

THE HARVEST MOON.

Beyond the hills, vague and dim,
Beyond the wide world's utmost rim,
Flame sunset's golden bars,
While one by one in Heaven's height,
The usen guardians of the night
Set their watchfires of stars.

The fields grow dim and fade from sight,
Behold the purple veil of night,
And all the world is hid,
A boding silence holds in thrall
All sound except the plaintive call
Of one lone kaysid.

Then comes a breath of breeze that brings
A rustle as of soroph wings,
Such as the dreamer hears;
And in the east, where day has birth,
Just where the heavens touch the earth,
The harvest moon appears.

Ever since the stars—a countless throng—
As morning sang their wordless song,
When time had just begun,
The harvest moon has come to fill
With joy the soul that bodeth ill,
Because of summer gone.

While stars shall glow, while rivers flow,
While winters come as summers go,
While men shall sigh or sing;
While time shall last, while mountains stand,
The harvest moon to every land,
Shall shine of splendor bring.
—Miller Purvis, in Womankind.

A RUNAWAY WHEEL.

BY HENRY E. HADDOCK.

RED, old man,
you are indeed
for untane," I
said, as I leaned
back in the
easy-chair be-
fore the grate
fire in his cozy
home.

"Yes, fortunate is the very word,"
he answered, musingly; "the events of
an hour changed the course of my life.
If that hour had been left out of the
day I should not be the possessor of
such a home, but would be back in the
old bachelor quarters. They were not
so bad, and there was only one woman
for whom I would give them up. At
that time she had refused me—was, in
fact, engaged to another.

"I have never before spoken of this,
but what I have gained has been well
earned. I was favored by fortune in
that hour, but it was seizing the opportunity
that made me successful.

"A party of us had gone away on a
wheeling trip. We were young, gay
and joyous, and the weeks slipped by
until it came time for us to think of re-
turning.

"From being in love with Emily
Brant I became madly infatuated with
her. Though she treated me in the
most distant manner, I still thought,
with the conceit of youth, that she
cared a little for me. I was helped
out in this idea by little incidents and
trivial circumstances which led me to
hope she would accept me.

"I had a rival—a man who did not
seem to consider my actions of any im-
portance. I could not seem to make
him jealous in the slightest degree.
He had naturally a very self-composed
manner, but this alone would not ac-
count for his bearing.

"I came to the conclusion that I
must propose to Emily before we re-
turned to the city, as I would have a
much better opportunity of stating my
case amid favorable surroundings
than in the city with its bustle and in-
terruptions.

"One afternoon we were riding
through a beautiful valley and it so
happened Emily and myself were quite
a distance to the rear of the party.
The road was smooth, the trees arched
overhead, the sunlight streamed in
gold shafts through them, falling al-
ternately upon Emily as she rode her
wheel so easily and gracefully, light-
ing her beauty with a soft glow. I
could keep silence no longer, and riding
close beside her, as we sped on to-
gether, I told her how much I loved
her and asked her to be my wife.

"Then came the breaking of the
dream I had had for so many weeks
and months. In a few words I learned
there was no hope for me, that though
she admired me in any other way,
that there was already an understand-
ing between Mr. Fernow and herself
and that their engagement was soon
to be announced.

"At first I could hardly believe my
ears. We rode the rest of the way in
silence. For me the glory of the day
had departed. It was as if a haze, like
the melancholy haze of Indian sum-
mer, through which I could see all
things for all time, had closed around
me.

"If it had been possible, I should
have left that night for the city, but
circumstances compelled me to ac-
company the party on one last ride.

"I never saw a grayer set of people
than we were when we started the
next day. Some of them gazed me a
little about my lack of gaiety, but I
answered that I was to leave the next
day and felt sad in consequence.

"We were to ride down one valley,
then descend a mountain into another
valley. I was the only one in the party
who had been over the road, and it was
so long ago I had partially forgotten
it. When we began to descend the
mountain I told them we had better
walk, as the road was very steep.

"I caught her handle bars,"
had departed. It was as if a haze, like
the melancholy haze of Indian sum-
mer, through which I could see all
things for all time, had closed around
me.

"I found myself, when I had recov-
ered from the force of the blow, half
standing, half floating in the shallow
water holding Emily Brant, who was
white and unconscious. The land-
scape seemed to be spinning round like
a top.

"I realized we had escaped serious
injury, as the river had acted as a
cushion and lessened the force of the
impact as we plunged from our
wheels. She soon revived, but was
very weak and dizzy. That night the
order of things was changed; I re-
mained, and it was Fernow who left
for the city.

"From that day the haze of Indian
summer that threatened to envelop my
life has given place to the glory of
noctitude."

"For a moment or two as Fred ceased
speaking we both sat looking at the
grate fire where the coals glowed in
the ruddy flame.

"I was thinking, knowing Fred as
well as I did, that Emily might well
consider that hour a fortunate hour
for her, though at the time it carried
with it a dread; but all I said was
"Thanks for the story, old man."
—Once a Week.

They took my advice for a time, and
we had gone the greater part of the
way when one of the party, in a spirit
of frolic, mounted his wheel and dared
the others to do likewise.

"Thinking we were almost at the
foot of the mountain, we all followed
his example. I was riding in the lead,
Earnest Fernow was close beside me.
Suddenly, on turning a bend, we came
upon a pitch in the road so steep as to
greatly alarm us.

"We had all been riding at good
speed. This in itself would have
mattered little had each one of us had
our wheels under perfect control; but
timidity, carelessness or fright might
mean great danger.

"I saw Earnest Fernow turn white
and his brake down hard, while he
back-pedaled with all his might.
Suddenly we were startled by a cry of
fear—a cry for help; 'Earnest, save
me!' The next instant Emily Brant
sped by us; she had lost control of her
wheel.

"Fernow paid no heed; he was too
frightened himself; he turned his
bicycle into the bank and jumped.
Even at the speed with which she was
going I knew she realized he had de-
serted her.

"Unless you have been similarly
placed, you cannot understand the
ghastly feeling of horror that comes
over you as you know your wheel is
beyond your control on a steep moun-
tain. There is no way to stop but by
turning into the bank and taking a
headlong plunge, and the chances of
injury or death, or to keep on, while
the speed increases with each revolu-
tion of the wheels, and the chances of
escape grow less.

"I realized if I started in pursuit my
wheel would be in a moment more be-
yond my control; still my opportu-
nity had come, and I did not hesitate.
A moment more and I was close beside
her. I had no idea up to this time
what I should do, but as my wheel,
owing to superior weight, closed up
the gap between us my thoughts be-
gan to take form.

"The road, fortunately, was almost
straight. I remembered that where it
came upon the valley there was a wide,
shallow river. It came down the moun-
tain at right angles to the river, then
turned to the left. There was a small
open field between the road and river.
I knew instinctively that she would
try to turn away from the river. In
that case she would be hurled against
a mass of rock through which the road
had been cut.

"I must reach her before we came
upon the river. For a time our speed
was terrific. The rocks and trees
seemed to be strangely blurred as
they sped by. We could feel the air
like a resisting wall through which we
were plunging. Then we came upon a
rise in the road, almost a hill, which
reduced our speed somewhat, and I
came nearer her.

"As I came close beside her wheel
she turned her head as if she could
not bear the sight of the water toward
which we were plunging.

"She saw me, and in all the horror
that surrounded us I felt a great hap-
piness, for there was trust, confidence
and admiration in that look. It said:
'You will save me!'

"Up to that time I believe she
thought she was riding to death alone.
Then I was close beside her, and
as we came toward the turn in the
road I reached over and seized, for one
instant, the handle bars of her wheel,
keeping both wheels pointed for the
open field and the river.

"There was a minute's jar as we
crossed the field, then the river seemed
to spring forward to meet us. There
was a dull shock, and a plunge into
the water.

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ered from the force of the blow, half
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THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Hints as to Autumn Gowns and Hats.

New York Designers Are Studying the Styles of the Days of Louis XVI. —Smaller Sleeves Are Surely Coming.

It is almost autumn, and we ask,
even if we get no answer, what are
we going to wear? It is simple guess-
work as yet, in spite of dissertations
from people gifted in the art of
setting forth the unknowable. Fashion
works along certain lines, and one has
only to follow the trend of her tenden-
cies to get—somewhere, whether she
may or may not follow.

Bearing in mind this principle, it is
reasonably safe to get interested in
Louis XVI. All the New York design-
ers who are going to Paris to study and
to evolve models are being sent to Ver-
sailles to sit down before the old pic-
tures of the bouffant skirts, the
pointed waists, the sashes and the
fichus worn by the unhappy queen and
her ladies, when they shut so ineffec-
tually the gates of Trarion on the
sound of the approaching revolution.

Without waiting for the verdict of the
designers the sashes and fichus have
been accepted, and some of the trousse-
aus already in preparation for early
autumn arrivals show a very consid-
erable faith in the coming empire of
smaller sleeves, basque effects and
skirts that re fall over the hips.

The dress, for instance, in which
Miss Edith Martyn will travel across
the continent after her wedding with

Mr. Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes is of
dull-green wool fleeced with a warm
red here and there. It is, furthermore,
a very interesting example of the hesi-
tancy between the reigning styles and
the styles that are expected to reign,
for the skirt is slightly flared over the
hips, and yet, like the spring skirt and
the summer skirt, it flares toward the
hem. It is a fitted basque with a point
in front and one behind. Instead of
the soft surplice corsage, without
which a dressmaker hardly knows how
to dressmake, it has an elaborate braid-
ed yoke in red and green. There are
rather small gigot sleeves, but the real
novelty of the outfit is the jacket, which
is very short, close-fitting in the back but
loose and double-breasted in front, with
narrow revers and several rows of
smoky pearl buttons set with gold rims.

Another "going away dress," this
time for a very youthful blonde
whose marriage will be one of New-
port's sensations in September, is of
shot green and blue cloth with a skirt
that takes less cloth than the modistes
have been using, though it is so full
over the hips that to get the result
aimed at gilet hip panels have been
set in. These panels are fastened down
with pearl buttons, otherwise the skirt
is untrimmied. The waist is a tight
pointed bodice, with a loose front of
silk shot with green and blue. The
chocker is a straight silk band and the
sleeves are just moderately full, with
lace ruffles falling over the lower arm.

It usually happens that one knows
about hats before one knows about
gowns. Some of the leading milliners
have a few early models from Paris,
and to tell about them sounds as if one
were taking the description for the
costumes of the "Queen's Necklace,"
where the toilets were those worn by
Marie Antoinette in her gayest, most
carefree days.

A hat ordered by Mrs. George Gould
for the coming fall is of fine yellow
straw bent down over the face, tucked
up sharply in the back, and with
plum and convolutions on the
sides. The crown is rather low and
about it is a plaiting of black lace and
white velvet, standing up like a coronet,
tied with crimson ribbon figured Dres-
den fashion in white and black and
knotted behind in a big bow. Fin-
ger-crimson flowers are fastened under
the brim and droop, like blood-red tassels,
over the hair.

Another model for later wear, when
the leaves have dropped and the air
gets its autumnal chill, is of black vel-
vet with one side close against the face
and the other carelessly crumpled to
suit the bright, irregular features of a
typical American beauty, who almost
always has a slightly tip-tilted nose
and a sunny chin. Small pink crys-
themums are pinned inside against the
front hair, and a coronal of black os-
trich feathers is tied about the tilting
crown with a huge bow of crysanthe-
mum pink ribbon.

But what is called the Marie Antoi-
nette shape and promises to be the
leading novelty for some months to
come is a poke of fine straw with a
short back and a high steep crown. An
unaccountable number of little bows of
black ribbon arranged in rows is the
trimming for one of the newest of
these experiments, together with a lot
of nodding black plumes. A hat like
this looks a century old, but it is very,
very in de siecle.

Levi P. Morton's eldest daughter has
a Marie Antoinette hat rather more
sumptuous in effect and meant for wear
in late August. It is a quaint affair of
white braided straw, trimmed with
white satin ribbon bows and black
ostrich tips fastened with paste
buckles. To go with it is a dress of
white veiling with large black chenille
spots, wide collar and wide ribbon sash
with large square bows.

So far as one can now see the fall
colors will be golden brown, French
blue, tan, black and white, with an oc-
casional knot of yellow and green.
Silk blouses cannot go out at once,
there are always women who will have
them. The newest have felt already the
ground swell of fashion and are

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

The Letter Which Was Dictated to a Typewriter.

"Miss Mansard," said the head of the
business house to the pretty stenog-
rapher, "have you written those let-
ters to delinquent debtors telling 'em
to pay or get sued?"
"Yes, sir," said Miss Mansard.
"And that long letter to the Kansas
City branch house?"
"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the head of the firm, "I
have another letter here I'd like to get
off this afternoon, if you please."
The stenographer approached and
sat down by the little wooden leaf
which he drew out from his desk for
her.

"The address," said the head of the
house, commencing to dictate rapidly,
"is James Broderick, Trent Falls Sta-
tion, Vt. Dear Old Friend—Your let-
ter is received, and I assure you it
gives me pleasure to hear of your wel-
fare. I hope your family will con-
tinue in the best of spirits, and I shall
certainly look forward with satisfac-
tion to your proposed visit here. Para-
graph. In regard to your inquiry as
to why I don't get married, would you
say that I have been too busy, but mean
to take steps to remedy the matter at
once. I am this afternoon about to
make a proposition of the kind you
suggest to Miss Mary Mansard, a
charming young woman, who is em-
ployed in my office and who is in every
way fitted to adorn a home with
womanly graces. Miss Mansard heretofore
has been rather distant in her
conduct, but this may be due wholly to
natural reserve. Paragraph. My stenog-
rapher has instructions to append to
this letter the fact that Miss Mansard's
answer is—"

The head of the firm interrupted him-
self and turned to open a fresh batch
of business letters.

"You may finish that letter your-
self," he said, "although I trust you
understand that the first duty of an
employee is to obey the evident wishes
of the employer, whether spoken or im-
plied."

And Miss Mansard obediently with-
drew to her typewriter. — Chicago
Record.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

Painstaking Care Is Necessary to Remove Seemingly Trifling Troubles.

There are many little skin troubles,
which are both persistent and trouble-
some, and vex one's very soul by ap-
pearing on the face. A greasy skin
may arise from various causes, but gen-
erally from lack of cleanliness or debil-
ity of the skin. Only an astringent
has any effect upon it, and a very sim-
ple, entirely harmless one may be made
from one pint of rosewater, half a pint
of vinegar and a few drops of essence
of rose. This lotion may be applied
with a piece of soft linen or a very fine
sponge.

Blackheads are very difficult to get
rid of, and are caused by the clogging
of the pores of the skin by dust or for-
eign matter. Alcohol, ninety per cent.,
applied by the means of a piece of
chamois skin, will give tone to the skin
and remove unsuspected dirt and dust,
at the same time stimulating the small
glands and removing, by constant use,
the blackheads.

Tan and freckles may be removed by
the use of the following lotion: Two
drachms of powdered sal ammoniac,
four fluid drachms of eau de cologne,
one quart of distilled water. Lemon
juice and borax are both very effica-
cious, and are home remedies.

Many skins will not stand constant
washing, but need to be cleaned after
a dusty ride or walk by other means
than soap and water. Lait Virginal is
a delicious preparation, and can be
made as follows: One pint of rose,
orange-flower or elder-flower water,
half an ounce of simple tincture of
benzoin, and ten drops of tincture of
myrrh.

Chilling winds exposed to harsh or
chilling winds, it is a good plan upon
retiring to rub a quantity of fresh
cream on the face, removing after five
or ten minutes, to be applied again, fol-
lowed by a generous puffing of rice
powder.—Housekeeper.

PREVENTS BOILING OVER.
Excellent Household Device Patented by
a German Inventor.

A neat little device has been patented
by a German inventor, which effectually
prevents the boiling over of any
fluid, even at an open fire, says the

THE MILK WILL NOT BOIL OVER.
Philadelphia Record. It is a simply-
constructed rim, which most tightly fits
the pot in which the milk is to be
boiled. Upon the inside of it is another
rim in which holes are cut even dis-
tances apart. This pot needs no watch-
ing, and if it does boil over no harm can
be done, as the overflow returns to the
pot through the small holes provided in
the rim sufficiently cooled off to pre-
vent it from boiling over any more. A
benefit of this system is that milk can
be kept boiling for a long time, and
thereby sterilized milk, forming nutri-
tious and healthy food for babies, can
be obtained.

Professional Gray Hair Pullers.
A unique occupation taken up by cer-
tain enterprising young women in need
of a little extra money is that of "gray
hair pullers." The day the first gray
hair makes its appearance is one of sor-
row to many fashionable women, and
the hair is generally plucked out, re-
gardless of the old saying that a dozen
will come to its funeral. Soon after-
ward the gray hair puller is summoned
and engaged to come at regular inter-
vals. She takes down her patron's
hair, combs it gently and carefully re-
moves every hair which has departed
from its original hue and pins up the
locks again.—N. Y. Evening World.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Printing and Paper!

The TRIBUNE'S job printing department now contains the best facilities in the region for turning out first-class work. The office has been entirely re-furnished with the newest and neatest type faces for all classes of printing. We have also added recently an improved fast running press, which enables us to turn out the best work in the shortest time. Our prices are consistent with good work.

We carry at all times a large stock of flat papers of various weights and sizes, as well as colored, news and cover papers of good quality, cardboard, cut cards, etc., which we will sell blank at low rates. Our envelopes, noteheads, letterheads, billheads and statements are made from the highest grade stock used in commercial printing, whilst our prices on this kind of work are as low as any. Having a large and powerful cutter, we are in a position to do paper cutting of any kind at a low figure.

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When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, most finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is

Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, for as many improvements as this

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It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (patented), no other has its New Stand (patented), double wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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known for the relief of all
menstrual troubles. It is
entirely harmless and
never causes any
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