

## THE ROAD LEADS HOME.

Oh, pilgrim, as you journey, do you ever gladly say,  
In spite of heavy burdens and the roughness of the way,  
That it does not surely matter—all the strange and bitter stress,  
Heat and cold, and toll and sorrow—'twill be healed with blessedness  
For the road leads home?

Home! the safe and blissful shelter where is glad and full content,  
And companionship of kindred; and the treasures early rent  
From your holding shall be given back more precious than before.  
Oh, you will not mind the journey with such blessedness in store.  
When the road leads home.

Oh, you will not mind the roughness nor the steepness of the way,  
Nor the chill, unrested morning, nor the dreariness of the day;  
And you will not take a turning to the left or to the right,  
But go straight ahead, nor tremble at the coming of the night.  
For the road leads home.

And often for your comfort you will read the guide and chart,  
It has wisdom for the mind and sweet solace for the heart;  
It will serve you as a mentor, it will guide you sure and straight  
All the time that you will journey, be the ending soon or late—  
And the road leads home.  
—New Orleans Picayune.

## IN MISFORTUNE

IN Bettina's cottage, where she sat and spun while her childish old grandparents nodded in their chairs beside the fireplace, all was as clean as it could have been in a palace, but she had hard work to fill those two old mouths and her own also. There was no one else to do it.

The lady at the great house bought her flax and paid well for it. But, after all, Bettina had but two hands, and two little brown hands cannot do all the world's work. I used to say to myself that the time should come when Bettina should not work at all. Bettina and I had been betrothed two years. We were betrothed still, and no nearer marriage, though I had striven with all my strength.

"Wait patiently," Bettina said to me sometimes. "What does it matter? We love each other; we trust each other; let us be content."

But I could not be content. Others who were as poor as we married and left their native land together to seek better fortunes elsewhere. Bettina would gladly have shared my fate, whatever it might have been, but the old grandparents bound her to her cottage and her birthplace.

As for me, I felt that if I would ever win Bettina I must leave Savoy and go to America, where so many of our country people had already gone, and whence they wrote letters that made our hearts beat with hope for the future. I told Bettina so, and though she wept, she said:

"Go, go, Bernard, and I will pray for you. It is all a girl can do."  
I had no fear that Bettina would forget me. I knew that the rich young farmer who so often rode many miles to see her longed for her love, and wooed her with all the art he had, but Bettina loved me, and love is adamant.

We crossed the sea in safety. I stood at last in a strange land and among strange people, but I found them not unkind. I found work at once. I spent little. Week by week the little heap in my moleskin pouch grew greater. I was gloriously happy. I wrote joyful letters to Bettina. She answered me as hopefully.

A year passed by—twelve long months. One more year and she would come to me. I should press my lips to hers—all would be forgotten but our meeting, and while I lived the old people should share our happiness. With such thoughts as these in my mind I entered the great factory where I work one day. I said to myself, as I threw off my jacket:

"At noontime I will write to Bettina."

I remember thinking this. I remember crossing the long room. I remember a sudden flash and crash, and the oaths of men, and a girl's mad scream. After that nothing more, until a sense of pain awakened me and I found myself lying in the dark, with my own hand, cold and clammy, lying in a great, warm, soft hand that held it tenderly.

"Where am I?" I said, and my voice sounded low and hoarse in my own ears. "Who is this?"

"It is the doctor," said a voice. "Be calm, my friend."

"Is it night?" I asked.

"It is night," said the voice.

"Why do you not light a lamp?" He made no answer.

"What has happened?"

"It was an explosion," he said after a pause. "You were hurt only, while others were killed outright."

"Doctor," I said, "is it night?"

"It is night," he said solemnly.

"But only for me," I said. "I know it. I am smitten blind."

"Try to be calm, my friend," he whispered. "It is hard—but try to bear it."

All was gone—all my hope of life, and even all that I had won in the last year. Some wretch had stolen

the little moleskin pouch from my bosom. I was a beggar and blind. I prayed to die, but I lived, and at last I grew strong again.

One day, as I sat by the hospital window, I formed a resolution. I said to myself: I can at least be brave enough to spare Bettina something. I know that if she knew the truth she would grieve bitterly and remain true to me. I know that if I were sent home, as the doctor says I might be, she would be constant forever—she would even marry me and try to feed me as she does her helpless ones. That shall never be. I will send her word that I am dead, and then, when she has grieved a while, youth will triumph; she will marry the young farmer who loves her so truly, and is good as well as rich.

The good doctor shall write me a letter, and so as he passed I called to him and told him all.

"It will be best for her," I said. "It will set her free. She will grieve bitterly, I know, but the other lover will one day blot out my memory. Tell her I died with her name on my lips—I do. As I die, heart and soul, here before you, I have but one thought. It is Bettina."

"She loves me even as I love her," I said.

"I will write," he said. "Stay—come to my little office with me. We shall be quiet, and let me think. A woman can tell the story better than I, especially as it is touching and not quite true. I have a nurse here now who can break the news tenderly, I believe, if any one can."

He took my hand in his and led me to the room he called his office. Then he left me a moment, and when he returned I heard the rustle of a woman's garments following him.

"This is the nurse who will write the letter," he said.

"I thank her," said I. "Be gentle, madam; my Bettina has a gentle heart."

"What shall I write?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Write that I am dead," I said.

"Write that I loved her to the last. Write that I bade you tell her when her grief had passed to wed another and be happy."

The pen moved over the paper. Soon she said:

"I have written. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, if you will, madam."

"Die, unhappy girl! Your Bernard has perished. What is life to you any longer? He is dead. Had he lived, blind or maimed or helpless in any way, there would be hope for you. You could fly to him; you could comfort him; you could toll for him; you could be his sunlight. Alas! no such joy awaits you. He is gone. Lie down and die. This is all that you can do. He is dead."

"Why do you write thus?" I cried.

"Who are you? How did you come by that voice? Speak!"

Then I felt two little hands steal about my neck and a wet cheek touch mine, and a whisper came:

"Bernard, it is I. Did you not guess? Do you not know your own Bettina? The good doctor," she said, "the first day of your illness found a letter you had begun to me, and sent it with word of your misfortune, and a letter to one who could bring me to you if I desired to come. Ah, God bless him! He knew a woman's heart better than you did."

"When that letter came my dear old grandparents were lying dead. I only stayed to look upon their graves before I came to you."

"I shall never see the sweet face that I remember so well. But I know its beauty and its goodness and the love-light in the eyes too well to forget them. And I know that I am dearer to her for my misfortune, and I am happy.—Chicago Tribune.

## ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED SOIL OF MANCHURIA.



**JAPANESE STORMING THE TRENCHES OF THE RUSSIANS UNDER GEN. STACKELBERG.**  
The accompanying illustration depicts a scene in the Russo-Japanese war, when the command under Gen. Stackelberg was dispatched to the south to make a diversion in favor of Port Arthur. After severe fighting the Russians were steadily pressed back by a Japanese force advancing on Hal-Cheng and came nearly being cut off before they rejoined Kuropatkin's command around Liao-Yang. Our illustration, taken from the Illustrated London News, shows the storming of the Russian trenches by the Japanese, and in it are depicted the full horrors of a war which has assumed the character of being among the bloodiest in history. An interesting feature of the picture is the administering of the right of the church by a priest of the Orthodox persuasion.

### A POOR SEINFUL.

"Why, James Perkins!" ejaculated Mrs. Perkins, as her husband entered the kitchen, dripping wet. "Where on earth have you been to, and what have you been doing?" The captain replied grimly that he had "been saving Hank," and then he began to collect a dry wardrobe. His wife, meanwhile, pursued her inquiries.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked.

"Just what I say. Captain Hank was fool enough to fall off of Billy's wharf and like to drown himself. Me and Billy's been seining for him."

"Seining?"

"Yes'm, seining. And what's more, he was the poorest seinfal I ever pursued up."

Mrs. Perkins made no further comment. The captain retired to an adjoining room and wiped the water from his hair and face and changed his clothes. Then he sat down before the stove to tell about it.

"Hank and Billy and me was a-setting in a row on the edge of Billy's wharf," he said, at last, "and Hank, as usual, set out to count up his money to make sure he hadn't lost any of it since he counted it last. He had as much as a dollar and a half in one hand, and his empty purse in the other, when crack went the railing, and Hank went over into the ocean."

"Why didn't you and Billy go in, too?" queried Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, me'n Billy didn't happen to be engaged in counting anything, so we grabbed the edge of the wharf and saved ourselves. Hank, he went down plumb to the bottom, and come up blowing like a porpoise."

"I saw right off he wasn't swimming any, and when he yells for help I mistrusted something was up, so I jumped in an' grabbed him. I got a good holt and brought him up to the splings on the end of the wharf."

"'Catch a-holt,' says I, 'and me and Billy'll git you out in a minute.' 'I can't catch a-holt,' he says, spluttering out a lot of water."

"'Why not?' says I."

"'I got my hands full of money,' he says."

"Well, that made me some disgusted, but Billy, he set on the wharf an' laughed till he like to bust."

"'I'll get ye out, ye old shark,' he says, and first thing I know there come a bight of his big seine over the edge of the wharf. I see the idea, and chucked the thing down under Hank. When we had him pursued up I climbed up on the wharf, and we put the line through the fall of Billy's davies, and swung him up to the wharf."

"Was he grateful?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, yes, fer Hank, I reckon he was grateful. He opened his fist and see he had the dollar and half-dollar safe. Then he went up to the post-office and had Hiram split the half into two quarters. That was the smallest change Hiram had. Hank gave one of them to Billy and one to me."

"Yes'm, I took it. It ain't often Hank has them moments of generosity, and, as Billy says, to refuse to give him the chance to work one of 'em would be cruelty to animals."—Youth's Companion.

**A General Misunderstanding.**  
A Boston entomologist, who has shown the toad to be one of the farm-

er's best friends, said recently, "The toad has been misunderstood in the past, as much misunderstood as a certain friend of mine who was taking a 'alking tour.'"

One night he put up at a small country hotel. The next morning, at breakfast, the landlord said to him:

"Did you enjoy the cornet-playing in the room next to yours last night?"

"Enjoy it!" my friend sneered. "I should think not. Why, I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make the man stop."

"It must have been a misunderstanding," said the landlord, sorrowfully.

"The cornet-player told me that the person in the next room applauded him so heartily that he went over every piece he knew three times."

### A \$1,400 STENOGRAPHER.

Miss Minnette Thompson, an Expert in Employ of the Government.

There's something typical about the case of Miss Minnette Thompson, "stenographer and typewriter," in the Interior Department, says a Washington correspondent. Her father was Prof. John E. Thompson, a pioneer in the educational movement in the District of Columbia. He was



MISS MINNETTE THOMPSON.

supervising principal of schools, and taught the boys while the late Mrs. E. D. E. Southworth, the novelist, taught the girls.

"Such a thing as that father could die we had never thought of," said Miss Thompson.

But he died fifteen years ago, and the aristocratic thoroughbred girl took up the fight, not for herself alone, but for mothers and sisters. First she taught school. Then the higher salaried position in the government service was secured for her.

"There is more money in it than in teaching," she said, "but the nervous strain is incomparably greater. A stenographer is kept incessantly on edge; her nerves are stretched to the utmost; the workday is long and there is no recreation. You may have been told that the Washington departments are full of drones. It is not true. There is no more faithful, loyal, hard-working and conscientious individual in the world than the government clerk. Of course, there are those who do not want to work and who shirk. But you find them in private offices and in stores. You can't exterminate the breed."

Miss Thompson is now earning \$1,400 per annum. She is considered

among the most expert of the stenographers in the department and is particularly valuable because she has mastered the technical details of the service, which no newcomer, however expert as a shorthand writer, could hope to understand.

### HIGH PITCH IS DOOMED.

Musicians in General Pleased with Coming Universal Change.

Musicians in general, and singers especially, will welcome the news that the use of a concert or high pitch is on the decline, and that international or low pitch will soon be the only one to be used either for concert, band, orchestra or singing. The fact that this change is taking place is shown more than in anything else, in the manufacture of wind instruments. All of the large manufacturers are now making low pitch instruments extensively. There is hardly a house in the country that is not pushing them, and the time is not far distant when all orchestras and bands will be using international-pitched instruments. The American Federation of Musicians is talking the matter up and urging the adoption of the new idea, which will greatly benefit many.

The reasons for the change are many, the principal one being that the music produced is of a much richer quality and harmony is more exquisite when produced in these instruments. It is well known that the lower registers of the clarinet, flute, violin, cornet and in fact nearly every concert instrument, are much more pleasing to the ear than the higher ones, and that the harmony is richer. Even the piano has a sweeter tone when tuned to international pitch. For these reasons the adoption of the low pitch is to be hoped for, as it will make all orchestras and band music of a finer quality.

But the instruments will not be the only ones that will be helped by the change. Singers will find it much more beneficial than the others as it will give them a chance to sing without crowding their voices to the top limit. For some time past opera companies have been using a pitch between concert and international for the purpose of relieving their singers, and the adoption of the low pitch will be another step which will benefit them greatly.

### From a Safe Distance.

The conveniences of modern science render it possible to communicate disagreeable news with safety to the sender. The New York Sun tells this story of a nine-year-old boy whose mother thought that he was entirely lacking in guile. Perhaps his father was not so sure of it.

"One day the boy was practicing the 'McGinasty curve,' when the ball went through a large pane of colored glass in the library. His mother discovered it, and asked, in her sternest voice, 'Who did that?'

"I did, but I didn't mean to do it. The ball slipped."

"Well, what do you suppose your father will say when he knows it?"

"He knows it now. I told him."

"You told him? Do you mean that when you saw what you had done you went right down to his office and told him?"

"No, I didn't go to the office. I called him up on the telephone."

We have just one thing to ask of Saint Peter: That he let us pick out a few we don't want around when our record is read.