THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Jennie June's Chat About Modern Dress and Its Fitness.

REGULATION COSTUMES FOR FORMAL OCCASIONS—THEORY OF THE LOW NECK—HOMEBRED SIMPLICITY AND ORIGINALITY—FORESHADOWINGS OF SPRING—PROPHECIES AND PREMONITIONS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1888.

There are lovely possibilities in dress now-a-days if one can avail oneself of them. But it is discouraging to find the general result still far from satisfactory, and the most opposite words used to describe and really representing the same thing. It is time that we were approximating to some sense of the fitness of things, that we began to recognize the qualities that belong to evening dress, to morning dress, to street dress, and to even more subtle subdivisions of costume, such as naturally formulate themselves in the lives of women of society. But these are a minority; there is a much larger contingent whose opportunities of display are few, and these of a semi-public character, who air incomprehensible costumes, who are long in obtaining a new idea; but when they do, run it hard and into the ground, believing that in this way they are actual exemplars, if not leaders of fashion. These are the people who keep the big bustle and give color to the assertion that it is fashionably worn. It is they who are adopting the low-necked ball-dress at a time when the refined and ultra fashionable are leaving it off.

There is nothing to be said against the modest forms of low-necked dress employed for evening dress by ladies, young and up to middle life, who possess arms and necks that are neither so thin nor so stout as to attract attention, but become a natural part of an attractive *ensemble*. But the obligation to wear low-necked dresses is to be dreaded. Once it enters the mind of the female Philistine and it cannot be driven out; she will stick to it, like Queen Victoria, through thick and thin—thin arms and thick arms, bones and unmelting flesh will have to yield.

THE LOW-NECKED DRESS.

There are distinct signs of it now. At the "Charity" ball *par excellence*, the low neck, very pointed to match the elbows, was in the majority. The style had no reference whatever to the figure; for in a large number of cases it would have been greatly benefitted by a doubt; but it was simply displayed because there is a growing desire to be equal to an occasion, and because a low-necked dress is announced as obligatory here for evening dress by a certain class of persons because it is so abroad. As before remarked, there is nothing to be said against a modestly-cut low-necked dress if the weather and occasion are fitted for it; but there is nothing in our social life, our institutions or our habits which obliges us to slavishly copy foreign traditions that cannot be dignified with the name of ideas, irrespective of their adaptability or propriety. American women need to think independently and adopt or adapt from others only what suits them personally as well as their position and circumstance.

It is true that our ideas as well as traditions in dress come mainly from abroad; that the prettiest gowns, those which make the sensation, are usually found to be "imported" or closely copied from imported designs. But this one conventionally beautiful and perfect model re-appears in hundreds of less perfect and beautiful ways upon people who use tawdry materials and whose general modes and habits are out of harmony with ultra fashionable styles. If instead of copying, such women have intelligence enough to acquire a certain refined simplicity of their own, they immediately obtain a reputation for originality, and will find themselves copied instead of copying others. But where one does this, ninety-nine imitate the imitators, and so get farther and farther away from purity, even of the conventional idea. In such hands the Grecian folds or draperies become a closely gathered and wrinkled string about the neck, the long garland of clinging flowers cheap little bunches stuck on without art or grace. The long lines disappear and the natural curves of fine soft materials, and in their place are sharp turns, bunchiness, something to hide poverty or scantiness of material and a general sense of trying to do something to which there sources were inadequate.

There is fair and plump women, not too stout, to whom the half-low bodice, pointed back and front, laid flat against the fair skin and bordered with fur-otter, for example, upon ivory satin—is a revelation. White, tinted and red or yellow are the shades. The same designer recently made costumes are of colors in white satin, covered with lace and paneled with gold embroidery, which re-appears upon the bodice.

SHORT COSTUMES.

The most distinguished short costumes are of white cloth, with pointed vests, and finish of white lamb's wool, lamb's wool cape and muff. But some artistic girls display charming costumes of soft, gray wool, with a touch of dark red in the vest and cuffs and a red heron's feather in the full, round, Tam O'Shanter cap. The informal character of many of the receptions, the number of club entertainments and the growth of semi-social and semi-literary societies, makes it increasingly possible for women, especially young women, to see a good deal of varied society without any great display in regard to dress.

Private balls and formal dinners are the only entertainments that demand peculiar strictness and elegance of costume. On such occasions informality is out of place, and if the requirements cannot be met by intelligent adaptation of art ideas to such resources as are within one's reach, and means do not admit of costly orders from the usual conventional sources, it is best to give up such forms of gayety altogether. More of the strain which makes life a burden comes from the effort to do things to which our means and resources are inadequate than from any other cause. The only way is just to stop it.

There is nothing in this world so lovely for a ball dress for a young girl as white silk tulle over silk sprinkled with quivering rose leaves, striped with white satin or moire ribbons, or edged with down and sparkling with tiny snow crystals. All these have figured at Delmonico's and other balls since the New Year, but not in large numbers, for they are very frail and very costly; and even if the silk underdress be capable of more than one covering of tulle the work of reconstruction would cost as much time, labor and money as an ordinary dress.

But a tolerably fair substitute is found in net, which is especially well adapted for the draped and striped fronts, so often combined with the pretty art of rosebud silks. A quite new idea appeared at a recent ball, or rather dance, and made a great success. The ballroom was an imported one but very simple. It consisted of fawn-gray tulle over yellow art silk, with garniture of yellow ribbons and wide sash of soft silk. The pointed bodice was of fawn-gray satin, with a yellow feather bordering and group of pale-yellow ostrich tips on the left shoulder. The wearer was a beautiful brunette. A yellow tulle worn on the same occasion was garnitured with trails of purple orchids.

MATERIALS FOR EVENING WEAR.

Among the most charming of the materials for evening wear worn by young girls are the satin-striped silk gauzes, which have the effect of being striped with satin ribbon from half an inch to an inch in width. They are very wide, in fact, and worn over silk of exactly the same shade. The edge of the silk skirt has narrow plaiting, but the gauze is finished only with a hem; the fullness falling in soft, straight folds, which are slightly drawn to one side under the *sorrella* or pocket, suspended by narrow ribbons of exactly the same shade. The bodice is pointed back and front, draped in Grecian folds and the sleeves (of the gauze only) come just below the elbow and are caught up on the inner side with bow of ribbon. There is edging of tulle, but not deep, but only invisible little plaitings of tulle which do not project beyond the gauze.

Married women have largely adopted the silk or satin gown, opening or turned back from the lace covered front, the lace and bodice formed of rich brocade and usually cut in one, and arranged with winged or "butterfly" effects over a moderate tournure. A great many flowered and detached figures or stripes are worn; but it is because they are offered at comparatively low cost. The finest brocades show blended designs which cover the ground or form a part of the ground itself.

The colors are very delicate or else very high, as softness below and white, gray, yellow and white, pale heliotrope, yellow and white, or an all white or all red, the lights and shadows and different tints of which are obtained by the raised or depressed, the cut or uncut character of the designs. Lace and pearled embroidery, particularly the Louis XV. embroidery, which contains the colors or tints of the brocade and gives glimpses of the ground color beneath, furbish the fronts for these stately dresses and their furniture. Ribbons and feathers are out of place where much embroidery or beading is used. Sleeves and bodice are partly formed of the transparent, richly-wrought stuff, and jewelry, stars, crescents, or butterflies fastened here and there make spots of radiance upon the richly-gleaming surface.

BECOMING COATS.

Independent waists, coats, and bodices are more fashionable than ever. A beautiful costume worn the other evening at a dinner party given to a distinguished personage consisted of a white satin skirt completely covered with black lace and a small "dress" coat of black velvet with white satin and lace vest, and Marquise tie of lace in front of the open standing collar, lined with white satin and edged with "black" pearls.

Black silk or wool are always the resource of the thrifty, but they are relieved from dullness and monotony by the introduction of steel into the trimming; not in masses, but mixed with black silk or jets. There are many ways in which black costumes can be made beautiful and attractive if expense is not an object; but the ordinary black which is resorted to on the score of economy is less easy to manage, and the result is too apt to be that of a paid mute at a funeral. Some new and pretty designs in beaded trimmings have pendants made of loops of small silk beads to form tassels, and these look exceedingly well in the mixed steel and jet, though they are found rather in a sort of Indian mixture of colors with black, and this looks less like mourning.

If beaded trimmings are inaccessible, a very good effect may be produced by the use of fine folds of rich silk upon wool, five to seven forming a band of alternate lines of steel gray with black, or heliotrope or yellow with black. A little pointed vest of the color may also be inserted. This idea may be carried out in gray wool and yellow silk, and a very pretty gown obtained at slight cost, or it may be produced in soft silk of the two colors, with plaited out ruchings instead of folds, these repeated at the foot, and a full vest instead of a small pointed one. Cream and delicate shell pink for the contrast forms a pretty evening combination, with full, soft, sash of the pink.

POPULAR LONG CLOAKS.

A great feature of the season is the handsome long cloaks, which, in some instances, serve for dresses and cloaks combined. The newest fabric is frieze velvet upon a ground of satin of a contrasting color. The velvet designs cover the ground, which only shows through in little gleams and touches, like the color which is sometimes hidden behind Chinese carvings. Brown upon yellow is a good combination, or dark bronze green upon ruby. The design gives a redingote effect, and when the pull back of a short yellow brocaded dress is seen at the back outlined against rich fur, and a small dressy bunch of yellow with brown and yellow algrette and brown rings upon the yellow crown, appears upon the summit, the costume is considered complete.

A long, high, white cloak of velvet or brocade, lined with silvery white plush and bordered with white fur is now far more indispensable to a bride than a seal skin coat or an India shawl; while for day wear she must also have one of mahogany red cloth with wide black fur or feather trimming, and large black hat with a straight snow-shovel—or, to be historic—old Italian brim and a group of at least five black ostrich feathers.

The Empress Josephine style of dress, though it has made a great sensation in Paris, as illustrated by the great artist Sarah Bernhardt, in La Tosca, and copied in this country by a few aspirants to social distinction, does not "take" with any number; nor is it likely to do so. The long lath-like proportions, the line of the waist carried up under the arms, the flat back and the impossibility of combining a comfortable degree of warmth with these outlines, renders it impossible of resuscitation except as a "picture" or fancy dress.

SPRING MATERIALS

in new designs made their appearance with the first of the New Year. They consisted of challies, foulards, and Scotch ginghams. The challies have white grounds as last year, but much prettier patterns printed upon them. Instead of figures detached and somewhat crude floral designs, there are leaf and twig patterns, long, slender, stalky sprays in mixed brown and bronze and green, with tiny berries and flowerets.

The foulards are in small checks or stripes, and also in small cross-barred, wavy patterns and interlaced rings. The Scotch cambrics show clustered stripes of white embroidery or drawn work upon two shades of gray, blue or pink. The embroidery is often in herringbone, feather-stitch or some equally simply pattern, this idea of the narrowing with lines of drawn work between. The effect is charming and will form lovely panels for cotton dresses, and add the finish of handsome apparent hand-work to gathered sleeves and bodices.

Foulards have already been utilized in the making up of spring costumes. A pretty check, black and white, has gray silk vest and panel full, the vest smocked at the throat, the panel half way down. A small bouquet of the gray silk is made to wear with the dress, and is trimmed with bows of feather-edged ribbon and gray velvet leaves with very fine gold veining. Small black and white algrette.

Some of the old, simple styles will be revived this coming season and improved. The Garabaldi bodice, shaped and divested of its untidy, baggy appearance, and the straight or kilt-plaited skirt with apron front. The gathered bodice will remain in vogue for cotton dresses and the pretty, slightly gathered princess redingote revived. The straight, flat, redingote shape should never be made in cotton; it is only suited to heavy materials.

The flowered challies are suited to the straight skirts and gathered waists with ribbon belt, and the ginghams and foulards to all simple forms.

A new, fine, silk, long cloth is announced for underwear, washable and wearable; but it has not yet made its appearance on this side the water.

JENNY JUNE.

Lake Superior's Icy Waters.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How cold the dark water of Lake Superior is. One evening when we were steaming across that lake I asked the mate what was done when a man fell overboard. He coolly replied, "Nothing."

"Why?" I asked, astonished at his heartlessness.

"The water of Lake Superior is so cold that a man cannot live in it during the time it takes to stop a rapidly moving vessel and lower a boat," he replied. Then he added:

"I have sailed upon this lake for twenty years. During that time I have known many men to fall off vessels. I know of one man only who escaped death. He was saved by a scratch. The others were apparently killed by the shock produced by falling into such cold water."

He picked up an empty can, to which a long string was attached, and cast it overboard. The can skipped from the crest of one wave to another for an instant, then dipped and filled. The hoary headed mate drew that can up and handed it to me, saying: "Take a drink of that, and then say what you think of your chances of swimming in Lake Superior for ten or fifteen minutes." I drank deeply, and it was as though liquid ice flowed down my throat.

"It is alleged," the mate said, "that this lake never gives up its dead; that to be drowned in Lake Superior is to be buried for all time. I do not know whether this is true or not, but I do know that I have never seen a corpse floating on the lake." I wonder if that is true? I doubted it, but I could find no sailor who had ever seen a dead body floating on the lake.

Yawning Versus Hissing in Theaters.

Paris Dispatch to London Telegraph.

There has been an amusing discussion lately on the subject of hissing at theaters. It is interesting to note that an attempt made in the last century to put a stop to the practice proved a disastrous failure. The edict had hardly gone forth under the auspices of the chief of police when a first performance came off. A gentleman who was addicted notoriously to hostile demonstrations was "sandwiched," by way of precaution, between two agents of the law, and soon the curtain rose. Every eye was directed toward the inveterate delinquent, and to the general surprise he sat still without making a sign. Ere long, however, he began to yawn, and soon the two policemen took to yawning in sympathy. Their neighbors unconsciously followed suit, the contagion spread, and in a short time pit, boxes and galleries were yawning as they had never yawned before. Even the actors, with their gaze fixed on the public, could not resist the example set them, and the unlucky author had the mortification of hearing its most telling "hits" launched forth amid a perfect chorus of yawns. The embargo against hissing was promptly removed, it having been found by experience that a return to the old system was infinitely preferable to the new one inaugurated by the irrepressible Chevalier de la Morliere, who made a perfect specialty of his demonstrations against new plays at the Comedie Francaise, and had particularly distinguished himself by the uproar he created at the first appearance of Voltaire's "Fanerede."

A Comical Corset-Scene in Court.

From the Toronto Globe.

At this juncture the Coroner desired to show to the jury the direction taken by the ball, and for this purpose produced the corset worn by Mrs. Burkhart at the time of the tragedy. "You see," said he—and here he drew the corset around his waist with the lace in front—"the ball must have come in from behind, you know, and can't be, either, for the doctor says the ball went in in front. Confound it, I've got it on wrong. Ah! they say." (Here the coroner put the corset on upside down.) "Now, you see," pointing to the hole in the garment, which reached over his hip, "the ball must have gone in here. No, that can't be, either, for—"

Here Mr. Mather, the handsome man on the jury, broke in. "Dr. Stillman," said he, "you've got that corset on wrong." Here Dr. Stillman blushed like a peony. "Well," said he "I've been married twice and I ought to know how to rig a corset." "Yes," said Mr. Mather, "but you don't. You had it right in the first place. The strings go in front and the ladies clasp them together at the back. Don't I know? I think I ought. I've been married. If you doubt it, look here (pointing to the fulness at the top). How do you suppose that's going to be filled up unless you put it on as I suggest?" "That" said Dr. Stillman; "why that goes over the hips." "No it don't," said Mr. Mather; "that fulness goes somewhere else—this way"—and here Mr. Mather indicated where he thought the fulness ought to go.

Here another juryman discovered that Dr. Stillman had the corset on bottom side up. "Doctor," said he, "put it on the other way."

This the doctor proceeded to do in reverse order, with the laces in front. This brought the bullet-holes directly over the tails of his coat.

"I don't think," said Mr. Mather, "that the bullet went in there, doctor."

"I don't think it did," was the reply. "Confound it, it's mighty funny, six married men in this room and not one that knows how to put on a woman's corset."

Bound to Get There.

From the Albany Argus.

Late on Thursday afternoon a solitary horseman drew rein in front of the Medberry Hotel in Ballston Spa, and in chilly tones called for the landlord to take his horse, which when done by the hostler gave the stranger a chance to enter the house. He stated that he was *en route* for Gloversville, and had driven a few miles west of Galway village when he became snowbound. Leaving his cutter at a farm-house, he mounted his horse and rode to Ballston Spa, where he intended to take the Schenectady train. He was informed that all trains had been abandoned.

"But," he exclaimed in agonized tones, "I've got to get to Gloversville to-night, as I am going to be married."

He was told he could not go by rail and to make himself at home. Seating himself at the writing desk he called for paper and envelopes, saying he would write, but was told, of course, that the mail could not go any more than he could. The stranger, thinking over the disappointment of the would-be bride, ordered his horse, and, wrapping himself in blankets, left for Gloversville on horseback, a ride of 22 miles.

Keeping Warm by Force of Will.

From the Boston Post.

A young acquaintance of mine professes to have made a great, though accidental, discovery during the late cold spell. By some misfortune he was deprived for two days of his winter overcoat, while it was in the hands of a renovator (this is not a euphemism for a pawnbroker, nor yet does it mean tailor). I believe that he has no ulster, and what had become of his thin overcoat I don't know. Perhaps it is a trifle shabby, and he was too foolishly proud to use it. At all events, during these two days he wore no overcoat, but he tells me that he kept warm through sheer force of will. By means of some subtle action of mind upon body, which he finds it difficult to analyze, he forced his blood to circulate and his skin to retain its warmth in a degree quite sufficient to make up for the want of an extra covering. I have no doubt that there is quite as much in this as there is in the mind cure, and I suppose it is partly in reliance upon this psychological process (and partly, I understand, by the aid of surreptitious waistcoats and the like) that certain of our young men surprise the world by discarding overcoats.

The Man of It.

From the New York Sun.

Wife—"What do you mean, John, when you say that my studying German is a real act of kindness?"

Husband—"I mean, my dear, that it will give the English language a little needed rest."

Clara (who is charming)—"Charley, dear, what is an agnostic?"

Charley (who is clever)—"He is a fellow who pretends he can know nothing and thinks he knows it all."—*New York Herald.*

The Phenomena of Somnambulism.

SOME INTRESTING FACTS REGARDING A CURIOUS SUBJECT.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Judging from the large areas of brain tissue given up to the generation of impulses which result in voluntary movements, it is rather surprising that these centers should not be more often the scene of activity while the rest of the great organ of mind is quiescent. The normal duty of these sections being to instigate voluntary muscular movements, when they act abnormally, as they do when partially awakened, the rest of the brain remaining in sleep, the result is to set in action muscles, or large groups of muscles. When those which move the extremities are set in action various and complicated movements, such as walking, climbing, riding, &c., are produced—sleep-walking results.

What form the movements of the somnambulist may take is governed to a great degree by impressions received by the subject, but to a greater degree, perhaps, by some governing idea which has been awakened by whatever set the machinery for movements in operation. Sleep-walkers differ markedly among themselves as to the effect upon them of these two sets of conditions. Some can be influenced in any desired direction by suggestions conveyed by words, movements, or sensations communicated by impressions made upon the sense of touch. Others disregard such impressions—the avenues of which seem to be closed—and are governed exclusively by some fixed idea. The previous knowledge of somnambulists as to localities has much to do with the remarkable feats they are known to have performed. In a strange locality, the walking on the ridge-pole of a house or along the brink of a precipice is not, by any means, as safe as some have believed. The occurrence, within the past year, of several fatal accidents to such sleepers proves that they have no magical power of finding safety where others encounter danger. This idea of the marvelous safety of sleep-walkers must be abandoned. It this is thoroughly understood it is likely that better care will be taken to guard the safety of those known to be subjects of what must be considered a disease.

Although the actions of the sleep-walker seem to be to some degree at least under the control of the will, it is very apparent from the foregoing considerations that they are to be considered as almost entirely automatic. In ordinary dreams the will is without power to control even the imaginary acts of the dreamer. In somnambulism there are real muscular actions added to the ordinary dream. Hence it is that thefts or other unlawful acts may result from the abnormal condition, and the sleep-walker should not be held morally or criminally responsible for such occurrences. No one should be held responsible for an act of the imagination, a homicide dreamed to have been perpetrated for example. The real action of the somnambulist is of the same nature, so far as responsibility is concerned, as the peculiar freaks of the imagination which take place in an ordinary dream. This question has sometimes come before the courts, and wherever it has been clearly proven that the condition of somnambulism was present when the unlawful act was committed, the prisoner has been acquitted. It is possible, of course, for this, like any abnormal condition, to be simulated, but such instances must be extremely rare.

Some authors, especially those of an early date, have evidently classed together as cases of somnambulism a number of distinctly different conditions. Some instances of masked epilepsy, for instance, have been thus improperly classified. The so-called "double consciousness" is of this variety. "This consists in the individual recollecting, during the paroxysm, circumstances which occurred in a former attack, though there was no remembrance of them during the interval." A number of such cases have been placed on record, and their relationship to epilepsy is now beyond question. In true somnambulism there is no recollection of what has taken place during an attack, either in the walking condition or in subsequent attacks.

The somnambulists may remember the dream of which the sleep-walking was one incident. The following, from Brillat de Savarin's "Physiology of Taste," is an example: It was related by the prior of a convent, the witness to the occurrence: "Late one evening the somnambulist entered the prior's chamber; his eyes were open, but fixed; the light of two lamps made no impression upon him; his features were contracted, and he carried a large knife in his hand. Going straight to the bed he appeared first to examine if the prior was there. Then he struck three blows which pierced the bed coverings, and even a mat which served as a mattress. His countenance expressed satisfaction as he returned to his room, and had lost its fixed look. The next day the prior asked the somnambulist of what he had dreamed the previous night. The latter answered that he had dreamed that his mother had been killed by the prior, and her ghost had appeared to him demanding vengeance; that at the sight of this he became so carried away by rage that he had immediately ran to stab his mother's assassin; that shortly after he awoke, bathed in sweat and much pleased to find it only a dream. The learned author adds that in case the homicide had taken place as supposed, the assassin could not have been punished, as the murder would have been, so far as he was concerned, an involuntary act."

Sir William Hamilton, with many authors, claims that in somnambulism there is often to be observed a manifestation of mental faculties of a higher order than those shown by the patient under ordinary conditions. This is probably true, for the portions of the brain which are in full action while the most of that organ is in slumber, undoubtedly are capable of a higher degree of activity than when all parts are alike awake.

In the so-called "mesmeric sleep," or hypnotism, the condition of the brain is doubtless very similar to that which is present in natural somnambulism. The intellectual departments seem, however, to be in a condition more nearly approaching that present when the whole brain is awake. It is most likely that there is some kind of disturbance in the amount of blood sent to different parts of the organ of mind.

Justice to Mrs. Job.

AFTER 4,000 YEARS' ABUSE SHE FINDS AN ABLE DEFENDER.

From the St. Paul Globe.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it he has had the sympathy of the human race for 4,000 years. But it has not been so with Job's wife; nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example. But for all that we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sourtempered she had enough to give an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a very bitter cup, and it is probable that she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place, she was suddenly reduced from luxury to poverty. An unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind poor Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place, she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In addition to this accumulation of sorrows she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, in this Christian land of ours whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a thumbed and one boil. Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from 500 to 1,000 boils on him. Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at the time. Any married woman, good women, too, have had to endure the same affliction, and they can very easily account for the metaphysics of this new system."

An Austrian Humorist.

SOME OF HEER SAPHIR'S SAYINGS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

From the New York Tribune.

One evening in a large company an argument arose as to whether man or woman was the superior being, and Saphir, always a champion of the fair sex, took sides with the ladies, declaring them the crown of creation. "Then why did God form man first?" asked a shrewd Russian. "Because the first attempt is generally a failure," reflected Saphir.

On being asked to give a universal distinction between the rich and the poor, the humorist said: "If there was nothing else to separate the rich and the poor, hunger would draw a dividing line. The former prove when they have an appetite, the latter grieve over it."

Requested to define the word "dentist," Saphir said: "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to bite."

"What is the greatest lie in the Bible?" Saphir asked a young lady at a party. Without giving her time to reply a forward coxcomb answered: "That Elias was not burned when he went to Heaven in a chariot of fire." "No," returned Saphir; "that Balaam's ass spoke before it was questioned."

During a conversation upon the constant increase of immorality, a lady remarked that she wondered God did not send a second deluge. "Because the first did not avail," replied Saphir.

The Antiquity of Faith Cures.

REV. HEBER NEWTON SAYS THERE IS NOTHING NEW ABOUT THEM.

From the New York World.

Rev. R. Heber Newton, of the Anthon Memorial church, preached a sermon on faith cures Sunday, taking as his text, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Hypnotism and mesmerism, he said, had some virtue. He continued: "Spiritualism has its healing mediums through which wonderful effects are experienced, whatever our theory of the cause may be. The faith cure is working its marvels, as you may see upon investigation. Catholic shrines are sending hosts of people back from their pilgrimages, to all practical intent cured. Plainly the fact of cures seems to be a much larger fact than is ordinarily supposed, and one much more difficult of being stowed away in a neat little theory than is expected by the advocates of any ism. All these forms of occult healing reach far back through the different ages since the creation of man. The power of mind over body for disease or for health is no new notion. The medicine man has practiced for ages among savage tribes. In the temples of ancient paganism cures were wrought by treatment which suggests an early form of mesmerism." The lecturer then went on to prove that many princes of the middle ages who went about healing effected cures simply from the power of their minds over their patients. "A disease," the lecturer said, "which is an illusion may be cured by a remedy which is an illusion. Imagination which cures imaginative diseases," he said, "may aid in curing most actual diseases. Every physician knows the importance of mental states in curative processes. Even a broken bone will knit better under the influence of a happy mind. Cancer may be removable only by a knife, but the best plaster afterward is an easy mind. Cholera germs are most actual physical forces, but they find no condition for action in the man whose nerves are braced by fearlessness. The mind cure has systematized common sense concerning mental influences on the body. The philosophy of the power of mind over matter is as old as Plato and the Hindoos. It is exaggerated and sometimes caricatured in the metaphysics of this new system."

How it Feels to Freeze.

ACUTE PAINS FOLLOWED BY A VERY COMFORTABLE AND SATISFIED CONDITION OF MIND.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

Early in January, 1854, I left Red Wing in company with S. J. Willard, Jno. Day, and Albert Olson for a place 14 miles distant, near where Vasa church now stands, for the purpose of cutting and hauling logs preparatory for our settlement at that point the following spring. It was a clear, beautiful day, with the thermometer 20 degrees above zero. We had a span of good horses, a sleigh partly loaded with lumber, forage and provisions for a few days.

We arrived at the spot just before dark, and camped in a ravine well sheltered with timber. After making ourselves comfortable with a good supper, and a blazing log fire, all four laid down to sleep on a bed made on the snow, with a thin layer of hay on top of some boards, and were well wrapped up in blankets. During the night the temperature changed to a terrible cold, the thermometer falling to 45 degrees below zero, as we learned afterwards. Had we known this and kept our fire burning, there would, of course, have been no danger. But being very comfortable we all fell asleep early in the night, and were unconscious of the danger we were in until awakened by the pain of intense cold, and then we were already so overcome with the cold that we lacked power of energy to get up or even to move.

Comparing notes afterward we found that all had experienced a like sensation, namely: first, an acute pain, like the point of a needle in every pore, but free from all mental anxiety, except a dull conception of something wrong and a desire to get up, but without sufficient energy to do so. This feeling, however, did not last long, and subsided gradually into one of quiet rest and satisfaction until consciousness ceased altogether, and without any struggle or pain, either bodily or mental. We had all reached that stage when, by an accident, the arm and bare hand of Mr. Day, who lay on the outside, fell in the snow. This started the circulation in his body and gave him such intense pain that he quickly aroused himself and got on his feet, and, of course, we were all saved. It took a long time before we could start, long enough to rebuild the fire, and during that time we suffered much more pain than we had before. I am satisfied from that experience that a person perishing in this way has a very easy death, because he sinks gradually into a stupor, which blunts his sensibility both to physical pain and mental agony long before life becomes extinct.

It was about 50 degrees in the morning when we got up. We did not lie down again or attempt to build out building logs, but started in a few hours on a bee line for a ravine that would lead us back to Red Wing. It was a struggle of life and death to get across the rolling prairie, and had the cold been accompanied by a blizzard we would not have escaped.

To keep warm we took turns to walk or run behind the sleigh, and Mr. Willard was walking when he was suddenly missed, and the team turned, following its tracks a short distance to a hillside, where we found him sitting down in the snow, apparently comfortable and with no desire to move. He rather censured us for coming back after him, claiming that he was all right and intended to come along when he got ready; but the fact was that he was drowsy and stupefied with the cold that he would never have made any exertion to move.

After a drive of 10 miles we arrived at the first house, and finally reached home between Vasa and Red Wing; and it was high time that we found shelter both for ourselves and the horses. That was the coldest day of that year, and to me the coldest in the history of Minnesota.

Injustice to a Worthy Young Man.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Henrietta," said young Mr. Hankinson, "the future looks bright before us, does it not?"

The lovely eyes of Miss Garside fell in charming confusion beneath the ardent gaze of the devoted youth, and her only answer was a soft sigh that filled the silence with thrilling eloquence, and caused the crimson tints on her parted lips a greateful perfume that intoxicated the senses and pervaded the apartment as with the sensuous glory of an Oriental paradise.

"Our beautiful southern home," at length resumed the enraptured young man, "awaits us. In the tropical luxuriance of a Florida plantation, under a sky that rivals that of Italy, we shall set up our Lares and Penates. From the moment you promised to be mine I have dwelt with ever-increasing delight upon the vision of our sunny home, and yet with an impatience that has filled me with a delirious unrest. Let the day be soon, very soon, Henrietta, when you take possession of that home as its queen. Around you will bloom the beautiful flowers of the southern gladed landscape. Orange groves bending down with luscious fruit are on every side. Figs, bananas, the incomparable Le Conte pear, the Pocklington grape, the Turner raspberry, which, under the genial rays of a Florida sun, attain a size unknown elsewhere; the useful and wholesome okra, the—"

"Young man!" thundered old Mr. Garside, entering the apartment and striding wrathfully toward Marcellus Hankinson, "in the guise of an honorable man, pretending to be the son of an old, college friend, you have gained access to this house. You have trampled upon its hospitality, and abused the confidence reposed in you by a trusting girl. I overheard your last words as I passed the door, and I recognized their meaning. No Florida emigration agent," vociferated the thoroughly aroused old man, grasping the youth by the collar and propelling him rapidly toward the door, "can ply his iniquitous calling under this roof. Get out!"

And with nervous haste young Hankinson got out, assisted to some extent by Mr. Garside, and up the dimly-lighted street he fled, his form quickly vanishing in the gloom, while the wind moaned drearily, and the cottonwoods along the Side-walk across the way, who saw him come out, hooted derisively and threw stones after him.

The Antiquity of Faith Cures.

REV. HEBER NEWTON SAYS THERE IS NOTHING NEW ABOUT THEM.

From the New York World.

Rev. R. Heber Newton, of the Anthon Memorial church, preached a sermon on faith cures Sunday, taking as his text, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Hypnotism and mesmerism, he said, had some virtue. He continued: "Spiritualism has its healing mediums through which wonderful effects are experienced, whatever our theory of the cause may be. The faith cure is working its marvels, as you may see upon investigation. Catholic shrines are sending hosts of people back from their pilgrimages, to all practical intent cured. Plainly the fact of cures seems to be a much larger fact than is ordinarily supposed, and one much more difficult of being stowed away in a neat little theory than is expected by the advocates of any ism. All these forms of occult healing reach far back through the different ages since the creation of man. The power of mind over body for disease or for health is no new notion. The medicine man has practiced for ages among savage tribes. In the temples of ancient paganism cures were wrought by treatment which suggests an early form of mesmerism." The lecturer then went on to prove that many princes of the middle ages who went about healing effected cures simply from the power of their minds over their patients. "A disease," the lecturer said, "which is an illusion may be cured by a remedy which is an illusion. Imagination which cures imaginative diseases," he said, "may aid in curing most actual diseases. Every physician knows the importance of mental states in curative processes. Even a broken bone will knit better under the influence of a happy mind. Cancer may be removable only by a knife, but the best plaster afterward is an easy mind. Cholera germs are most actual physical forces, but they find no condition for action in the man whose nerves are braced by fearlessness. The mind cure has systematized common sense concerning mental influences on the body. The philosophy of the power of mind over matter is as old as Plato and the Hindoos. It is exaggerated and sometimes caricatured in the metaphysics of this new system."

Justice to a Worthy Young Man.

From the Chicago Tribune.

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Justice to Mrs. Job.

AFTER 4,000 YEARS' ABUSE SHE FINDS AN ABLE DEFENDER.

From the St. Paul Globe.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it he has had the sympathy of the human race for 4,000 years. But it has not been so with Job's wife; nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example. But for all that we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour-tempered she had enough to give an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a very bitter cup, and it is probable that she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place, she was suddenly reduced from luxury to poverty. An unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind poor Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place, she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In addition to this accumulation of sorrows she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, in this Christian land of ours whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a thumbed and one boil. Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from 500 to 1,000 boils on him. Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at the time. Any married woman, good women, too, have had to endure the same affliction, and they can very easily account for the metaphysics of this new system."

Doing Europe in Three Weeks.

Representative O'Neill in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I did the continent of Europe in exactly three weeks, spending no more than three days at the most interesting points. In four months I saw all that I could have seen in eight months. Travelling as I did was very expensive, and I have figured it out that for what it cost me in four months I could, if I had taken things quietly and slowly, have remained over there for ten months. Travelling on the wing, as it were, a man naturally goes to some one of the famous hotels, as his stay will be brief. If he had time he would hunt up a quiet room and some good eating-house, and take in a city slowly, dispensing for the most part with high-priced guides and other unnecessary expenses. The American tourist is the best game found in the nets of the Europeans, mainly on account of his rapid system of travelling.

A Thanatopsis.

Death is an angel with two faces.
To us he turns
A face of terror, blighting all things fair;
The other he turns
With glory of the stars, and love is there;
And angels see that face in heavenly places.

Two strong sharp swords are in the hands of Death:
One sm