

The Peace of Home.
It comes to me often in silence,
When the freighted quill is low,
When the black, uncertain shadows
Sweep wreaths of the long days,
From some wreath of the long days,
That thrill each pulsing vein,
The old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again,
For the peace of home again,
When the peace of home comes there's
A smile
That never may die away,
And it seems that the hands of angels
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning gladness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
And my heart beats time to the music
When the peace of home comes again.
Epitaph of my dearest window
Let the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in,
Softening the light and mornings,
To the splash of the autumn rain,
While I dream of gladsome greetings,
When the peace of home comes again.
—Oliver V. Berkley.

THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

"Now," said Richard Lacy, with a smile which denoted intense joy, "my chum has come at last!"
He threw down the letter and re-lighted his pipe, smiling quietly to himself. An old friend of his, who had made great fun and some money as a novelist, Edmund Shelton, had had selected him to illustrate a condition of five of his famous novels, "Clair Ingelow," which you have no doubt read, and had offered very liberal terms. Here was the opportunity for which Richard Lacy had been waiting ever since he came to London, a youth of seventeen, more than ten years ago.
It was a struggling artist, who painted pictures (which never sold) in the daytime, and earned his bread and cheese at night by designing for the stationary trade, and such black and white as he could get hold of. He managed to make about \$750 a year, one-third of which went for the rent of the giant, bare studio in which he worked, and the little bedroom attached in which he slept. The purchase of materials exhausted another third, and on the remaining \$250, he lived, but did not grow fat.
Unless he could in some way arrest the attention of the public, he would probably remain all his life an ill-paid designer. True, by some freak of fortune, one of his pictures had once been exhibited at the Royal Academy. But it was "skid," not a single critic noticed it, and it was produced in none of the illustrated catalogues. Even now he was in debt for its very gorgeous frame.
But surely fate smiled at last. An illustrator of a celebrated novel he could not fail to be talked about. He must at once consider what models he would require for the work. If he could only—
A timid girl sat at the door interrupted his soliloquy. "Come in."
A tall young girl stood before him. She was not exactly beautiful, but with an artist's instinct, he at once noticed the poise of her head and her shapely hand. She was neatly dressed and she hesitated.
"Good morning," he said, at length.
"Model?"
She nodded gravely and handed him a card. "Mary Blackwood" was the name it bore. Evidently she was a beginner at the business. The old hands never called on him, for they knew his means would not allow him to engage a model, except very occasionally. Besides, her manner seemed to indicate that she had never been inside a studio before. He was rather attracted by her erect bearing and simple air. Models are usually inclined to be stately.
"Well, I may be wanting a model shortly," Lacy said; "may I ask what your terms are?"
She stated them. They were ridiculously low.
"Perhaps you could call to-morrow, and I could then say whether you would be likely to suit me."
"Very good, sir. I will call at two o'clock. Thank you." And with a quiet "Good morning" and another grave little nod she was gone.
Soon afterwards he caught himself trying to imitate her deliciously low voice. She ought, he said to himself, to make an admirable model for Clair Ingelow.
When Richard Lacy had had three sittings from Mary Blackwood, he began to wonder how in the world he would have got on without her. Not only had she read "Clair Ingelow," but she seemed thoroughly to understand the somewhat difficult character

of Clair. She was ever ready with useful suggestions. He admitted to himself that she really inspired his pencil. He looked forward with eagerness to her visits. Not that they were particularly lively affairs. Miss Blackwood spoke only as occasion demanded, and Lacy was not one of those artists who can talk and work simultaneously.
From chance remarks he gathered that she had no relations, and that she lived with a friend older than herself, who was also a model, and who had persuaded her to follow the same calling. He also learnt that his was the first studio in which she had set up.
One day when she came he was almost prostrated by a more than usually severe headache, a complaint from which he frequently suffered. In the middle of the morning's work she suddenly jumped up.
"Why, Mr. Lacy, you are ill!" she cried.
"Only one of my headaches," he said, faintly and wearily. "You know I often have them. But I think I will sit down a bit."
Then he fainted.
When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying on the only couch which the studio boasted, while Mary Blackwood stood over him with a bottle of smelling salts.
"Where do you keep the tea?" she asked, with a smile. "I must make you a cup at once."
He pointed to a cupboard.
Years afterwards he remembered the quiet joy with which he watched her quick, graceful movements as she set about preparing that tea. To a man accustomed to living alone and "doing for himself" nothing is more delicious than the sight of a charming and sympathetic woman performing those simple domestic offices which an unkind fate has compelled him to do show clumsily for himself.
"By the way," Lacy said as he contentedly sipped the tea, "how came I on this couch?"
"I carried you there," said Mary, with a suspicion of red in her cheeks. "Oh, or I see!"
I missed my nother for three years before she died, and I know what to do; and you aren't very heavy."
"Far too heavy for your strength," he said. And then he thanked her quite politely, and she said that really it was nothing.
Really it was a very great deal. From that day they were no longer artist and model, but close friends. Richard suddenly discovered that it was necessary for Mary to sit four times a week instead of three. He explained that if she did not he would have a difficulty in finishing the drawings by the appointed time. Then he said he would like to paint her portrait as "Clair Ingelow" for the Academy, which would open in a couple of months.
"But how about finishing the drawings for the book?" she questioned, with a longing glance from beneath her long eyelashes.
"Well, I think that painting a portrait of you would help me considerably with the black and white work. It's rather difficult to explain," he added, after a pause, "but I'm sure it would help."
"Quite so, I think I understand," she replied, sweetly.
No doubt she did.
It was about this time that Richard found he could talk and work as well. They discussed everything; and the man discovered to his surprise that in all domains of knowledge outside art, the woman was his equal. It was remarkable that their discussions never ended with the sittings. Richard said that perhaps if he took more exercise he might have less headaches, and so he fell into the habit of escorting her to her rooms, and even at her door he remembered many things that he wanted to say. During one of these walks Mary remarked that the portrait was nearly completed.
"Of course you will call it "Clair Ingelow"?" she said.
"Yes; I suppose I must," was the reply, "but I could suggest at least two better titles."
"Indeed? And may I ask what they are?"
"Well, one is 'The Dearest Girl in the World,' and the other: 'Portrait of the Artist's Wife.'"
She was silent. It was dark, and the road was deserted. His arm crept round her waist. She looked up, and her lips met his, descending to meet them.
And so it was arranged.
The picture, being at last finished, was dispatched with much trembling. Richard said it ought to be accepted, the subject was so fine. Mary said it ought to be accepted, the handling was so masterly. They were both right.

The eagerly-expected and much-prized varnishing ticket duly arrived, but Lacy was unable to make use of it, in spite of Mary's nursing. His attacks of headache had lately become more frequent and more severe, and on the eventful day he was incapable of movement. It occurred to Mary that he ought to see a doctor. The doctor examined him closely, and then said, "I think your best course is to consult an oculist."
"I can see perfectly well," Lacy said, with some astonishment.
"I know you can now," the doctor answered; "but I feel convinced that your headaches proceed from weakness of the eyes."
Richard's brow became chummy. He said nothing about it to Mary, and went privately to a great specialist in Harley Street.
"You must have absolute rest for two or three years," said the great man.
"But I can't—I must live!"
"If you don't rest, you will be blind before you are thirty-five."
Every word knocked heavily at his heart, and he left the consulting-room in a maze. With great difficulty he gathered sufficient courage to tell Mary. She remained silent a little.
"Then, of course, you must give your poor eyes a rest, dear," she said.
"But how?"
"Well, you will have the money for the 'Clair Ingelow' drawings, perhaps the picture will sell. Someone is sure to buy it."
"The money for the drawings won't last six months, and pictures by unknown artists never sell."
"Then how do unknown artists become known artists?"
"It's a mystery. How does a scribble become a butterfly?"
"Well, I can earn a little." She was determined to keep cheerful for his sake.
He closed her mouth with a kiss.
"No!" he said, "I shall give myself six months' holiday; that is all I can afford. And then I must begin again and take my chances. Perhaps the doctors are mistaken. They often are."
"Yes, very often," echoed Mary.
With a smile and a glance which expressed her sympathy better than any words could, she left him. When she was alone she began to cry very quietly.
Poor fellow!
It was the day of the Private View, and Lacy sat in his studio, wondering if any among the brilliant crowd at Burlington House had cast a passing glance at his picture. The day wore on. Towards dusk a telegram came, reply paid. "What is name and address," it ran, "of lady who sat for Clair Ingelow—Mark Ffolitt, Bedford Row."
Now, everyone knew Mark Ffolitt. He was the solicitor, and acted for half the aristocracy. His was a familiar figure in artistic and theatrical circles. Of course he had attended the Private View.
What could it mean?
Lacy telegraphed back the required information.
He went to see Mary next morning.
"Richard, dear," she began almost immediately, "I know I'm a broken nut, but I think we ought to get married at once. Then I can keep an eye on you to see that you don't work."
"Don't joke, dear girl," he said, with a tremor in his voice. "I've been thinking, and I've made up my mind that I ought to release you, as there's no prospect of my being able to keep even myself, to say nothing of a family."
"Then I shall sue you for damages for breach of promise."
"Richard seemed to be in no mood for pleasantry, and looked out of the window.
Mary went softly up to him, and showed him a letter which she had that morning received from Mr. Mark Ffolitt, of Bedford Row. It set forth, with the usual legal formality of phrase, how the writer, catching sight of Mr. Lacy's picture at the academy, had been astonished at the likeness which it bore to a Miss Norris, who, twenty years since, had several times visited his office in company with her uncle, Sir James Norris, who was an old client of his; that Sir James Norris had died about a year ago, intestate; that it had been discovered that the deceased left no relations, except his niece, and that the latter had married a gentleman named Blackwood, and subsequently died leaving a daughter; that Mr. Ffolitt had hitherto been unable to trace the issue of this marriage; and, finally, that he was convinced that the original of "Clair Ingelow" must be the daughter of Mrs. Blackwood, and heiress to \$150,000 and a country house.

"I remember," said Mary, when Richard read the letter, "that mother used to mention her uncle, Sir James, sometimes, and tell me how rich he was. That was after father died," she added thoughtfully, "and we were very poor then."
"Mary," Richard said, "accept my congratulations. But of course a girl worth \$150,000 and an ancestral hall won't throw herself away on a penniless artist."
"Won't she?" was the reply. A kiss momentarily stopped the progress of the conversation. "Just try her," Richard had a holiday extending over three years, and so on. His eyesight, he puts A. B. C. after his name, and paints portraits for \$5,000 apiece. But Mary always tells the children that the best portrait their father ever did was that of "Clair Ingelow."—(Youke Blue.)
"Stickers" on Silver Coins.
"Stickers" are giving the government a lot of bother. They are circular bits of paper with advertisements on the face and postage on the back. Made by the lick of the tongue to adhere to the reverse of a silver dollar, one of these little posters is just big enough to fit inside of the milled rim. They have been coming widely into use in the West and South. Every time a merchant receives a cartwheel dollar in the way of business he slips a sticker upon it, which reads, "Take me back to Bunn's cheap furniture store, where you get the biggest value for each," or, "Return me to Stanzas, the drygoods man, and I will fetch a bargain."
This ingenious idea is copyrighted by a Columbia man, who prints and supplies the milled stickers to merchants at so much a thousand. His circulars, distributed broadcast over the country, suggest to shopkeepers the better make haste to avoid themselves of this novel method of advertising before a law is passed forbidding it. Meanwhile, dollars with stickers on them are flowing into the treasury from all over the United States. Bankers and business houses are writing every day to the department, begging it to abate the nuisance, which, as the West has already spread alarmingly.
Many people are unwilling to accept the sticker dollars, and so the circulation of Uncle Sam's coins is interfered with. Most banks will not take them, because the treasury has issued a notification to the effect that it will not accept or redeem them. It holds the ground that they are defaced and are not legal tender on that account. It is true that they might be restored to their original perfection by removing the stickers, but Secretary Cullis has no appreciation for scraping them off. The postage employed is of so excellent a quality that twelve hours' soaking does not remove the paper from the silver.
Furthermore, the covering up of one side of the coin renders it greatly more difficult to discover whether the latter is a counterfeit or not. Chief Drummond of the secret service showed to your correspondent a specimen of the finest imitation dollar ever struck with a die. It is plated with silver, and few experts could distinguish it from a real one. The deception was considerably enhanced by a sticker on the reverse advertising a shoe house in Ottumwa, Iowa. Were this practice permitted manufacturers of false money would make a business of putting on the backs of their bogus pieces advertisements bearing the names of reputable shopkeepers. Thus, unscrupulous respectable merchant would not knowingly be led astray to publish his business, his credit would help the counterfeiters to gain circulation; also, how is anybody to know that the side of the dollar concealed by the sticker has not been scooped out and filled with lead.—Boston Transcript.

MILKED BY SNAKES.

A Farmer's Experience with a Colony of Milk Adders.

How the Reptiles Reduced His Supply of Milk.

Farmer Colby, who runs a boarding house in summer at Bull's Lake, N. J., has a large number of cows, and thrives partly on the sales of milk and butter. Attached to the cow stable is a corral, where the animals are kept in warm weather.
The mind of Farmer Colby has been disturbed ever since the pastures began to get green, and the reason is that his cows have been producing such meagre quantities of milk. There has been an abundance of clover and grass all spring and summer, and the appetites of the cows were not noticed to have diminished any. Grains and other milk-producing commodities were tried in vain to increase the milk supply.
Just about nightfall one day last week, says the New York Sun, Farmer Colby happened to go out to his piggery to toss some miscellaneous food into the swine trough, when he noticed that his cows were indulging in a little stampede. Mr. Colby went to the corral and witnessed the cows chasing each other around the enclosure after the manner of the opening event at a circus. He noticed then that seven out of eighteen of them had each clinging to her teats a snake, so great in length that it trailed along the ground like a geyser. Farmer Colby was frightened and, screaming "Get out there!" The leader he would yell the faster the cows would travel, until at last they maintained such a rapid gait that the snakes stood out horizontally in the air like vaulting bars. In fact several of the cows not in direct communication with the snakes jumped clean over them in making the rounds.
Farmer Colby was too badly frightened to attack the reptiles, so he started pell-mell in to the house to summon assistance. He was not by two of his sons on the way, and they all started back to the corral. By that time the stampede had subsided and the cows stood with their heads over the top rail, panting and their eyes glaring with fear. But there was not a sign of a snake anywhere. Investigation showed that the seven cows to which the snakes had attached themselves had been almost entirely relieved of their milk.
It dawned upon Farmer Colby for the first time that he was the victim of milk adders. He had heard of these creatures being in collusion with cows in pastures, but it was the first time he ever saw them buckled down to the business. There were numberless cracks in the barn foundation, and all were satisfied that the snakes had their rendezvous beneath the structure. Farmer Colby said he must find out, and would do so if he had to pull down the barn. With the assistance of the two boys the floor was pulled up, and, sure enough, the problem was solved. If there was one milk adder there were six dozen; they were all sizes, from an angulose to an inch rope, and some were three feet long. The first impulse of Farmer Colby was to run when he saw the snakes, but when he saw his sons knocking them out with bare sticks he joined in the slaughter. Enough hay for a week's feeding was found beneath the barn floor, and in it the snakes had made nests. When the hay was disturbed the small snakes would jump down their mothers' throats and the latter, if not slaughtered, would crawl into holes in the ground. The seven monsters that had attached themselves to the cows could easily be distinguished from the others, as they were so full of milk that they resembled sausage covers inflated. Not one of the seven had a chance to escape; they were so heavy with their load of pure milk that they could hardly crawl, and when they tried to get into the holes in the ground, the holes proved too small to admit them. When thirty-nine adders had been despatched they were carried outside the barnyard and laid side by side; they measured all the way from four inches to three feet.
Before the snake syndicate was discovered eighteen cows used to average 216 quarts of milk a day. Since the syndicate was broken up the average is 243 quarts. Whether the snakes actually consumed 27 quarts of milk a day, or whether part of the shortage was due to the cows taking fright, can only be conjectured. But, as the shortage is known to have existed for nine weeks, Farmer Colby reckons that he is out just 1,701 quarts of milk, which, at four cents per quart wholesale, nets him a total loss of \$68.04.

Adulterated Teas.

Immense quantities of trashy and adulterated teas are sold in the markets of the United States. One method of sophistication is to introduce leaves of other plants. This species of cheat is readily detected by means of the microscope. The tea leaf possesses so marked a character of its own, in respect to its veins and serrated edges, that it cannot be mistaken. What is called "the tea" in China is an imitation usually containing fragments or dust of the genuine leaves, foreign leaves and mineral matters held together by a starch solution and colored by a "facing" preparation. Tea is sometimes falsified by the spent or partly exhausted leaves—in other words, old leaves dried for use second-hand. This is a fraud difficult to prove, though weakness of the beverage may cause it to be suspected. Sometimes teas are treated with sulphur to increase their apparent strength. This can only be discovered by chemical tests.
The teas exported from China and Japan are nearly always "steeped" with some mixture to impart a color or gloss to the leaves. The preparations employed for this purpose contain Prussian blue, titanium, indigo and plumbeous. Damaged and impure leaves are treated in this way to improve their appearance. The substances most commonly used for black tea sophistications—black lead. This was consumed by the Japanese and Chinese themselves and never used. There is no evidence that these quasi-adulterants are injurious to health. Prussian blue is set down in the United States dispensary as a toxic and adulterative, though rarely used medicinally. The dose is a five-hundredth of a drachm. To take that amount in the form of tea facing one would have to consume a pound of tea.
Tea has been used by the Chinese from remote antiquity. It was introduced into Japan early in the ninth century. It is supposed to have been first brought to Europe about 1577 by the Portuguese, who established at that period a trade with the far east. In 1664 the East India Company sent two pounds of tea to England as a present to the king, which would indicate that the article was considered a rarity.—Washington Star.

A Moutain Blessing.

"Blest be the mountain rain,"
Said the farmer at the plow;
"For the crops are freed
And the hands are tired,
And it bringseth a respite now!
But alas! for I fear the rain
Will ruin the crop again!
For it looks as if it would fall all day,
And the rain is reckless to act that way!"
"Blest be the mountain rain,"
Said the merchant in his den;
"For the selling drops
Will be life to the crops.
That are green by the mortgaged mead
But alas! for I fear the rain
Will flood the valley and plain,
And I'll lose the money I loaned on lay,
And the rain is reckless to act that way!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

It is difficult to convince a girl with a silver voice that silence is golden.
"I make my living from the soil," said the farmer. "And so do I," said the wash lady.
Boodle—"A dollar doesn't go nearly so far as it used to." Noodle—"No, but then it goes much faster."
Kindly Visitor—"Why are you in prison, my boy?" Convict No. 1313—"Expense me, but I'm not at liberty to say, mum!"
Jewever—"I understand your father has very hard working men." Soft answer—"I guess you'd think so if you had him to work."
"Ach, Adels," said a strolling lover, "I have you like—like—like—" "Well, think it over Herr Fritz; perhaps you can't tell me to-morrow."
"Don't get excited, don't get excited. Lots of my uncles have just been taken 'round town." "Huh! How do I like to know?" "Deliverm' see."
Every morning through the summer,
From her tiny golden spit,
Sally brings up pretty clusters,
Of the flower long-earns-not.
But the man seems hard to satisfy,
Or does not her fancy please?
For she always says—"Good morning!
Here are some remember-me's."
Swayback, (to importunate beggar):
"Leave the house, sir!" Beggar:
"Certainly. I would not think of carrying it off with the heavy mortgage it has on it."
Stranger to native—"In what direction does the village lie, my friend?" Native (slowly).—"Well, sit in all directions, I reckon; though at this time of the year it's about fish."
Little Tilly—"Papa, the conjurer we went to see last night changed a honest piece into a flower!" Father—"That's nothing to what your mother does; she can change a twenty-dollar note into a dress."
He had just eaten a piece of the first pie she had baked. "What's the matter, dear?" she asked; is it that feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain?" "No," he answered, "it isn't a feeling of sadness and longing. It's a feeling of sadness and shortening."
A Coincidence.
"I am not a fatalist," said T. Davitt Heenan, "but occasionally I run across things that puzzle a great deal. Not long ago Dr. Tom Hewitt of Leadville, Col., died. Hewitt was some what of a fatalist and believed in a great many things that I didn't. Omens and harbingers of evil he was much given to believe in. You have undoubtedly heard stories of people dying and the clock stopping at the same time or some numeral of its face popping out. Hewitt had a sign in his office window in his residence which read, 'Dr. Tom Hewitt.' It was composed of eleven white letters glued to the pane.
"Hewitt took sick about sixteen months since. A few days after his illness I noticed that one of the white letters had dropped off and was gone. The illness of the doctor ended the family to forget almost everything else, and so the letter was not replaced.
"A month later Hewitt was still sick, and I noticed a second letter was gone. He lingered along up and around now, and then sick again, for a period. Meantime the white letters were not replaced.
"Month after month went by, and every succeeding month saw a letter disappear. Hewitt noticed it, and then he would not allow them to be replaced. After over ten months of sickness, and when ten of the letters had disappeared, Dr. Tom got an extra severe spell of illness and died. The morning after his death I visited the house and noticed as I passed in that the last letter was gone."—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
A Sure Thing.
"So you will take him for better or worse?"
"Yes," replied the woman who had married several times, "but he can't be any worse than my last husband."