

SAILING WITH ADMIRAL DEATH.

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
And here's to Admiral Death!
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,
He's the senior flag of all that float
And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service tree?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
The rules o' the service are but three
When you sail with Admiral Death.
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls:
"Ay, ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him from the rest?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
By the glint o' the stars that cover his
breast.

Ye may find Admiral Death,
By the forehead grim with an ancient
scar.

By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
Their bones are white by many a shore—
They sleep with Admiral Death.
Oh, but they loved him—young and old—
For he left the laggard and took the bold,
And the fight was fought and the story's
told
—And they sleep with Admiral Death.
—McClure's.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

WHAT led Herr Schweppe to join the Amanites no one knew but the elders. The Amanites did not gossip about it. They were not given to gossiping about anything. Work, duty, God—these were all their thoughts. But the visitors to the close-lying Amama villages seldom failed to notice that Herr Schweppe was a gentleman and to wonder how he came to join the Amanites, with their plain clothes and their lives of toil. The mystery was hid in the books of the elders. There was once a visitor who claimed that he had a glimpse of the page and saw "Blismarek" written twice on Herr Schweppe's record. The name was "Von Schweppe," too, this visitor said, although it was only Schweppe now.

Be that as it may, Herr Schweppe's daughter, Annie, bore the traits of noble German birth. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed maid, appearing among the other girls of the community like a bit of Sevres ware surrounded by pieces of useful but homely plain white china. Little did the thrifty, godly Amanites care for such beauty. In Amama a yard of blue calico was accounted as worth far more than a dimple.

The sorrows of exile killed Herr Schweppe when Annie was a child, before she had grown so beautiful. Annie had never seen a mirror, and no one told her of her beauty. Her mother gloated over it in secret. She loved Annie far better than the elders would have sanctioned, but when the child was near she was silent and cold. The life of repression had had its effect on poor Mother Schweppe.

In Amama the elders discouraged lovmaking. Men and women entered the church by different doors, and a line of sawdust-box cuspidors marked off the men's side of the house. But among the girls at the Amama gasthaus were two persons who did not have the law of Amama in their hearts. They were not Amama girls, but came from outside, for no Amanite would have permitted his daughter to be subjected to the gaze of the strangers in the gasthaus. It was Madge and Nora, alas! who put all the mischief into Annie's mind.

June moonlight was falling over the yellow wheat fields, and the fragrance of grapevine blossoms on the wall half intoxicated Annie as she leaned out of the small, square window next the slanting roof of her mother's cottage. It was while Annie was still thinking of the land that might lie outside of Amama that Madge and Nora came along and asked her to go with them to their "party." And Annie stole away, and went.

A ghostly little "party" it was, of Madge and Nora and Annie and only three others, in the hotel kitchen, but as they sat in the glare of the oil-lamp reflector it seemed to Annie the wildest dissipation. Two sheepish young Amanites slouched on the bench at one side of the kitchen, nervously pulling their straw hats over their faces if any one glanced at them. The third young man was entirely unlike these. Annie, big-eyed and timorous, gazed at him in wonder. He wore such clothes as fitted him; his ruddy hair was brushed back from his ears, not over them, in the fashion of the Amanites. His face was clean-shaven, his figure lithe and sinewy, and his merry eyes roved hither and thither while he regaled the company with music. It was a mouth-organ which he played, but no matter. To Annie it was heavenly. She had never before heard music of any kind, for the Amanites attached a penalty even to whistling. Suddenly Annie was trembling and sobbing, and the player, conscience-smitten, ceased his melody.

He was not a great stranger to her, as Annie had thought. He had, not so very many years ago, worn the blue jeans and straw hats of the community. He was none other than Hermann the son of Herr Tappan, whom Annie had often seen in church when a child. The community had permitted Herr Tappan to send his son away to a college, for Hermann was to be the physician of the community, their Herr Doctor, as they called him.

Hermann understood the timidity of Annie. He, too, had once been restrained till all his thoughts were sadness. He bade the girls take her at once to

her mother's cottage, and he watched them till Annie had disappeared through the window.

But why should the young Herr Doctor come to Mother Schweppe's cottage next day, asking for her famous wine for his patients?

"Knowest thou not I have disposed of it long before this time?" cried Mother Schweppe.

"I thought perhaps thou mightst be making it again," faltered Hermann.

"Make wine in June? What sort of a man!" and Mother Schweppe laughed loudly and unmelodiously, much as one of her cabbages might have laughed.

And while her dull eyes were closed in mirth, Hermann crushed into Annie's hand a bit of paper, and Annie, child though she was, hid herself among the grapevines before she dared to open it.

"Thou art most beautiful! I love thee." That was all.

After that it was easy for Annie to climb down by the grapevine from her window, and once she went alone with Hermann, far down the solitary railroad track. But Madge loved Hermann, too, in her way, and, being jealous, she told Annie's mother.

The next day the elders came to Mother Schweppe's house. No one smiled, and the interview was full of long silences. Annie was taken down the street, an elder in front of her, and an elder behind her. They put her in a house, far away from her mother, and gave her a double portion of work. Hermann, too, was taken to a cloister, though he went laughing.

Six months' separation, six months' fasting, prayer, and hard work was required, and if after that ordeal the two still wished to be married the elders would consider the matter.

A week passed, Hermann and Annie had sat in their places at the morning service, and it chanced that they, with meekly folded hands, emerged from the two doors of the church at the same moment. Suddenly each one advanced to the other, they met, and walked together. The elders were so astounded that for a moment no one could speak. There had never been such an audacious breach of the rules. Even the most venerable members of the community were dumfounded.

The whistle of an approaching train awoke them all to action. "Disobedience!" the chief elder cried, and all the elders hurried down the street to the railway station. Here they found Hermann and Annie, repentant and defiant. There was a brief storm of angry words.

"We give you but one year to consider," said the long-faced chief elder.

"You may never show your faces here again if you come not back within the year."

"Thou, Hermann, leavest thy aged father, and thou, Annie, thy mother," said another, more kindly.

Annie looked down at her blue calico gown and her rough shoes. "What have they done for us?" she cried.

They ascended the steps of the car. "Give them good-by!" called Hermann, petulantly. "We come back no more."

"All the world loves a lover," said Herr Tappan to Mother Schweppe, sadly, "but the lover loves no one but himself and his sweetheart."

So Hermann and Annie went to the city. They were happy, and there seemed to be no ghosts at their fireside.

"Father and mother think more of their carrots than they do of us," they would say, merrily, when they spoke of Amama at all.

In May their baby was born. He was a beautiful child, and Hermann and Annie never tired of watching him. Hermann could scarcely tear himself away from baby to attend his patients. Contagious diseases he refused to treat. Baby might catch them. Annie's face grew softer as she looked at the child. For hours they would amuse themselves watching him clasp a lead pencil in his chubby fingers. They cut off a lock of his baby hair and saved it in the Bible.

"Whom does the baby look like, Annie?" asked Hermann, carelessly, one day.

"Like you did when you were a baby, I suppose," answered Annie, gayly. Suddenly a startled look came into her eyes. The thought came to Hermann at the same moment. He dropped on his knees before the child. "Did they think of me as we think of our baby?" he whispered. Annie was sobbing.

"God may yet forgive us," she cried. "The year is not ended. We may still return."

The good God had not ended Mother Schweppe's life. Herr Tappan, too, was still trudging among his vegetables, when Hermann and Annie came back.

"It would have been a year to-morrow, already," Herr Tappan said, stolidly, but his withered lips went trembling, and he embraced Hermann and Annie and blessed them.

And Mother Schweppe paddled back to her cellar with a sly smile, returning full-banded. "I have all this time since last autumn kept six bottles of wine for thee, Hermann," she said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Things Invented by Lunatics.

On the authority of the resident physician of a lunatic asylum, a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, now in daily use everywhere, was invented by the inmate of an asylum. No name is given, because the inventor is now quite cured, and is a somewhat prominent man, but his invention, designed and modeled while he was perfectly mad, has since brought him thousands of dollars. Another lunatic invented a simple automatic contrivance to be fixed on the heads of lawn tennis rackets to pick up the ball without stooping, and so satisfied was the doctor of there being money in it that he advised the inventor's friends to secure a patent for him in case he should become cured.

THE PARTITION OF CHINA

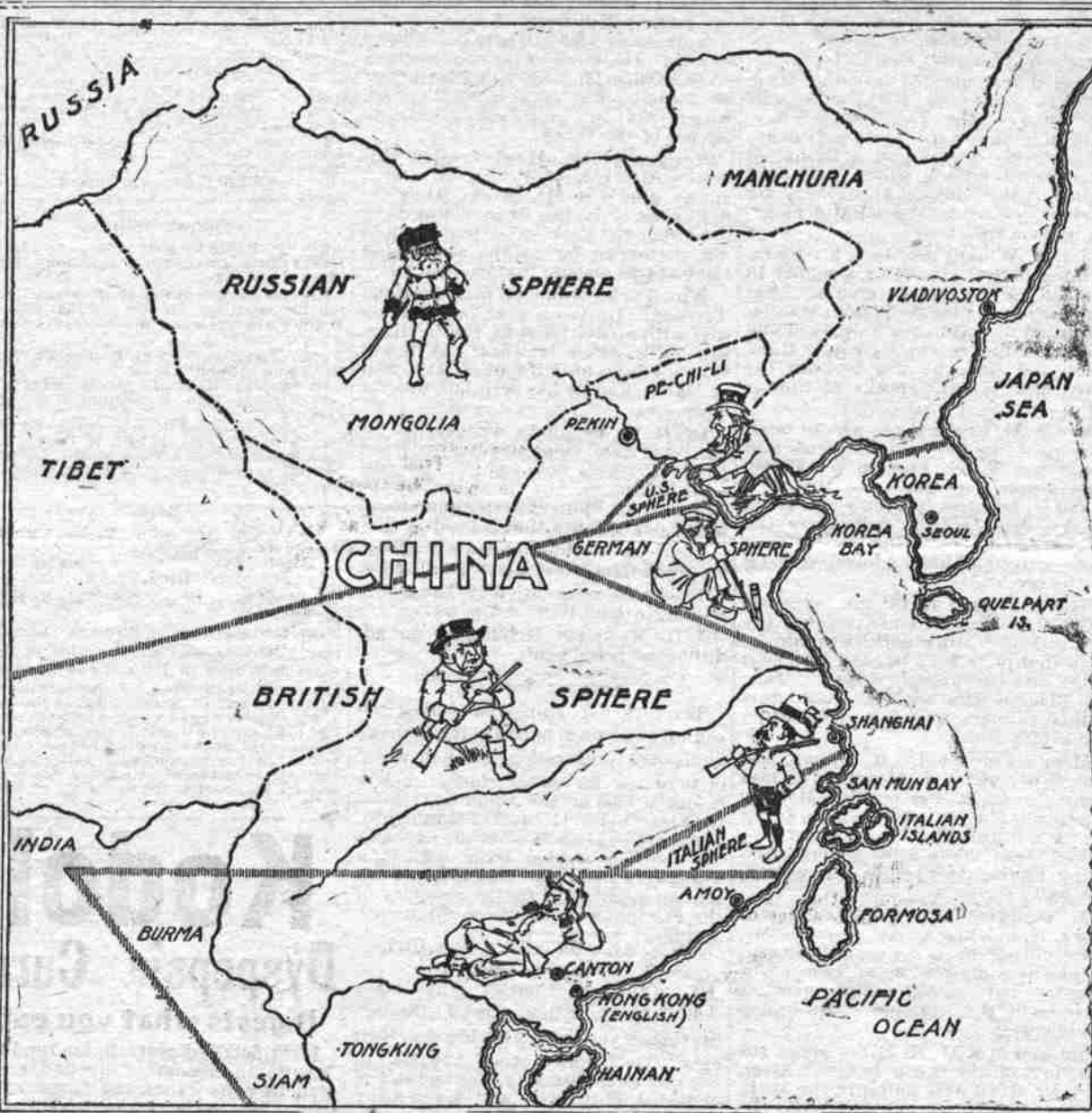
THE fall of the Chinese empire and its actual partition among the western peoples have furnished one of the most dramatic spectacles to be found in the history of the nations. It came about through the Chinese-Japanese war. The pretensions of a vast empire were exposed within three months. The war demonstrated that China was made up not of one people, but of many peoples—peoples who spoke different languages, had differing customs, entertained differing beliefs, held differing ambitions. In a general way, it had been known that a man from Canton could with difficulty make himself understood in Hong-Kong, but the world dreamed of nothing like the racial separation which existed within the far-reaching confines of the fowery kingdom. All of these interior and exterior peoples believed in a vague way that the emperor was the son of the sun, but they were not willing to fight for it. The generals were venal, cowardly or incompetent. The navy was a sham. The army was not above the ridiculous. The state was rotten through and through. Japan accomplished the expedition, but was held off. It wished to seize Korea and a large part of the Chinese mainland. It got only some money and the Formosan islands, which have been a white elephant. Russia, Germany and France interfered. England was appealed to, but failed to interfere. England fights only its own battles.

The vast Chinese kingdom was left open and palpitating. The emperor's head rolled uneasily on his shoulders.

north and is being surveyed by Russian engineers. With these territories Russia dominates every caravan route through Koko-Nor and Turkestan. The price has been high.

Directly south of the Russian "sphere" lies the British "sphere." The space, occupying the center of the map, includes the great Yang-tse valley. For more than a quarter of a century it has been regarded as the bondswoman of British trade. This is China—actual China—the China of the Chinese, not the China of the Manchurians or the Manchu dynasty. It contains 300,000,000 people, or three-fourths of the entire population of the empire. It contains hundreds of huge cities. It is twenty times worth the other portions of the kingdom. It is, so far as cultivation is concerned, the garden of the world. The seat of the British government of this royal territory is now and has been for many years Shanghai. Until last year not one of the European governments had sought to question the British right to control this valley. Russia now denies it absolutely. Pavloff asserts that British dominance of the Yang-tse is a myth; that no guaranteed rights of possession have been granted to England by China and that Russia has every right to build through the valley or to take any action she may please looking to the development of Russian trade. It is over the valley of the Yang-tse that battles of the future may be fought.

Impinging upon the British "sphere" to the south is the French "sphere." Russia has gained its foothold through



MAP SHOWING FOREIGN "SPHERES" IN CHINA.

Rebels were to the north, south, east and west of him. His revenues were stopped. Anarchy threatened. His family had been taught by more than fifty years of experience that it costs money to appeal to England. He knew little of Russia, beyond the fact that it had proved friendly in fending off Japan. He turned to Russia. That country acquired promptly. The price paid has been greater than Britain would have exacted. Russian agents swarmed into Manchuria. Russian troops followed them in thousands and are still there. Russian ships prowled along the coasts, the waving black lines of smoke signaling to him that his powerful friend was still aiding him.

Mr. Pavloff, Russian representative at Peking, elected himself the special guide, counselor and friend of the tsung-li-yamen and it was forced to take his advice. Russia demanded and obtained treaty rights, occupancy rights, railway concessions, mining privileges, changes in customs and anything else which the Czar's minister thought might prove of advantage. The Chinese government acted like a child. It pointed and whimpered, it appealed tearfully to England one day; the next it would not receive the English ambassador. It lied to Russia, to Germany, to England. Steadily the Russian pressure continued. Nothing could lighten it. It is still exerted. Nominally leasing only a part of the Liatong peninsula Russia now controls all of Manchuria, which is being opened by the Siberian and Manchurian railways. It controls all of the province of Pe-Chee-lee, which includes Peking. It controls Shanshi and Shensi, over which a Belgian corporation (which hides a Russian corporation) is driving a railway. It controls Kansu, unexplored, but said to be rich in minerals, and the northern part of Tibet. This mysterious land, which is closed to England from the south, is wide open to Russia from the

diplomacy and promises of aid. France has fought for hers. French diplomacy in China has not been a success. The French have been compelled to find excuses for wars and to take with the strong hand. Years have been spent by the Gallic government in endeavoring to increase its holdings in Annam. It has succeeded only in obtaining concessions to build two railways. It is contemplated that one of these shall go north to a point on the Yang-tse River, where it is to join a Russian road running south from Peking. If the scheme is carried out the Yang-tse valley, now dominated by England, will be pierced through and through by a road, one end of which will be owned by Russia and the other by France. This road would be the future grand trunk line of China; it would be dominated by French and Russian officials; its tariffs would be fixed by France and Russia; its trains would be run to suit the convenience and purposes of those countries.

The German possessions in China are much smaller than the Russian or French possessions, but are more compact and more advantageously situated. No one doubts that Russia and France agreed that Germany should have this territory when the three powers were throttling Japan. The immediate excuse for German occupation was the murder of three missionaries. A force of marines was landed at Kiaochow, the Chinese ran away, promptly the German flag was hoisted and the deed was accomplished. The result has been that Germany now owns the entire Shan-tung peninsula; has reserved the right to build railways and do mining in that part of the empire; handles the customs as a matter of course; has obtained an ice-free port for its warships, and stands ready to take a hand when the final slicing begins. It demands also the right to construct a parallel line to the contemplat-

ment of Russia's conduct after the close of her successful war. To these prospective combatants must be added Italy, presumably willing to assist England, and the United States, which favors the English policy of the "open door"—in other words, free ingress and egress for commerce to and from the empire.

Boston Mayor's Suggestion.
Mayor Quincy, of Boston, has suggested that the city should build a municipal crematory in which to incinerate the bodies of paupers, criminals and others whose burial devolves upon the city. The idea is to do away altogether with the potter's field. It is asserted that the city could cremate bodies at a cost of only \$1 each, while it costs \$3 to dig a grave. The present potter's field will be filled before the expiration of the present year. The burials now amount to about 500 a year, and increase in number yearly.

Valuable Metal.
Aluminum is now worked on a large scale for all sorts of industrial purposes, and has taken its place as one of the five or six commercial metals of the world. Weight for weight, it is already cheaper than copper and tin; it does not tarnish, is suitable for all kinds of cooking utensils, is largely used in shipbuilding and is a most valuable adjunct to metallurgy, inasmuch as a small addition of aluminum to a mold of steel or brass insures absolutely solid castings.

When newly married people read the advertisements in the street cars and in the programs at the theater, instead of talking, it is one sign their dream has ended.

The next time you think you have heart disease recall what you ate for dinner, and you will remember that you ate pie.

MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

She is Now Ending Her Days in an Institution of Charity.

By recent Congressional act the pension of Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, which she receives as a widow of a soldier in the Mexican war, has been increased from \$8 to \$30 a month, a rather small income for one who once presided over the social functions of the White House.

Mrs. Semple is a daughter of President Tyler, and on the death of her mother acted for a time as the mistress of the White House. She is a woman of rare qualities of mind, a pretty wit and keen sense of humor, and has many amusing stories to tell of the great men of that period. Mrs. Semple's entire fortune was lost during the civil war, and for many years she has been an inmate of the Louise



FORMER WHITE HOUSE MISTRESS.

Home, founded by the late W. W. Corcoran as a memorial to his wife and daughter. It is a remarkable institution of its kind, and its occupants, all of whom come from the aristocratic class in the South, are treated more as boarders than as dependents, but, no matter how pleasant the environment, it is still sad that a woman who at one period of her life occupied the position of the first lady in the land should spend her last days an object of charity.

When Mrs. Semple presided in the White House the demands upon her were heavy. Three days in the week were devoted to the reception of visitors, and three more devoted to the returning of calls. Mrs. Semple had the honor of christening the first iron ship which was propelled by steam in the American navy, the Allegheny. When her fortune was swept away she established an electric institute in Baltimore and presided over it eleven years, when ill-health compelled her to accept the hospitality of the Louise Home. During the war she aided in the establishment of hospitals for the sick and wounded in the South, and her jewelry was donated to the fund for the purchase of food and clothing for the Southern army.

A HISTORIC HOUSE.

Old Building on the Banks of the Brandywine to Be Restored.

Philadelphia chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Charles Carter Harrison is regent, has taken steps toward the restoration and preservation of a historic old building on the banks of the Brandywine, and has asked the co-operation of Chester County Chapter, of which Mrs. Logan is regent. This old building was the headquarters of Gen. Fraser during the battle of Brandywine, and beneath its roof Washington, La Fayette and other distinguished generals of the Continental army held conference. The house is situated on a small knob within a few hundred feet of Deborah's rock, a famous resort for Indians in the earlier days of this country. It was built in 1724 by Abiah Taylor, who had settled along the Brandywine as early as 1702, and the walls are yet in a good state of preservation. The



A HISTORIC HOUSE.

bricks with which it is built are set endwise, and the window frames, which are all quite small, are made of lead.

The descendants of revolutionary soldiers in Chester County are taking an interest in the matter, and, with the aid of Philadelphia Chapter, it is hoped that this old landmark may be placed in such condition as to insure its preservation for many years to come.

Died at 112.

A certified centenarian named Kohn died recently in Vienna, aged 112 years. His age is attested by the public notary and by the Secretary of the Jewish community at Fraunkirchen, in Hungary, where he was born. He acted as a guide for the French staff on its way to the River Raab in Napoleon I's time. He was twice married, and only ill twice, once when 100 years old and again when 109. He retained his sight, hearing and appetite to the end, but was weak in the legs.

Dogskin Clothes.

In Northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin. There are many establishments where dogs of a peculiar breed are raised for their skins. They are killed when eight months old.

When a man and a woman marry, either his kin or hers has to be side-tracked, and it is usually his.