

Be Patient with the Living.
Sweet friend, when thou and I art gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Faded all the strife, the toll, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?
Then lips too chary of the praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
When stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.
Sweet friend, perchance both you and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
Today's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears tomorrow;
Then patience 'em when kindest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.
'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
—(Good Cheer.

A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Why," cried Eleanor Goode, "it's perfect palace?"
"Isn't it?" echoed Miriam Kasson.
"I wish, dear, I could ask you to stay and spend the day, but I dare not; I'm too much of a stranger here to take any liberties."
"Oh, I shouldn't expect it!" said Eleanor, looking around at the decorated ceilings, pale blue silk draperies and lovely bits of landscape on the walls. "I know exactly how you're situated, Milly. But can't you come shopping with me? Bob has given me a five-dollar bill to buy a new gown with, and there are some of the sweetest old-blue gingham at Tuck & Nipp's."
Miss Kasson shook her head.
"Impossible!" said she. "You see the family have gone to Barrington to a funeral, and I am left in charge. And you don't know," she added with a comical little pursing up of the lips, "how afraid I am of Mrs. Yerkes, the housekeeper, or how my heart beats when I feel myself compelled to give an order to the butler."
"I wish I were you!" cried Eleanor.
"It would be such fun!"
"One hardly knows," sighed Miriam, "whether one is a lady or a servant!"
"Oh, there can't be much doubt of that!" said Eleanor. "Look at yourself in the mirror, dear. Wouldn't you say that you beheld a princess in disguise?"
"Nonsense! But at least let me get you a glass of cool water, Nell; you look so flushed with your long walk."
She slipped away, while Eleanor beguiled the time of her absence by a lengthened survey of herself in the mirror.
Yes, it was no unsatisfactory view—a dimpled, rosy young Venus, with sparkling hazel eyes, red lips and a complexion of purest pink and white. And then—Good gracious! one of the ribbon loops of her airy summer dress had come loose. She looked frantically around for a pin to repair damages; but no pin was to be seen.
"They're in the bureau drawer," said she to herself. "Milly always was too distastefully neat for anything. Oh, here they are!" grasping at a paper of pins. "And here, too—oh, the delicious little glutin!—here's a box of chocolate caramels, tied with pink ribbon. I'll teach her to hide her sweets away from me! How she will stare when she finds them gone!"
It was the act of a moment to whisk the bonbon box into her little shopping-bag, and appear deeply absorbed in repairing the damages to her wardrobe, when Miss Casson came in, bringing a glass of water and some fancy crackers, on a small Japanese tray.
By the time she reached the famous emporium of Messrs. Tuck & Nipp, the "bargains" in old-blue gingham were gone, and nothing remained "fit to be seen" at any price to which she could venture to aspire, and so she betook herself sorrowfully to the pretty flat which she called home.
And none too soon; for a telegram awaited her there, announcing that her mother, in Orange County, was very ill, and it was necessary for her to go thither at once.
At the end of two weeks she brought her mother home, nearly recovered.
Little Sarah, the youngest sister, received her joyfully.
"It's been so lonesome without you, Nell," said she. "I've kept house

beautifully, only Biddy had scorching the oatmeal every morning and the coffee hasn't tasted just right, and Bob has been so busy he couldn't find time to go walking with me."
"Busy!" satirically echoed Eleanor.
"Oh, but he really was! He's got a real case, Bob has; and it's awful interesting, too. The judge assigned it to him because the defendant—I think that's the proper law phrase—with a pretty little wrinkling of the eyebrows—"hadn't any means to provide one for herself. And she's ever so pretty, Bob says, and he's quite sure she isn't guilty; and wouldn't it be strange," nestling her curly head against her mother's shoulder, "if Bob should fall in love with his first client?"
Eleanor looked distressed.
"Mother," said she, "didn't I tell you what would come of your allowing Sarah to read so many novels? In love, indeed! Most likely the woman is an adventuress."
"All the same," persisted Sarah, "Bob says it's a very interesting case, and it's in all the papers headed, 'The Great Diamond Robbery.'"
"The child has been reading those horrid daily papers, too!" groaned Eleanor.

"And it has advertised Bob more than a dozen ordinary title cases, or breaches of contract, or that sort of thing," insisted Sarah. "He says so himself."
"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Goode, who shared the romantic proclivities of her young daughter. "A diamond robbery and a beautiful girl! Of course she didn't do it."
"Oh," cried Eleanor, impatiently, stamping her foot, "how impracticable you all are! Why shouldn't she be guilty? Can't a pretty girl be wicked as well as a plain one? As if looks mattered! But all the same, I'm glad Bob has had a good opening in the courts. And now, mamma, you must have a cup of tea, and lie down awhile before dinner."
"I'd wager my existence," said Mr. Robert Goode, making a desperate attack on the cold ham and radishes that garnished the breakfast table, "that she's innocent. Only, here comes up this question: Where are the jewels?"
"Yes," said Eleanor, incredulously, "that's the very question—where are the jewels? How you men are dazzled by a pair of bright eyes!"
Mr. Goode had given his sister a long account of the legal tangle, complicating it still further by learned technicalities and a ceaseless repetition of "my client," "the defendant" and "the complainant," to all of which she had given but a half attention, and at the end of the meal she rose hurriedly.
"I'll go out for a little," said she. "I want to see a dear friend of mine, who must think I'm neglecting her shockingly."
And in the soft July sunset she went to the big house on Fifty-seventh street, and timidly pressing the electric button, inquired for Miss Kasson.
The tall butler froze her with a glance.
"Ain't been 'ere for a long time," said he, and shut the door unceremoniously in her face.
And she returned home in great amazement.
In her absence Mr. Robert Goode had been "turning the place upside down," as little Sarah expressed it, in search of a bag to carry his papers in.
"The lock of mine is out of order," said he, "and I can't get it back until Wednesday. Any one of your bags will do. Nonsense! Do you think I want a Saratoga trunk?" as Sarah produced her mother's travelling case. "Or a doll baby's satchel?" as she reached down her own from the top shelf. "Is this all you have got?"
"There's Nell's shopping bag," said the little girl. "It's littler than mother's and bigger than mine."
"Get it then—quick! there's a dear little dot! Oh, don't stop to dust it!"
"But I must," plead the housewife little thing. "It was on top of the wardrobe, where Nell put it before she went to Orange county to brother home. And it's—aw-fully dusty! And I think there's something in it, too."
She was fumbling at the catch, when Robert caught it from her.
"Pshaw!" said he, impatiently. "A box of candy!"
He tore the pink ribbon knot apart, the lid dropped off, and little Sarah, standing on tiptoe to look into the bag, stepped back with a shriek. Something from the inside seemed to flash up into their eyes like imprisoned fire.

"So," cried Robert, looking up with a face which would have furnished a study to any physiognomist, "you are the one who stole the Grafton diamonds?"
"If the Grafton diamonds?" What do you mean, Bob? Have you gone crazy?" gasped Eleanor. "Where did you get those jewels? What are you doing in my room?"
"We found the diamonds here in a box in your leather bag," said her brother. "The diamond necklace for the theft of which poor Miss Kasson is on trial!"
"Miss—Kasson! You never mean that it is Miriam Kasson—my friend, Miriam."
"Didn't I tell you so this very day?" cried Goode.
"You never mentioned her name at all. You kept saying my 'client'—'the defendant.' But, oh Bob, I know it all now! I was there—at the big house on Fifty-seventh street, the day before I went to Orange County for mother. I was in Miriam's room, and I opened her bureau drawer to find a pin, and I thought it would be a joke to take her box of candy away. I never opened it. I never dreamed what was in it, and when I got home and found the telegram from Aunt Laura, I just flung the bag down and thought no more of the whole thing. Oh, poor, poor, darling Milly! But how came the diamonds in her possession?"
"Don't you know? But how should you?" said Mr. Goode. "The necklace was put in her special charge to be delivered to the jeweler who was to call for it at three o'clock. And when he called, it was gone. But it's all right now. Great Scott! Nell! who would suppose that you were the thief?"
Eleanor made a hysterical grasp at her brother's arm.
"Will they arrest me, Bob?" stammered she. "Will they put me in prison? But I don't care, so long as Milly is no longer unjustly suspected. Yes, I am a thief! But—but I didn't know it. And I never meant it!"
And she burst into a storm of mingled tears and laughter.
There was a rather unusual scene in court that day when the necklace itself was presented in evidence before the legal luminaries.
The complaint was withdrawn, the prisoner was honorably discharged. The composed and aristocratic Mrs. General Grafton was greatly moved, and made many apologies to Miss Kasson for the position she had taken.
The newspaper reporters got a great many "points" for the evening editions, and Mr. Goode, the "rising young lawyer," left court, with Miss Kasson leaning on his arm, amid a tempest of applause.
"Lucky dog, that!" said his compeers. "After this his fortune is made!"
"And all because of my foolish little practical joke," said Eleanor. "After this, I never shall want to look at a chocolate again. But, Milly, darling, why didn't you to send to me in your trouble?"
"Could I bear to have my dearest friend know that I was suspected of theft?" sighed Miriam. "And when I knew the name of the counsel assigned to me by the court, my lips were more tightly sealed than ever. Oh, Nell, he has been so good—so noble! He has never doubted me for a moment, even when appearances were most against me! No, I shall not go back to Mrs. Grafton's, although she has begged me to do so."
"You will come home with me," said Eleanor, caressingly. "Yes, you must—you shall!"
"I will stay with you," she said, "until I get another situation."
But she never took another situation. Any one could have guessed the outcome of it all. Even little Sarah guessed it, when she said:
"I do believe that our Bob has fallen in love with Miss Kasson!"
Ungrammatical, But to the Point.
There are strange chambermaids at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt. A lady declared that the one who waited on her room and attended to all the duties of the calling, even to making the beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner party, with white waistcoat and dresscoat, and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One day, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid, and this gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor at the very least, she said:
"I wish to see the chambermaid."
"Madame," said he, politely, in the very best English he could master, "Madame, she am I!"

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

COVERING POTATO PLANTS.

The practice of going through the potato field as soon as the plants are fairly up, and throwing a ridge of soil over the row, has its disadvantages if wet weather follows. On heavy land the potato leaves are apt to be muddled, and this obstruction is apparently often the inciting cause of blight and rot. Cultivate, if you will, before the plants are up over the whole surface, but after potato rows can be seen, between the rows is the proper place to cultivate. —[Boston Cultivator.

TO MANAGERS OF SHEEP SHEARINGS.

If those who manage sheep-shearing festivals would inaugurate systems of doing up wool properly it might be a real benefit to wool-growers. The great need of practical information and reforms on this subject should suggest illustrations on skinning fleeces and the fairest management of wools. In this latitude shearing comes only once a year and is hurriedly done. Besides, nobody practices these methods nor is the thing duly regarded. Let this be a feature of public shearings and it will be useful to others. —[American Farmer.

TIDY UP THE FARM.

In traveling through the country, when a tidy-looking farm is passed, with fences in good order, buildings looking neat and trim, trees trimmed and clean, we know the resident is a person who takes pride and interest in his farming, and that it pays him to do it. It takes but a few days each year to keep the brush cut away from the fences, to nail up a board here and there that may have become loosened, to keep the fences up straight, with no weak places to tempt stock to press through into the owner's or neighbors' field of grain or grass, to put the implements under shelter when not in use, to pick up boards lying about the barn and house, to trim the fruit trees and cut out all dead or dying branches, to mow the lawn at least once each year, to arrange all gates so that they will freely swing on their hinges, to have a well-kept garden, a good supply of small fruit, the pump in good working order, a good supply of dry wood under shelter, to keep the roadsides mowed and bushes cut down, to keep the outlet of expensive under-drains open, to clean out all open ditches, to look after the stock frequently. All these things take but a little time and they increase the cash value of the farm. If you have in the past neglected these things, resolve that you will reform, and that strangers in passing your door may at least mentally say, "A good farmer resides there!" Possibly it will not allow as many leisure hours at the corner grocery, but others will take your place there, and you are adding to the worth of your earthly possessions, and to your standing as a man. —[American Agriculturist.

TO IMPROVE A MARSH.

A marsh field, such as the bottom of an old millpond on the borders of a stream, requires first, as a preparation for a meadow, to be thoroughly drained. Good grass will not grow on wet land that is sour from long flooding with water. When the land has been drained either by sufficient open ditches or by covered drains made of stones or tiles, it will then require a thorough plowing and a liberal dressing of lime, at least forty bushels to the acre. The land is then well harrowed and sown. The kinds of grass most suitable for such land are timothy, red top, fowl meadow, and alsike clover. Six pounds of the first and ten pounds of each of the others will be the proper quantity of seed per acre. The sprouts should be thoroughly grubbed out, as if left they will interfere more with the cutting of the grass than would pay for the work of their extermination. It will not pay to half do a job of this kind. —[New York Times.

DRAUGHT HORSES FOR FARMERS.

In all the European countries the draught horse is the farm horse known as the agricultural horse or cart horse. Bell's Messenger gives the following:
The draught horse is the best horse for the farmer for several reasons. 1. He does the work on the farm most satisfactorily and with less expense and worry. 2. He sells for a higher average price than any other breed, and sells more readily. The farmer can always find ready sale for a good sized and well put up draught horse or colt. 3. It costs less to raise and get him ready for market. The service fee, as a rule, is less. It costs less and takes less time to break and

get him ready for market. The draught horse will pay for his keep after he is two years old, and by the time he is fully broken and the farmer has lost no time, but has been going right along doing his work with a team that had been growing into money, and will sell at a better profit and more readily than a team of any other breed under the sun.

SIZE OF BEEHIVES.

Opinions differ as to the size of beehives, says the New York World, though it is very generally agreed that before clover harvest it is desirable to have plenty of room for the queen to lay all she can, so there may be a strong force for the main harvest, and there are queens that need all of the ten frames. But when the time of main storing begins there are many of our best beekeepers who want the brood-nest contracted to a good deal smaller space. They say that ten frames are more than is needed for a brood-nest, and so a large space merely gives room for the bees to store there the nice, white honey that ought to go into the surplus apartment. Dr. Miller, to whom the foregoing theory seems reasonable, says in the National Stockman:
"I practiced contraction to a radical extent, reducing the brood-chamber from ten Langstroth frames down to eight, six, five and less. I am obliged to say that I could not tell for certain whether I gained anything by such contraction. I think I got just as large crops with ten frames in the brood-chamber, but then there are so many things to be considered, the different seasons among others, that it is hard to be certain. Try it for yourself. By means of a division-board you can contract down to any number of frames you choose, and use the same supers above. At present I use eight frames all the year around, but I do not know whether it is best."

AN APPLE ORCHARD.

Some valuable suggestions made by Professor Lazenby at an Ohio Horticultural meeting were as follows:
Never plant deeper than the tree stood in the nursery young. Never omit applying a mulch to young trees if there is the slightest danger of drouth. Never forget that low, stout (not stunted) trees are preferable to tall, slender ones.
Never forget that a hardy, vigorous, productive variety, of medium quality, is infinitely more desirable than a feeble-growing, shy-bearing variety of much better quality.
Never buy a large number of varieties for a strictly commercial orchard. This is a common and serious mistake. Five varieties are usually too many; three are better, and a single one may prove to be the best of all.
Never fail to have a succession of apples for home use. For this purpose a few trees each of a somewhat larger list of varieties may be selected.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Japanese pinks are popular garden plants.
The double varieties of portulaca look like tiny roses.
The star phlox makes a brave show in the flower garden.
It is claimed for the honey strawberry that it is a good all-purpose berry.
Under average conditions it requires nearly three months for a hen to moult.
In nearly all cases fowls that are confined will fatten faster than if given a free range.
Always keep a good hen as long as she is profitable, and sell a poor one as soon as possible.
There is nothing pays better than neatness. Wash the eggs and have them clean before marketing.
Columbus is the name selected for a promising new American seedling gooseberry of the English type.

So far as it is possible arrange the poultry-house with two rooms, one for the roosts and the other for the nests.

The profits are all the greater when the expenses are low. Keep down by not keeping or feeding unprofitable fowls.

One advantage is given a good variety of food to poultry is that it materially lessens the necessity for giving stimulants.

If hogs are put suddenly on green corn, after having had poor feed all summer, it may prove too much for them. This is the sort of "cholera" with which some men's hogs are troubled every autumn.

BREAKING UP OF THE CAMP.

SOLDIERS LEAVING HOMESTEAD.

3 Regiments, Battery B and Sheridan Troop Remain. Mr. Frick's Condition. General Strike News.

The large force of troops that has been maintained at Homestead, Pa., during the past two weeks, is being rapidly reduced. Following the departure of the Eighth Regiment and the Philadelphia City Troop on Tuesday afternoon, the Fourteenth which has been encamped at Camp Bowley, on the hilltop across the river from Homestead, forming a part of the provisional brigade, broke camp Wednesday, and by noon all that was left to mark its presence was a well tramped space of ground and a smouldering heap of straw and other camp rubbish, from which there rose up straight in the heated air of another sultry day a high column of white smoke that hung over the river like an omen of peace.

While the Fourteenth was striking it tents and preparing to move, orders were issued from division headquarters for the withdrawal of the Thirtieth and the Governor's troop. The men yelled and shouted, and other men envied them their good luck.

OTHER REGIMENTS ORDERED TO LEAVE.
While the Thirtieth was leaving camp final orders were sent out from division headquarters. These orders provided for the sending home on Thursday of the Fourth regiment and Battery C of the provisional brigade, commanded by Colonel Hawkins, who was now returning to the command of his own regiment, the Tenth, and also the sending home of the Ninth and Twelfth regiments, which have been quartered at Camp Black. These orders clear out all the troops except those belonging to the Second brigade, and with this reduction of forces the division headquarters will be discontinued and the control of the camp pass into the hands of General Wiley.

THE TROOPS WHICH WILL REMAIN.
With the Eighteenth and Twentieth ordered home the forces on the ground will consist of the Fifth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments, Battery Band Sheridan Troop. The infantry men will be needed for provost guard duty, in case of a riot, the probability of which is now so great that it cannot be discounted, though the military commanders deem it best to be on the safe side, those Gallings of the Battery would be wanted.

General Snowden is quite an admirer of the cavalry arm of the service, hence it is that Sheridan's cavalry will be ordered home. The three regiments named, the Battery and Sheridan Troop aggregate about 1,500 men, and with General Wiley in command, will form a very neat brigade and one that can be counted on for any service. Just how long these troops will remain is not yet determined.

AGAIN NO SETTLEMENT.
A long-drawn-out conference on the iron scale was held Wednesday at Pittsburgh, Pa., between iron manufacturers and officials of the Amalgamated Association. The meeting continued without interruption from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock at night and nothing was accomplished. The conference was continued.

THE OFFICES GUARDED.
Since the attempted assassination of H. C. Frick the Hayes building, Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, where the Carnegie office are located, have been guarded by several special officers. A private detective is constantly on guard during the day time at the chairman's office. Visitors, if not known are carefully scrutinized. The placing of the special officers is said to be merely a precautionary measure as there are no fears of attempts on the lives of the company officials.

THE MEN PAID OFF.
INDICATIONS OF A LONG SHUT-DOWN OF THE BEAVER FALLS MILL.
All the salaried men, such as bosses, clerks and other employees of the Carnegie Steel Company in Beaver Falls, Pa., to whom money was due, were paid off in full Thursday. Superintendent Wrigley states that the company will make no effort to start the works soon, and the indications bear out his assertion. The strikers maintain that same hopeful view that they had on the first day of the strike, and are apparently as firm as ever. The effects of the shut-down of the mills here is being felt already in many lines of business.

CAN GET THE MONEY.
HOMESTEAD WORKMEN TOLD TO WITHDRAW THEIR DEPOSITS.
The Carnegie Steel Company sent the following notice to those of its discharged Homestead workmen who have not gone back to work in the mill:
"THE CARNEGIE STEEL CO., LTD.,
PITTSBURGH, PA., July 27, 1902.
"DEAR SIR: As provided in the agreement covering the special deposit of money made by you with Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Limited, you are now hereby notified that having no longer the employ of this company, you are no longer entitled to receive interest on said deposit.
"Interest ceases at this date, and the principal will be paid you on demand at the general office, or on one day's written notice sent in from the works.
"By order of the board of managers,
"THE CARNEGIE STEEL CO., LTD.,
"H. C. FRICK, Chairman."

MORE STRIKERS ARRESTED
For Wilful Murder and Aggravated Riot.
Constable Morris, of Alderman McMaster's office, (Pittsburgh) was in Homestead Thursday with warrants for 30 men, who are charged by Secretary F. T. F. Lovejoy, of the Carnegie Company, with aggravated riot. The constable arrested six men, all of whom were brought to Pittsburgh. The men were all released on \$2,000 bail being furnished in each case. The rest of the warrants will be served just as soon as the men can be found. But few, if any, are in hiding, but they are not throwing themselves in the way of the constable, preferring to let him earn his fee. Bail will be forthcoming in each case, excepting where proof of first degree murder is established.

CATCHLOW REFUSED BAIL.
Sylvester Critchlow, one of the Homestead strikers, who is charged with murder before Alderman McMaster, walked into the Alderman's office and gave himself up. He was remanded to jail at Pittsburgh without bail, to await trial at the September term of court on the charge of murder. Critchlow is the first of the Homestead men for whom the court has refused to take bail. Judge Magee said:

This case is a very different case from O'Donnell's case. Here you have a man with a gun, who stood behind a barricade and fired his gun and a man is killed in front of the barricade. I think I did no harm in permitting O'Donnell and Jones to go on bail. It has taught them a lesson. Here is a case where I am very much disinclined to take bail. When you get men with guns on their shoulders, shooting from barricades and men are killed, it comes close to murder in the first degree. O'Donnell's policy all the time was for peace. This man's case was all the time for war and bloodshed. Any man who stood by and saw the men shoot and did not try to stop it is equally guilty.