The Man in the Moon.

O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run,
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise;
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise
To just dream of the stars as the doctors advise?

And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear,
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his ear, and a c orn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all 'round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan;
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkable marvellous man!
—*J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion and Other Domestic Gossip.

Corsets Fastened by Machinery—Buying Wedding Presents—The Bustle About to Collapse.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Economy in Bridal Presents.

"It is scarcely the right thing," said a young bride, "to look a gift horse in the mouth, and yet it's hard not to speak one's mind on a matter of this kind. It does seem to me that people might think awhile before buying wedding presents. I am sure if they had done so I would never have received seven pickle castors. What in the world am I to do with them all? I can only use one at a time, or, at the most, two. Now what is to become of the other five? It's just too perplexing for anything. If I could only show them it wouldn't be so bad, but I can't even do that." "Dear me, I don't know why you want to worry over such a little thing as that," observed her sister, who had been married nine years. "Those extra pickle castors will come in handy by and by. Select the one you want to keep and then put the others carefully away. Whenever any of your friends marry let a pickle castor be your gift. It'll save you lots of money. When I was married I received four fish knives among my presents. I was cross until some one gave me the hint that I have just given you, and then I was happy. It wasn't long before I had made good use of three fish knives."

What Will the Bustle Be?

Ladies who are having new winter suits seem perplexed concerning the bustle arrangements in their efforts to ascertain whether it is to be large or not. Whenever these unavoidable discussions are overheard in dressmakers' rooms it is always a matter of surprise that any woman can hesitate an instant as to the advisability of wearing such a hideous, uncomfortable appendage on her back, even when it is considered the fashion. Often this order has been given to the dressmaker: "Put in a bustle large enough to sway back and forth as I walk; it's an awfully stylish effect." The effect is certainly "awful," and if any one of those women who gave these directions fully realized the ungraceful, vulgar spectacle they make of themselves by a huge bobbing bustle, and the uncomplimentary criticisms they call forth, they would discard these abominations so detrimental to comfort and artistic outline. However, violent extremes of fashion never last. A reaction always sets in. Thanks to the law of universal change the collapse of the bustle has already arrived. Mrs. Sherwood writes from Paris that "tight lacing, large bustles and the high hat are doomed," and "Madge" writes from London that "the hump at the back of dresses is fast diminishing, and that the protuberances are only worn by the sort of women who love exaggeration in dress, and always cling fondly to absurdities and eccentricities, seeing in them their only chance to be what they call stylish."—*Hartford Times.*

A Little Illogical, But Not Less Lovely.

A woman jumps on a chair, holds her petticoats round her legs and yells like a small cyclone at the sight of a mouse. But she runs up three flights of stairs in a burning building to rescue another woman's baby. She's afraid of a book agent in broad daylight, yet pistol in hand follows up a burglar at midnight. She cowers when the furniture creaks, and is a lioness if a drunken man assaults the front door. She tells tales out of school, yet is the first to do a kindness to the woman she's talked about. She steals a car ride with a crystal conscience, if the conductor forgets her fare, and then opens her purse to its widest to help a man out of a tight corner. She haggles at the remnant counter for herself, and then tribles the money on flannels for her washerwoman's sick boy.—*San Francisco Report.*

Fastening Corsets by Machinery.

An interesting fact was educed in the course of a lecture on tight-lacing delivered by Miss Heffler-Arnim. The lecturer said "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on to a crossbar while their maids had fastened the fifteen-inch corset. A combined body-stretcher and waist-compresser would supply a decided want. Indeed, it ought to have been invented before fashion decreed the fifteen-inch corset. It is surely very thoughtless to order people to make themselves measure fifteen inches around the waist without providing them with the necessary machinery.

A Little Longer Month by Month.

The evolution of the ladies' pocket-books is wonderful. One year ago the ladies were satisfied with a diminutive affair they could hide in the palms of their hands. In 365 days the pocket-book has grown to the length of a good-sized healthy ear of corn. Here are illustrations showing the length the pocket-book has grown every three months:

January 1st, 1887.

April 1st, 1887.

July 1st, 1887.

October 1st, 1887.

January 1st, 1888.

If this thing keeps on the pocket-book will grow in another year long enough to be used as a walking-stick.—*Albany Argus.*

What the Women Will Wear.

Soft woollen goods will be the prevailing fall material for street wear. Not only will plain materials be used, but fancy goods in stripes and large plaids. The latter are very popular, being used in combination with plain material. The basque is made of some soft twill, with fancy cuffs and collars, in combination with a skirt of plaid, with full heavy draperies of the same. Among some of the latest French importations are many woollens, with fancy stripes of velvet. The Jacquard looms are furnishing the market with this class of goods, with elaborately flowered stripes of velvet. The Princess of Wales has set the style of using watered silk basques, with skirt and draperies of plain cashmere—a combination which is very taking. Many importations for fall wear are of plain ladies' cloth and serge in an almost endless variety of colors. The navy-blues have more purple in them than formerly, the porcelain-greens more blue, and reds are as dark as the Jacqueminot rose. For stylish costumes striking combinations are used, as red and green, brown and blue, and gray and blue The prevailing color, and that which seems to be most fitting for the autumn season, is brown, and this will be used in all shades; wood, bronze and tawny being most in favor.—*Wade's Fibre and Fabric.*

Suggestions to Housewives.

The color of the jelly is spoiled by boiling too long.

Put very little lard in your bread if you wish it to be white.

Do not fill the soup plate. A half-ladleful is generally enough.

If you moisten your broom in warm water every time you sweep you will find the dust will not fly so badly.

To remove grease from garments, dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, shake well and apply with a sponge.

A good wash for the hair, to prevent it from falling out, is made by mixing one teaspoonful of salt, 30 grains of quinine and a pint of common whiskey or bay rum. Rub the hair thoroughly every night.

Another good wash for the hair is: One cupful of salt, one quart soft water. After it stands for twelve hours commence to use. Take a cupful of the brine and a cupful of hot water, wash well with that, rinse once and rub dry as possible with towel.

When the feet are swollen from walking or long standing, the soreness may be relieved by soaking them in the following: Take some wood ashes and cover with water; let it stand for two or three hours; strain off the water and place the feet in it. The soreness will disappear almost immediately.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Pretty blankets, with a thick fleece and striped in dull blue or pink on cream or gray ground, are used for making dressing wrappers, and are very warm and inexpensive.

The latest novelties in slippers consist of an open-work pattern stamped out in patent leather over a white or tan-colored ground. These slippers come quite high up on the instep and have a big bow set across them in the Louis XIV. fashion.

Stripes are favorites in every fabric. Pretty pearl-colored moires have fine wrinkled stripes, which are set four inches apart, and are in electric blue, Charles X. pink, or a dull apple green. They resemble the fabrics of thirty years ago and are exquisitely pretty.

The old-fashioned watered silk is coming back into style, and is much richer in effect than the modern moire. It is shown in the shops in black, with the broad, delicate effects of the old watering, which is interspersed with fine, wavy lines, and forms the foundation of dresses draped with velvet or camel's hair, being made plainly, with little draping and less trimming.

For a walking-dress, and useful in all weather, nothing is better than dark blue smooth-faced lady's cloth, made with a plain round skirt, a panel braided in black on the left side, and simple drapery. The basque is braided in black, and is quite round, without pleats in the back. A plain braided jacket of the same material forms the outer wrap.

The jersey in its re-formed state grows constantly in popularity. It comes in all shades and divers shapes. Pretty gray ones have a yoke, heavily embroidered with narrow, flat braid set on edge, and the same is repeated on the sleeves. Red ones have the yokes made in multitudinous tiny tucks, and a bunch of tucks slightly wider immediately back and front in the tunic. These are confined about the waist with broad silk belts, fastened with a long, narrow buckle either of metal or smoked pearl. Still another fashion is to have a plain yoke and a tunic laid in broad box-pleats, and very expensive ones have cuffs, collars and vests of velvet braided with tinsel.

Plush is made into beautiful tea gowns of *gris de perle*, with tiny touches of very pale *crepe de chine* to relieve the gray. These are very plain in design, with demi-trains and a little pleating of gray satin set underneath the edge, lined with a deep lace balayeuse. The front has a vest of heavy gray satin, forming a sharp point and giving the effect of long-waistedness, which all French gowns show. The pleats of the vest are lined with pink, making thus many very fine lines of the color, and the tight plush sleeves come half way below the elbow, the flare being filled in with the crepe, which faces the high, half-open collar at the throat.

Boulanger hats are seen occasionally, but it is far too flamboyant a style to be worn by well-dressed women. It is made of dark brown, blue, gray and black felt, and much resembles in shape the head-gear of the Knights Templar. On the front is a rosette made of many loops of velvet ribbon, under which is set the stem of a long ostrich plume, sometimes two of them, which wave backward over the top of the hat and are held to it with a stitch or two in the back. They are handsome, but fast looking, and in Paris are worn only by that class of women whose principal desire is to attract attention.

Among the Churches.

The Spurgeon family, in London, is represented by three clergymen. The membership under their care, it is said, constitute more than one-sixth of the membership in the London Baptist Association, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, son of Charles H., is pastor of one-fourth of all the Baptists in New Zealand.

Principal Tulloch was, after the death of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, the man in the Scottish Church whom Queen Victoria most trusted. His son has been allowed to write for boys and girls a life of herself and a life of the Prince Consort. By command of the Queen a marble bust of the late principal has been placed in the hall at Balmoral Castle.

Mr. Spurgeon is not to be left alone in the position he has assumed toward the Baptist Union. The Rev. Archibald Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, an institution on a scale of similar magnitude to that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has also withdrawn from the Union, and among many others who have taken the same course is the Rev. T. Ballimore, of the Gildencroft Baptist Church, St. Martin's Lane.

Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield Cottage, Oxford, has commenced a course of lectures on subjects of general interest to university men. The latest lecture was on "Pessimism and Life," and was largely attended, the dons being present in considerable strength, some of them contented with seats on the floor of the lecture room. The lecture treated of the pessimism of East and West, of Schopenhauer and of Buddha. The conclusion reached was that if life itself was bad, then pessimism was justifiable; but that if the goodness of God was admitted, then all theories of pessimism fell to the ground.

A sad tragedy has occurred near Birmingham. Rev. Lindsay Taplin, a Unitarian pastor at Kingswood, committed suicide by drowning himself in a pond near his residence. Before going to Kingswood the reverend gentleman had been for a quarter of a century in charge of the Unitarian church at Todmordon. He was a highly accomplished scholar. Latterly his health had not been good and he was depressed in spirits. He was a little over 60 years of age. The manner of his death has caused much local excitement and regret.

Cremation and Religion.

Once, when the late Lord Shaftesbury was told that a certain High Church bishop had opposed the burning of the dead on the ground of religious principle, and had declared that the practice would militate against the idea of the resurrection, he exclaimed, "What an audacious limitation of the power of the Almighty! What has become of the blessed martyrs who were burned at the stake?" Of all the objections raised against this method of disposing of the dead, perhaps there is none so foolish as that which says that the act would be an irreligious one. Everyone has a perfect right to think what he likes with regard to such a subject, but whatever arguments may be introduced, sensible religious people have a right to ask that religion shall not be dragged in to the contest to support either side. Considering how many of the early Christians were destroyed by fire, and how many noble Protestant heroes in later days sealed their testimony to the faith at the stake, it is impossible for any sober-minded believer in the grand truths for which these martyrs died to reject cremation on the grounds associated with religion.—*Rock (Episcopal Church paper).*

A Warning to "Dunners."

A curious case, showing to what extent a debtor may and may not be dunned, has been decided by the Recorder of Montreal. A collector who had several times called on one George Baillie, was at last told by the debtor not to return. Not heeding this injunction, he did return, and was ejected. Baillie was arrested, presumably for assault, and the Recorder dismissed the case with costs against the too industrious collector. And the Recorder laid down the law in these words: "No collector has the right to come to a house for the purpose of collecting, if the one from whom he wants to collect has once told him not to come again. He may seek redress in the court, but not otherwise."

Not Altogether Friendless.

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that, nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"'Tain't so. I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."

The Genuine Article.

At a restaurant. A customer in a disgusted tone of voice:

"Why, this milk is turned."

"Well, sir!" returned the delighted vendor of comestibles, "and what does that prove, sir? Why, sir, it proves that the article served to you was, like everything else sold in this restaurant, genuine, and not a deceiving combination of chalk and water, sir."

He Was No Puppy.

He—Do you want a little puppy, Miss Edith?

She—Am I to consider that as a proposal?

He—Not at all; good-bye.—*The Earth.*

Mrs. Breesy (to daughter)—Did you tell young Mr. Waldo, dear, that you would correspond with him on his return to Boston? Miss Breezy—Yes, mamma, he has been so polite to me while in Chicago, you know, and seemed so seriously in earnest when he asked me if he might not hear from me occasionally that what could, I say, mamma, but "Let her go Gallagher."

—The young lady in the glove store always says, "Put up your hands," yet nobody imagines her to be a footpad.

A NERVE REST.

Going to Bed to Get a Sufficient Holiday.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise, says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for November. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

National Anthems.

There never was a more rousing composition than "La Marseillaise." "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despot." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was first made known every one was singing it, and the words "To arms! March!" were resounding in all parts of France. At every season of disorder since its strains have excited the passions of the people, and if immortality can be predicted for any tune known to man this is, beyond a question, the one. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night. They were composed in 1792 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtæn colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseilles, but it was a force of Marseillaise which first marched to it, and hence the title.

The origin of the British national anthem has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. There is almost as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the source of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist, but it has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible to decide definitely for the one or the other. The music of "God Save the Queen" is comparatively tame and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the comparatively peaceful, regular course of events which has marked public affairs in England for over two hundred years past.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the Czars usually contented themselves with "God Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwoff, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people: "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc. It is, properly speaking, an official hymn, and is unknown to the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn and performed for the first time at the celebration at the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore a ready acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann, about the year 1770. The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," though it can hardly be called a national anthem, is a favorite air with the gondoliers of Venice, who sing it frequently.

A Jail for a Family Residence.

A Mrs. Fitzsimmons has a new lot in the new town of Delano, Kern county, adjoining one owned by the county. The county ordered a jail built on its land, but by mistake it was erected on Mrs. Fitzsimmons' lot. The lady immediately moved into what she naturally claims as "improvements" on her land, and was holding the fort at last accounts.—*Nevada City (Cal.) Transcript.*

Fashionable Charity.

Aunt Minerva (to fashionable niece)—Do you expect to do anything in the direction of charity this winter, Clara?

Miss Clara (brightly)—Oh, yes, aunty, I am already planning my costume for the charity ball.

—Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to kepp the preserved pears on the top shelf.

—One of the things which strikes the average man who receives a circular from a Wall street shark telling him of a new and improved plan for getting rich, is that he does not utilize it himself.

—Keeps still—the moonlight whiskey manufacturer.

—Angelina seeks for a definition of volubility. "Volubility, Angelina dear, is the distinguishing feature of a horse-car driver when he is ten minutes behind time on his supper trip and an overloaded coal team breaks down in front of him on the rail."

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

BOBBY PLAYS A TRUMP.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurry off to bed.

Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry up when he's all tired out.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE LINE DRAWN.

It is the father of a precocious 2½-year-old who tells that the child was once watching an old lady making her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and her teeth, when the astonished small boy said:

"Bet yeh can't take yez neck off!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WHEN THE ANGELS SMILED.

Passing down Sixteenth street yesterday we noticed a little incident worth recording. A little crippled boy, 10 years old, a poor chappie from the river bottoms, was being hauled along in a little waggon by two other ragged urchins.

"What's the matter with him?" said a little fellow, stopping as he went along.

"He's paralyzed and can't walk a step and we're helping him home," they answered.

Instead of running on the little fellow went into a store and soon caught up with them, handing the cripple a paper bag.

"I got a nickel for blackin' my father's shoes this morning and was going to buy some candy, but you can have it, and here's some ginger-snaps," and the little "Good Samaritan" was around the corner and out of hearing, with tears in his eyes, before the cripple could thank him—*Omaha Herald.*

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

Lady (recently moved into the neighborhood)—I am very anxious to rent a pew in the church, Deacon Jones. My children are large enough to attend. Absent-minded deacon (who is also a landlord)—I am very sorry, madame, but we don't take children.—*New York Sun.*

CLOSE OF THE INQUISITION.

In New Jersey there had been some illness in a family, and an inquisitive neighbor asked little Johnny, the youngest son of the family, who had been sick, and he answered: "Oh, it's my brother, that's all." "What was the matter with him?" "Nuffin', only he was just sick." "I know; but what ailed him?" "Oh, I dunno." "What did he have?" "He had the doctor."—*Troy Times.*

Floating Gardens of the Aztecs.

During all their wanderings, wherever they stopped the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies in the midst of a lake where there were but few fish, necessity and industry compelled them to form floating gardens on the bosom of the waters. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants intertwined with twigs and branches until they formed a foundation sufficiently strong to support a soil they drew from the bottom of the lake, and on it they sowed their needed maize and chilo. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water and of various forms, the most effective being long and narrow, called cintas, or ribbons. With their natural taste for flowers, they added the ornamental to the useful, and these small gardens, multiplying, were covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of their gods or sent to decorate the palace of the Emperor.

What a picture of delightful independence!

The peaceful Indian could anchor his flowery home where he willed, float beyond social cares or political burdens, and from prying neighbors and poll-parrot gossips he could quietly paddle away! In these secure retreats the spendthrift could elude his creditors, the bank defaulter hide from the minions of the law.—*Outing.*

Choked to Death With a Peanut.

A very sad death took place in Galt on Thursday morning about half-past 11 o'clock, the victim being a young son of Mr. John Flynn, living on South Water street. The poor little fellow had been playing about the house during the morning, and while doing so had been eating some peanuts. Suddenly the boy started to cough as if choking; and those present seized the child and endeavored to relieve it. Medical aid was also obtained, but by that time it was evident that the child was dying. The doctor as a last resort opened the windpipe, but this endeavor to save its life failed, and in a few moments the heart ceased to beat. The little fellow was about 4 years of age, and was a bright and interesting child.—*Galt Reporter.*

An Interesting Village Under Water.

A gentleman arriving from Tarboro yesterday reported that Princeville, a colored settlement just across Tar River from Tarboro, is under water. The water is higher there than it his been since 1842. The water is standing around the houses halfway to the top of most of them, and the state of affairs is generally very unpleasant. Princeville is strictly a negro settlement, having a colored Mayor, colored police and colored town council.—*Raleigh News and Courier.*

Brown to the Rescue.

Wife—My dear, I don't know what I am going to do; the company is only half served and the refreshments are giving out. Hubby—Well, if Browne is here we are perfectly safe. Wife—But I don't see how it is going to remedy the difficulty. Hubby—Why, get him to read that theory of his on "Coming Man," and you will see the guests disappear like smoke.

—It is said that H. Rider Haggard contemplates writing a sequel to "She." As he totally annihilated the old lady at the end of his former novel, a sequel seems to be an impossibility. But Haggard's ingenuity is equal to almost any feat. He could doubtless revive "She" with a few chemicals.

—Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, is within two years of the age of our century. Yet he is still so vigorous, in body as in mind, that on a recent Sunday, when assisting Mr. Wells, of Pollokshields, at the communion, he was able to deliver three powerful discourses. He also preached on Saturday evening the preparatory sermon.

—Should pigs that run at large in the streets be considered public pen-shunners?