

The Peace of Home.
It comes to me often in silence,
When the freight spurt is low,
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem writhe of the long ago.
It comes with a throbbing heart-beat
That thrills each pulsing vein,
The old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.
I am sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my sweeping fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead
With a yearning sense of pain;
But tears will give place to singing,
When the peace of home comes again.
"When the peace of home comes" there's
music
That never may die away,
And it seems that the hands of an
On a mystic harp at play.
Have touched with a yearning glances
On a beautiful, broken strain,
And my heart beats time to the music
When the peace of home comes again.
—Olive V. Berk. ex.

THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

"Now," said Richard Lacy, with a sigh which denoted intense joy, "my chance 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 fame and some money as a novelist, Edmund Shelton, had selected him to illustrate an edition de luxe of his famous novel, "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.
He 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 gaunt, bare studio in which he worked, and the little bed-room 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 "skied," 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 rat-tat 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 fine poise of her head and her shapely hand. She was meanly 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 on 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 sat.
One day when she came he was almost prostrated by a more than unusually 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 (how 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—er—I see!"
I nursed my mother 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 prettily, 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 laughing glance from beneath her long eye-lashes.
"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 cross-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 clammy. He said nothing about it to Mary, and went privily 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 chrysalis 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 Follitt, Bedford Row."
Now, everyone knew Mark Follitt. 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 brazen minx, 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 Follitt, 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. Follitt 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 with \$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 saved his eyesight. He puts A. R. A. after his name now, 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." — [Yankee Blade.
"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 mullage on the back. Made by the lick of the tongue to adhere to the reverse of a silver dollar, one of these little plasters 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 Buggs' cheap furniture house, where you get the biggest value for cash," or, "Return me to Snaggs, the drygoods man, and I will fetch a bargain."
This ingenious idea is copyrighted by a Columbus man, who prints and supplies the gummed stickers to merchants at so much a thousand. His circulars, distributed broadcast over the country, suggest that shopkeepers had better make haste to avail 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 in 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 Carlisle has no appropriation for scraping them off. The mullage 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 pasting on the backs of their bogus pieces advertisements bearing the names of reputable shopkeepers. Thus, inasmuch as a respectable merchant would not knowingly use bad coins 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.
Giant Timbers from Washington.
There are timbers in the foundation of the Washington State building at the World's Fair 127 feet long, and 3½ feet in diameter that are quarters from trees which were originally nearly 400 feet high. They give evidence of the size of the fine trees of the Puget sound region. A commercial saw-log in the forestry exhibit from the same region is twenty-four feet long and seven feet in diameter. When this log was started from Washington it was forty feet long, but sixteen feet of it was left at St. Paul to be exhibited there by request of the Washingtonians who were celebrating a few days ago in the city named, the opening to Puget sound of the Great Northern railroad. The saw-log is exhibited as a commercial specimen, and not particularly for size. — Chicago Herald.
An oyster may carry as many as two million eggs.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.
OFF TO CAMP.
If you're wakin' mudder darlin', please
tump upon me door,
For tomorrow I must hie me to de lake's
grass and shore.
It's only once a year, you know, that we
have to go to camp:
And learn to be like soldiers while we tramp,
tramp, tramp.
I've got the daisy uniform, with gilt and
brass height.
And I'll tell yer, mudder darlin', that your
sonn's out of sight.
So when the mornin' comes round, just
tump with might and main.
For I must meet the other boys and mosey
to de train.
An' mudder, when the time is up an' I come
back a wred.
Don't be unkind to sonn'n' an' blif him in
de neck.
For soldiers has to work you know, that
is, throughout the day.
An' so the morn' is the only time he has for
fun or play.
We has to work so hard all day, an' nights
we p'cks up chips,
Which makes us all so awfully dry, we has
to wet our lips.
So mudder, if you're wakin' tump hard
upon me door,
For I must go to camp to learn how can-
nons boom and roar.
An' mudder, when your son comes back,
please have prepared his bed.
An' some mornin' g'in handy and an ice bag
for his head.
— Seattle Express-Times.

WOUNDED KNEE HEROES.
The Handsome Monument Erected by
Their Comrades.



Recognition of deeds of bravery has often found expression in shafts of granite and marble, but never until now have the soldiers of the United States, unaided by government or civilians, erected a monument to fallen comrades. That was what was done by the enlisted men and officers of the medical department and Seventh Cavalry of Fort Riley, Kansas. In the presence of several thousand visitors from all parts of the smaller state the memorial was unveiled and amid the solemn booming of the cannon dedicated to its duty of honoring the memory of those who fell at Wounded Knee and Drexel Mission, December 29 and 30, 1890.
The story of those battles is one of cruelty and disaster. The ghost dance had roused the Sioux of the north-west into a frenzied anticipation of the coming of the Indian Messiah, who was to sweep the whites from the face of the earth. Under the leadership of Big Foot, they went upon the war-path armed with the best of guns and wearing the canvas "ghost-shirts" which were to prove impenetrable to the bullets of the white man.
Custer's old regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, under Col. J. W. Forsyth, 53 Indian fighter of two decades' experience was ordered to the icy plains of South Dakota to put down the trouble. Big Foot was wily. At the first meeting he surrendered, and the soldiers found themselves with 350 women and children and half as many bucks to care for. On the morning of December 29 the order was given to disarm the bucks. A half dozen guns were taken and then, at a signal, the Indians began firing.
There, on the banks of Wounded Knee Creek, near Pine Ridge Agency, two officers and twenty-four enlisted men were killed and thirty-two were wounded. The Indians lost 146 killed and 30 wounded. At Drexel Mission the following morning one officer and one enlisted man were killed in an attack on a wagon train. These disasters are the last in the list of Indian battles, and it is to be hoped that history will never show another to rival them.
To the memory of these comrades the surviving members of the Seventh Cavalry at once set about erecting a monument. The result of a subscription paper showed over \$3,000 raised for the purpose among the troops. On an eminence overlooking the Smoky Hill, the Republican and Kansas rivers which stretch away across the plains, visible for miles, the shaft was built. It is of Vermont and Massachusetts granite and rests on a native limestone foundation fifteen feet square with a flight of steps on one side. The top of the shaft is twenty five feet from the ground, and the whole effect is imposing. On one face of the monument appears this inscription:
To the
Soldiers
Who were killed in battle
with
Sioux Indians
at
Wounded Knee
and
Drexel Mission,
South Dakota,
December 29 and 30, 1890.
Erected as a tribute of affection by their
comrades of the Medical Department
and Seventh Cavalry,
U. S. A., A. D. 1893.

The remaining faces bear the names of the soldiers who died in the two engagements. The monument is in the most prominent part of the post, a short distance from the principal buildings and officers' quarters. The Seventh Cavalry, which had made its home at Fort Riley for over thirty years, is one of the most noted in the service. It was from this division that General Custer took his troops to the battle of the Little Big Horn. Comanche, the horse ridden by Custer, and the only survivor of that fearful massacre, was cared for at the post until his death a year ago. Gen. Forsyth, the commander, was with Sheridan during the civil war and is one of the picturesque figures of the American army. He was suspended from command after the battle of

Wounded Knee by Gen. Miles for ordering his soldiers to shoot Indian women and children. An investigation showed that such action was a necessity of the situation forced upon the soldiers by the Indians, and Forsyth was reinstated and recommended for promotion. It is considered probable that he will receive the single star of the major general before long.
Among the memorials to brave men of the nation's history, none is more deserved than the Wounded Knee monument. Although a large portion of the men engaged in the battle were new recruits, not one faltered or showed signs of weakness. Their comrades have worthily honored worthy soldiers by their generous and impressive act. The Wounded Knee monument will be one of the most noted features of the pl. ex.—C. M. HARGEN, in Detroit Free Press.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

PENNSYLVANIA FARMS.
THE NUMBER IN EACH COUNTY ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS OF 1890.
HARRISBURG.—Secretary Edge of the state board of agriculture received from the census bureau at Washington a tabulated statement showing the number of farms by counties according to the census of 1890. Lancaster county heads the list with 3,149, while the smallest number is in Cameron, which has but 330. The number in the other counties of the State are as follows:
Adams 3,339; Allegheny 5,314; Armstrong 4,127; Beaver 3,672; Bedford 3,229; Berks 6,932; Blair 1,499; Bradford 6,415; Bucks 6,304; Butler 3,364; Cambria 2,241; Carbon 983; Chester 2,139; Chester 6,110; Clarion 118; Clearfield 2,819; Clinton 1,162; Columbia 2,13; Crawford 7,798; Cumberland 2,904; Dauphin 2,677; Delaware 1,409; Elk 739; Erie 5,483; Fayette 5,529; Forest 941; Franklin 3,235; Fulton 1,304; Greene 2,929; Huntingdon 2,394; Indiana 4,614; Jefferson 2,531; Juniata 1,039; Lackawanna 1,579; Lawrence 3,583; Lebanon 2,091; Lehigh 3,378; Luzerne 2,859; Lycoming 3,372; McKean 1,499; Mercer 5,021; Mifflin 1,143; Monroe 1,707; Montgomery 3,901; Montour 714; Northampton 3,300; Northumberland 2,991; Perry 1,014; Philadelphia 801; Pike 1,077; Potter 2,128; Schuylkill Snyder 1,067; Somerset 6,474; Sullivan 998; Susquehanna 1,706; Toga 4,650; Union 1,224; Venango 3,951; Warren 2,881; Washington 4,511; Wayne 3,639; Westmoreland 5,329; Wyoming 1,732; York 7,730.

PENNSYLVANIA CROPS.

DROUGHT REDUCES THE YIELD OF CORN, POTATOES, APPLES AND PEACHES.
HARRISBURG.—Secretary Edge of the State Board of Agriculture, says of the crops: "The crops of corn and late potatoes are the seriously advanced to show conclusively that the recent drought will greatly reduce their yieldings. The same cause has decreased the yield and size of apples and peaches. The crop of blueberries was practically cut down 75 per cent., and the few that were picked were inferior in quality and size.
"In many places the grape crop has been very much decreased. In southeastern Pennsylvania dairymen have been compelled to feed hay and grain to their cows to make up for the great decrease in the amount of pasture."
CROPS DAMAGED BY
BY THE DROUGHT THAT HAS PREVAILED IN THE WESTERN STATES.

JOHNSTOWN.—Reports to crop canvassers for Government information are that the country in this section of Pennsylvania is in worse condition as the result of prolonged drought than it has been from the same cause in 11 years. These worse areas are in this and adjacent counties, where crops maturing in these latitudes early in August and until the middle of September will yield only 40 per cent of the average production. These crops have been literally burned up and rains now come in a series to restore them, although it would check the damage to crops maturing later.
The corn grown in the North can stand more drought and higher temperatures than most other of the native crops, and the yield will be next to nothing. The oat crop was not caught for so long a siege, but it will be light and inferior. Potatoes have stopped growing in fields aggregating many thousand acres, and those that escape the dry rot will scarcely be fit for seed purposes. Late berries have dried on the stalks, and in nearly the whole area of the State west of the mountains the blackberry crop is a failure.
The prospects are that the fruit growers will fare no better than the grain growers. Apples and pears at this time are not growing. They are slowly ripening at much less than their normal size. The crop promised six weeks ago has been reduced already fully 40 per cent. The aggregate of losses can only be approximated by comparison of returns from widely scattered districts, but it will run into the millions of dollars in the adjoining sections of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Many farmers, according to the reports of agents in a position to know, will be so crippled financially that they will not recover for years.

AMONG the pensions issued at Washington, last week were the following for Pennsylvanians: Original, Andrew L. Swa., of Albion, Erie county. Original widows, etc., Leah Franzel of Lone Pine, Washington county, and Eva Z. Clark, of Bradford, McKean county. Increase—John M. Kough, Mt. Pleasant. Original widows, etc.—Sarah Shearer of Leechburg, Rachel Taylor, of Learysville, Martha J. Horton of Altoona, Hester A. Bradley, of Elbridge, Mary Moore of Erie, Christina Schusterion of Pittsburgh and minor children of Chas. L. Butterfield in Crawford county.
The 11 year old son of J. H. Simmons Rochester, while playing on a large log on a slope near the Tumbler works, started the log rolling. He fell off and the log caught him and crushed the life out of him, reducing his body almost to a pulp.
A GASOLINE stove exploded at the residence of J. N. Purdy, Meadville. Mrs. Purdy and a young daughter were frightfully burned. It is believed the former will die.
At Meadville, the Farmers' Co-operative Bank has closed its doors. The stockholders, who are individually liable, are able to pay all liabilities.
SWARMS of grasshoppers are destroying the crops and even eating up the fences and agricultural implements of Lawrence county farmers.
By the discovery of tools in W. J. Kline's cell, the authorities of the Washington county jail discovered a big plot to escape.
A child of Frank Gill, of Trauger, Westmoreland county, was crushed to death under the wheels of a neighbor's wagon.
Owing to the drought the water company at Waynesburg has announced its inability to supply its patrons.
FROM reliable advices in regard to the coming apple crop, it looks now as if the Eastern States, New York, Northern Ohio, Illinois and Michigan will have a short crop this year. The yield in the South seems to be up to the average.