

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 Hai-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 saving him."

"Seining?" "Yes'm, seining. And what's more, he was the poorest seinful 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 rest about it.

"Hank and Billy and me was a-seining in a row on the edge of Billy's wharf," he said, at last, "and Hank, so usual, set out to coast up his nose 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's 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 trusts something was up, so I jumped in an' grabbed him. I got a good hold and brought him up to the springs 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 seins over the edge of the wharf. I see the idea, and clucked the thing down under Hank. When we had him pers'd up I climb d'ny on the wharf, and we put the line through the fall of Billy's davies, and sang 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 then moments of sea-rosy, and, as Billy says, to refuse to give him the chance to work one of 'em, would be cruelty to animals."—South's Companion.

HIGH PITCH IS DOOMED.

Enthusiasm in General Focused with London Universal Change.

Musicians in general, and singers especially, will welcome the news that the use of a concert or high-pitched note is the devil, and that high-pitched or low-pitched will soon be the thing to be used either for concert, recitation or singing. The fact that the change is taking place in the world that is anything else, in the use of wind instruments, are the only ones that have not yet been changed to a lower pitch.

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 taking 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.

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. N. 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 drowsers. 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.

THIS DOG TRAVELS.

And He Is a Prime Favorite with All the Railroad Employes.

For two months Roxy traveled every day between Garden City and Hempstead. He would appear on the station platform at just the right time to take a train, and always seemed to know the exact time scheduled for the coming in or going out of the various trains. Where he kept his time table nobody knew, but he evidently had one.

One day he was missing, and there was consternation among the men, who had grown fond of him. For two days nothing was heard of him, and grave looks were exchanged when the question was asked many times during those two days: "Seen anything of Roxy?"

Then came good news, for it was learned he had extended his travels. He had gone as far as Long Island City, stayed all night, taken several rides on the ferryboat next morning, gone into the dock and played around the engines, then back to the station, and from the many trains standing there had picked out the Hempstead train and ridden gayly home on the engine. How glad the men were to see him at that end of the line! This was his first ride on the engine, and it soon became his favorite place. Sometimes he would ride in the passenger coach; occasionally he rode in the baggage car; but more often he was found in his favorite place, the engine. There, perched on the seat at the fireman's side—no never thought of going on the engineer's side, where, of course, he might be in the way—with two paws firmly braced on the sill, he watched the country as the train swept by.

Life now flowed along smoothly for Roxy. The conductor kept his word and spoke to the "boys," and the result was a handsome nickel-plated collar made to order for the dog. On one side of the collar is a brass plate bearing the single word in large letters, "Trainman." On the other side is a similar plate, on which are engraved the words:

RAILROAD ROLY.

Garden City, L. I.

Presented by the boys of the L. I. R. R. Branch, Y. M. C. A. From his collar hangs the license tag, which protects him from the official dog-catcher, allowing him to wander safely at the promptings of his will.—St. Nicholas.

Coal Man's Chief Worker.

Coal has become man's chief worker, and horse labor and human manual labor are slowly being pushed aside. In the great transformation it has been brain power that has triumphed over brute strength. Man first sought to shift his burden to the backs of the beasts of the field, and the horse became his patient friend and assistant; but now he seeks to harness the elemental forces of nature to do his bidding. The burden is thus lightened without cruelty to any living creature; neither man nor beast has had his labor increased, but steadily decreased.—St. Nicholas.

T-R-O-S-T-Y

"How Mr. Casselot's expression has hardened!"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He used to have a mobile countenance. Now it is an automobile countenance."—Washington Star.

F-R-A-N-C-I-S-M

She—in your bachelor clubs what is the penalty for marrying? He—Marriage.—Illustrated Bits.

Popular Science.

The risk of gangrene from carbolic acid dressings is not generally appreciated by physicians. In the view of Dr. G. E. Shoemaker. Harm does not usually follow the applications, but one author has found recorded 132 cases of gangrene from dilute solutions of 1 to 5 per cent applied for about twenty-four hours. The effect is usually produced without pain.

The recent development of rice-culture into one of the leading industries of the Gulf States has established the fact that American rice is of a very high grade. Proof is furnished from Cuba, where rice is eaten at every meal, and where the American product has already won the reputation of being superior in richness of flavor and in nutritive quality to the rice of India, China or Japan.

One of the disadvantages of woollen bobbins in spinning and weaving mills is the irregularity in their revolution during damp weather, when the wood is swollen with moisture, which results in frequent breaking of the threads. Recently, in some European mills, aluminum bobbins have been substituted for the woollen ones, with many advantages. The metal not only is not affected by changes of humidity, but is lighter than the wood formerly employed in making bobbins, and this results in a swifter movement of the machinery without increase of motive power.

The plants used as substitutes for soap have been investigated by L. R. Southall. These are especially numerous among the leguminous plants with albizia and acacia at the head of the list. The roots and root stalks and bulbs are mostly used, then the bark, and sometimes the leaves and fruit. An East Indian plant supplies blossoms that may be employed. The cleansing property of the plants seems to be due to saponine, and to depend upon the production by this substance of very finely divided particles in the form of an emulsion. The vegetable soap is claimed to have the advantage that—being neutral or slightly acid—it contains no free alkali to injure colors. It is stated that one plant alone—musa paradisica—has sap containing sodium oleate, and that it serves as soap without containing saponine.

A new application of the phonograph has been found in the Psychological Laboratory of Cornell University. Hitherto, in testing degrees of deafness, the human voice has generally been regarded as furnishing the most useful standard, but a great source of irregularity in the results is the difficulty of standardizing the tests. Owing to the natural variety among voices, it has been impossible to obtain a common unit of measurement. Recent improvements in phonograph construction, however, offer a solution of this difficulty. A permanent record of a hard cylinder furnishes a test which can be reproduced at will in any place the same voice being always heard. The pitch and the intensity can be easily controlled, and it is possible by means of duplicate ear-tubes to examine several persons simultaneously.

Soldier Is a B d Husband.

Divorces in the United States are on the increase, according to figures published by the census bureau. The latest show that five out of every 1,000 men married are living in a state of divorce.

The census returns disprove the theory that early marriage leads oftenest to divorce. A note of warning is also sounded to women who persist in marrying men of the roving class who enter on matrimony late in life and for the guidance of those who ought to know it is figured out in cold and passionless statistics of just what classes of employment men are most frequently seen in the divorce courts.

Census figures on divorce reveal the relative fickleness of men according to their following in life. This table based on the number of those divorced out of every 1,000 married, showed some interesting comparisons: Soldiers, marines and sailors, 24; hostlers, 18; actors, 17; agricultural laborers, 15; bartenders, 15; servants and waiters, 13; woodchoppers, 12; musicians and teachers of music, 12; stock raisers, herders and drovers, 10; photographers, 10; paper-hangers, 10; barbers and hairdressers, 9; lumber men and raftmen, 9; clock and watch makers and repairers, 9; painters, glass lers and varnishers, 9.

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 the 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 'McGinnity 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 bad.

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 toil and sorrow—'till 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 fax 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 so 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 would 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 outthrust 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."

That shall never be. I will send her word that I am dead, and then, when she has grieved a while, you 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. "I 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 toil 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 this?" 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 a sad bit 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 his beauty and his goodness and the love-light in the eyes too well to forget them. And I know that I am dear to her for my misfortune, and I am happy.—Chicago Tribune.

A General Misunderstanding.

A Boston entomologist, who has shown the road to be one of the farmer's best friends, said recently, "The toad has been misunderstood in the past, so much misunderstood as a certain friend of mine who was taking a walking tour."

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

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

"Enjoy it!" my friend answered. "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."

The Dumbwaiter

Doctor—So you think you have no somnolence? Spoiled Darling—Sure of it, doctor, I can't sleep after 9 o'clock in the morning.—Detroit Free Press.