

"IF ALL MY SHIPS COME HOME."

If all the ships I have at sea Should come a-sailing home to me, Ah! well, the harbor would not hold So many ships as there would be, If all my ships came home to me.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GAMES FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.



It is not only the knickerbockered small boy who has games of his own. Girls, too, have fads and occupations, though all of them are not monopolized by doll babies. In fact, their historic devotion to these painted beauties seems to be lessening. Dolls of sawdust and paper are good for rainy days and for the twilight hours before or after dinner, when one is not allowed to go out. But the doll day is decidedly on the decline. It is better for girls, as for boys, to be in the open, to chase butterflies with nets, to climb trees even at the expense of clothing, and to jump and frolic with all their might.

There is more to be discovered with the ants, the bees, the birds, the flowers, or in the companionship of a wise dog, than in all the sawdust and china-eyed babies in the world. However, there are certain games sacred to our grandmothers and still kept up in a measure by little girls, being revived from year to year. Some of them are silly. Most of them date from the time when boys and girls did not study from the same books, and when it was reasoned out that even games must be feminine. Now we know better. The same sports that develop the little male animal are good for little girls, too. Girls now play baseball and even football.

First and dearest of all the girls' games comes tag. The children range in a row and somebody counts. Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo, Catch a nigger by the toe, If he hollers let him go, Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo.

The last "mo" is "it," and the game begins with a nimble scattering and a shrill squeak. The lines are silly and ungrammatical, and the kindergarten does not approve of them because they are such meaningless jabber, but the old doggerel has been used for so many years that very likely its meaning, if it ever had any, has all been rubbed off from the departure for the coast.

The trip across the continent and the life on the transport, lessened, in a measure, their eagerness for action. To stand once more on firm, steady land, with no longer the pitching, rolling deck beneath their feet was contentment for a time. Barrack life in Manila was begun. Then a new element came into the lives of Lieut. Butterworth and Private Chadwick.

Nina was a Filipino girl. She was the daughter of an insurgent leader. Lieut. Butterworth and Private Chadwick had fallen prey to her snapping black eyes and pretty face, smiling coquettishly beneath a crown of lily black hair. She fascinated one, charmed the other. Butterworth was head over heels in love with the girl. Chadwick, less impetuous, was caught by her sweet simplicity. Yet their friendship did not suffer; rivalry, rather than jealousy, was the keynote of their relations.

"Guy," said the lieutenant, one day, forgetting rank in a burst of confidence, "I can't get away from those black eyes, they follow me everywhere, they are in everything I see, but, somehow, I doubt her sincerity." "I have my doubts, too," returned Guy, "but knowing how much you care for Nina, I have refrained from mentioning them. I have a fancy myself for the girl. Nevertheless, I believe that she is trying to inveigle us into joining the insurgent cause."

"Oh, Guy," exclaimed Cecil, "Nina is too loyal a girl to conspire for our ruin in such a manner. I had her strong belief in her father's cause. But no, not that from little Nina." Private Chadwick said nothing. He prayed for a call to the field to sever this attachment. His hopes were realized—partially. The Ninth was ordered to join in the chase of the insurgents, but the activity failed to restore to Lieut. Butterworth his equilibrium of mind. Military duties now precluded further intercourse between the two friends. In the excitement of battle Private Chadwick gave the black-eyed Nina but a small place in his thoughts.

Private Chadwick lounged carelessly in front of his tent admiring the beauties of the setting sun, which painted the horizon with glory. He was thinking of Manila and, for the first time since he had taken the field, of the bright-eyed Nina. He wondered if Butterworth had forgotten her. It was pleasant to recall those happy days.

"Get out of here," he said in a harsh voice. "Go tell the one who sent you that my flag is dearer to me than all the world, and before I leave it I will die. Go." The effort cost him pain. He crawled back into his tent a miserable man. The sun had set.

"Private Chadwick's sick," commented his comrades. One ran with the news to Lieut. Butterworth's tent. It was empty.

By the Chinese Manchuria is called the country of the Manchows, or Manchus, an epithet meaning "Pure," chosen by the founder of the dynasty which rules over Manchuria and China as an appropriate designation for his family. Manchuria as it has existed for upward of two centuries—that is to say, since it has had a historical existence—is a tract of country wedged in between China and Mongolia on the west and northwest, and Korea and the Russian territory on the east and north. Speaking more definitely, it is bounded on the north by the Amur, on the east by the Ussuri, on the south by the Gulf of Leao-tung, the Yellow sea and Corea, and on the west by the river Nonni and a line of palisades which stretch from Kwan-chung-tse to the Great Wall of China. The territory thus defined is about 800 miles in length and 500 miles in width, and contains about 300,000 square miles. It is divided into three provinces, viz., Taitshik or Northern Manchuria, Kirin or Central Manchuria, and Leao-tung or Southern Manchuria. Physically the country is divided into two regions, the one a series of mountain ranges occupying the northern and eastern portions of the kingdom, and the other a plain which stretches southward from Moukden, the capital, to the Gulf of Leao-tung.



THE PASSING ARMY.

The Irresistible Conqueror is Thinning the Ranks of the Veterans of the Civil War.

It is now thirty-six years since the first flowers were strewn upon the graves of the men who gave their lives that the nation might live. Observed at first in a small way by isolated communities, this decoration of the grassy mounds has come to be recognized as an established custom and Memorial Day has long had a fixed place in the calendar. With each successive anniversary the day has gained a wider observance and has become the occasion for many appeals to the patriotic and brave people. The veterans of each returning spring covers more deeply the scars of battle which once again the hillsides and valleys of the sunny South. On this day of precious memories it is well to recall the sacrifices of bygone years, and it is also fitting to express the hope that those who are now charged with the guidance of our national destinies will perform their duties patriotically and well.

When the gray-haired veterans of the great wars met together in annual observance of Memorial Day, few will bear in mind that the day itself, as a part of the national life, is the result of the inspiration of one of the greatest of all the volunteer soldiers who fought for the flag—the late Gen. John A. Logan of Illinois. Few, indeed, of those not associated with the organization of old soldiers will remember this. The soldier-statesman who won his spurs in actual fight and refused to accept peaceful honors while the war was still on—one of the first, if not the first, of the list of honored comrades who headed this organization—was the originator of the day of sorrowful remembrance of the bravery and virtues of those who fell in battle or who have crossed the dark river since the conflict ended.

The apple tree of Appomattox never blossomed so full and so fair as to-day, and flowers and fragrant herbs were never so fine and fragrant. The Union which Appomattox established and cemented was never so strong and glorious. Its sacred bonds have been welded, not merely by the mutual pledges of devotion, but by the fire of heroic service, side by side, and in their common flag, on a distant shore, and they never before bound up so much of national pride and hope and high aspiration.

The great chieftains—Grant and Lee, illustrious products of the same national school at West Point—met at Appomattox with mutual respect and honor, and in their generous and chivalrous coming together typified the spirit of a reunited country. That historic hour dates a new Union, which is now a true union of hearts and hands that none can sever.

So long as the flag remains unfurled Memorial Day cannot cease to be a great and noble custom. Every anniversary becomes more pathetic from the fact that many of the "boys in blue" are passing away to join the vast army in the silent land. Every year the ranks of the veterans on this side the river grow thinner, and the steps of the marchers slower. Within twenty-five years nearly all will have joined their comrades on the other side. But their deeds can never die. Future generations will read them, deep cut, defying the tooth of time, on the marble of the country's greatness. They will blaze on the pillars of the Union and in the springtime of each year a grateful people, bearing choicest flowers—nature's sweetest emblem of love and affection—will decorate their graves; for those grassy mounds will be known as shrines forever more; shrines so long as the republic shall endure; shrines where patriot knees will bend and patriot eyes will weep so long as freedom has a worshiper and equality of rights a devotee.

At the Top. On Memorial Day the flag flies at half-mast, because it is a day of commemoration of the dead. It is not uncommon for some person appointed to hoist the flag to run it up to the peak, forgetting the funeral custom; then some veteran arrives, and causes the banner to be dropped to half-mast. This custom preserves the early sentiment of the day, when it was more a day of mourning than it is at present. Late-ly many veterans have advised the abandonment of the custom, and the issue of a order directing that the flag should

END OF FAMOUS HOSTELRY.

Hotel Where Parnell Drove Up Irish Camp Ign Plans. Morrison's Hotel, one of the old landmarks of Dublin, is being razed to the ground to afford a site for offices for an insurance company. The building has historic associations for Irishmen, and was once among the best patronized and most popular hotels in Dublin. It was famous as Parnell's resort.

It was originally one of the town houses of the Fitzgerald family, who owned a great deal of property in the vicinity, including the famous Leinster house. Over the door of the hotel at the present day are the Fitzgerald arms, and in the supports are prominent figures of two monks, in commemoration of a striking family incident.

When old Killick Castle, one of the seats of the Fitzgeralds, took fire, the heir to the estate was saved by a monkey, which took the infant in his arms and clambered from point to point with its precious burden, finally reaching the ground with it in safety.

Parnell's first arrest was effected at Morrison's Hotel on Oct. 13, 1881. Parnell was thence taken to Kilmainham Jail, where he was confined as a "suspect" until the following May. It was at this hotel that Parnell's friend, the late Dr. J. E. Kenny, discovered Parnell's extraordinary superstition. Going into his writing-room one day, Parnell saw a green cloth on the table. He at once had it removed, and the same evening he refused to enter another room in the hotel in which three candles were burning. Three candlesticks are supposed in the minds of superstitious people to mean death, and a green tablecloth foretells disaster. Parnell more than once said that the Irish cause would never prosper until the Irish people discarded green as their national color for the older blue.

When in Dublin Parnell always stayed at Morrison's up to the time of his death. It was there he outlined the national program and the agrarian movements in Ireland.—London Mail.

CHINESE PEANUTS.

They Are an American Product, but Receive Oriental Treatment.

The trans-American railroads have their agents in all parts of the world—commercial agents, industrial agents, tourist agents, live-stock agents, car-service agents, and Oriental agents, as well as the regular assortment and variety of freight and passenger agents. The Oriental agent of the Great Northern Railway in this city is Moy Wu Yen, a highly interesting Chinaman, who carries in his pockets a handful of Chinese peanuts with which, from time to time, he regales his friends. In the midst of business he suddenly conceals his hand beneath his blouse and asks, "Will you try a Chinese peanut?" The hand, soft as that of a gentle maiden, reappears with the nuts, and you are tempted. You yield with pleasure, according to one, it resembles the native "goober," which ex-Governor Campbell failed to corner, but is the most delicious morsel in the nut shape that you ever tasted.

Mr. Moy laughingly tells you, when you ask where more nuts can be had, that they are not Chinese peanuts at all, but the familiar old Virginia "goober" prepared in the Chinese fashion. "We take the raw nut," he explains, "and dry it perfectly in the sun, leaving it many days on the house top. Then we soak it in salt water—brine you call it—for three days, after which we again dry it thoroughly. This may take a week. Then we put it in an oven in a pan of very hot sand, and continually stir until it is cooked well done. That is all. Nothing could be more simple. The peanuts the Italians roast in their sheet-iron cylinders—no Chinaman would touch one! We say Chinese peanuts to have fun with our friends. There are no Chinese peanuts." —New York Press.

Conjuring the Sharks.

In the Persian gulf the divers have a curious way of opening the season. They depend implicitly upon the shark conjurers, and will not descend without their presence. To meet this difficulty the government is obliged to hire the charmers to divert the attention of the sharks from the fleet. As the season approaches vast numbers of natives gather along the shore and erect huts and tents and bazaars. At the opportune moment—usually at midnight, so as to reach the oyster banks at sunrise—the fleet, to the number of eighty or 100 boats, put out to sea. Each of these boats carries two divers, a steersman and a shark charmer and is manned by eight or ten rowers. Other conjurers remain on shore, twisting their bodies and mumbling incantations to divert the sharks. In case a man-eater is perverse enough to disregard the charm and attack a diver, an alarm is given, and no other diver will descend on that day. The power of the conjurer is believed to be hereditary and the efficacy of his incantations to be wholly independent of his religious faith.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Dry Bath.

A Scotchman was once advised to take showerbaths. A friend explained to him how to sit one up by the use of a cistern and a colander, and Sandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and, being asked how he enjoyed the bath, "Man," he said, "it was fine! I liked it real well, and kept myself quite dry, too." Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain dry, he replied: "Dod, ye dinna surely think I was sae daft as stand below the water without an umbrella!"—London Tit-Bits.

Chinese Rosaries.

Some Chinese rosaries are made of wooden beads, with leather tassels, on which are small brass rings, and are finished at the ends with brass ornaments and tags of leather.

Women Workers of Britain.

In proportion to its population, the United Kingdom has a greater number of women workers than any country, and among them no fewer than 616,000 are set down as dressmakers.

Most girls can play the piano just enough to spoil them for housework.