



Autumn Leaves

Rustling, quivering downward,
Bronze, and ruby, and gold,
Drifting over the forest paths,
Lying fold on fold.

Leaves that wore in springtime
A dainty emerald dress,
That vagrant summer breezes
Swayed with faint caress.

I watch them floating slowly
Through the autumn hours,
In tender pity fluttering
Over the dying flowers.

Oh, leaves, whose fresh, young beauty
Burst bravely forth in May,
That now, with age grown yellow,
Drift down in death today.

Your life is done and over—
In each calm country lane
Falls, through the quiet hours,
A gold and crimson rain;

For, with faint touch caressing,
October's sun still weaves
His burning, brilliant splendor
Into the dying leaves.

Temple More.

Looting of China.

BY CLARENCE L. BEALMEAR.

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Wun Sock leaned over the hearth and drew with his bow a melancholy tune out of an old violin. Again and again he drew the bow across the instrument, holding a particularly deep note, bending forward slightly and looking intently at a spot on the hearth. The room was dimly lighted by a tallow dip. Weird enough were the surroundings—the figures of dragons on the walls, Joss perched on a shelf, the giant shadows cast by the flickering light—without the accompaniment of unearthly music. Twenty minutes, half an hour, forty minutes, and then, with an exclamation of Chinese disgust, he laid the violin down, took up a large cork from the shelf, fitted it in a hole in the hearth and blew out the tallow dip, and, after a few puffs at the resistless pipe, threw himself on his cot and slept.

A few minutes later Chip In opened the door of the little joint and tiptoed softly in. Lighting the tallow dip and seeing the violin lying there, he began where Wun Sock left off, first taking the cork out of the hole in the hearth.



From the hole emerged an object—Chip In drew forth the same monotonous tune, even more dismally than his predecessor. Twenty minutes, half an hour, forty minutes, and then, with an execration, he repeated Wun Sock's actions, throwing himself on the cot next to his worthy contemporary, while that gentleman emitted a snort which may have signified gross displeasure at the confusion aroused by Chip In, or intense confusion at some hallucination superinduced by the pipe.

While Wun Sock was muttering incoherent monosyllables to himself, in stalker Sip Gin, and, judging from his wavering gait and the reverse position of his hat, he had been a partaker of the cup that inebriates but does not inevitably cheer. He made his way unsteadily over the hearth by the light of the street lamp, and looked about in a bleared sort of way, accidentally touching the violin with his hand. Intuitively recalling a forgotten injunction, he took up the instrument. Long

he drew the bow across the strings and long he held the monotonous tone with the tenacious bow, playing, however, with somewhat more feeling than the others. The light from the street lamps shone dimly through the little square panes of glass to the hole in the hearth. Sip watched closely with only the aid of this. The violin continued to wail and moan. Then from the hole emerged an object, moving almost indiscernibly, first its head, then neck, and finally writhing its whole form out upon the hearth, standing erect and almost touching Sip Gin with its nose—a cobra of immense size. Sip continued to draw the bow as imperceptibly as possible. Suddenly, with a movement as quick as the flash of a sabre, he dropped both bow and violin and grabbed the reptile just behind the head. With a shriek he awoke Wun Sock and Chip In, while the struggles of the infuriated monster, together with Sip's already too unsteady head, nearly carried that gentleman off his balance. A light being produced, he regained his equilibrium, while his compatriots uttered exclamations of intense gratification at the victorious although somewhat inebriated Sip.

In his rage the serpent's head was flattened out, resembling a hood, on the back of which were the spectacle-like marks, and the brownish-olive form wriggled in a desperate effort to escape. Quickly it was thrust into a box, and while it was venting its rage on the interior Sip pulled himself together and adjusted his disheveled raiment. The rest of the night they sat up to discuss a conspiracy.

Wun Sock conducted a prosperous laundry near the barracks, his business having increased with the influx of the Americans. Sip Gin was an all-around sport, who spent most of his time and money in the gambling joint which is at present the scene of this narrative, and of which Chip In was said to be the sole proprietor. Wun Sock had by artful competition forced Hop Hi, a rival laundry man, to the wall, for which piece of mercantile courtesy he incurred that Celestial's unmitigated enmity. Hop having migrated to Bombay, returned the compliment in the form of this cobra, neatly ensconced in a box, which Wun Sock, in delight and ignorance of its contents, took around to Chip In's to open before that heathen's usually admiring eyes. Upon forcing the lid the serpent made a pass at him, and but for the tool with which he opened the box, and which he still held in his hand, the result would surely have been fatal to Wun Sock. In the excitement, during which they all retreated, the cobra made good his escape, taking refuge in the hole in the hearth, which they promptly stopped up with a cork.

Knowing the power of music to charm these reptiles, a violin was procured, and for six nights they met at the joint and vainly extended an invitation to the cobra to emerge from the hearth and be again immured within the walls of his box. It remained, however, for Sip Gin, inspired to sentiments of tenderness by the influence of a soothing liquid, to draw the bow with sufficient witchery to

charm the otherwise indomitable creature and coax him from his lair. Once out, it was a one-shot victory, a shoot-or-be-shot chance, and Sip had drunk just enough to give him a reckless abandon and steady nerve to complete the feat with glory.

With such a potent agency of death in their possession and a means whereby to deal an everlasting blow to the enemy, of which a Chinese is never entirely without, these Celestials immediately bethought how to use this deputy of the devil to the best advantage. Each recited his list of those whom he would be pleased to annihilate, but it was difficult to select the most eligible.

Lam Chop, the restaurateur, just then happened in and was let into the secret. He smiled to himself. Wun Sock with five enemies, Chip In with seven, Sip Gin with three, while he, Lam Chop, had only one—an enemy who had spoken evil of him to all his race—Chin Lip, the barber. "But be not vindictive," said Lam Chop, as he rubbed his sleeve across his face to hide a smile. "Let your enemies live and list to the chance of a lifetime. The government of Uncle Sam will give \$5,000 for Aguinaldo, dead or alive." Lam Chop knew his hiding place and his disguise. "Think of 5,000 of Uncle Sam's big dollars, that buy ten times as much as our brass money! Back to China we can go and live like Li Hung Chang."

Great was the idea, but how was it to be executed? Lam Chop would tell them. On the night of the full moon Wun Sock was to carry his venomous burden, boxed neatly, with the lid merely latched, to a deserted hut on the outskirts of Manila. There Aguinaldo took refuge after nightfall and slipped out early every morning disguised as a coolie. He would see the box and naturally open it; death would result and the reward be sure to follow.

Wun Sock on the day appointed hastened to do the bidding of Lam Chop. At sunset he went to the house, deposited the box in a conspicuous place and decamped. Next morning three Chinamen could be seen walking along the road leading to the outskirts. Lam Chop did not appear at the hour appointed to bring the body of Aguinaldo to the government of Uncle Sam; so, after waiting half an hour, the three decided to go without him. As they approached the hut their countenances beamed with anticipation. Wun Sock pushed open the door slowly and peeped in. There Aggy lay stretched out on the floor. The box open and empty. Sip Gin then took a peep, and lastly Chip In. Making sure the cobra had escaped, they filed in and turned the body over, when all fell back aghast. It was Chin Lip, the barber! After their consternation subsided they rifled his pockets and fled out.

A nice trick Lam Chop had played on them! He, who had said "Be not vindictive and let your enemies live," had used their weapon for his own ends. It galled their Chinese souls. However, they would make Lam Chop pay for his little trick. They looked for him, but he was not to be found. He had vanished. The accumulated wealth of Wun Sock, Chip In and Sip Gin had been detached from its hiding places and had gone along, too. He had sold his restaurant the day previous to a mutual friend, who reported that Lam Chop laughed so loud and



It was Chin Lip, the barber.

so long that it was only by chance that he caught his parting words, which, referring to his victims, were, "Three muchee gullible fools!"

Surprise for the Duke.

The intense desire of the Australian people to make their royal guests feel "at home" led to some queer incidents. On one occasion, I am told, a carriage headed a procession of which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were witnesses, and in this carriage sat the nearest approach to a double of King Edward VII. that Australia could supply. He was clad in royal robes, with a crown upon his head and a scepter in his hand. By his side sat a lady representing Queen Alexandra. The duke's amazement at this astonishing spectacle could not be concealed, but vociferous cheers from thousands of loyal subjects greeted the apparition.—London Week End.

"WHAR DEW I CUM IN?"

(Being the Soliloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

"Thar's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights, 'N the wonderful prosperity thet beet growin' invites. Thar's a heap er foolish crowin' 'n the 'beats' begin ter shout 'n holler fer the Tariff ter keep free raw sugar out! But I notis thet the beet-producin' farms are very few. An' the farmers through the country ain't got much ef it ter dew. The hull land ain't a-raisin' beets, 'n ain't goin' ter begin, Beet growin's right fer sum, I guess—but, whar dew I cum in?"

The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets— A hansom price, I must allow—but hidin' sum deceits. Beet sugar manufacturers admit es they hev found Thet "granulated" costs 'em sumthin' like tew cents a pound. In fact thet leaves a profit on which they'd greatly thrive— And—if it kin be sold fer three, why should we pay 'em FIVE? It seems ter me es thet's a game thet's mighty like a skin— But—if thar's any benefit—waa!—whar dew I cum in?"

When Uncle Sam's in want o' cash we're glad ter help him out, 'N we'll stand all the taxes thet are needed, never doubt, Et seems ter me his duty's ter repeal thet sugar tax. Them fellers wot is interested sez its to protect The beet-producin' farmer thet the duty they collect, But I guess thet explanation es a little bit too thin— The sugar maker,—he's all right;—but—whar dew we cum in?"

Take off raw sugar duty an' the price will quickly fall, To everybody's benefit, fer sugar's used by all. The poor will bless the Government thet placed it in thar reach— ('n millions of our citizens free sugar now beesech) The dealer 'll be delighted—less expenditure fer him— More demand 'n bigger profits—which at present are but slim. An' the farmer 'll be as well paid as he ever yet hes ben— But he'll buy his sugar cheaper—thet's whar he an' I'll cum in.

Now, whar's the sense er reason of the sugar tax to-day, When our treasury's a-buggin' an' we hev no debts ter pay? The duty on raw sugar's Fifty million every year— An' the people's got ter pay it—thet's a fact thet's very clear. Fifty million! Great Jerusha! Ter protect beet magnates, too, Why should they tax ALL the people—just ter help a scattered FEW? And the FEW? Beet-sugar MAKERS! Don't it really seem a sin Thus ter help an' fill thar coffers? Whar dew you an' I cum in?"

The farmer growin' beets hes got a contract price fer years,— Free raw sugar wouldn't hurt him, an' of it he hes no fears. But mebbe, like myself—he's also growin' fruit so nice— Ter preserve it—at a profit—he needs sugar—at a price! The repealin' of the duty surely cuts the price in two— Thet'll make a mighty difference, neighbor, both ter me an' you! Let the sugar manufactrer make such profits as he kin— Ter him it may seem right enuff—but whar dew I cum in?"

An' I ain't a-goin' ter swaller all the argymts they shout Thet the farmers need protection—an' must bar raw sugar out. Common sense is plainly showin' thet the people in the land Want raw sugar free in future—an' its freedom will demand. 'Tis a tax no longer needed—hateful to the public view,— Taxin' millions of our people to enrich a favored few. They can't blind me any longer with the foolish yarns they spin,— While they're busy makin' money—whar dew you an' I come in!"

I'm a-goin' ter keep on hustlin', talkin', pleadin' with my friends,— Ain't no sense in lettin' others gain thar selfish privet ends. I'm a-goin' ter write ter-morrer to my Congressman 'nd say Thet he oughter do his best ter kill that tax without delay! Feller-farmers; do your utmost—whether you grow beets or not To repeal the tax on sugar—you can but improve your lot! Cheaper sugar helps your pocket, greater blessings you can win— When we've three-cent granulated—that's whar you an' I come in!"

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Orson Bucklin, Marietta, Minn., rope machine; John Caldwell, Minneapolis, Minn., leather-stretching machine; Martin Erickson, Waubesa, S. D., power hammer; Andrew J. Hoban, (one-half assigned to J. P. Bercham, St. Paul, Minn.) machine for making tiles; John Peterson, St. Peter, Minn., manure gatherer and loader; William Sherd, Belview, Minn., milk pail holder. Lothrop & Johnson, patent attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB, Specialist, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

Worse Still.

"Some one has very aptly said that the trouble with Guzzler is he doesn't know when he's had enough." "That's all wrong." "Do you think so?" "Yes. The trouble with Guzzler is that he doesn't know when he's had too much."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 323 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Trustful in Some Things.

Brown—It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things, and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths.

Black—Yes, I've noticed it. There's Green, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash; but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie that you can set before him.—Boston Transcript.

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