

THE HARVEST MOON.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness That hides in the full-tasseled corn, Over vineyards slow reaching completeness, Dim purpling at dusk and at morn, Shine down in this softest of splendor, O moon of the year in her prime; Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender; Earth hath not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow Hath wakened to life and to death; From the grave that was cement and burrow Hath risen to passionate breath, It hath laughed in the sunlight and staid light, Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew, And fallen, to stir in some far night, And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory, Thy banners outflame in the sky, And under them we write the story That cries to the heavens for reply— The story of work and endeavor, Of burden and weakness and strength, The story that goes on forever, Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou, ever stately and golden, Thou moon of the latest year's prime, What sight though thine eye hath beheld, No grief to thy pathway may climb, As over the fields that are reaper, At evening and level and shorn, Thou poorest thy splendors that dawn The rose and the silver of morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

THE TIGER SKIN'S SECRET.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. It was the morning after the party. Outside the magnolia blooms rustled softly in the breeze, and the murmur of the Okechee River kept up its soft monotone.

Within the great echoing hall Lillias Lejeune lay, her hands interlocked under her head, the gorgeous, striped Afghans making a proper setting for her girlish beauty, while Lillias Lejeune, the elder, her forty-year-old maiden aunt, sat at the other end of the place, arranging long-stemmed roses in a quaint Omari vase, with dragon handles, and throat splashed with the delicious blue tint so dear to connoisseurs.

Lillias—"Lill," they called her, to distinguish her from Miss Lejeune, the elder—was a rosebud of seventeen. Miss Lillias, on the contrary, was a rose in full bloom.

"I do think," said Lill, smothering an impatient yawn, "that Colonel Mainwaring was the handsomest man here last night, for all of his five-and-forty years."

Lillias shrugged her shoulders. "You young people are so intolerant," said she. "If you talk of Colonel Mainwaring as if he were a second Methuselah!"

"But five-and-forty—it's almost fifty!" said Lill. "Some people are horrid at fifty. He isn't though. I wonder, Aunt Lillias, why he never married!"

daughter? Look at that set of ivory chessman on the shelf. That came from Burrampore. Look at that tiger skin on the floor, all black and gold, with head erect, as if it would spring at you. That was from the jungles of Ardpootra. He sent those to Dally Warden, not to Miss Lejeune. And I saw you looking paler and sadder day by day, and I was revenged."

Lillias had drawn back, she had reddened at first and then grew pale. "Is that what you wanted to say to me?" "Isn't it enough?" insolently retorted the consumptive, an evil smile wreathing her lips.

"Too much," shuddered Miss Lejeune. "I am sorry, Dally, that you entertain such vindictive feelings toward me. I never intended to wound you."

"Oh, it don't matter!" said Dally, I'm revenged—that is all. I've lived to see the proud Miss Lejeune a broken hearted woman. Now, so far as I know, there's nothing left to live for, and I'm ready to go."

And Miss Lejeune's last impression of Dally Warden was that of small exultant eyes, like those of a serpent—a yellow-tressed head drawn back, cobra capella fashion, and such a sinister smile as Lucrezia Borgia might have smiled.

That was the last time she ever saw Dally Warden alive. The poor girl died that night.

"Please, Miss Lillias," said old Judith, the pur-blind cook, who lived near the overseer's cottage, "dey say, Miss Dally she done wanted yo' to have de tiger skin wid de green-glass eyes for yo' bedroom flo. Let it to you by her will."

"I don't want it," said Lillias Lejeune, shrinking. "You may have it, Judy."

"Tankee, miss—tankee, mighty much!" said the old woman, gleefully, displaying her stumps of yellow teeth. "Old Judy'll be as fine as a fiddler wid dat tiger skin on her cabin flo—will so."

She called Lillias triumphantly into her little habitation the next day to display the new treasure. With a ponderous pair of silver spectacles perched on her nose and an old jack-knife she was ripping off the lining.

"Clear up by de moths, Miss Lillias," she declared. "I'll hab to get it relined, 'fore it can be fairly decent. Yo' can read, Miss Lillias can't yo'?" But old Judy she never had no education. And her's a lot of writ paper sheets tucked in between de linin' an' de skin hese'll like as dough dey was quilted in. Wha' does dey mean, honey—eh? Kin yo' tell ole Judy?"

Lillias stepped down and took up the dry and dusty letters. "They are letters," she said. "Letters written to—"

Northern Pacific Seeks the Protection of the Court.

Bill Filed in Wisconsin.—The Action Necessary Owing to the Depression of Business.—Thomas F. Oakes, President of the Company; Henry C. Payne, of Milwaukee, and Henry C. Rouse, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, Appointed Receivers.

New York, August 15.—Thomas F. Oakes, of New York; H. C. Payne, of Milwaukee, and Henry C. Rouse, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, were appointed this afternoon as receivers for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

Judge Lacombe, of United States Circuit Court, appointed the receivers on motion of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company and Philip D. Winstan and William C. Sheldon, George R. Sheldon, William T. Prentice and William C. Sheldon, Sr., as co-partners comprising the firm of W. C. Sheldon & Co. The receivership embraces the Northern Pacific Railroad Company and all the railroads owned, leased or controlled by the said corporation. The receivers will each file a bond for \$50,000.

CONTENTS OF THE BILL. The bills set forth that Messrs. Winstan, Prentice and Sheldon are stockholders of the company and the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company is trustee for the holders of the bonds issued under the mortgages figuring in the suit. After setting forth the origin of the company of co-operate railroads and telegraph lines, and the fact that it is the owner of a large amount of stock in corporations owning various branch railroads and telegraph lines the bill proceeds to name the lines and give their mileage, capital stock, debt, statements, etc. It then names the lines leased by the company and sets forth the fact that they are all operated as a unit known as the Northern Pacific system.

The defendant Company, it is stated, has its capital stock divided into shares of \$100 each, and it is alleged that there is outstanding \$49,000,000 of common and \$36,000,000 of preferred stock. A list of mortgages and bonds issued is given, showing that the funded or secured debt of the defendant amounts to about the sum of \$152,513,500, which will be increased by the issue of additional trust notes amounting to \$10,000,000, upon which debt the annual interest and sinking fund charges to \$9,346,760. In addition the company has liabilities on account of its branch companies amounting to \$15,349,000, and increasing its interest payments \$918,440 a year.

Buchanan's Old Home.

The out-of-the-way location of this historic spot makes it unfamiliar even to the seeker after such things, and in his native State and in the county of his birth there are but comparatively few who have visited it. No one who has stood on the site of the old frontier trading post, however, is likely to soon forget its inspiring and picturesque surrounding and the chance to be President, which every schoolboy is told is his, will not seem such an unreal thing to him who has gazed on the lowly cottage in which James Buchanan first saw light.

Stony Batter is the expressive if not poetic name given to the place where the elder James Buchanan, the President's father, made his first American home. The Tuscarora Mountain makes the entire western border of Franklin county and the Kittatinny or North Mountain runs closely parallel to it. Near the southwestern corner of the county there is an abrupt break in the North Mountain forming one of the numerous "gaps" familiar in the Pennsylvania ranges. This is known as Cove Gap, and its peculiarity is a cross spur of the Tuscarora range called Cove Mountain and forming the southern boundary to a natural cul de sac, in which is a cleared space of about two acres, occupying what seems from the inside like a great circular basin with no apparent outlet.

As a matter of fact Stony Batter lies just off one of the famous turnpikes which antedated the railroad and superseded the packhorse trail, which was the highway of the day when the trading post was one of the country's most flourishing institutions.

Leaving the turnpike which at Cove Gap leads over the mountains and into Flanders, where the turnpike is still the most modern means of travel, the would-be pilgrim to Stony Batter plunges along over a road whose strongest characteristic is its picturesqueness, not to say roughness. On the right towers up the rugged Kittatinny and along the left flows a rippling and gurgling trout stream darkened by the shade of towering pines and chestnut trees.

A half mile of this brings the traveler into the open clearing, where in the latter years of the Revolution a trader named John Tom established a post. After making a clearing, trader Tom erected two rude log cabins. One of these he used as a dwelling while the other sheltered his stock of merchandise. This wild and at first thought ineligible site had several advantages as subsequent events proved. Though their discoverer did not profit by them as he should have done. The beautiful little stream which still flows through the clearing furnished an abundant water supply for the pack-horses while a clear spring which bubbled up then as it does now from the foot of the mountain met all household needs in the same direction.

and consequently, when one day, a sturdy young Irishman, appeared at his door in search of a job, he was soon installed as assistant. This was James Buchanan, then late of County Donegal, Ireland, and in his 23 year, who had come over in 1783, and after a visit to his uncle in York county, began to look about for himself. He was competent, faithful and economical. The trader under the influence of prosperity became dissolute and financial disaster finally overwhelmed him, and compelled him in 1788 to sell the post, which the young Irishman purchased. As the President in an autobiographical sketch says:

"My father was a man of practical judgment and of great industry and perseverance. He had received a good English education and had that knowledge of mankind which prevented him from ever being deceived in his business. With these qualifications, with the facility of obtaining goods on credit, at Baltimore at that early date, and with the advantage of his position, it being one of very few spots where the people of the western counties came with pack-horses loaded with wheat to purchase and carry home salt and other necessities, his circumstances soon improved. He bought the Dunwoodie farm for £1,500 in 1794 and had previously purchased the property on which he resided at Cove Gap."

Having firmly established himself in business, Trader Buchanan's next step was marriage. He found a wife in the person of Elizabeth Speer, the daughter of a farmer, and remarkable, considering her few advantages, for her superior intellect, as well as for her piety and capability in all her affairs.

On the 23d of April 1791, in the little cabin which formed the Buchanan homestead, James Buchanan, the future President, was born. Of the years that he passed in that wild spot little is recorded, as his father removed to the town of Mercersburg when the lad was only 5 years old, but it is told by a personal friend of the President, who himself related the story, that it was the custom of his parents to hang a bell about his neck to prevent his being lost amid the rocks and thickets when he played outdoors.

Stony Batter is as wild to day as it ever was. It has long since passed out of the family's possession, and even the cottage has been removed. Like the Buchanans, it went to Mercersburg. The person who bought it about sixteen years ago saw in it possibilities of revenue which it did not possess while it stood on its original site, and, carefully number all the logs and pieces, took it down and re-erected it in town, where it still stands in a fair state of preservation, thanks to its annual coating of whitewash. The old cabin is only a story and a half high and about twenty feet square.

A Lively Whale Beaten by a Steamboat in a Long Race.

What was probably the most unique race on record, occurred on the waters of Puget Sound between Tacoma and Seattle on Friday afternoon—namely, a race between a whale and a steamboat. Shortly after the Flyer passed Brown's Point on her afternoon trip to Seattle, a large shovel-nose whale was noticed on her port bow, and as it was in about the same position when the Flyer came up on her previous trip, it excited the curiosity of the captain, who decided to stand off his course to get a near view of the monster of the deep. Judge of his astonishment when, instead of overhauling the whale, the whale drew away from the boat. By the time it had got noised about among the passengers that it was the intention of the officers of the boat to overtake the whale if it was possible for wood, steel and steam to do so.

Word was sent to the engine room, and in a few moments it was plainly noticeable that the crack boat of the Pacific had got an extra move on herself, and in about five minutes it was clear she was gaining on the whale. About one mile south of Robinson's Point the whale put on an extra spurt of speed, and for a minute or so gained a little on the boat, but it evidently was only a spurt, for the boat again gained. When Robinson's Point was reached the whale took the inside course, and it was noted it would run ashore and so end the race. To prevent this the Flyer kept off shore so as to allow it plenty of sea room in rounding the point. By reason of taking the outside course after the point was rounded, the whale had gained considerably on the boat, but it was evident from the erratic movements of the Leviathan that it was fast becoming tired out, and that it would be only a matter of a few miles more when the monster would have to acknowledge defeat. About half a mile from Pulley Point the whale and boat were side by side, and the excitement among the passengers was intense, women and children joining in the vigorous yelling. Bets which at the beginning of the race were offered that the whale would do up the boat, were all withdrawn, and no one could be found who would risk 10 cents on his whaleship. When Pulley Point was passed the boat was fully six lengths, and five minutes after passing the Point the greatest race on record was ended, the man had constructed to sail on top of the water a boat that could outrun the swiftest denizen of the deep.

A passenger who came up on the boat that crossed the Flyer's track reported seeing a dead whale near Pulley Point. Whether or not this was the remains of the whale that raced the Flyer has not yet been verified, but it is quite probable that the race the boat gave it may have proved fatal.—From the Tacoma Ledger.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

A Practical Joker Had All the "Help" Out Sailing on His Yacht.

There is a certain yachtsman who loved a joke, especially one of the practical kind. He is rich, and can therefore indulge his weakness with less fear of the consequences than most people would have. Last summer he made his headquarters at the hotel on the Jersey coast, taking frequent cruises on his schooner yacht. Being liberal with his money, he was the "star boarder" at the place and the proprietor put up with his eccentricities rather than lose his valuable patronage.

One day in August the yachtsman said to the hotel-keeper: "Your servants have to work pretty hard, don't they?" "Well, yes," was the hesitating reply.

"They seem very faithful, and I think they deserve a little treat." "Yes," said the hotel man, wondering what was up.

"I have been thinking that it would do them lots of good to take a sail on my yacht."

"Oh, that would be too great a favor," replied the other. "Beside, they haven't time to go out on such a trip."

"Yes they have. They can go directly after luncheon, and get back in time to cook dinner." "You would be sure to bring them back in two or three hours!" "Certainly; you needn't worry about that."

Consent was given, and the guest invited all the servants for an afternoon cruise. They accepted the offer eagerly. The next day was named for the time. Luncheon was hurried through with, and the start was made without washing the dishes. The yacht was of good size, so that there was room for everyone. All the employees of the hotel went, except the clerks. The cooks and their helpers, the waiters, hall boys, baggage handlers, dish-washers and all the rest put on their best bibs and tuckers for an afternoon "off."

The day was a fine one, and the sail was immensely enjoyed. The owner of the vessel was even more delighted than his guests. Four o'clock came and the vessel was mile from the hotel. The cooks began to get anxious. They were assured it was all right. After an hour or two a capital supper was served, and Mary Ann and James forgot all about their duties on shore. When their host said: "I wonder what the people at the hotel are eating?" there was a great shout of laughter. All consented to the mutiny against their employer, and didn't mind sailing until ten or eleven o'clock, when the schooner finally landed.

In the meantime the guests were in a fine state of mind, and the proprietor was beside himself. At six o'clock some of the people went into the kitchen, washed a few dishes, cooked coffee and got together some cold food. A few thought it all a great joke. When the yachting party returned the hotel-keeper couldn't scold his employees, and didn't dare offend the rich guest. He there'ore smiled—in a forced fashion, it is true—when the yachtsman asked him, cheerily: "How did you enjoy your dinner?"—N. Y. Tribune.

Cure for the Blues.

Do Something for Someone More Miserable Than Yourself. Do you ever have the blues? Of course you do, for there never yet lived a man or woman whose soul cast no shadow. These times of depression, in which we all suffer more or less, are nothing more than shadows cast by our souls in the road along which we are walking heavenward. Sunshine rays produce shadows, and the fact that our souls go into eclipse now and then proves that there is sunshine just behind us. But what do you do when you get the blues? Do you cry or sulk or mope? Is it hard to live in the same house with you while the shadow falls athwart your way? Do the children get out of the road when they see you coming? I have found an excellent cure for the blues which I mean to tell you right here.

Go straight to work and do something for some one more miserable than yourself. Whatever your trouble may be, there is always some one to be found who has a harder lot to bear. The other day a young wife was deserted by her husband and taken to the hospital to face a terrible illness, without a friend to stand by her in her hour of need, and with not a cent to defray expenses or unlock the door of the future. Suppose you go hunt her up and offer a helping hand. Such betrayal and desertion discounts your puffs of vapor. A mother watched the coffin lid close the other day forever and forever, so far as mortal time counts, between her yearning eyes and the face of her only boy. What is your transient depression compared to the heart anguish of such a grief as hers? Don't you think it would help cure you of the blues if you sat down and wrote that mother a letter, or dropped in for an hour or two to keep her company? It seems such a selfish thing to be so exclusive in bearing trouble. A load shared is a load lightened, and the deepest gloom takes on a bright tint now and then if overborne with the sunshine of love.—Chicago Herald.

Small Attendance Yesterday.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—The attendance at the fair to-day was very small, and the grounds, after having been thronged by splendid crowds all week appeared strangely deserted. The buildings were open, but the few people who wandered through their vast areas did not find much to delight the eye, as nearly all the exhibits were covered. The week just closed was a record breaker in point of attendance. The number of visitors during the seven days was 790,466, an increase over last week of 110,374.

For and About Women.

Kate Field says: "The feeling of superiority in the sterner sex is inborn." "Mamma, do you think you'll go to heaven?" said Jack, thoughtfully looking into his mother's face. "Yes, dear, if I'm good," said the little mother cautiously wondering what would come next. "Then please be good, for papa and I would be so lonesome without you."

Watch for these things, for they are advancing with steady strides. The Elizabethan ruff. The shawl. The chignon. The reticule. The sprigged muslin. The patch. The overskirt. The accordion plait. Frills and flounces. And these things are going: The tailor-made gown. The train. Plain and heavy fabrics. Black shoes.

The general impression about wrinkles in the face is caused by worry, but the truth is most of them come from laughing. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the side of your face, the skin will loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you have.

Handsome and attractive toilettes of midsummer are snow white throughout from the chip hat with its nodding white plumes and satin ribbons to the low shoes of white canvas tipped with glossy white leather. In the morning the costume is of linen duck with an Eaton jacket or a longer coat with rovers and butterfly collar, and a skirt gored in tailor fashion and clearing the ground. A linen shirt or a gathered waist of white China silk is worn, with a stiff belt ribbon and a silver buckle. With this suit the hat is of Milan straw in sailor shape, and white gloves complete the trim toilette.

Three-quarter jackets are more popular, just at present, than the long capes, and, after all, it is better so, for they are pretty and jaunty, some of them, give one a petite appearance, while the cape has a tendency to make the figure look stout.

The late Dr. Agnew said that catarrhal affections were almost unknown among the Quakers whom he attended, and he ascribed it to the fact that the Quaker bonnet protects the back of the head and nape of the neck from cold air.

A pretty dress was a navy blue crepon with a full skirt trimmed with three scant ruffles formed of black satin ribbon. The French waist had a stock and belt of black satin and epaulettes of yellow lace were topped by a standing plaiting of satin ribbon over the shoulders, which gave the desirable high effect. Another dress was of café au lait surah, splashed with black arrow heads. The skirt had band of black insertion, edged with narrow jet trimming. The waist had a yoke formed of the lace and jet and a narrower band of black satin outlined the neck and waist. As an extra touch big black satin sleeves were employed rather than those like the gown.

As pretty a hat as I have seen this season was a three-cornered, heliotrope straw, with a rosette of heliotrope velvet at every turned up corner, or rather on the turned up flaps between the corners, and with a trail of pink eglatine drooping from it and resting on the same material. Big black satin sleeves gave it a novel appearance, and yet such a combination is not to be commended unless the wearer is perfectly able to stand it.

I am delighted to tell you that plaids are going out and small checks are coming in. A small black and white check is one of the nicest, neatest things for morning wear. I saw a middle-aged woman the other day in a summer check. The skirt was of very fine white cambric, tucked and frilled; the frills were embroidered with black, and a deep white cambric frill was worn round the neck, which was also embroidered with black. A little black and white bonnet to match, surmounting a carefully dressed head, completed a costume of which the whole effect was delightful. How is it that the well-dressed woman of 50 often looks so much nicer than the girls of 20? I think, that it is that the girl has an idea it doesn't matter how she puts on her clothes, but depends for her appearance entirely upon her youth and freshness. I am sure this is a mistake; an ill-dressed girl has no chance by the side of a care-fully-dressed woman.

Hot water is a stimulant, a food, an antiseptic and a sedative when all assimilative functions are suspended. When baby is purging and vomiting badly give up all food, says a physician in the "Jenness Miller Magazine," and fill the child with hot (not warm) water given in small doses for twenty-four hours. The water flushes and cleanses the stomach. After a few doses add a pinch of salt to the hot water and, if the child takes it more readily, a very little sugar. Occasionally a child whose stomach if in such a delicate condition that it has retained nothing for some time will throw up the first hot water given and retain the second or third dose, persisted in, this treatment will usually induce quiet sleep and recovery. I hope the mothers who have fretful, sleepless, weak-stomached babies will try this simple but effectual remedy.