

swer those Mr. Wu will think of some more.

Chicago Tribune: The transfer of Minister Wu Ting Fang to the court of St. James will leave Mr. Depew once again the undisputed champion of after-dinner oratory on this side of the ocean.

Pittsburg Dispatch: With regard to that reported transfer of Wu Ting Fang to London the United States might respectfully represent to China that the English will take a long time to comprehend his excellency's humor.

Athens (Ga.) Banner: Minister Wu Ting Fang is to be sent to London by the Chinese government. This should be resented bitterly by our government, for how are we to get along without Mr. Wu?

Washington Post: We trust that Mr. Wu will not be transferred either to London or to any other capital. He is doing invaluable work here, both for China and the United States. His departure will arrest a moral and intellectual revolution, which, if left to complete itself, would serve not only the material interests of both nations, but the cause of general enlightenment and humanity.

Milwaukee Sentinel: America will regret the loss of Minister Wu, a patriotic Chinaman, yet intellectually a citizen of the world, and whithersoever he goes the hearty good wishes of our people will attend him.

Louisville Times: The news from Peking that Chinese Minister Chi Chen Lo Feng Luh has been transferred from London to St. Petersburg and Wu Ting Fang from Washington to London will cause general regret. Wu has added greatly to the gayety of this nation, while having fun with us in his own Oriental way, and to equal his record of diplomatic efficiency and personal popularity Luh will have to be a loo-loo.

Peoria Herald-Transcript: He is a good fellow and has succeeded while with us in placing the Chinese character before the people in quite a new light.

The People.

God's glory is in the People,  
The strong, sturdy, common People,  
The men who plow the soil,  
Who dig in the mines,  
Who toil in the shops,  
Who drive the trains,  
Who sail the seas,  
Who bend o'er the counters,  
Who employ the brain, or the eye, or the hand,  
In service to humankind;  
'Tis the men who work, who produce,  
Whose deeds in a song of praise  
Ascend to the Throne Eternal.

I love my country most  
For that she develops the People;  
For her race of pioneers  
That overcame a continent;  
For the fact that her sons are doers;  
That the men of brawn have ruled her  
In the past, as they shall in the future

Here has the world first known  
The planting in virgin soil  
The seeds of a real democracy,  
From which there are yet to grow  
The fruits of a perfect Freedom.

Be not dismayed, my brother.  
This young and vigorous nation  
Will purge herself of the creatures  
Who would fasten old evils on her,  
Who would tie her down to old errors.  
As a strong man goes to the battle,  
She will rise again and march vanward  
To fill her God-given mission,  
To lead the world in its progress  
On to Industrial Liberty  
In the Better Day that awaits us.

I love my country most  
For her gift of self-reliance,  
For the growth she leads to manhood,  
For the wholesome freedom of women.

I love her breadth and her richness,  
Her prairies as wide as an ocean,  
Her rivers, her lakes, her mountains;  
Not for themselves alone  
Do I love them, but that their virtues  
In time to come will be symbolized  
And typed in her sons and daughters.

Think you these men and women,  
In this new soil and new era,  
They who have felt their power,  
Who have drunk the wine of freedom,  
Who have eaten the meat of democracy,

Think you that they can be bound  
Like the underfed serfs of Europe?  
Think you that they can be ruled  
By a king or a caste? No, never,  
When the time comes they will arise  
And sweep these parasites from them  
As the leaves that fall in the autumn  
Are swept by the breath of the tempest.

God's glory is in the People,  
His children so long down-trodden,  
Who have groped their way through  
the ages,

Up, up from the depths of serfdom,  
Up, up through their revolutions,  
Up, up from the hells of oppression  
Till they stand on the heights at last  
And the Dawn is breaking upon them.

They are coming now to their own,  
The heritage long held from them,  
The land and the tools of production,  
The rule o'er the realm they inhabit  
And the peace that should hold between  
brothers.

They're the true and the only nobles.

They're the sovereigns of the world.  
Long live the King of the Future;  
The People, the People, the People.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver News.

Argument for Good Roads.

After careful inquiry it has been found that the average haul of the American farmer in getting his produce to market or to the nearest shipping station is twelve miles, and the average cost of hauling over the common country roads is 25 cents per ton per mile, or \$3 per ton for a twelve-mile haul. An estimate places the total tons hauled at 300,000,000 per year. On the estimate of \$3 per ton for twelve miles this would make the total cost of getting the surplus products of the farm to the local market or to the railroad no less than \$900,000,000—a figure greater than the operating expenses of all the railroads of the United States. If anything could make an argument for good wagon roads this statement surely will.—Portland Oregonian.

Not Easily Deceived.

A young married couple are always interesting, chiefly because they try to conceal the fact that they are young and married. Generally they fool their men acquaintances, but they seldom deceive a clever woman.

A bride and groom tried the old trick recently at a summer resort, but they met a woman who was wiser than they.

This woman and the bride were chatting on the hotel veranda, when the former suddenly asked:

"How long have you been married?"  
"Three years," promptly replied the bride.

The clever woman looked at the bride's hand.

"How is it, then," she said, "that you wear a ring the design of which is barely a year old?"

Of course, that settler it, and the next day everybody congratulated the young couple on their recent marriage.  
—New York Mail and Express.

A Rebel of the Veldt.

Saddle and bridle and girth,  
Stirrup and crupper and bit;  
Man on the top of a little horse,  
Shaggy and strong and fit.  
Rugged and bearded face.  
Ragged old hat of felt.  
Rifle that kills at a thousand yards,  
And a tight crammed cartridge belt.

CHORUS.

Oh, it isn't by turning out your toes,  
You can beat the foe in a fight,  
Or by learning to march like a marionette,

Or by keeping your buttons bright,  
And it isn't the way that you crook your arm,  
When you shut your eye to shoot;  
But its taking to cover at every chance  
Hillock and rock and root.

He doesn't know how to dress,  
And he doesn't know how to drill;  
But he met the smartest troops in the world.

And fought till they had their fill.  
He's a slovenly, awkward chap;  
He's a lubberly farmer man,

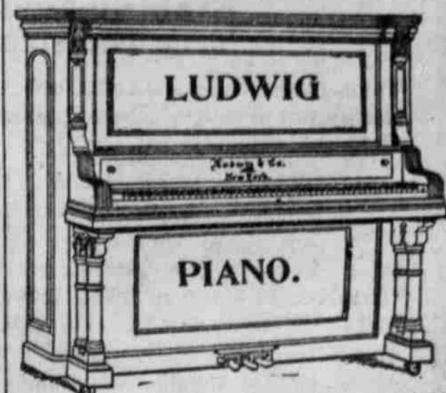
BRAND NEW STEEL ROOFING

Bought at Roofers' Sale. Sheets either flat, corrugated or "V" er'imped. No tools except a hatchet or hammer is needed to lay the roofing. We furnish free with each order enough paint to \$1.75 cover and nail to lay. Price per square, \$1.75. A square means 100 square ft. Write for Free Catalogue No. 221 on General Merchandise, Chicago House Wrecking Co., West 35th and Iron Sts., Chicago, Ill.

BUYS a Handsome WATCH

If you call at your nearest express office, it will not cost you a cent to examine this great bargain. Send your name and address, and we will send you this handsome Water and Chain Complete C.O.D. \$2.50. Double hunting case, Ladies or Gents size, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement, guaranteed a correct timekeeper. After full examination if you consider it a great bargain and equal in appearance to any \$20.00 gold filled watch warranted 20 years pay the express agent \$2.50 and express charges and they are yours. Our 20 year guarantee with each watch. Write for your nearest Ladies or Gents size. Diamond Jewelry Co. 221, 223 Dearborn St. Chicago.

THE FAVORITE



Awarded medal Paris, 1900.  
Endorsed by Artists, Musicians, Teachers, and 35,000 Pleased Purchasers.

LUDWIG & CO., Mfgs., Southern Boulevard, New York. Send for catalogue and prices. Matthews Piano Co. General Agent for Lincoln, Neb.

But he lay on the veldt from dawn till dawn.  
And shot till they broke and ran.

CHORUS.

For it isn't the way you keep the touch  
Or the way that you wheel about,  
And it isn't by pulling your waist belt in,

And by padding your tunic out;  
And it isn't by cocking your forage cap,

Or by glueing a glass in your eye,  
But its knowing the way to shoot like h—l.

And its learning the way to die.

They have gathered his kith and kin,  
In a prison beyond the sea;  
But they can't imprison a daring soul,  
That lives in a bosom free.

They have shattered the calcine walls  
Which sheltered his child and wife,  
But they can't extinguish the flame  
they've lit,

Till it dies with his dying eye.

CHORUS.

For its never the heat of a burning home,  
That has softened a foeman's heart,  
And its never the reek of a lyddite shell

That has riven his ranks apart;  
And it isn't money, it isn't men  
When the guns' loud song begins;

But its feeling your foot on your native soil,  
And its being right that wins.

—Bertrand Shadwell, in unidentified exchange.

**LYE AND POTASH**  
OF ANY GRADE OR STRENGTH  
MANUFACTURED & GUARANTEED  
BY  
**W. H. PRIESMEYER**  
ESTABLISHED IN ST. LOUIS  
1873.  
JOBBERS CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

AGENTS—Pan-American Exposition Souvenir; Aluminum Pocket Piece with new U. S. Coin in centre. Sample 10 cents; 20, \$1 D. S. Rockefeller, Somerville, New Jersey.

**FAT FOLKS** reduced 15 lbs a month. You can make remedy at home. Sample free. Hall Chem. Co., Dept. 206, St. Louis, Mo.

**STARK** best by test—74 Years. We **PAY CASH** and want more salesmen. **WEEKLY** Outfit FREE. **STARK NURSERY, Stark, Mo.**

**THE WORLD'S BEST ORATIONS**  
FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME  
Ten Volumes, 4,100 pages. No public speaker or student of history can afford to be without the work. For price and terms address  
**FERD P KAISER, Publisher, St. Louis, Mo.**