

One of Forbes' Scoops.

The following story illustrates the late Archibald Forbes' cleverness in getting his news reports in ahead of his fellow correspondents:

Here is a little scene: Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work. Everybody done up. "Hello, Jones," says Smith. "There's Forbes already asleep, like brass." "By Jove, yes," quoth Jones (incipient snore from Forbes). "It would take ten horses to wake him up." "I'll turn in," says Jones. "Time enough to get our stuff off tomorrow, eh?" "Right you are," responds Smith.

In ten minutes the wearied warrior scribes are dead asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing out like a ghost, sits him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a tallow candle, writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours, finishes with the last flicker of his dip, saddles a horse, off he goes helter skelter across the country, gallops for an hour, delivers his letter, gallops back, is in bed by 4, sleeps this time "like brass" and no mistake.

"Hello, lazy bones," exclaims Smith at 7 a. m., shaking the sleeper. "Time to be up, old man," adds Jones. "What are you up to?" quoth Forbes drowsily. "We are thinking of getting our stuff off." "The devil you are! Why hurry? Let's have another snooze."

At last Smith and Jones get their stuff off and in three days discover to their bewilderment that they were 24 hours behindhand. Very provoking to Smith and Jones. But if Forbes had been the victim of the little ruse he would have been the first to laugh over it and to congratulate his successful competitor.

Couldn't See the Joke.

Once Offenbach graciously accepted the invitation of some friends to visit them in Etretat. As his hosts were waiting for him at the hotel, one of them, who was very intimate with the composer, suggested:

"Let us give him a rousing welcome."

The idea was taken up and developed. One of the party possessed a collection of old weapons. This was ransacked, and some two dozen young fellows were soon equipped as halberdiers. Another mounted a donkey and waved the flag of the club.

When Offenbach's carriage came in sight, a drum beat, the halberdiers presented arms and fireworks were set off from the balcony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the composer stepped to the ground a venerable old man approached and presented to him the key of the hotel on a silver platter.

Offenbach, vain as a peacock and accustomed to all sorts of queer receptions, entirely failed to see the joke, though it was as broad as anything in "The Grand Duchess" or "La Belle Helene." He took it all seriously as a tribute to his genius, and, with tears in his eyes and in a voice that shook with emotion, he murmured:

"Gentlemen, this is too much, too much!"

A Unique River.

Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Pipler Assu river into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually, so that it finally lies 22 feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantities of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1691 by the Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over 20 years among the Indians of Uruguay.

Man Compared.

If man grew as fast in proportion as a silkworm, he would be bigger than an elephant in two months. If he could navigate as fast in proportion as the average house fly, he could cross the Atlantic and back in the time it takes him to eat his breakfast. If he had as many eyes in proportion as the butterfly, he would have 40,000, to say nothing of an extra pair in his head for skylights. If he could spring as far in proportion as the spider, he could jump over the tallest tree in California, and it wouldn't bother him in the least. Man isn't the whole thing after all.—Freepress Journal.

Artificial Sponges.

Artificial sponges are made in Germany by treating pure cellulose with zinc chloride. The product swells in water and on drying becomes hard. But to prevent this action alkalihaloids are used. A pasty mass is thus obtained, which, being treated with rock salt, is then placed in a mold. When removed, it appears to be traversed by canals in all directions, and after having been washed in alcohol and water the sponge is ready for use.

Easy Choice.

"Did you have any trouble in selecting a name for the baby?"

"None at all. There's only one rich uncle in the family."—Richmond Dispatch.

"Much learning maketh a man sad," says one proverb, and another says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." So what are you going to do about it?—Chicago News.

Look These Up.

In many educational journals nowadays we see pronunciation tests, catch words, etc., which may be valuable for technical use and yet not being needed every day in everyday talk are, like certain folks I know, chiefly interesting on public occasions. I should like to put down here a list of words that are very generally mispronounced.

Everybody knows how to pronounce them perhaps, but being such common little things, mere street wafers, with unwashed faces, nobody takes the trouble to "speak them fair." Now, to know what is our duty and fail to do it is a much more culpable thing than not to do it because we don't know what our duty is. So here they are, little, commonplace creatures, which are mispronounced every day:

Toward, again, bade, brooch, apricot, often, catch, hearth, aye, lien, greasy, sew, scare, years, idea, area, bouquet, ague, bleat, rise (noun), arctic, shone, route, gaunt, canine, juvenile, infidel, corporal, tete-a-tete, trousseau, amendment, restaurant, bicycle, were, recipe, frontier, depot, process, recess, romance, tirade, essay, tarpaulin, won.

The above are in common use and of common abuse. Some of them of course come from our sister, France, and people are likely to say that they are not expected to pronounce foreign words correctly.—Texas School Journal.

A Natural Lighthouse.

Stromboli, one of the Lipari Islands, has constantly and usefully performed the function of a lighthouse for at least 2,000 years. Circular in outline, the island culminates in a conical shaped elevation, due to past volcanic agency, which rises to the height of 3,000 feet above sea level and is visible over an area having a radius of more than 100 miles. During the day masses of vapor are seen issuing from a point high up the mountain side, and at night successive displays of red light, varying in duration and intensity, somewhat resemble those of the gigantic flashlight on the coast. The flashes last from under one to over 20 minutes, gradually increasing to a ruddy glow and as gradually fading away.

This island is referred to by several very ancient writers as the great natural pharos of the western Mediterranean. Now it serves the same purpose for the constant stream of traffic passing to and from the French and Italian ports in the gulfs of Genoa and of Lyons, through the straits of Messina, for which Stromboli acts as a "leading" light. To such an extent is this the case that, although the other principal islands of the Lipari archipelago are marked by lighthouses, nothing of the kind is placed upon Stromboli.

A Dream That Came True.

"Talking about dreams," said Mrs. Smith as we sat around the parlor. "I once had a very strange experience. I dreamed that I was just stepping out of my house for a walk when a funeral passed by. A man with a cap marked nine and a red scar running across his forehead jumped from the hearse and, approaching me, asked, 'Are you ready?' 'No,' I replied, and with that I awoke."

"A few months later I was stopping in Chicago. I was on the top floor of one of the big houses and just about to step into the elevator when I remembered another thing I wanted to buy. I stopped and looked through my notebook. 'Down!' exclaimed the elevator boy, and then asked me, 'Are you ready?' 'No,' I answered, and the door closed."

"The next instant a great crash was heard, and the occupants of the elevator were dashed to an untimely death. 'The cap of the boy bore the figure 9, and he had a red scar running across his brow.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

That Boy.

"Mamma, does money make the man?"

"I am sorry to say it does sometimes, Tommy."

"Money will make a man go anywhere, won't it?"

"I suppose so."

"If it was down in Cuba, would money make a man go to raising mangoes?"

"Don't bother me."

"Do monkeys eat mangoes, mamma?"

"I presume so. I wish you wouldn't talk so much."

"Then, if money makes the man go to raising mangoes, and monkeys eat mangoes, don't the monkeys make the mango go?"

"Whack! Whack!"

"Ouch!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Wonder.

Buenos Ayres seems to have the largest "rocking stone" yet discovered. It is situated on the slope of the mountain of Tandil, in the southern part of the province, and measures 90 feet long by 18 feet broad and is 24 feet high. Its bulk is 5,000 cubic feet, and it weighs at least 25 tons. Nevertheless, it is so beautifully poised that a single person can set it rocking. When the wind blows from the southeast, the stone, which is pyramidal in form, sways to and fro on its foundation like the branches of a tree.

The Tomato.

The tomato was known up to 1830 as a "love apple" and regarded with suspicion. It originated in Spanish South America and, being introduced into Italy from Morocco, was named "poma dei mori"—Moor's apple. The French called it "pomme d'amour."

After.

Willie—Pa, did Adam and Eve kick much when they was 't run out of the garden?"

Pa—Well, no; not just then, but they raised Cain afterward. Now go to bed.

A Famous Square.

There is said to be no equal in the world to the grand and imposing square of Paris, the Place de la Concorde. On one side of it is the Tuilleries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysees and on a third the river Seine. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxor, a magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, 74 feet high and weighing 500,000 pounds. This obelisk was one of two of the same shape and size, erected in 1350 B. C., by Rameses the Great at the entrance of the temple of Thebes. Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French government, and in 1836 it was removed to its present position in the Place de la Concorde. The removal and erection on the new site required an outlay of \$80,000 and the employment of 800 men, the obelisk being transported to France in a vessel built especially for the purpose.

The Place de la Concorde is rich in historic interest. It was there that the guillotine was erected in the "reign of terror," after the death of Louis XVI, and it was there that the signal was given for the attack on the Bastille in 1789. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were beheaded there in 1793, and it was the scene of great rejoicing in 1818, when France was proclaimed a republic. The Place de la Concorde has also been termed the Place Louis XV and Place de la Revolution.

Rattlesnake Poison.

"Years ago, when I was a boy at home," said a southern man, "an uncle of mine, who lived near Montgomery, was out on his plantation one day when he saw an enormous rattlesnake stretched in a furrow of a cotton field. He seized a hoe lying near by and made a pass at the monster. At the same time it struck out at him and broke off one of its fangs on the edge of the hoe blade. My uncle dispatched the snake and then picked up the fang and brought it to the house as a curiosity. It was sharp as a needle, and a faint yellow stain at the tip showed where some of the virus had exuded."

"The bit of bone lay for at least three or four years in an ebony box on my uncle's writing table in his study, when one day a stupid negro servant girl, not knowing what it was, used it to extract a splinter from her thumb. In less than an hour her whole lower arm was swollen, and she exhibited all the characteristic symptoms of snake poison."

"My uncle had studied medicine and by prompt measures saved the girl's life, but for some mysterious reason gangrene subsequently appeared in her arm, and amputation was necessary. My uncle lost no time in burning his murderous relic."

Two and Four.

"Two?" demanded the peremptory conductor as he took a quarter from the woman who had just struggled to a place on the trolley.

"No, four," she replied.

Four fares were rung sharply, and the conductor handed back 5 cents.

"That isn't right!" exclaimed the woman indignantly.

"You said you wanted to pay for four," retorted the trolley employee.

"I didn't," denied the woman. "You asked if my little boy was 2 years old, and I said no, he was 4. I suppose I'll have to pay for him if it's the rule, but I don't think it's right."

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the discords that issued from the throat of the enraged conductor, who thrust ten pennies into the outstretched hand and retired to the rear platform to relieve his feelings more fully by refusing to stop the car for any one for ten blocks.—New York Press.

Piccadilly.

One of London's most famous streets is Piccadilly, which consists of shops the ruffs, or "pickadills," worn by the and fashionable dwelling houses. The name is said to have been derived from gallants of James I and Charles I, the stiffened points of which resembled spear heads or pickadills. Some years before the introduction of these collars, however, "Piccadilly" is referred to, and it is surmised that the collar may have been so called from being worn by the frequenters of Piccadilly House.

The Atmospheric Ocean.

The atmospheric ocean surrounding the earth is frequently disturbed by gigantic waves, which are invisible except when they carry parts of the air charged with moisture up into a colder atmospheric stratum, where sudden condensation occurs. In this manner long, parallel lines of clouds sometimes make their appearance at a great height, marking the crests of a ripple of air waves running miles above our heads.

Japanese Art.

The Japanese is a born lover of nature. Whatever he produces, from the most painstaking work of art to the simplest household utensil, is after natural models. In the representation of figures and scenes the Japanese display a perception which is astonishing. With a couple of strokes of the brush they reproduce what they see with a truth to life which is almost incredible.

His Only Fear.

The undaunted Corporal Calithness, so unconqueredly daring in a "pinch" at the battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day.

"No, no," said he. "I knew we could not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

An Aspiration.

There is woe and woe, and if woe would only obey our woe it would be worth while driving.—Milwaukee Journal.

He Lifted the Ticker.

A London detective visiting Glasgow met a Scotch police official on the street and in the talk that followed spoke contemptuously of the ability of Scotch thieves as compared with the English experts.

Taking this as an aspersion cast on the astuteness of the Scottish police as well, the Glasgow detective was nettled and thirsted for revenge. Looking around, he espied a little fellow who had been dogging them and who was known as an expert pickpocket. Crossing the street he addressed the boy, and, pointing to the retreating figure of the English detective, he asked if he would know him again.

"Aye," replied the boy. "What about it?"

"I want you to lift his ticker. He says no one in Glasgow can relieve him of it."

"Ah, it's a' richt. See ony green?"

"Honor bright, Tommy! I'll give you half a crown when you deliver up the watch to me."

"Ye will? An what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Let's see, then. I'm to lift the ticker, an' you're to pay half a crown for't on the spot?"

"Yes, that's it."

"An wad ye ken it if ye seen it?"

"I would among a thousand."

"Is that it, then?" And the boy, diving into his trousers pocket, displayed the identical watch and explained that he had secured it "while the gent was chaffin' about the prigs."

Oriental Punishments.

The heathen Chinese deems the desecration of graves one of the most unpardonable of crimes, and, according to law, a man finding another in the act of robbing a graveyard may legally kill the villain on the spot without fear of consequences.

If a Turkish baker palms off a loaf of bread on you that is proved to be of less weight than it is represented, you can instruct a policeman to nail the defaulter by one of his ears to the door of his shop so as to be in full view of the passersby. The poor wretch will then be provided with a sharp dagger or knife, with which he can cut himself free so soon as he can summon up the necessary courage required for the operation of self maiming.

In many of the oriental countries, where precious stones are looked upon as well nigh sacred objects, it is no uncommon thing for a jewel robber to be punished with death. In Tibet the penalty for falling from your horse when taking part in any military operations or public athletics is death.

One writer recalls how he saw a man shot in Montenegro for appearing at a review wearing a stained uniform.

Sacrificed the Mustache.

Thomas B. Reed at one time wore a mustache of a few straggling hairs, so often seen on the upper lip of extremely fleshy men. How Mr. Reed parted with his hirsute apology can best be told by a certain barber in the house of representatives who attended the gentleman's wants:

"One day the big man from Maine settled himself in the barber's chair and requested a shave. When the operation was completed, Mr. Reed straightened himself and asked, 'Have you any of that old fashioned pomade to wax mustaches with?'"

"The barber hustled among his pots and jars and produced a French preparation in vogue a quarter of a century ago and then proceeded to wax the ends of the Maine statesman's few wirelike hairs."

"When the man of snapshot sentences arose and contemplated himself in the glass, he turned to the astonished barber and said, 'Cut this blanketed blank mustache off, for you have made me look like a confounded catfish.'—New England Home Magazine.

Old Teeth Bought.

The following curious advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Old False Teeth Bought.—Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. and J. B., of — (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will remit you by return post the utmost value; or if preferred they will make you the best offer and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. —, bankers, Ipswich."

Impression Correct.

"Dinguss, didn't I lend you \$10 a month or two ago?"

"Shadbolt, you did. If you had a good business head on your shoulders, you would be able to remember a loan like that with absolute certainty and wouldn't have to ask anybody about it."

Frowns and passes on.—Exchange.

Up in the Air.

This cyclone story is vouched for by the Minneapolis Better Way. It is that a cow which was picketed on a rope was picked up by the cyclone and carried up the length of her rope, about 60 feet, where she remained until the storm had passed, when she quietly climbed down the rope and resumed her grazing.

Scene Painting.

A good scene painter may get anywhere from \$400 to \$1,000 for a scene. The average price paid to the best half dozen scene painters for a scene is \$500. But there are a great many more scenes painted for \$100 than \$500.

As soon as a married man gets a comfortable home built he begins to worry his wife by talking about selling it.—Indianapolis Journal.

There is nobody quite so busy as the editor who tries to publish a ten page newspaper in a four page town.—Washington Post.

Made Its Own Funeral Toilet.

There are certain insects that have such a respect for Mrs. Grundy and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even death, or rather decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Bailion, a skilled entomologist, discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head. One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then, to my unbounded surprise, it moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, and, after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish, it began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time."

"Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and, in order to see the finale, I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

Couldn't Resist.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate,

"Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused.

"Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some newcomer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S. in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.—Millinery Trade Review.

A Mystery of the Sea.

One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came to the Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in the possession of two runaway British sailors. One morning these drifted ashore a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a long time. It was an ancient and battered brig, without masts, bulwark or name, but the hatches were on, the cabin doors fast, and the bulk was buoyant. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition.

No papers were found in the cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of 10 or 12, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour was spoiled, but the beef was perfectly preserved. She had been abandoned when frozen in an iceberg and drifted for years. The date of the letter found in the forecastle showed that the brig had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The two sailors got out the furs, which eventually brought them \$4,000, and two barrels of beef and then set fire to the wreck. No trace was ever found of its name or owners.

Just an Ordinary Steak.

"When in Hamburg, we supposed we must do as the Hamburgers did, so at our first meal there we asked for Hamburg steak," said the woman. "Besides, we wanted to see how that viand would taste upon its native heath, anyway. But to all our requests, couched in our best scholastic German, the waiter shook his head. Like many another prophet, the Hamburg steak was apparently without honor in its own country. At all events, our waiter hadn't heard of it. 'Oh, well,' we said, 'just bring us an ordinary beef steak. But, lo and behold, when the meat was served there it was all chopped up and made into small cakes—what Americans call, in fact, 'Hamburg steak.' To Hamburgers a Hamburg steak was an 'ordinary steak.'—New York Sun.

A Good Scheme.

Mrs. Younghusband—Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?

Mr. Younghusband—I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately.

Mrs. Younghusband—Indeed it is. I got it off a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure. So I ought enough to last for a couple of weeks.

A Boom.

"The undertaker is very jolly this morning."

"Yes. Three hundred new doctors were graduated last night."—Harlem Life.

The man that talks about the newspapers misquoting him is the man that hasn't any good excuse for getting quoted originally.—Chicago Journal.

When appetite prevails over reason, the first step to make the glutton and drunkard is taken.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, but end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said:

"I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

The Song of the Yukon River.

"There is something peculiar about the Yukon river that I have never heard of in connection with any other stream," said Captain Gray, who has been running boats on the big Alaska artery. "From the mouth of the Yukon up as far as there is any navigable water the stream is constantly singing. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping steam. At first I used to think that maybe it came from the boiler or engines. But when we were tied up at night, with everything cold, the sound was the same. I have puzzled my brain to find an explanation of the phenomenon, but without avail. The singing goes on day and night."

"When you get up stream some distance, you can also hear the rocks rolling over the bed of the river, and this produces a most peculiar sound."—Portland Telegram.

Freaks of Explosions.

Gunpowder explosions have one remarkable feature. The bodies of persons killed in such an accident are always found without clothing, but frequently one foot will have the shoe on. This is true of horses also. If one of the feet is in the air and another on the ground, the shoe will be found torn from the foot that was on the ground and not from the other.

When men are killed in powder explosions, the foot that happens to be in the air when the shock came will be found wearing the shoe, while the other foot will be bare.