IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

About Belgium's Armless Artist — A Clock Garden Whose Flowers Will Tell the Time of Day Is Being Planned for the University of California.

Betsey and I Are Out.

DEAR RAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

We who have worked each other so long as man and wife,
Must part in spite of kissing, and I'm sorry for the life
Of our partnership to end so, but there's no help, I know.

"What is the matter?" say you. "I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed on smooth and well."
I have no other woman—she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We argued the thing at breakfast, we argued the thing at tea,
And the more we argued the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another; and
When we were done a-talking, we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pouring dissensions in our cups;
And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we argued no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always something to argue, and something sharp to say.
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it by her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' interest fair;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was little and young;
And Betsey was allays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was as young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a trudin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, livin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

Another poem, by the same author, describes the reconciliation of the couple.

Belgium's Armless Artist.

Belgium boasts a painter of real talent born without arms, who has attained skill and dexterity solely by the use of his feet in manipulating brush and colors. He is Charles Francois Felu. He was born in Waermaerde, in West Flanders, June 26, 1830, and lives at present in Antwerp with his mother. His father, who died in 1870, was an employe of the treasury department, who took up his residence in that city to enable his son to continue his artistic studies, which he had previously carried on at Ostend and Bruges. Besides being a talented artist, M. Felu has been graduated in liberal studies and has translated several works of Horace into French verse. His "handwriting," if that term can be used of writing that is done without hands, is firm and legible. At one time he intended to become a teacher, but gave up the idea for art. Today he makes remarkable copies, and paints portraits said to be of real merit. Sitting in front of his easel in an ordinary stool he holds his palette with his left foot and paints with his right easily and firmly. He opens his color box, squeezes his tubes and sets his palettes as easily as an artist with the usual equipment of arms and hands. He wears a sort of mittens on his feet and puts his boots on himself without assistance. It is said that he even shaves himself. M. Felu has had commissions from the Archduke and Archduchess Charles Louis of Austria, who visited his studio in Antwerp, as did the Infanta Isabel of Spain, in 1885. The latter sent him the cross of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic in recognition of his talent.

A Clock Garden.

A clock garden, whose flowers will tell the time of day, is being planned by Inspector H. A. Guisthrout, of the botanical division of the University of California. He proposes to cultivate such a garden on the university grounds, arranging the plants in dial form. The hours and half hours are to be indicated by the successive opening and closing of buds. The work of producing a clock garden will be a long task, as it has never been attempted in California before, and a great deal of experimenting will be necessary to find out just what flowers should be put around the circle to indicate time. The garden will be the only one of the kind in the United States. "By getting the right varieties of flowers we can mark all the hours and some of the half-hours throughout the day," said Mr. Guisthrout, in describing the projected botanical curiosity. "The flowers would be arranged like a clock, and in the early morning they would begin to bloom, the different varieties at different periods, according to the light and heat. Gradually the opening of flowers would extend around the circle, until at night the circle would be all in bloom. The first garden of the kind was made at Upsala, Sweden, by the botanist Linnaeus. There is also one in Paris, and efforts have been made to cultivate them in the eastern states, but owing to the elements they have not been very successful. I think the California climate is suitable for such an experiment. The questions that remain to be solved are as to what flowers are best here, and at what time of day the different varieties will bloom here."

A Strange Insect Procession.

In some of the Hungarian forests and in the pine woods of Norway there exists a tiny worm-like insect called the Sclara, of the genius Tipula. During the month of July or early in August, they gather together in large numbers, preparatory to migrating in search of food, or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter, and form a huge serpent-like mass, often reaching a length of between forty and fifty feet and several inches in thickness. As the Sclara is only one an average about three-thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to compose a continuous line of the size above-mentioned is almost incalculable. Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose. M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, says that if the rear portion of this wonderful snake-like procession be brought into contact with the front part, and a sort of circle formed, the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours without apparently noticing that they are getting no "forrader" on their journey.

She Drives an Ostrich.

Mrs. John Elitch, of Denver, Col., drives a strange steed. Her horse is not a horse, but an ostrich, behind which she rides in a light wagon. Mrs. Elitch is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden and manages it herself. Through it she is known all over the Pacific slope. "Whenever I want a change from driving horses I have an ostrich," she says, "the only pacing-bird owned by a woman. I drive it for amusement, never for the public. It hauls a light road wagon, and I've just got a new one with pneumatic tires. Ostriches don't drive like horses. It is all very well if it doesn't catch sight of a banana-peel, a stray orange-skin, or something equally attractive. Then he does hell stop in his fastest gait and drive sideways for the tidbit. He isn't guided by the reins, but by a long whip, with which I hit him on the side. It takes a hard blow, too, to handle him. If I should pull on the reins it would break his neck. I raised him from a baby. He hates reins, but once harnessed is very tractable. It looks odd to see him in such a rig. His legs, of course, are immensely strong. He seems never to get tired, and goes like the wind."

Largest Lobster Ever Captured.

The New York Aquarium, which was opened some few months ago, has just become the possessor of the largest lobster in the world—the largest, too, which has ever been captured. This specimen weighs no less than thirty-one and a half pounds, and measures three feet four inches from the tip of his tail to the end of his left claw, which is two feet long and nine inches wide. The body has a circumference of nearly two feet, while the antennae are eighteen inches long and the legs about twelve inches. It is estimated that this specimen is no less than forty years old.

HE IS A LEADER OF MEN

THE HONORABLE CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI.

One of the Most Unique Figures in Congress—When He Speaks Every Seat Is Filled—A Wit as Well as a Statesman.

WHEN the Honorable Champ Clark, who represents the ninth congressional district of Missouri, arises to address the house there is not only a quorum, but usually every seat is occupied. The members ensconce themselves comfortably in their roomy chairs, a smile of complacency settles on their faces, all prepare to laugh, and they are not disappointed. Mr. Clark is a Kentuckian by birth, but has resided many years in the state of his adoption. He is a magnificent specimen of manhood, being fully six feet tall, well proportioned, a decided blonde, and clean shaven. His small, steely blue eyes generally have a droll, sleepy look; yet when he makes one of his witty sallies, they dance and laugh in sympathy with his words, although his countenance is immobile. This characteristic adds materially to the enjoyment of his hearers. His mouth is whimsical in the extreme, yet there is no weakness. It is a firm, determined mouth, despite the whimsical expression. It is impossible to convey in cold print an idea of his brilliant humor. His whole manner is breezy and in accord with every word uttered. He is a student of human nature, and often quotes the fun and pathos of negro sayings from whom he claims we can all learn much. He is a devoted lover of his adopted state and decants ably on its resources. Mr. Clark first won national fame at the Tammany Hall celebration held in New York city July 4, 1893, on which occasion he was one of the speakers. He is a graduate of two colleges, an ex-president of another, and is in touch with the events of the day, hence his language is always good, his words well chosen, and his wit, while caustic, never descends to the coarse or commonplace. His sarcasm is as pungent as paprico and as exhilarating as old port. At the time of his famous Tammany speech Mr. Clark, although he had been heard several times in the house, was comparatively new to congress. This splendid effort, however, elevated him at once to a conspicuous place among the most brilliant of his colleagues. The speech was interpolated with pithy anecdotes, eliciting sound after round of applause. As an orator Mr. Clark is eloquent, logical, humorous, at times pathetic, and always magnetic. His drollery is irresistible, and many of his most telling illustrations are drawn from personal experiences. At the same time he will, in the "five minute speeches" allotted to the members of the house, quote choice extracts from standard works of prose and verse, the classics, and from the Bible. An amusing incident occurred a few weeks ago. Mr. Clark was treating the house to a veritable oratorical feast, in the midst of which he complimented the chair on the quorum counting rule established by the present speaker during the fifty-third congress, then also presiding, in these words: "That quorum counting will form the corner stone of the speaker's career." At this moment Mr. Clark's time expired, and the speaker's gavel fell at the phrase complimenting him. Mr. Reed was unable to contain himself, and the house shouted itself hoarse at the amusing coincidence. Mr. Clark's life has always been a busy one and his occupations varied. Beginning his active career as a hired farm hand, he has successively been store porter, school teacher, editor of a country paper, prosecuting attorney of his own county, member of the state legislature, presidential elector, public lecturer, and now enjoys the highest honor his district can confer on him, the honor of representing its citizens in congress. Mr. Clark's domestic affiliations are peculiarly happy, his wife being proud of her distinguished husband, and their little son Bennett, who inherits his father's drollery, is almost as well known on the floor of the house as is his father. Few men enjoy a greater popularity at home or in Washington than the "wit of the house"—the Honorable Champ Clark, of Missouri.

HON. CHAMP CLARK.

Joaquin Miller.

There are some pleasant remembrances of Joaquin Miller when he was a younger man and on a visit to New York. His personal appearance has changed since that time, some eighteen or twenty years ago. Mrs. W. J. Bartnett of San Francisco has just finished a bust of the poet, which, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, is an excellent likeness and full of character. Mrs. Bartnett is a pupil of Rodin. If Joaquin Miller's head is bald, he has an abundance of beard and mustache, which, as busts go, is the true classic manner. Mrs. Bartnett, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, said: "It is true that Miller's mustaches are curled into truculent ringlets. I spoke to him about it, but he called my attention to the fact that lions, tigers, hyenas and panthers are all fierce in the matter of whiskers, and as he added that he wished to embody that type, I could not demur. He also reminded me that Plato, Aristotle, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, and other famous men of that class ran to whiskers, and the argument seemed irresistible.

NEW THEORY ABOUT FRUITS.

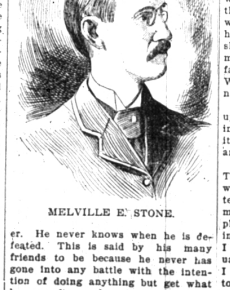
Chicago Galen Maintains That Most of Them Are Highly Injurious.

From the Kansas City Journal: A Chicago physician is responsible for revolutionary theories in regard to fruits. He undertakes to prove the practical worthlessness as food of all cultivated varieties. Hyper-acid fruits, such as lemon, shaddock, orange, apple and cherry, he asserts, should never be eaten. Sub-acid fruits, such as the grape, pear and peach, may be eaten, but with extreme caution. Sweet fruits, like the fig, banana and date, he unqualifiedly commends, as they are simply wild fruits, and have not been changed from their natural conditions or flavor by man. On the other hand, the fruits he condemns, he says, are forced or abnormal variations, as shown when cultivated, and afterward allowed to run wild. They immediately retrograde and assume the sour and inedible qualities originally inherent in them. Man, he claims, has not been able to make a proper food of them. They are unnatural combinations of fruit elements, and are frequently prone to cause digestive disturbances when taken into the stomach. By forcing seedlings, grafting and assiduously cultivating under artificial conditions man has modified the progenitors of our present domestic fruits; he has made them acceptable to the palate, but he has not eliminated their harmful qualities.

BEAT A GREAT RIVAL.

Melville E. Stone, Manager of the Associated Press.

Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, is one of the most remarkable as well as one of the most successful newspaper men who ever handled news. He was born in Hudson, Ill., forty-eight years ago, and since then has been proprietor of a foundry and machine shop, a reporter, editor, newspaper owner and the most successful manager of a great news-gathering agency that ever held such a position. His latest great work was in winning the long fought and bitterly contested war with the late United Press. With Victor F. Lawson, Mr. Stone went in to win. They wiped the rival organization off the field. Melville E. Stone is first of all a fighter. He never knows when he is defeated. This is said by his many friends to be because he never has gone into any battle with the intention of doing anything but get what he was after, and no compromise. He never has failed. His record stands unique.



MELVILLE E. STONE.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about 123 tons of water.

A KISS ASTRAY.

TWO men were sitting at a table in a quiet corner of the cafe of one of the uptown fashionable hotels of New York one evening last winter. From time to time one or the other took up the glass standing before him, examined it with gratuitous minuteness, sipped a few drops of its contents, and set it back on the table. Nothing was said by either beyond some commonplace remark about the weather or a guest at another table. Both were waiting for something—one to tell a story, the other to listen to it. But the first could not apparently force himself into a mood for confidence, and the second could not force a confidence not freely given.

Supposing them to be unmarried, a stranger would say that there would be little to choose between them in the eyes of the other sex, since one was quite as attractive as the other, and both would pass for fine-looking.

Finally the one who was to tell the story interrupted the exchange of trivial remarks with this, apropos of nothing that had gone before:

"Well, of course, this ends me with the Templetons."

"Oh, I don't see why, Jack," was the answer, taken up evidently where it had been left unfinished on some former occasion. "You'll have to go there all the same. Once in a while, any way, just as if nothing had happened."

"No; this ends the whole business. Naturally you don't see why; but you would if I told you everything. It's just as well, though. I was rather expecting to go abroad next month, and now I shall have all the excuse I need for going at once."

"But she——"

"Oh, no matter about her. I've finished myself in that quarter for good and all."

"H-m. Even so. Why should you——"

"What's the use of springing that old stuff about other fish in the sea for me? This isn't that sort of an affair with me. Like an infernal ass I couldn't keep it to myself, not from you, anyway. But I can trust you. What did those old Templetons want to interfere with it for? I've been a trifle fast; I've spent a pot of money. I've done heaps of things I'm not particularly proud of remembering. But with her I would be only too glad to settle down. I don't suppose I could make much of a fist of working for a living now. Luckily, I don't need to, though, and I could be a decent citizen at any rate. But those Templetons seem to have an idea that I'm a kind of well-dressed tough, and they let me know through mutual friends—confound their friends—that I wouldn't have any chance with her if they could prevent it. Still, I've kept on calling there pretty often. I couldn't stay away, and finally one day I told her how much I felt toward her."

There was a long silence here, but Archie made no attempt to end it. Jack took a sip from his glass, whirled it around back and forth half a dozen times on the table by the stem, and at last went on without looking up.

"I suppose I may as well tell you the whole thing. We went on afterward just the same as ever, as far as the Templetons saw. They probably took me to be a pretty industrious caller, but nothing more. They took good care, though, not to leave us together much. Still we found means of keeping our affair going, and she promised to wait, dear girl, as long as necessary, or until her father and mother get into a different frame of mind about me. You know that way I have of drumming out tunes on the piano?"

The question seemed so irrelevant that Archie looked up amazed.

"Why, yes," he answered, hastily, "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything, everything. When I called on her I often used to sit down at the piano while waiting for her to come downstairs and play some melody she liked. I was intimate enough with the family for that. I had a fool idea, I suppose, that my playing was a kind of love message. Rubbish, of course. But a fellow in my condition will suppose anything. Sometimes I'd be playing louder than usual and wouldn't hear her when she came into the room. Those times, if the old folks weren't around, she would steal up behind me and put her hands on my shoulders. Then I—well, I used to put my arms up and pull her sweet little face down to mine, and—pshaw! What's the use of remembering that now?"

Another pause which Archie filled up by lighting a fresh cigar and offering one to Jack, who gazed blankly at it some minutes without accepting it, and then continued:

"Night before last I called on her. The maid said she was dressing, but would see me as soon as possible. After my usual fashion I went to drumming on the piano. I remember I was playing at that time the lovers' song in 'Aida,' when they are buried alive. I was blue, and it seemed to fit the situation, somehow. We were buried alive I thought, in the tomb of the Templeton prejudices. I don't know how long I played. I got interested in the music. Suddenly I felt the light pressure of two hands on my shoulders, and I reached back over my head, as I had dozens of times before, and drew her face quickly down to mine and kissed it madly. In another second I had leaped off the piano stool in dumb horror. I had seen the face and it wasn't my little girl at all, but her mother, old Mrs. Templeton. Heaven knows what had possessed her to do what she did; but she had done it. I absolutely gasped with embarrassment, and began stammering all sorts of miserable apologies, finally blurting out like a double-dyed idiot, 'I—I—I didn't—didn't know—it—was—you!'"

"Who did you think it was?"

"That was all the old lady said, but she said it with a north pole sort of deadly composure that set me shivering to my vitals with a cold perspiration. I saw in an instant that I had betrayed everything, so I plunged deeper into complete imbecility. 'My dear Mrs. Templeton, I didn't exactly mean that. I'm sure I didn't mean anything, but I was so startled—in fact, I'm not at all well this evening. Please give my compliments to Miss Templeton, and say I was not feeling well, and had to leave without seeing her. Good evening!' With that I fairly ran out of the room and the house. By the way I left that cane you like so much at the house, but I'm satisfied so long as I got out alive. Now, do you think I shall do any more calling at the Templetons?"

If Jack was expecting either sympathy or advice, now that his story was told, he certainly got neither article from Archie, who broke out into a peal of laughter that attracted the wondering attention of every one in the room, and even startled the sedate waiters.

"I really beg your pardon, old man," he said, when he could finally speak. "But there is a tremendous funny side to your adventure. Honestly, my dear Jack, I'm not laughing at you, but just think of making such an awful break with old lady Templeton! Why, she's the main brace and chief pillar in Dr. Barton's church, and this is her first scandal in her long and highly respectable career."

Jack gazed ruefully at Archie.

"Well," he sighed, I daresay there is something funny about it—for somebody else. But how about me—and her? What shall I do?"

"Do? Do nothing, old man," was the hilarious rejoinder. "You're all right, and I'll bet a hat on it. You just keep quiet and wait. Meanwhile trust to me to keep mum."

* * * * * *

When Jack reached his bachelor quarters that night he found this note awaiting him:

West Fifty-first Street.

My Dear Jack:—What did you do to mamma the other night? I came downstairs and found her in the drawing-room instead of you. The gentleman you call Jack (rather familiar it seems to me) is ill," she said. "At least, he told me so, and he asked me to present his apologies for not waiting to see you." Of course, I was dreadfully frightened, but mamma said she was sure the illness was not in any way dangerous, because she knew what caused it. Were you really very ill Jack? Do you know, mamma was just as sweet as she could be about it. She comforted me, and said I should write this note to you, "with her compliments,"—she was very particular about putting that in—to ask you to call at the house tomorrow morning. She says she wants to talk to you about your illness (she told me to be sure to underline that word). And, Jack, she actually said she has been looking up your record, and she is convinced you are a much better young man than she has been led to believe.

You will call tomorrow, as early as possible, won't you, Jack? I shall have lots to tell you. Always yours,

December 16, 1895. GRACE.

"I rather guess there will be a good deal to tell all around in that house when I get there," thought Jack, as he performed some foolishness over the little note. "I don't understand a bit what Mrs. Templeton is driving at, but I'll call to see her tomorrow, with my life in my hands, if the heavens don't fall in the meantime."

* * * * * *

Jack, at the present writing, is a "decent citizen, at any rate," and a married one. He recovered that cane from the Templeton house some time ago, by the by, and Archie is carrying it now as a gentle reminder that certain things are not to be discussed outside of certain circles. Archie, also, has a hat more than usual in his collection of headgear.

IN DUMB HORROR.

Lord Rosebery's Witticism.

During Lord Rosebery's term as foreign secretary in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, he was often annoyed by an elderly female who paid him daily visits to get his opinion on matters of no importance to him whatever. Finally, becoming exasperated at the woman, he gave the doorkeepers orders not to admit her under any circumstances. However, not a day passed that she did not make an effort to gain a hearing, and on an unusually late visit happened to meet the secretary just as he was about to enter his carriage.

"Lord Rosebery," said she, breathlessly, "I must see you on a most important subject, and at once."

"Very well, madam," said the urbane secretary of state, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, "I beg of you to get in."

Delighted to be invited to drive with so important a personage, the talkative lady jumped into the carriage, Rosebery gently closing the door on her, and before she could expostulate she heard him saying to the coachman:

"Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then home."

Looking out of the window, the now irate occupant saw her late victim stepping into a cab.—Harper's Round Table.

Big Lot of Broomcorn.

The largest shipment of broomcorn ever made from the west was sent recently from Sterling, Rice county, Kansas, to a factory in New York state. It filled twenty cars and will supply material for 600,000 whisk brooms.

Conceded.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"I don't believe a man ever stole anything but he lived to regret it." Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"You stole my heart, once, John." "Yes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fewer potatoes are now raised in New England than fifty years ago.

Health Strength Soon succeed weakness and languor when Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels the germs of scrofula, salt rheum and other poisons which cause so much suffering and sooner or later undermine the general health. It strengthens the system while it eradicates disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Georgia Man Who Walks on Water. From the Atlanta Constitution: Prof. Robert Cook, of Americus, Ga., whose surprising feats of walking on water have attracted widespread attention in America, was reared here and until two years ago was actively engaged in mercantile business. He will walk on the Chattahoochee River at Columbus this week, going thence to Lake Pontchartrain to practice for a walk on the Ohio River from Pittsburg to Cincinnati.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Effective Ruse.

Maude—"Wonder how it happened that Mr. Smerte proposed to Carrie?" Edith—"I understand she told him that another man was trying to marry her for her money."—Boston Transcript.

Only $25.00 to San Francisco.

From Chicago via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway), the famous "California in 3 Days" Route, June 29 to July 3, inclusive, on account of the C. E. Convention. Similar rates will be made eastbound. For full information apply to ticket agents C. & N.-W. Ry.

A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house saves doctors' bills, saves trouble, and very often saves precious lives. Gives almost instant relief in cases of coughs, colds, or lung troubles of any sort.

Bob Ingersoll, the atheist, says the Methodist ministers are the hardest worked and poorest paid of any denomination.

Do you scratch and scratch, and wonder what's the matter? Doan's Ointment will instantly relieve and permanently cure any itchy disease of the skin no matter of how long standing.

Miss Olds—Yes; he said yesterday that to him my face was like a book. Miss Fiend—As plain as that?

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

The resolution of a moment, with some man has been the turning point of infinite issues to the world.

Even catarrh, that dread breeder of consumption, succumbs to the healing influences of Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Princeton university has conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. upon ex-President Cleveland.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C.C.C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

No one can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

A man would be surprised if he were what a woman thinks he is.

Cuvier says that a whale might live to be 1,000 years old.

All birds that live on seeds have strong gizzards.

Wife selling is still common in Russia.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee Looks like Coffee

IT KILLS

Potato Bugs, Cabbage Worms, and all forms of insect life. Harmless to man or beast. Will not injure the most delicate plants.

Gray Mineral Ash

is fully warranted where directions are followed. Send for our blue "Bug Book." It may save you hundreds.

National Mining and Milling Co., Baltimore, Md.

Carried in stock by all leading wholesale druggists.

$75 RIDE A CRESCENT BICYCLE $50

Western Wheel Works, MAKERS OF EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL. CATALOGUE FREE.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of the mucous membranes. Prevents contagion. Non-astringent, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION