

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Fashion Notes

PLAIDS will be the rage.
POLONAISES are very short.
POLKA-DOTTED hose are fashionable.
BUSTLES are worn with all street costumes.
DOTTED fabrics of all kinds are to be worn.
STRINGS of pearls are braided or coiled in the hair.

Gold and silver tinsel will be exceedingly fashionable.

THE Jersey and Pilgrim suits are both English in origin.

TWILLED all-wool delaine is a very popular fabric this autumn.

THE Derby hat will be very much worn again this autumn.

QUILTED petticoats of satin or farmer's satin will be worn.

OLD FASHIONED neckerchiefs are very popular with the ladies.

POWDERED hair will probably be one of the revivals this winter.

LONG plumes and broad ribbons are the soul of millinery this season.

MANY of the most elegant evening dresses will be made short this winter.

FELT skirts are very handsome this year, and come in all the new shades.

ORIENTAL coloured plaids of mammoth size distinguish many of the new goods.

JOCKEY costumes, consisting of long coat-bisque and plain skirt, are stylish.

BEAD-EMBROIDERED belts are worn with the round waist, so fashionable this year.

HANDKERCHIEF dresses, of woolen fabric, will be exceedingly popular for fall and winter wear.

PLAQUE buttons, in the centre of which is a bunch of grapes or other fruit, are handsome.

JERSEY webbing or stockinet, in all the new colours, is sold by the yard for corsages and sleeves.

CROWN braids and puffs are entirely out of date, the fashionable coiffure being very flat and smooth.

CASHMERE-COLOURED buttons and belt buckles are seen on the Oriental costumes so fashionable at present.

CORDS, both beaded and plain, will be largely used in trimming polonaises and outside wraps this fall.

RICH, stiff, white satin, brocaded in silver or gold, is the appropriate fabric for an elegant wedding dress.

WIDE Josephine belts are worn with almost all costumes. These are sometimes laced in front and at the back.

Waits.

"THE sun shines for all," while the moon looks placidly down on a few spooney couples.

WHAT is the difference between a fixed star and a meteor? One is a sun, the other a darter.

WEDDING cards are to be smaller than ever and made as plain, quiet, and genteel as possible.

MARRIED life reaches its acme of happiness when a woman can eat crackers in bed without any complaint from her husband.

It is the dastardly young brother who remarks: "Sister Sal's all the fashion now. She wears a horse-belt round her waist, and I expect she'll soon have a saddle and bridle."

FROM the satisfied expression that often illuminates a lady's face while she is gazing in the mirror, the superstition has grown that mirrors are in the habit of giving women "taffy."

THE astonishment of the lightning when Aja defied it was nothing as compared to the feeling of the young man who makes his best bow to a bevy of young ladies, and bursts a suspender button in the act.

At a recent marriage the bride was a young damsel who had been a great flirt. When the clergyman asked the usual question, "Who gives this woman away?" a young fellow present exclaimed, "I could, but I won't."

"O, MR. LINGERIE, you've got on your freckled stockings!" exclaimed a sweet child, on the Ocean house piazza, where that gentleman was the centre of an admiring feminine group; "and Cousin Julia says they just match your complexion!"

TODDLERS are a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it all until his

three boys grew up to be tall, strapping young fellows, and his wife began to cut down their old clothes and cut them over to fit him. And then, he said, he did get mad.

"WHAT do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" indignantly inquired a fashionably-dressed young lady of a conductor of a fearfully overcrowded car the other day. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," said the conductor. And the lady stood up and rode four streets further, with the smile of an angel.

No Bitterness.

THE QUIET WAY IN WHICH TWO OLD GENTLEMEN DISCUSSED POLITICS.

(Petroleum World.)

Grandfather Lickshingle and Deacon Redspinner, two patriarchs in this community, were walking down the street together yesterday. It was remarked that two such venerable men were not often seen together, and people raised their hats to them as they passed along and spoke to them reverently.

"There's entirely too much bitterness in this campaign, deacon," said Mr. Lickshingle, "and I regret it exceedingly. Now, when we wuz young men, and took an interest in politics, we had none of this 'ere everlasting cat-baulin'."

"Indeed we hadn't," acquiesced Deacon Redspinner. "Take Jackson's campaign for instance. There wuz a lively intercat taken by both parties, but there wuz none of yer bullyraggin' like we see now-a-days."

"That's a fact, deacon," said old Lickshingle, "but, between me and you, I never thought much of Jackson."

"He was a mighty good man, Lickshingle," "He was small potatoes compared to some men we have now, deacon."

"Who'd ye mean," demanded the deacon. "Well, there's Garfield," said Lickshingle.

"Garfield be danged. You know mighty well, Lickshingle, he couldn't have been 'lected hog-rieve in a hill town in Jackson's day."

"He's a darn sight better man than Hancock."

"Go slow, Lickshingle, go slow!" said the deacon, somewhat agitated.

"Oh, I know what I'm talkin' about," retorted Lickshingle, as he stabbed the pavement spitefully with his hickory cane. "Hancock's a stoughton bottle, that's what he is."

"An' what's Garfield? Great guns, what's Garfield? Didn't he lay a Cheap-John sort of a pavement around the capitol and charge the government \$1,000,000 for it?" and the deacon's eyes blazed with indignation.

"See here, deacon! Look at your man Hancock's letter to Sherman. Didn't he try to blow up Washington with glycerine? Say, didn't he? Oh, I read the papers old man, an' know what's going on."

"Hancock's a good an' pure man. Didn't he fight like a bull-dog in the war of the rebellion? Where was Garfield skulkin' in the time of disaster? In Canada, by thunder, in Canada!"

"What wuz Hancock doin' with a stiletto in his boot the night Lincoln was murdered? Answer me that. If Wilkes Booth had failed this Hancock was ready to finish the job. Don't talk to me! Don't talk to me!"

"It's a lie!" howled the deacon, as he whirled around and faced Lickshingle on the street.

"It's as true as holy writ, an' any man's a liar that says so," retorted Lickshingle, too much wrought up to be particular as to his phraseology.

"You're a bald-headed old scoundrel," yelled the deacon.

"You're an old leper, an' I can wipe the ground with you," howled Lickshingle, gripping his cane and advancing.

Friends jumped in and the two furious old men were dragged away in opposite directions. The deacon squirmed around in the arms of his captors, shook his cane at Lickshingle, and hissed:

"Your man Garfield would never have gone into the army if he hadn't been drafted, and he wouldn't then, only he thought he would be able to desert—the onery son of a gun!"

THE late Rev. Dr. Symington, not feeling well one Sabbath morning, said to his beadle who was a "character": "Man Robert, I wish you would preach for me the day." "I canna do that," promptly replied Robert, "but I often pray for you."

Jupiter in Perihelion.

Jupiter reached its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun on Saturday. This is an astronomical event of considerable importance, as it occurs only once in about twelve years. As the planet is some millions of miles nearer the earth than usual, an excellent opportunity is given for the study of its features. Even the smallest telescopes will now show some of the wonders of this great planet and its system of satellites, and, with large telescopes, astronomers hope, within a month or two, to add much to our knowledge of the chief member of the sun's family. Jupiter will remain the leading brilliant in the sky throughout October, shining so brightly that even Sirius must temporarily yield the palm.

There is another reason for the interest that Jupiter's arrival at perihelion excites. More than a year ago some professed scientific person on the Pacific slope wrote a pamphlet on the terrors of the perihelia of the four great planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, which, it was represented, would occur nearly simultaneously, and with those planets in conjunction, fearful results to the earth were predicted. The false alarm was spread by other pretended savants, and, no doubt, awoke the fears, not merely of the ignorant, but of persons who know enough of astronomy to be aware of the gigantic attractions that the planets exert upon one another. Stories of plagues, pestilence, famine, and death were based upon the supposed influence of the perihelia. Mr. Proctor and other astronomers sought to counteract the effect of this by showing, in the first place, that it was not true that the planets named would all be in perihelion together. In fact, Saturn does not reach its perihelion until 1855. Uranus will be in perihelion next spring, but Neptune, will not reach its nearest point to the sun until six or seven years hence. It was also denied by scientific men of high authority that there was any reason to fear evil results to the earth, even though the predicted perihelia should occur very near together. Still, alarm was felt, and no doubt, many persons will be pleased to know that Jupiter, the most powerful of all the planets, has reached the dreaded perihelion point, and is already turning to retrace his steps, without having in any way injured his sister planet, the earth.

That the sun has felt the approach of the great planet, was shown in the prevalence of vast sun spots and outbursts of gaseous matter, is not improbable, and through the reflex action of the sun upon the earth our planet may, even now, feel the same influence in violent atmospheric phenomena. It is difficult to realize the enormous power of the bright speck, Jupiter, shining so quietly in the sky. A recent writer has shown that the power which the sun has to put forth to hold Jupiter in his orbit is equal to the combined strength of 170,000,000 bars of steel, each one a mile in diameter. Jupiter's pull upon the earth, according to the same authority, is equal to the strength of 23,000,000,000 bars of steel, each of them one foot in diameter. So, if the mere power of gravity were all that was required to make Jupiter's approach dangerous to the earth, evidently he is not lacking in the power. But no one need fear that the sisterhood of worlds which acknowledge the dominion of the sun will prove mutually destructive.

A Musical Cat.

This is time of the year when stories about "musical" cats, mice, etc., are started. The following is the latest: "A cat in Buckfield, Me., has developed an extraordinary discrimination in Music. The playing upon the pianoforte of all pieces, except 'Sweet Affection,' is listened to by her with indifference, if not satisfaction, but the sentimental melody above mentioned falls little short of moving her to tears. Wherever the cat may be when this tune is begun, she at once appears to the household, her face expressing the contention of painful emotions, and by violent rubbing against the persons of the members of the household, accompanied by every indication of distress, she mutely beseeches that the tune may be changed. Singing the song, or even whistling it, equally grates upon her sensitive nerves, and causes her equal pain. The only theory which at all accounts for this singular dislike of the particular tune is that which supposes that the soul of the 'Mary' who is celebrated in the ballad has, in the course of successive transmigration, entered into the cat, and that the memories awakened by the song are too much for it." Next!

ALL SORTS.

An Ode to a Lot of Stovepipe.

Informal stuff, your nature well I know, So, when I took you down six months ago, Each piece I numbered so that I might tell Exactly how you'd go together well. And now the time for chilly days draws nigh

To put you up again I madly try. But all in vain. The joints that then did fit Now do not come within an inch of it. I got you two-thirds put in place and then Crash you go tumbling to the floor again. Once more I try. You're rather full of soot, And I am getting daubed from head to foot. I jam my thumb, but still I persevere, One piece goes down again and takes my ear. I grab to catch the piece, another goes, And, falling, scrapes the hide all off my nose. And then another piece falls with a slam, And then the rest goes down and I say "Dam."

And then my blood gets boiling and I say, By all that's blue, I'll fix you anyway. Once more I go to work. By patience great I get all but a single section straight. And that I am about to place, when oh! The chair I stand on tips. Down flit I go; While on and round me, with a horrid crash,

The whole comes down again in one grand smash.

And then my wife remarks: "I never saw A man so clumsy!" I say, "Ho'd your jaw!"

And for a niman send, while I retire To wash myself and swear, to vent my ire.

WHY should a puppy ride in a dogcart?

WHERE to go when short of money—Go to work.

THE man who died in harness probably forgot to shuffle off his mortal coil.

THE baker's business should be profitable, a good part of his stock is rising while he sleeps.

"HE sleeps where he fell," says a late bal-lad, which suggests that he must have been drunk.

NIAGARA FALLS are three feet lower than they were fifty years ago, but the hack fare is high.

It is absurd to suppose that a man can speak above his breath, since his mouth is below his nose.

THE law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

AN ingenious locomotive engineer has just patented an improved "spark arrester." Here is another enemy to the course of true love.

DINNER (sniffing)—"Waiter, I really think this fish is not fresh!" Waiter—"Yes sir; can't answer for that sir! I've honily been 'ere a week, sir!"

"WHAT a blessing it is," said a hardworking Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is tired, and can't work any at all at all."

How time changes! In the good Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

ANOTHER poet comes forward and says: "And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss." Beats all what a man can hear if he is only mean enough to listen.

ALLUDING to Beecher's estimate that one male house-fly will lay twenty thousand eggs in a season, *The Church Union* thinks "it is a pity a fly couldn't be grafted on a hen."

WHAT is life? In infancy, a battle with colic; in youth, a struggle to keep out mischief; in manhood, a struggle with indigestion; and, in old age, the prelude of a constipated will case.

Not many miles from New Bedford a small company of coloured brethren decided "to take up a collection." The presiding officer offered to pass the hat himself, and, in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten-cent piece. After the collection, during which every hand had been in the hat, the president approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Po' goodness, but I've eben loss de ten cents I started wid!" The case called for urgent action. The presiding officer demanded the restoration of the ten-cent piece. But nobody came forward. After an impressive pause, a brother remarked, solemnly: "Dar pears to be a great moral lesson round' heah somewhar."