't been born yet, an' I sh'd should find out somehow 'r rather that I wuz a goin' to be born a wart-load. Dye s'pose I'd feel good about it? Wouldn't I kick agin it? Ev' course I would. So'd anybody. Why? Why, I say? Why jest 'cause a wart-load's life haint worth livin'. They's a thousand arguments why life haint worth livin'. There's the June bug an' the moth miller an' the musketeer an' the potato bug, an' a hull thousand that I ed tell over thet's got lives thet ain't worth livin', an' if ye put all them lives—supposin' men's lives and women's lives to be worth livin'—ye'll see thet's an awful big majority o' lives thet haint worth livin'. An' majorities allus rules, so ev' course that takes in the hull o' the question an' shows thet life haint worth livin'."

Wade Hampton's Crow Story.

[Cor. Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.]

Gen. Hampton tells me that while on his Mississippi plantation he saw a tame crow that he would like to live a dog's live. He says, "I'll tell you how I got it. I was out one day again men's lives and women's lives—supposin' men's lives and women's lives to be worth livin'—ye'll see thet's an awful big majority o' lives thet haint worth livin'. An' majorities allus rules, so ev' course that takes in the hull o' the question an' shows thet life haint worth livin'."

Lawyer's Wit.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Roscoe Conkling and Joseph H. Choate might be utilized for the stage. The running cross-fire of wit between these two attorneys over the Stewart-Huntington case seemed to culminate the other day with this characterization of Mr. Choate by his rival: "This Napoleonic face, this misleading and beguiling face, this dome of thought, this wealth of golden hair, not subject to the extreme of heat and cold, because eternal sunshine settles there. There was not enough left of Mr. Choate to rest in kind, and he could simply say, 'I confess to the possession of some wind myself, but when the door of the cave of Pegasus is opened and all the contents poured out upon my devoted head I humbly and submissively bow to the blast.'"

What Whisky Costs.

[Exchange.]

"I suppose few drinkers of whisky," said a wholesale dealer in the fluid, "realize how little of original value they get for their money. The cost to the distiller of making the best possible whisky is only about 40 cents a gallon. Now, a gill is a fair quantity for a drink, the charge for which at the most stylish bars is 20 cents. That is to say, a thing costing the producer a sixth of a cent in Kentucky is retailed at nearly forty times as much. Of course, the government takes some of the enormous profit, and the wastes of storage another portion. The gains of the hands remain astounding. I know of no more solid temperance argument than the ridiculous high prices charged for liquors by the glass."

The "Stone of Scorn."

[Chicago Herald.]

The chair in which all the English sovereigns for the past 500 years have sat to be crowned is a rough wooden affair, with a gothic back. It stands on the backs of four wooden lions and has underneath its feet the famous "Stone of Scorn," on which the Scottish sovereigns down to the time when there were none, knelt to be crowned. The stone is said to be the same which Jacob used for a pillow when he had his well known ladder dream, but this part of the story need not necessarily be believed.

An Unpleasant Reflection.

[Independent Record.]

Among secured orders recently placed in this country, is one by a Russian firm which requires iron pipe for the transportation of oil and which looks to a Pittsburgh mill to do this work. It is an unpleasant reflection for Pennsylvanians to know that their busy city is preparing the means for Russia to successfully compete with the Keystone state's great product.

A Hard Master.

[Inter Ocean.]

A recently published book of anecdotes presents the following sample: "Down in Georgia, in ante-bellum days, there was an old sanctimoniously fellow who made his negroes whistle while they were picking cherries, for fear they should eat some."

A News-Dealing Bootblack.

[Hath's New York Letter.]

All over New York are growing up bootblack parlors, which consist of basements where some enterprising colored man has got in a patent shoe-cleaning chair or two and an apprentice, and he shines boots at 5 cents, sells the papers at the entrance, and keeps old files of news papers in the rear to satisfy curiosity. I go to one of these places on Broadway and pay 25 cents for seven tickets, generally losing a part of the tickets, but avoiding the temptation to pay more money than the shine costs by having the ticket. I found the boss, who was a large negro from about Washington, with his head tied up and spectacles on. Said I: "What is the matter with you?"

"I don't know what it is," said the black man, "I reckon my nerves are out of order. I have been picking away in the dark basement here over these old news-papers files, and I suppose I have strained my eyes. I've lived in basements fourteen years now. I ain't never been well since I came to New York to live. This climate up this way don't suit us. I was always strong, but I think I am giving away a little. I would get out of this basement," he continued, "if I knew where to go and get custom. But I have to pay \$4.90 a year rent for this cellar."

I was struck with the amount of money for such accommodations. The cellar itself is probably right on the ground and its supports already rotten, and the stairway to come down was narrow and awkward, and yet commanded a rent equal to a good house in an ordinary town. The man hunted me up a news paper which I only had wanted, and when I came to pay for it I saw there was some sense in keeping those old papers. The newspapers and dealers have a surplus of copies almost every day, and these men buy them for about the cost of the paper and carefully arrange them and put them aside. Suddenly a man who wants an advertisement to prove up a lawsuit, or a newspaper writer wants to get an article which he failed to preserve, or there is a lawsuit about some fact or advertisement, and they have to go to the obscure negro. He has a fixed rate, which is to charge the price on the day it was issued and to double it every month he has kept the paper. So he got from me 15 cents for a three months' old paper, which was equal to three boot-shines.

An Interview With Zola.

[Paris Letter.]

I reproduce word for word that part of the conversation which ushered in my interview with M. Zola one morning at his country house at Medun, some twenty-seven English miles from Paris.

"Your readers would like to know something about me? Well, tell them what you know yourself, and if you wish to institute any comparison between the writer who is going to endeavor to interest them for some months to come and those whom they are likely to know best, tell us this: I have not a grain, perhaps, of the genius of their own Swift, not a thousandth part of the humor of their Oliver Goldsmith, not a millionth part of the learning of their Samuel Johnson, but I have seen much blacker misery and privation than the whole three together."

"Like to the authors of 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the university authorities refused me my degree; nor did they even bestow it upon me as a favor, and they did in the case of the future deans of St. Patrick. Like the author of the 'Lives of the Poets,' I have been without shoes, though again in my case no one had the kindness to put a decent pair at my door. I have been obliged to pawn the only coat I possessed and to come back in my shirt sleeves, though it was in the depth of winter. I have lived for months and months on three sous of bread and cheese a day, not counting the days when there was neither the one nor the other. But I never lost courage, I never put the blame of my hardships upon any one, not even upon myself. If after that they do not think me a fit narrator of the suffering of the poor—mind, a narrator, not a judge between them and the rich—let them slip my weekly installments and return to more profitable reading."

A New Use for Trade Dollars.

[Mail and Express.]

A new use has been found for the much-abused trade dollar by an enterprising jeweler of New York. He takes the dejected coin and makes it up in such shapes as he can without destroying its identity. "It is the Bachman idea," said he to a reporter. "Some of the designs are copyrighted, just as a publisher would copyright a book, to keep the sharks and guerrillas of the trade from stealing them. Here is one," he said, producing what appeared to be a new specimen of the coin, "designed for a pocket-piece. The piece is split and hollowed out so that a picture can be placed in it. The pieces fit together so perfectly that no one would ever suspect the use to which it has been adapted. Here is a match-box made of four of the dollars. You see the coins, although split so that both surfaces show the face of the design, are so bent and worked into shape that their outlines are undisturbed. Nothing else enters into the composition of the box but the hinge."

Another curiosity shown was a cigarette case made of coins of various denominations—dimes, quarters, half dollars and trade dollars, welded on to a silver base of alligator skin, and so oxidized that the coins seem a century old.

"Is there no law against putting the coin to such use?" inquired the reporter.

"You can do as you please with United States money if you do not attempt to counterfeit it or try to pass it after you have mutilated or otherwise tinkered with it."

The Largest Circulation.

[Island Printer.]

The paper with the largest circulation in the world is the Petit Journal, of Paris. It now circulates 750,000 copies per day. Its director, Mr. Hyppolite Marinoni, is the inventor of the Marinoni perfecting presses. He was originally a cattle-herd. When he first started there was not one perfecting press in France, and no newspaper would buy one of him; but he secured the contract for printing the edition of some of the papers at a certain price. Among the papers he printed were The Figaro and Petit Journal. The latter then had a circulation daily of 100,000 papers. It ran behind in its bills with Marinoni, and to save himself from loss he had to take hold of the paper. He spends \$100,000 a year for advertising, and is confident that within two years he will sell 1,000,000 copies per day. He is allowed \$100,000 per year for printing the paper. Not less than \$1.30 per line is received for advertisements in any part of the paper, and as high as \$8 per line for one insertion is charged. Once as much as \$10,000 was paid by De Lesseps for an article on the first page announcing the issue of the Panama canal loan. The paper is unsensational in the extreme, but pays close attention to news.

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