

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.

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.

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.

"Every one knows that the bones of the human body are made up of cartilaginous or sinewy 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.

"In some children there is an unusual proportion of sinew 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.

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LOVE'S LESSON.

O Love, which comes to all of us in many a quaint 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 aloud, That God and good are one! —Mary B. Doane.

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 steaming passengers when they have just been transferred from the steamers to the garden.

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.

Among them railroad agents were going about, putting 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.

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 Barle street.

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!"

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"I think the result of that afternoon's adventure quite cured the young Frenchman of his mania for being a lion tamer.—Fall Mail Gazette.

What "Per Annum" Means.

"Boss, I'm a bit confused 'bout 'suthin'," said one of the negro whitewashers at the market to Detective Webb the other day. "Well, what is it?"

"What does per annum mean?" "Per year, of course." "A hull year?" "Yes."

"Can't be no mistake?" "No, sir."

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.

I have seen these sick hatted boys everywhere in London. A person familiar with the London schools can tell exactly where a boy belongs by his dress. In the preparing 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.

THE CHRIST CHURCH BOYS.

The jolliest looking boys seen about town are the picture-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.

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.

"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."

Lingering Superstitions.

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A Rude Awakening.

They were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremendously 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.

A Sweet Girl Graduate.

He (at dinner)—May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar? Miss Vassar (not 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 "HARNESS."

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 feminine dress of the present day.

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

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 guard button and ring.

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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.

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.

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 study.

Could Not Violate the Rule.

Reporter, interviewing rich man: "You began life barefooted and worked for \$1 a week, I believe?" "No, sir, I didn't."

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.

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."

"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 eight and day. When the medicine came he said it was very expensive, and that he had been able to secure but a limited quantity."

"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 of our clothing, Prussian blue, the Helena doctors had said, was a distinctive 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.

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A Subject For Reflection.

A rural gentleman who was recently smuggled for a few minutes into the Author's club was surprised to find a general absence of the long hair, wild eyes, ancient linen and veridical which have been handed down by tradition as the belongings of those who go down to deathless ages in books. He said: "Why you scribbles fillers looks less like brokers' gentlemen?"

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AN ENGLISH STAG HUNT.

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

Now, for the information of such readers as may not know what a stag hunt, as carried on in England, is, let me endeavor to describe one. 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 man to conceive an idea of what an English stag hunt was, for as "sport" an English stag hunt is sui generis.

A covered cage 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 eye and snorting nostril, spring forth and dash away at full speed.

"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 hoots 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 before he has had some rough usage in sundry vents 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.

Incident of the Orange Riot.

Every window rained bricks. Through it all the Seventh men stood like rocks—blocks of granite. The captain called out: "Now, men, no firing without orders. Company—ready!" A lieutenant sprang to the front of B company and walked up and down before those loaded and full cocked pieces, quietly saying, "Steady, boys," and pressing down with his sword every piece which showed a tendency to rise above the proper alignment.

"The soldier obeyed orders. He took deliberate aim and shot his man dead. Every one near saw the shot. Every one saw its effect. It was an execution. There was no need of any more shooting. The firing ceased in front. The fighting was over.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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