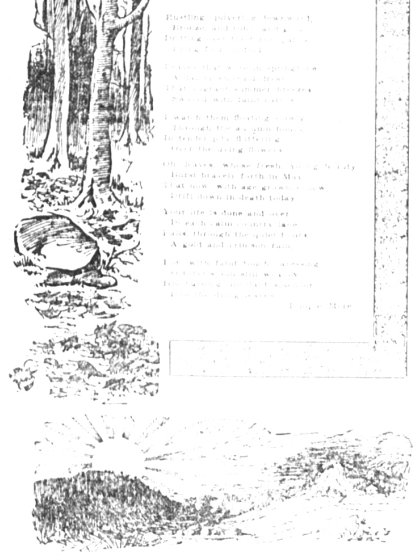
Autumn Leaves



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, the pagoda on the shelf, the giant shadows cast by the flickering light, almost the entire equipment 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 John 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. Chip In drew forth the same monotonous tune, even more dismally than his predecessor. Twenty minutes, half and 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 stalked 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 note 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 al-

From the hole emerged an object—most 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. Sidling with amusement a quick as the flash of a sledge hammer dropped both bow and violin and grasped the reptile just behind the head. With a shriek he awoke Wun Sock and Chip In, while the writhings of the infuriated monster, big thing with Sip's already benumbed arm, clearly warned that gentleman off his balance. A bottle being produced he recalmed his bewildered wits, and in compartments uttered exclamations of intense gratification at the victorious termination of an exciting episode.

In his own 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 he, not vindictive, said Lam Chop, as he rubbed his sleeve across his face to hide a smile, "let your enemies live and let to the chance of a lifetime. The government of Yale Sam will give $1,000 for Ajahnadin, dead or alive. Let us keep these knives handy and, with these disguises, go to Sing Sing (imitation) and murder these fiends as much as our lives are worth. Ajahnadin we can guard and Chin Lip. Chin Lip!"

Great was the idea, but how was it to be effected? Lam Chop would tell them on the night of the full moon. Wun Sock was to purchase his venomous burden, loaded neatly with the lid down, labeled to be delivered to Chin Lip outskirts of Mandia. There Ajahnadin 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 fay appointed had belied to do the bidding of Lam Chop. At sunset he went to the hospital, placed the box in a conspicuous place and departed. Next morning, three Hindus and Lam Chop met in a dark alley. Chop calling for the night's run. Then they separated, Lam Chop to his restaurant, the Hindus to their dens.

It was Chin Lip, the barber.

House Ventilation in Bombay.

Most of the new houses in Bombay have a fine show of windows on the outside, but nearly corresponding openings on the inside are rare, and the consequence is that the ventilation is very poor indeed. The mean annual temperature is 79.3 degrees Fahrenheit, and the mean relative humidity 77 per cent. The mean annual range of temperature is 16.9 degrees, but there are periods during the rains when the diurnal range of temperature does not exceed 2 degrees, and, unless there is wind, ventilation is practically stopped, because the outer air and that in the buildings are reduced to nearly one temperature. With the thermometer at 82 to 84 degrees and the air heavily charged with moisture, the surplus heat of the human body escapes too slowly, and much discomfort ensues. As it is not possible to dry the air in an ordinary house, the usual remedy is to produce a current by means of a punkah, and although the influence of this is very local, it has been found that in very hot and damp Bombay weather life is made tolerable in its current. The chief drawback of the punkah is the punkahwalla. He is dirty, unreliable, especially at night and his work, counting day and night, costs 24 rupees per month for a single punkah.—Office's Magazine.

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 packed in a box, which Wun Sock, in delight and ignorance of the 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 recreated, 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.

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Surprise for the Duke.

The intense desire of the Australian people to make their royal guests feel more "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.

A Tribute to It.

Mrs. A. (before the full-length portrait of a girl)—"Oh, if I only knew the painter of this!" Artist (stepping forward joyfully)—"Permit me, madam, to introduce myself as the painter." Mrs. A.—"What extraordinary good luck! Now you will tell me won't you, the address of the dressmaker who made this girl's frock."—London Tit Bits.

An Opportune Moment.

"Will you marry me, and preside over my household as queen?" he asked. She was inclined to laugh his proposal to scorn. "You may never have such another chance," he continued, "for I know of a really excellent servant girl who is about to leave her present place, and whom I could engage at once." Thereupon she fell upon his bosom.—Philadelphia Press.

It is expected that the railway now being built to connect Valparaiso with the Rio de la Plata will be completed in five or six years.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

PRINCESS HATZFELD.

Princess Hatzfeld, who has been recently entertaining in lavish fashion with the money left her by the late Collis P. Huntington, was the adopted daughter of the great railway magnate. She was Clara Huntington, and was adopted by Mr. Huntington in 1869 in New York to which city he had removed from the west in 1864. Clara married Prince Hatzfeld in 1889, and

PRINCESS HATZFELD

would never consent to live in this country. She wanted her father to use the Hatzfeld coat of arms after the wedding, but the stately old American positively refused. The princess is one of the beautiful women in Paris.

THE ENEMIES OF FASHION.

Between fortune and fashion and the political economist there is a battle royal on the subject of the bustle. Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, who is in Washington every spring, has come out with a vigorous denunciation of the bustle, which she declares is responsible for many of the ills that women are heir to. Women, she says, are not strong enough to carry around with them the weight of the bustle, and the result is that they are constantly suffering from backache, headache and other ills. Mrs. Palmer has the courage of her convictions, and has refused to wear the bustle. Whether she will succeed in abolishing it remains to be seen. Fashion is a fickle jade, and she has been known to change her mind before now.

DANIEL D. TEW.

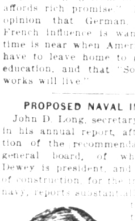
Daniel D. Tew has just become the champion of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company's record for fast typesetting on the linotype machine, is a native of Taylor county and learned the printers trade in the office of the Decatur County Journal at Leon. He moved to Des Moines twelve years ago, and was employed as compositor on the Leader. Six years ago he learned the linotype machine, and two years ago transferred his services to the Des Moines Capital. It was in the office of that newspaper that he made the record of 3,341 nonpareil type lines representing 90,961 ems and requiring 217,100 touches of the keyboard. The work was done in eight hours on a machine making nine casting per minute and operated by steam.

American and European Music.

In the matter of the American invasion of Europe, the alarm it has occasioned lots of interest to note that one of the leading Berlin musical critics recently delivered a lecture in that city in which he said that within twenty years the United States would be teaching music to Europe. He was of opinion that America is on the threshold of a great musical career; that native composition, while only "emerging from its infancy, still affords rich promise." He also is of opinion that German, Italian, and French influence is waning, that the time is near when Americans will not have to leave home to get a musical education, and that "Sousa's stirring works will live."

PROPOSED NAVAL INCREASE.

John D. Long, secretary of the navy in his annual report, after consideration of the recommendations of the general board, of which Admiral Dewey is president, and of the board of construction, for the increase of the navy, reports substantially in favor of



the vessels of the heavier class recommended by them, but suggests many of the gunboats and smaller war vessels. The department's recommendation is for three first-class battleships, two first-class armored cruisers, three gunboats of 1,000 tons displacement and three smaller ones for insular service, three picket boats, three steel sailing training ships, one collier, and four tug boats. This is a total of twenty-two vessels of various classes.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

1.

Lem McCarroll has a nice little farm of 15 acres in the town of Southfield and Lem says he is not going to sell it. Lem says it is a good location for a market garden, and judging of a many little homes, lots of good fruit trees, and a nice house, barn and shed, it looks that way to us. If you want to buy Lem's farm you will have to see him and get a price on it. Perhaps you can get it. Who knows?

2.

Farm of 30 acres, well fenced, well watered, never failing stream, 10 acres timber. 15 miles from Detroit, 3 miles from electric railroad to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Birmingham in the village limits. It is an excellent land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair. Apple trees, two pear trees and plenty of other small fruit. Will be rented for $15.00. Price $1,000. Terms easy. This place is just outside of the higher priced Royal Oak and cannot be beaten for anyone requiring a small farm suitable for real fruit or poultry. Come and let us show you over the place some day.

4.

No better farm in the State of Michigan is the John A. Lee farm in the township of Southfield, Oakland county, one mile west of the Detroit & Pontiac electric railroad and two miles south of Birmingham over good roads, consisting of 120 acres of land, 100 acres of which are under a high state of cultivation, the balance being timber land. The buildings consist of a large two-story frame house, with cellar, and all modern conveniences, a large basement barn, with cement floors and stalls for 30 head of cattle, with a large hay loft, and a granary and corn crib attached, a wagon shed, a hog house, a chicken house, and a tool house. There is a large orchard of apple trees, all in bearing condition, and a number of pear trees, plum trees and cherry trees. There is also a large grape arbor, containing about 200 vines. There is a never failing stream of water running through the farm, and a well of never failing water at the house. There is also a never failing stream of water at the barn. There are 40 acres of this farm seeded down to clover and timothy, and will be plowed if desired. There are 60 acres under cultivation, and will be sold with the farm. The soil is a sandy loam, and is in the best condition of any land in the county. This farm is situated on the north side of Square Lake road, and is within one mile of the village of Birmingham. This farm will be sold at a bargain if taken at once. Terms to suit purchaser. Call at the office of Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, Mich., for further particulars.

5.

Eight house and lot on east front and 33 rods deep on Maple Ave., Birmingham, Mich. Fine barn and every modern convenience. Fine location, close to business and depot. Price $2,500. Terms easy. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

6.

The Van Every farm on the north shore of Wing lake, 80 acres, two good houses, three barns, good orchard. Price $4,000. Terms easy. Excellent fishing, hunting and bathing. Terms easy.

7.

Beautiful lake property for sale, located on the east side of Orchard Lake road, 2½ miles from Birmingham, high and healthy, 15 miles to the city of Detroit, and 3 miles from the city of Pontiac. Will exchange for city property. Will sell in parcels to suit purchaser. Will sell 10 acres to suit purchaser, and will sell the balance of the farm in 5 acre lots. Will sell on easy terms. Will build houses to suit purchaser. Will sell at a bargain. Will exchange for city property. Will sell at a bargain. Will exchange for city property. Will sell at a bargain. Will exchange for city property