

WITH CROOKED LEGS.

WHAT MAKES MEN BANDY LEGGED AND KNOCK KNEED.

Not More Than One Man in Three Who is Straight Limbed—What a Surgeon Says About Crooked Legs—Correcting the Curvature.

Comparatively few men have really straight legs. In a walk from Fourteenth street to the Battery a reporter made a rough estimate and found that not more than one in three of the men who passed him were straight limbed. Most of them were bow legged, and a few instances both legs bent the same way. It was noticed that as a rule the stout, heavy men had parenthesis legs, while those of slighter build in many cases carried their bodies on a figure resembling an X.

This rule, however, does not always hold. Many men of no inconsiderable avoirdupois strike their knees together when they walk. It is not uncommon to see a long, lanky man whose legs are so bent that he is physically incapacitated from stopping the traditional pig in an alley way. Frequently bowleggedness is associated with strength. It is usually seen in short, sturdy men. Those who are knock kneed have no such recompense unless the excuse for renewing trousers, which are constantly being worn out at the knees by chafing one against the other, be considered as such.

WHAT A SURGEON SAYS.

A well known surgeon who has had long experience in a city hospital was asked to explain the prevalence of crooked legs. He said: "It is a fact that very few persons have straight legs. My attention is often called to it. It is hard to say just why it is. Many say that it is because children are made to walk when they are too young. Mothers like to have their little ones on their feet as early as possible, and so sometimes force them to stand before their legs are able to bear the weight of their bodies. Nurses, too, when they take children out for an airing, often make them walk without their parents' knowledge. Undoubtedly this is sometimes the cause of the deformity. Probably many a man owes his crooked legs to a careless nurse, who got tired of carrying him when he was a baby and put him down when away from his mother. Others say, with good reason also, that it is due to baby carriages. The child is wheeled about until it is quite old. Its body is thus developed while its legs are doing nothing, and when finally it is made to use them, they are still soft, bend under the weight of the body. I believe that this treatment of children is responsible for more bowleggedness, or cymecolosis, as we call it, than anything else.

"Every one knows that the bones of the human body are made up of cartilaginous or spongy fiber and mineral matter, and that when young the former predominates. The bones at that stage have, therefore, little rigidity, and are very easily bent. Unfortunately they have little elasticity, either, and readily take a set. The proportion of cartilage and mineral matter varies in different children, so that it is impossible to give any fixed age at which they should be made to walk. Many can walk well when 12 months old, while others cannot do so until they are 3 years old.

"In some children there is an unusual proportion of spongy in the bone, and in these cases the legs are almost certain to become crooked. In these instances braces can be used with advantage until the bones harden. This simple remedy is rarely used, however, sometimes from the apathy of the parents, but chiefly because the tendency is not noticed until it is too late. The legs bend one way or the other very gradually, and when the curve is perceptible it is usually past the cure of braces. This condition of the bones is often due to insufficient food and general neglect. Unless the blood is kept rich and healthy the bones are apt to be retarded in development, and so, remaining soft, are readily twisted.

STRAIGHTENING LEGS.

"Sometimes bow legged children become straight when they grow older. My mother told me that when I was a child my legs formed an almost perfect ellipse. Now, I venture to assert, they are straighter than most men's. In my own experience I have seen this occur, but it is impossible to foretell if the curve in a child's legs will straighten out in later years or not.

"Is there any means of straightening legs when once they are set crooked?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and by a very simple process. The curvature in bow legged persons is usually just below the knee. To remove it we take a piece out of the outside of the bone—that is, the convex side—and then break the bone on the other side. This enables us to make the leg properly straight by using stiff splints, and it isn't long before the legs are all right again and as straight as can be desired. In knock kneed persons the curvature is above the knee, and the same process can be tried. It is not so often done, however, as few people care to have the thigh bone broken merely to increase their personal beauty."

"Then you often cure bow legged men in this way?"

"Oh, yes. Of course when the curve is so marked that it actually interferes with the walking some such operation is necessary, but we frequently are called upon to do it simply to improve a man's appearance. Some time ago a young man wrote to me from the west, begging me to suggest some means of making his legs straight. He could walk well enough, but he wasn't satisfied with his appearance. I told him what he would have to undergo, and although he hesitated at first, he finally consented and went through it manfully. He is very proud of his straight legs now, although he never tells how he got them. Braces can sometimes be used to straighten the legs of young boys, but when the bone has become really hardened they are not of much use."—New York Sun.

Why They Go East.

Omaha Man—Going to New York to live, eh? In business there?

Kansas Man—No; I've retired from business, and have bought a palace on Fifth avenue, New York.

Now, I'd like to know why a man who has made a fortune in Kansas should buy a residence in New York, instead of settling down in his own state?

Well, you see, I had a choice between a New York brown stone front and a Boom City dugout, and I took the brown stone front because it was cheaper."—Omaha World.

A Good Reason.

"Say, Tom, that fellow Stuppin seems to appreciate a story."

"Yes, seems to."

"Laughs at all your jokes."

"Don't you know why?"

"No."

"Why, I let him have \$5 the other day."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Long Run.

The longest continuous run on any railway in the world is that made by the New Saratoga Limited train on the road from New York to Troy, which runs the entire distance—148 miles—without a stop.

LOVE'S LESSON.

O Love, which comes to all of us
In many a quiet disguise
From childhood up, how rapturous
In every fresh surprise
By which we learn, from day to day,
And till our years are done,
The tender secret, taught away,
That God and good are one!

—Mary B. Dooge.

LANDING AT CASTLE GARDEN.

The Two Rivers of Humanity—The Probabilities of Citizenship.

It would be a pleasant use of the power of clairvoyance, if one possessed it, to go down to Castle Garden and pick out the future Carnegies and Woods among the throng of steerage passengers when they have just been transferred from the steamers to the garden. Even without the exercise of divination the sight is an interesting one. As the immigrants land, chattering in their various tongues, they are huddled together like a great drove of sheep in a grove during a thunder storm. Then the big doors are thrown open and the procession moves into the amphitheatre. Generally more than one steamer at a time empties its living freight from the steerage into the garden, and all the types of Europe are represented in the motley throng. There are stout boys from Ireland, men, women and children from France and the lower German provinces, Scandinavians and Italians from Leghorn and Mediterranean ports.

Upon entering the castle proper the procession divides, one line swinging out to the left and one to the right, and these two rivers of humanity are again divided into four smaller streams, which flow into narrow passageways. The center of the garden is fenced in, and by passageway, railing and wicket gate the immigrants are finally resolved into their various nationalities and quickly registered by the clerk. Take the Italians for example. They were lined off and brought up to a desk, where each person was asked a few questions. First the name is given, then the place from which he came, his destination, and whether or not he had money. This finished, the new arrivals were turned loose in the rotunda and permitted to do as they pleased. Breaking up into nationalities, they sat down on their baggage or prepared to camp out on the floor. Scandinavians took one corner and sat there without comment, looking in at inhabitants of a silent city; Italians had possession of the next, but they were anything but silent, keeping up an endless chatter; Irish and German groups made themselves as comfortable as possible while they waited for friends or prepared their beds to remain all night in the garden.

Among them railroad agents were going about, pasting addresses on the caps of the men and attaching placards to the children, and toward night boats came up from the railroad companies and carried off loads to the stations. Money changers also piled their vocations, and rival telegraph companies shouted in their bidding for customers. It was a curious and bewildering scene; it was intensely interesting, moreover, to one who could sympathize with the emotions of the new arrivals or ponder over the probabilities of citizenship.—Willis Steele in Chicago Times.

An Amateur Lion Tamer's Escape.

Mr. Cross, the naturalist, was good enough to recount the following incident which took place in his establishment a short time since: I received from a young Frenchman of good family several letters in which he requested to enter the lions' den at my receiving house in Earle street. He assured me that his vocation was that of a lion tamer, and one fine day he paid me a visit, in company with three of his compatriots, whom he had brought with him in order that they might be witnesses of his intrepidity. He asked me if I could give him a situation, and, pointing to a cage in which there were three fine African lions, he entreated me to allow him to put them through a performance. I had just time to tell him that he might enter at his own risk when I was called into the office.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour a man rushed up to the desk, where I was writing and exclaimed excitedly: "Mr. Cross, one of the lions is out!" "Where?" I asked, to which he replied, "Loose in the building!" On hurrying to the spot I found the door of the den open, and the Frenchman inside with his back against the wooden partition, and his two lions staring him in the face, while the escaped lion had made for the end of the narrow passage, where it was meditating mischief to the other Frenchmen, who had taken refuge on the top of a pile of boxes, their faces as white as a sheet.

The first thing I did was to close the door leading to the yard, and next to get the amateur lion tamer out of the den. It was well for him that one of the lions had gone out of the cage, because the other two were so amazed at the fact that they remained for a minute or two perfectly still. We had great difficulty in making the third lion re-enter the den, but at last we succeeded, not, however, without some danger.

After this had been done I myself went into the cage with no weapon and simply smoking a cigar. My entrance was the signal for tremendous bounding and growling and forward on the part of the beasts, which were evidently not a little terrified at one of their companions having escaped. As I stood calmly within the den with my eyes fixed on the excited animals, I said: "You see there is no art in lion taming, but it requires nerve." I think the result of that afternoon's adventure quite cured the young Frenchman of his mania for being a lion tamer.—Pall Mall Gazette.

What "Per Annum" Means

"Boss, I'm bit confused 'bout suthin'." said one of the negro waiters at the market to Detective Webb the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"What does per annum mean?"

"Per year, of course."

"A hull y'ar?"

"Yes."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"No, sir."

"If I borrow \$2 of Abraham Johnson an' agree to pay twenty per cent. per annum dat means twenty cents a y'ar, does it?"

"It does."

"Hul! Dar's gwine to be de biggest row in Kaintuck to-night you eber hearn tell of!"

"About what?"

"About dat per annum. I borrowed \$2 of de jasson menshment at twenty per cent. per annum, an' fur de las' fo'teen months he's bin collectin' twenty cents a week as regular as a clock. Stuck right to it, he did, dat per annum means every Saturday night. Lawd! but when I git dese yere paws on him won't he per annum take a flopi!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Funeral in Panama.

It is the custom among the poorer classes in Panama to hire coffins to transport their dead to the grave, after which the body is deposited in the earth, and the coffin brought back with the mourners. The following is the form of a Panama undertaker's advertisement:

"From this date hearse will be hired from our establishment at the following rates: \$2, \$3, \$15 and \$20. Coffins hired out at lowest possible rates. Coffins hired out for ONE DOLLAR, including bench on which to carry the deceased" to the grave."—Frank Leslie's.

A Sweet Girl Graduate.

He (at dinner)—May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?

Miss Vassar (just graduated)—Thanks, no; I am very comfortable where I am. But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will.—Puck.

THE BOYS OF LONDON.

LITTLE CHAPS WITH "POT HATS" AND OTHERS WITH NONE AT ALL.

Lads Who Never Have Any Real Childhood—The Jolly Youngsters of Christ Church—Boothblacks in Uniform—London Newsboys—Telegraph Messengers.

Next to the number of uniforms and liveries seen on the streets and in the byways of London life, nothing strikes an American visitor more than the sight of tall silk hats, "pot hats," worn by the small London school-boys. After a son of parents in any respectable grade of life is old enough to attend any good school he is made to dress in an dignified way as if he were a member of parliament. Dress counts for so much in England. It is the general and correct guide to one's station in life. The poor English boys who are condemned to wear pot hats from early infancy of course can never have any real childhood. Imagine a full blooded boy starting out for a good time wearing a stiff starched shirt collar and a high silk hat. These pot hatted boys early acquire a stiff dignity of manner which harmonizes with their hats. They never relax except when they are actually in the country. Then the poor lads go wild and decline to wear any hats at all. They are like their grown up brothers. They pass from one extreme to the other. The Englishman in town is a model of stiffness and angularity. In the country he is ready for any rough bout of rollicking that any one may propose.

I have seen these silk hatted boys everywhere in London. A person familiar with the London schools can tell exactly where a boy belongs by his dress. In the preparatory schools for the University small roundabout jackets are worn until the boys are promoted to a certain class, and then they wear swallow tail coats until they graduate. Sometimes a tall lanky boy, who is behind in his studies, will be seen wearing a roundabout in company with a little bit of a fellow who wears the sign of scholastic superiority in the shape of a long tailed coat. The other morning I saw an elderly gentleman walking with a boy who was at least 5 feet 10 inches in height. This boy was evidently very much behind in his studies, because he was accompanied by two small fellows six or seven years of age whose dress indicated that they were far along in their studies as he.

THE CHRIST CHURCH BOYS.

The jolliest looking boys seen about town are the picturesque dressed students known as the Christ church boys, or as blue coat scholars. This is a free London school, established for the education of orphans or the children of parents whose income does not exceed three hundred pounds a year. They wear long, blue gowns, caught at the waist with a leather belt. At the neck is a small stand up collar and an English clergyman's white tie coming down in a little square piece in front. They wear knee breeches under the long blue skirts, and dark yellow stockings and low shoes with buckles. This school is nearly three hundred years old. They are not permitted to wear any hats summer or winter. They wear exactly the same uniform prescribed for the students of this school when it was first established. The best scholars wear silver badges on their shoulders to indicate their rank. These boys are great favorites with the London people. They are very jolly, tough-looking youngsters, who ramble all over the town during their play hours. Thackeray and not a few other prominent Englishmen were Christ church boys.

It is not the schoolboys alone who wear a uniform or particular dress to mark their calling. The boothblacks wear uniforms and are regularly licensed. The charge of the street boothblacks for shining your shoes is one penny. These boys wear red coats and a red cap with a black band about it. They are also numbered and evidently have to pay a license for the number. The newsboys of London make up the only class of street boys engaged in service of any kind who do not wear some distinguishing dress. The newsboys here wear the ragged street dress of New York newsboys. I think they are more vociferous and noisy perhaps than even their New York confreres. They stand about the stations and at a few particular places near the newspaper offices of publication and shout "special," without attempting to give anything concerning the contents of the papers they have to sell beyond holding in their hands a huge placard, upon which are but a few lines of the principal items of the papers they have for sale.

TELEGRAPH MESSENGERS.

The telegraph boys wear uniforms not unlike those worn by telegraph boys in the United States. Their caps are different. Their cap resembles the fatigue cap of the United States regular army service. They wear knee breeches and carry, attached to their belts, huge leather pouches which they can lock. This insures the safety of the despatches which they carry back and forth. Few of them are on duty after 10 o'clock at night. They are solemn little machines and are as unlike American boys in similar positions as can be imagined. I have had a number of them come to me every night for despatches and I have found them all alike. They do not understand the slightest remark which is made to them outside of their business. The idea that any one could be interested in them or would want to show them any kindness is utterly beyond their comprehension. They are paid on an average about five shillings a week. They are strong, hearty looking little fellows and do not appear to have any more intellectuality than a good, faithful house dog.

These boys, when they grow up, become porters or messengers. They are to be seen around the hotels; strong, sturdy fellows, graduates of some outdoor occupation. They wear a livery with as much pride as an army officer with his uniform. The livery to them is a mark of a rise in life. Going to the English hotels you meet with grave functionaries in livery, who are as proud and dignified as if they were members of the diplomatic corps. From the porter at the door to the butlers who carry in your small luggage, the chief porter who handles your baggage and the commissionaire who runs your errands, there is but one feeling—that they all occupy very superior positions and that they rather regard with pity the wild foreigners who come from the distant shores of the United States.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Son.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's son is a man of many tastes. He was once a physician in Concord, but abandoned the profession of medicine for that of art. His paintings show his hereditary love of nature, and his landscapes are exceedingly well done. He is now lecturing on anatomy in the art school of the Boston museum. He also has a fancy for military matters, and used to ride resplendent as an artillery sergeant at the head of one of the platoons of the Concord battery.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sweet Girl Graduate.

He (at dinner)—May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?

Miss Vassar (just graduated)—Thanks, no; I am very comfortable where I am. But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will.—Puck.

INVENTORY OF HIS "HARNES."

Funny Story of a Husband and Wife—A Man Silenced.

There is a very funny story told of a Newark husband and wife. The husband thoughtlessly said something reflecting on the femininity of the present day. "A woman is all steel springs and wires and complicated harness nowadays," he said, tossing a corset from the chair he wanted to sit down in and flinging a wire bustle into the corner. "Why don't you get a whole suit of steel armor and be done with it?"

She said nothing—the story runs—but waited until he went to sleep, and then began an inventory of his "harness."

Leaving out his eye glasses and chain, she began at his neckwear. Here she found two gold collar buttons to secure the collar, two patent spring catches to keep the necktie from slipping over the head and another to secure the end of the scarf to the shirt bosom. On the sleeves of his shirt were two elastic with spring clips at each end, and his cuffs, besides being held together with link buttons, were provided with nickel plated holders, with which they were secured to the shirt sleeves. Three spiral studs decorated the front of the shirt and a pin was stuck in his scarf. She made entries of all these things and then began on his clothing. His patent shoulder brace, pulley action, snap jointed suspenders were noted, and her keen eyes observed that one of the suspender buttons was of the kind that is attached with a safety pin and is known as a bachelor's button. She also found that he had \$4.75 in his pocket, and she divided it as fairly as possible, taking out pay for her trouble in making the inventory.

Examining the vest, she found that it had a metallic compensating back strap composed of four spiral springs and two buckles. In one pocket she found a patent lead pencil guard, in another a combined button hook glove buttoner and ring. The back of his coat was provided with a patent chain hanger, his stockings were equipped with supporters of elastic cord with metal snaps and his shoes were secured with buttons which were put on with patent metal fastenings. She studied his hat for some time without noticing that the brim was wired, but she did not fail to see that his gloves were fastened with steel springs, and when she added his watch chain and finger rings to the list of hardware and harness she retired to sleep with considerable satisfaction. He read the list in the morning in silence, and when he came home to dinner in the evening he gave her a pair of earrings which she had been teasing him for.—New York Graphic.

Roman Letters for Germany.

The Society for the Extension of Roman Script has recently addressed a petition to the Empress Augusta, requesting her to use her influence in having the Roman (or Latin) script employed in all public prints published by her order in behalf of her household or in matters relating to her majesty's widespread charities, etc. The petitioners urge that the rising German generation are at present unduly burdened with the necessity of perfecting themselves both in writing and reading Roman and German script; that prominent linguists, more especially Jacob Grimm, have pronounced the so-called German script to be an unsightly disfigurement of the pure and noble forms of the Latin script, which may be considered the original and national German script; that the society has been formed for the express purpose of abolishing the twofold system of characters, and at present counts 5,000 members, whose number is constantly increasing; that the aim of the society has the sanction of the official school boards as well as the hearty approbation of a wide circle of prominent scientists; and finally that the fact of her majesty having inscribed certain letters in Latin characters in the album "In Storm and Stress," leads the society to hope that her majesty will graciously incline towards the promotion of the object in view.—Berlin Tagblatt.

Horn Growing from a Human Head.

An interesting addition has just been made to the museum of the Hospital St. Louis, in Paris, in the shape of a strong and solid horn, which has been surgically removed from the head of a woman residing at Hyeres, in the Riviera. This appendage grew from the scalp, was twenty-one centimeters (eight inches) long, and in appearance and consistency resembles the horn of a goat. This deformity is rare, but not so much so as is generally imagined. Cloquet, the eminent anatomist, records a case, and Demarquay has collected fifty-nine cases. The late Sir Erasmus Wilson gives a very complete account of the deformity in the twenty-seventh volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society." Out of ninety cases mentioned therein, forty-four were in females, thirty-nine in males and the sex of seven is unrecorded. In the New York Medical Repository of 1830 is described the case of a man from whose forehead grew a horn which had three branches, and was fourteen inches in circumference. These growths have their origin in a diseased sebaceous gland, and their treatment is removal. It is necessary to destroy all remains of the offending sebaceous gland, or recurrence may happen.—Medical Journal.

Lingering Superstitions.

"I am not superstitious," said a prominent St. Paul gentleman the other day, "but I always pick up a pin when the point is toward me. It is an infallible sign of good luck to me." It is surprising how many little superstitions of this kind are prevalent, and how much intelligent people are influenced by them. There is a lady living on St. Anthony hill who would rather miss her monthly allowance of pin money than to see the new moon over her left shoulder. It means four weeks of bad luck for her, and it never fails.

In some of the southern towns it is a superstition that it means good luck to carry the bone of a negro's big toe in the vest pocket. During the recent real estate boom in the northern part of this state a young St. Paul real estate dealer rushed around to the office of another real estate dealer who had come up from the sunny south. "Lend me your nigger bone, quick," he gasped, as he entered the office of his southern friend. "What do you mean?" was the startled response. "I mean that I have just taken a fly on some Ashland real estate, and I want to borrow the bone of a nigger's toe to brace me up."—St. Paul Globe.

A Rude Awakening.

They were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words she so longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight.

"Mr. Sampson," she said softly, "why do you wear that bit of string about your finger?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, "that was to remind me of my engagement with you to-night."

It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.—New York Sun.

The Captive Balloon.

There is to be a captive balloon at the French centennial exhibition of 1889 which will have the enormous capacity of 2,119,000 cubic feet. It will ascend 3,280 feet and will carry 100 passengers at once.

A PHYSICIAN'S FEES.

HOW A FRONTIER DOCTOR RAN UP \$11,000 IN TEN DAYS.

A Strange Contagion Out in Montana—A Form of the Plague Thought to Have Come from the Celestials—A Discovery.

In the frontier town of Eagle, M. T., where I live," remarked a traveler from the west, "we have just had a strange contagion. Within a few days one-half of the population found itself afflicted. The disease manifested itself in the form of blue blotches on various parts of the body, the hands, face and legs being most marked. Some said the discoloration could be washed off, and others said it couldn't. There was but one doctor in town, and he soon had almost everybody in the place under treatment. You never in your life saw a doctor prosper as that man did. He charged enormous fees, which the people were glad enough to pay, for they were all very much frightened. The doctor pronounced the outbreak blue mange, or a form of the plague, and said that unless it were skillfully handled the most terrible results were sure to follow—blood poisoning, decomposition, putrid sores and death. There was no drug store in town, and he telegraphed to Helena for a supply of the only medicine which, he said, had been found efficacious in such cases. Pending the arrival of this supply he applied some sort of oil to the blue spots, and cautioned the patients against the use of water on the afflicted parts.

"Well, such excitement as we had in our town for a few days you never saw. The doctor was the one great man in the burg. Everybody wanted him, and the richest secured his services at great cost. He was up night and day. When the medicine came he said it was very expensive, and that he had been able to secure but a limited quantity. Consequently he doled it out as sparingly as if it were gold, and charged at the rate of \$10 a bottle.

"Nobody, however, experienced any evil effects from the scourge. There was no pain, no itching, no discomfort of any sort. The doctor said that would all come quick enough if the people neglected to apply the proper treatment; that a peculiarity of the terrible scourge was that in its first stages it was seemingly harmless. Some did have a burning sensation in the afflicted parts, but this did not appear in any case until after they had been to the doctor for treatment. And thus the days wore by, and it was only a question of a week or so more when the doctor would have had all the money in the town. He had been a poor devil without a patient, and living from hand to mouth, but now he fairly rolled in wealth.

"Finally one of our citizens became so alarmed by the doctor's description of the terrible results of the scourge that he posted off to Helena to seek further medical advice. During his absence the people rose in their might and drove all the Chinamen in town over the range, threatening their lives if they ever returned. This was done because the doctor had expressed an opinion that the plague had originally come from the celestials, who must have brought it from China.

TOLD A STRANGE STORY.

In two or three days the stage came in from Helena and aboard was our citizen who had gone to get medical advice. He immediately called a meeting of the leading citizens and told them a strange story. He said the so-called scourge was no scourge at all; that we had all been duped; that the discoloration which had alarmed us so greatly was nothing but the stains of Prussian blue, and that the doctors at Helena had told him that our doctor must have gone about town secretly dropping little bits of the dye here and there—on the rail of the one billiard table in the town, on chairs in the saloon, on the counters and every place where people would be likely to get it upon their clothing or person. More than this, stains of the blue had been found on his coat, and doubtless we could all find similar stains on close examination of our clothing. Prussian blue, the Helena doctors had said, was a diffusive substance, and it would be an easy matter for any one starting out systematically to place bits of it in such manner that every man in town would soon become marked with it. Again, the oil which our doctor had applied to the discolored parts was common castor oil, put on probably for the purpose of fixing the color so it could not be easily washed off, while the wonderful medicine which he had procured from Helena at such great expense proved on analysis to be a mixture of kerosene oil, water and red pepper.

"With a howl of rage the meeting broke up and started, every man on the run and with his revolver drawn, for the office of the doctor. But he could not be found. During the previous night he had jumped the town, and by this time was probably many a mile on his way to the railway. A party of citizens mounted their horses and started in pursuit, but returned the next day without catching sight of the fugitive. For ten days that cute doctor, tired of trying to earn his living by practicing medicine in so healthy a town as Eagle, had bagged about \$11,000 profit on his investment of a dollar in Prussian blue. And he got away with every cent of it."—Chicago Herald.

Bernhardt as a Tigress.

As every human being is believed to bear some outward and characteristic resemblance to an animal, it did not astonish me the other night to hear the clever analogy between Sarah Bernhardt and a royal tiger very sensibly accounted for by a scientific man who has made the woman a profound student. He says the tragedienne's natural disposition is indicated as clear as print by the curve of her back, the excessive hollow at the waist line and the narrowness of the supple hips. She carries herself with all the art of her stage training, but no Bengal tigress ever stepped with more sinuous grace than this phenomenal creature. Her temper and her passions are as feline as though she traveled in a cage, and the peculiar sweep of the jaw where it joins the ear and the shape of the mouth suggest to the close student of natural history an ardent power that is more curious than pleasing.

These are only a few physical points of resemblance, but the brilliant Sarah's history furnishes many moral ones which are strikingly borne out as the years go on. It matters little to art that she can never be judged by any ordinary standard of conventionality. She is a woman, she is a mother, and yet one of these days who knows but our posterity will be frequenting a dime museum to catch a glimpse of a new species of tigress, the star of the show? A hissing beast it is; sleek of coat, with small, flat head, from which shine two splendidly cruel and amorous eyes—and this will be Sarah! Returned to that native state from which she emerged or evolved in the nineteenth century to become a great actress and an embodied caprice.—Boston Herald.

'Twas Ever Thus.

When it's dry you don't need your umbrella, and it's then always easy to spot it; but when the rain pours you will seek it to vain—Some intimate friend's always got it.

—Washington C. Ho.

AN ENGLISH STAG HUNT.

A Correspondent's Description of What May Be Considered a Tame Affair.

Now, for the information of such readers as may not know what a stag hunt is, as carried on in England, it is, let me endeavor to describe to you. I assume that everybody out of England has an idea what an actual stag hunt would be. But unless they saw an English stag hunt, or heard one described, it would be impossible for the mind of a man to conceive an idea of what an English stag hunt was, for a "sport" an English stag hunt is, for as a "sport" the morning named for the hunt generally two or three times a week; the members assemble on horseback at the place named for the meet. There is always a good semblance of swells; for stag hunting is a swell sport, as well as a national one, no less a person than the queen herself owning a pack of stag hounds, consisting of forty couples, the largest pack in England. The "master" of this pack is the Earl of Coventry, who gets fifteen hundred a year as well as the honor.

A covered cart drawn by a stout horse comes into the field where the gentlemen and women are assembled and draws up near the "master," the only man in "pink," the other members wearing dark cloth coats. In this cart is the "stag." At the hour appointed for the hunt to begin the master gives the order to "uncart." Thereupon the "whips" proceed to open the doors at the back of the cart to let out the deer. A novice generally expects to see a fiery, untamed animal, with flashing eyes and snorting nostril, spring forth and dash away at full speed. He is disappointed. The "stag" is either an old hand, who knows from experience how much better he is where he is, or a shy and shrinking animal, naturally averse to showing himself in the presence of a course of inhuman people and a pack of dripping jowled dogs. In either case there has to be used to eject him. He is shouted at, hustled, kicked with sticks, dragged by the feet, tail and horns and the walls of his enclosure pummed on all sides.

At last he is coaxed or dragged out. He looks about him knowingly and timidly and tries to sneak back; but the door of the cart is quickly closed and he is favored with a few more boots and shoves. He catches a glimpse of the hounds and sees there is nothing for him but to take to his heels. He is allowed ten minutes "law," and then the "hunt" starts in pursuit. As soon as he is found, overtaken and "run into" by the hounds, the day's "sport" is over. The hounds are whipped and beaten off him, but not before he has had some rough usage in sundry rents in his "velvet coat," and he is then put back in the cart and kept for another run. Of course there are times when a stag runs away in grand style and shows fight to the hounds, but I will leave it to any one who knows to say if the above is not a fair picture of at least some of the stag hunts which take place in England.—London Cor. Argonaut.

A Presidential Jump.

Capt. L. W. Dayton relates the following in regard to a presidential jump: "On the 18th day of April, 1861, the Fifth Pennsylvania regiment arrived in Washington. On the day after the Fifth Massachusetts arrived, and the two regiments were immediately sent into camp near Four Mile Run, three miles from Alexandria, Va., on the north side of the run and the other on the south side. On the 21st I was ordered to take part of the escort of president's mounted guards and accompany Mr. Lincoln, Secretary