

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

A New and Curious Rabbit Found on the Steeps of Popocatepetl—Hats Eat Up a Woman's Fortunes—Chinese Beggers—Old-Fashioned Diamonds.

Two Schools.
I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again,
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school,
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I cried, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song—
"I find this school is home."
—Henry Van Dyke in the Atlantic.

A New and Curious Rabbit.

An extraordinary species of rabbit has been found high up on Mount Popocatepetl, Mexico, at an altitude of 3,000 meters (approximately 10,000 feet). This singular animal has exceedingly short hind legs, and instead of moving by a series of leaps like ordinary rabbits, runs along on all fours and lives in runways in the grass like the meadow mice. E. W. Nelson, who discovered this new species in the work of mammals, says: "On my first visit to Mount Popocatepetl I learned that these little rabbits were found there, and on my return to the city of Mexico I prepared for an expedition to secure them. On Jan. 5, 1934, my assistant, E. A. Goldmar, and I made our camp on the side of a canyon at an altitude of about 3,500 meters (11,000 feet), on the northwest slope of the mountain. We were accompanied by three Indian hunters and our packer. Among the first and oldest at this altitude the northern slopes of the hills and canyons are covered with a luxuriant growth of succulent grass in huge bunches, from three to six feet across, and often reaching a height of six or eight feet. It was evident that the rabbits were very numerous here, and we all proceeded to hunt the vicinity carefully for them. Upon the first day of this sort of work I saw three; but was unable to get a shot at them. One came running through the grass along one of the hidden trails, and, seeing me, stopped in a little opening only seven or eight feet away. It was too near to shoot, and so it escaped after looking at me with inquiring eyes for a few moments. The following evening I shot one, and thereafter several."

Prof. Miller, assistant chief of the department of mammals at the Smithsonian institution, in commenting on the discovery, said:

"This is the most extraordinary variety of rabbit that has ever come under my notice. It is very small, and, in fact, resembles in some respects a rat, notably in its method of going over the ground."

Picture by Armless Painters.

That success in art is not the monopoly of such as are dowered with the normal number of limbs is conclusively proved by the skill of Miss Rapin, a Swiss artist, who, though without arms, has made a name for herself with her portraits and has relieved, and of the Belgian painter, recently deceased, whom many of us have doubtless seen at work in the Antwerp picture gallery copying the works of the old masters there on view. Other armless artists, too, have acquired fame, among whom may be mentioned the celebrated Miss Biffen, who earned a living as a miniature painter. Originally on exhibition at Bartholomew Fair, she was seen by the Earl of Morton, who took her under his patronage and paid for her artistic education. She was a favorite of George IV. and William IV., the latter of whom allowed her a small pension. Turning to earlier armless celebrities, mention must be made of John Valerius, born in Germany in 1567, who was capable of performing many surprising feats. He could shave himself, play on the drum, fence with much skill, and, in short, use his toes with as much adroitness as most men can their hands. He possessed, however, a modern rival in the person of Herr Utthan, whom many will remember as exhibiting himself a few years ago in London, where he surprised large audiences with his marvelous feats. Matthew Buckinger, who was born in Nuremberg, seven years later than Valerius, was but a mere trunk, possessing neither arms nor legs. Despite his natural disadvantages, however, he is said to have been an excellent performer on the flute, bagpipe and trumpet, while his sketches—landscapes, figures and coats of arms—which were executed with a pen, were equal to the most finished engravings. His calligraphy, of which examples are still extant, would have done credit to the most expert writing master; and, indeed, he was able to make no inconsiderable income by the sale of these specimens of his skill. He figured, likewise, in the not very invidious role of wife-beater, for on one occasion when one of his wives—he was married four times—insulted him he sprang upon her, got her down, and

buffeted her so severely with his stumps that she was glad to escape further chastisement by promising amendment in the future—a promise that she faithfully kept. Equally marvelous were the feats of William Kingston, who at the commencement of the present century resided at Ditchfield, near Bristol, where he cultivated a small farm. He could, without other aid than that of his toes, saddle and bridle his horse, milk his own cows, cut his own hay, bind up in bundles and carry it to his cattle.

Mountains of Volcanic Glass.

A party of archaeologists and antiquarians have made important discoveries in the hitherto unexplored region at the northern limit of the Harqua Hala range of mountains in Arizona. A great desert and the total absence of water have prevented any previous examination, and only the Indians know of the curiosities of these mountains. One side of one mountain rises in terraces and presents many features recalling the Grand canyon of the Colorado. The whole mass is of obsidian, or volcanic glass, and glitters in colors of green, blue and black. It may be seen on clear mornings at great distances and the glitter of the mountain has lured many travelers in its direction. It is pretty much as the last eruption left it except that where fractures have occurred the varied and beautiful colors of the volcanic glass are brilliantly reflected. The mountain is dangerous and difficult of ascent, owing to the precipitous terraces and the ice-like smoothness of the surface. The exploring party found under a high shelving rock a narrow necked olla, or earthenware jar, bottom side up, containing human bones, a broken hammer, and a metate, or stone, employed by the prehistoric races of Arizona probably for the same purposes as a similar utensil is used by the aborigines of today, for grinding maize. Slabs, turquoise stones and other curiosities were revealed by digging, and there were marks on burial rocks, which were supposed to be inscriptions.—Chicago Journal.

Hats Ate Up Her Fortunes.

Mrs. Martha Williamsfeather of Tipton county, Indiana, 68 years old, after many years of toil on an old-fashioned carpet loom and at the wash tub, accumulated between \$500 and \$600 in currency. During her years of saving she had little faith in banking institutions. She secreted her hard-earned treasure in a smokehouse adjoining her home. The money was placed in a small wooden box. Mrs. Williamsfeather went to the smokehouse to deposit more money in her little bank, and when she looked into the box she found the money gone. Soon after her attention was attracted to a house-cat by its mewling. The feline carried a full-grown rat in its mouth, and a piece of a \$10 bill was protruding from the stomach of the mutilated rodent. This gave Mrs. Williamsfeather a clue to the thieves. She searched for the den of the rodents and there found all her money excepting \$80 or \$90. Several of the bills were mutilated, and will be sent to the government for redemption. The house-cat is to be rewarded with a gold dollar for its shrewd detective work.

College of Embalming Incorporated.

A pro forma decree of incorporation was granted to the Missouri College of Embalming yesterday by Judge Hough. The institution will engage in teaching the art of embalming. H. Chouteau Dyer, amicus curiae, who examined the petition for incorporation, in his report, after saying that the objects of the corporation were to be commended, says: "The art of the Egyptians, though now lost to us in the preservation of their dead, has told to us their history; it has revealed to us much of their habits, customs and laws; in truth, it is that art, the art of embalming their dead, that has given us an insight into the many other arts of that wonderful people. I might add that since the development of our 'colonial system' and the concurrent necessity for the exercise of our arms in foreign climes, the art of embalming the dead has been stultified. The soldier is brought home to rest, and the preservation of his body during the long journey is a small but dear comfort to his family and friends."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Old-Fashioned Diamonds.

Today, to the diamond dealer, a stone purchased twenty years ago is in appearance as old-fashioned as a suit of clothes of that period is to the tailor. Instead of being cut oval or cushion shape, as diamonds were then, stones today are cut round, thus increasing the number of surfaces. It used to be the style to have a large table, as the upper surface of a diamond is called, and to obtain this a stone was cut in the form of a cushion. This style was changed not many years ago upon the discovery that by cutting a stone round and increasing the number of bevels its brilliancy was greatly increased.—The Empire.

Chinese Professional Beggar.

A Chinese professional beggar is one of the new curiosities of the East Side. Ordinarily a really destitute Celestial is quietly aided by his countrymen. Street begging is an unknown art to them. This particular Chinaman patrols the Bowery and Grand street, unblushingly demanding alms of the crowd and often getting a few pennies where the white pan-handlers would be refused. He spends his contributions for bad whiskey.—New York Ledger.

Almost anybody can stand adversity—when they have to—but few are there who can endure prosperity.

CHASED THE SUPER.

The Exciting Race Between Kean and the Stage Hand.

Some strange tales have been told by old-timers in the stage business about the Keans, both the elder and the last to be seen on the American stage. Some have said that hard study made them a little wrong at times, and some of the things they did certainly looked queer. It is told by an old New Orleans horseman, who is here from the Crescent City, that when Kean, the younger, was playing there, he nearly scared a super to death and came near "pinking" him. It was in "Richard III." In the scene where he sees the ghosts. The stage manager was a little bit the worse for drink and determined to have some fun. He did not like Kean, as he was a hard man behind the scenes. Among the supers was a raw Irish lad who had never seen a stage before. The manager told this fellow that if he would run across the stage when he gave him the tip he would stand to earn \$2. The poor fellow was broke, and a two-spot looked to him like a national bank. He agreed and the stage manager gave him a gaudy old cloth banner bearing these words: "Smoke General Jackson Cigars." It was nearly a panic that this Irish lad started. He ran across the stage, and when Kean saw him he was furious. He made a lunge at the unfortunate super with his sword, and as the "rag" came whizzing down to a hurry call he chased the poor standard bearer off the stage, down the passage and to the street. For two blocks he followed him in his Richard costumes, and finally the super escaped down a dark alley. What effect it had upon the show the turfman does not say, but certainly it was only the super's agility of foot that saved him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AMONG ANCIENT PERUVIANS.

The Early Tribes Trephined Skulls with Stone Instruments.

Prof. W. J. McGee of the bureau of ethnology, in Washington, has received official permission to exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo his studies of trephining among the early Peruvians. He will show ancient skulls trephined by stone implements, and in connection with this, some animal skulls, showing experimental work done under Prof. McGee's direction, using the same flint implements which the aborigines were forced to employ. It is doubtful whether the ancient operations were performed for a distinctly surgical purpose or whether the operation was of some mystic significance. In some cases the freshness of the wounds in the bone showed that the patient did not long survive the operation, and in one or two instances it is plain that the ancient operator must have cut down upon a large blood vessel, causing almost instantaneous death, but in other cases the operation was more successful and the patient must have survived for some years at least. Prof. W. H. Holmes, of the National Museum, will exhibit a dozen models of models representing the domestic life of the aborigines of both North and South America, and will show also the houses in which they lived and some of the garments and implements of their daily life. This exhibit, although under the auspices of the National Museum, has been planned to supplement the regular ethnologic and archaeological exhibit of the exposition.

The St. Louis Show.

Everything is show, show, show. In 1903 St. Louis will celebrate the Louisiana purchase, an affair of some note in the days of Thomas Jefferson, involving disposition of 1,717,931 square miles of virgin territory. The tract reached from the Mississippi river to the Rocky Mountains, from the Gulf of Mexico to British America, and was about twenty-four times as large as the state of New York. The price paid was \$15,000,000, the cost of two or three big office buildings in this city at the present day. Now, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition already has in its treasury more money to begin the show with in 1903 than our government paid in 1803 for nearly the entire west, a princely domain of 750,035,840 acres. The municipality of St. Louis has given \$5,000,000, the federal government \$5,000,000 and the people of Missouri by voluntary subscription, \$5,000,000; total, \$15,000,000. Add to this sum the amount already received from concessionaires, or agreed upon, and you will have some \$17,000,000 or \$18,000,000.—New York Press.

London's Neglected Opportunity.

At the best of times the Thames steamboat service has never been anything like adequate for the real demands of the metropolis, says a London correspondent. Ugly, slow-motioned little boats running every half hour, and quite unpunctual at that, have been the Londoner's lot for years past, and because the service did not pay, as well it might not, it has been entirely discontinued since last summer. So that a fine thoroughfare, which if properly utilized would at least go some way toward solving the problem of London's congested street traffic, lies neglected and unused. To remedy this state of things the London county framed and lately brought before the house of commons a bill empowering them to build and run on the Thames passenger steamers of their own. This bill, however, has been thrown out, certain vested interests being wholly opposed to it, and London is left pretty much where it was.

The man who is never idle has no time to be mean.

The Marriage Knot.

How few of those that talk of the "marriage knot" realize that the knot was ever anything more than a mere figure of speech? Among the Babylonians tying the knot was a part of the marriage ceremony. There the priest took a thread of the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To Breed Giants.

The late Count St. Ouen de Pierre-court, recently deceased, whose family dates back to William the Conqueror, bequeathed to the city of Rouen his fortune of 10,000,000 francs on the novel condition that the city annually give a marriage gift of 100,000 francs to a couple of giants, in order to regenerate the human species. The candidates are to be medically examined and the healthiest couple will be chosen.

First Submarine Cable.

The first submarine cable was laid across the English Channel about fifty years ago. It was also about the same time that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the world-renowned dyspepsia cure, was first introduced to the public. If you are a sufferer from this ailment, or from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, nervousness or insomnia you should try it at once, if you would be well. It will strengthen your entire system and produce sound sleep.

A man who can fry pancakes generally considers himself an accomplished cook.

FAVNS.

This is the time of year to catch young antelope, deer, squirrels, wolves, mountain lions, etc. Chas. Payne of Wichita, Kansas, buys all kinds of live game and game birds for scientific and propagating purposes, and any one having anything in this line, should write to him, at Wichita, Kansas, and no doubt will receive a prompt answer. (Cut this out and save it.)

A Georgia coroner's jury brought in the following verdict recently: "The deceased came to his death from a rattlesnake in the hands of a receiver, and the same is manslaughter in the first degree."

Good Stenographers Wanted.

Eight, pleasant work. Learned thoroughly in six to twelve weeks; success guaranteed. Complete course by mail, \$10. Lesson free.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

"Why do you always cut knots?" "Because time is more valuable than string, and a man can't string out his days."

Perhaps Mother Eve didn't know much about spring bonnets, but she certainly set the fall styles.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Mrs. Nixons—A prominent professor of music tried my daughter's voice today. Mrs. Pepporey—Ah! I suppose he found it gutty.

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At any time by the glass or barrel. Cider receipt free. Send your address and this advertisement to Cleveland Cider Company, Madison, Lake County, Ohio.

The smallest microbes has a tail—
At least, so it is said;
Let's hope he wags it gratefully
Whenever he is fed.

"Success is a matter of brains, not chance," said the fortunate rich man. But when he lost his money he declared that success is purely a matter of luck.

W.L. DOUGLAS'S Famous Bar Blue
The anti-impurest are again in active business at the baseball arena.

If you wish to have beautiful, clear white clothes, use Russ' Bleaching Blue, the famous bar blue.

"Man is the architect of his own fortunes." "Nonsense; he isn't even the contractor."

Nature's Precious Remedy
98c. Dr. J. C. King's Great Nerve Restorer.
PRECIOUS HERBAL OINTMENT
It cures through the pores.
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When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

"It Seems as Though my Back Would Break."



Is it not true? Women suffer, feel the very life crushed out of them, grow old before their time. Each morning wake up determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet—

Before the morning is very old the dreadful BACKACHE attacks them, the brave spirit sinks back in affright; no matter how hard they struggle, the "clutch" is upon them and they fall upon the couch crying:

"Why should I suffer so? What can I do?"

The answer is ready, your cry has been heard, and a woman is able to restore you to health and happiness.

Backache is only a symptom of more fatal trouble—heed its warning in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will stop your torture and restore your courage. Your pains come from unnatural menstruation or some derangement of the womb. Let those who are suffering read Mrs. Morton's letter and be guided by her experience.

AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been so delighted with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would write and thank you. My system was entirely run down. I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright; was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking your Compound I have gained fifteen pounds, and am gaining every week. My appetite has improved, have no backache, and I look better than I ever looked before. I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine."—Mrs. E. F. MORTON, 526 York St., Cincinnati, O.



When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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If You use a **WICKLESS BLUE FLAME** Oil Stove
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