

Much of the poetry of modern times is attributable to the mixing of liquors. But why multiply examples? Inebriating fluids are the Keeley motors of all mighty deeds. Abou-Jafar the calif was accustomed to ask when any catastrophe occurred: "Who is the woman?" When I read of some man looming out colossally,—especially in the swindling way,—I feel myself safe to enquire: "What was his tippie?"

Epsom salts are good, but buttermilk is the true stimulant of civilised man and especially of civilised woman. This product of King's County keeps the head cool and the feet warm, beautifies the complexion, corrects the morals, damasks the cheek, and has no rubicund effect on the nose. Distilled liquor, on the contrary, enucleates the man, distorts the brain, blears the eyes, muddles the mind and damns the soul. Flee it!

Another evil to be guarded against is spontaneous combustion.

Young man! take the word of De Brassy that deeds on a moderate plane are the best. The world wants no other. It does not want you to set fire to St. John as what-is-name did to Ephesus, nor roast yourself and family like Sardanapalus, nor write another Don Juan like graceless Byron. Get "high" and you will do all these things. Keep low and you won't. Rather take the advice of the poet and promise Mary

to bring her a bunch of blue ribbons,

and when you bring it keep a quarter of a yard for yourself. Marry Mary if she be a good girl. Weighted with her you will have no inclination to soar high. But whether you marry mary or marry nary, run on the level line, in the recognised groove. Keep on the level and do your level best.

[For the Torch]
REFLECTIONS.

The Greeks of old gave as a maxim the words "Know thyself," and the poet laureate of Queen Anne's time versified the same in his Essay on Man, in the well known couplet—
"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan
The proper study of mankind is Man."

Unfortunately the tendency is to study one's fellow man rather than self. It is a comparatively easy matter for us to detect the mote in our brother's eye, even though our own is blinded by a beam. The man who makes a study of self is indeed a wise man.

It is seldom we weigh ourselves in the balance of justice.

Our estimate of ourselves rarely accords with the estim of the world forms of us.

We rarely really know "what manner of man" we are.

The man, that can turn the mental eye inwardly and study his own organization and temperament, attains to a degree of knowledge that can never be acquired in any other way.

It is a knowledge that can be contained in no book from which it can be gleaned, because the book is himself, and although often unsealed to all the world, it is still oftener closed to the individual's self. Every one has to think out his own system of metaphysics from his own men-

tal organization; although he can acquire all the principles of the science from the studies and experience of others; yet in himself is the only field wherein he can apply them.

To observe one's self, one's actions; to note their occurrence and the source from whence they spring; to check those tending to evil, and to cultivate those productive of good, should be the aim of all, yet how seldom is it done. How much more frequently do we find loose rein given to the passions, the appetites, and the evil propensities of our nature, until like a steed broken loose, and beyond the control of the driver, in a blind race rushes over a precipice unscen and unheeded; so does the nobler animal at last jump the moral precipice, and lie crushed and bleeding, a shapeless mass in the abyss below.

CLEON.

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

One of Worth's fancies is to finish the back of basques with loops made by turning up the end of each form separately. Some basques have two loops, others have four, but whatever the number, this mode of trimming is easy, inexpensive, and said to be very effective.

Fashionable dresses are no longer trimmed upon the sleeves, owing to the fact that the wide cuffs of lace or linen so generally worn, render such trimming unnecessary.

Yoke and full gathered waists are to be more popular than ever in the spring.

Striped stockings are said to be gaining in favor, but a law still more arbitrary requires that the fun and stockings used for evening wear shall match. Ladies' boots also have the tops of bonnet cloth to match the costume. In fact there seems to be a mania for matching just now.

Whole toilet sets of filigree silver are in vogue this winter. They are the prettiest things out, but they require the purchaser to be "in cash" to a very considerable amount.

One of fashion's absurdest edicts is that the wearer of lockets or other trinkets in which portraits can be inserted, should choose his or her own picture in preference to that of any friend. It would seem that the world had always been selfish and egotistical enough but this frank would seem to imply that these small fables are on the increase.

The newest four o'clock tea tables are shaped three cornered, after the manner of a shamrock or clover leaf and trimmed to correspond.

White lace mittens are considered more stylish for evening wear than kid gloves. One of the reasons for the preference is that they afford a better opportunity for the display of rings.

All the fashion exchanges tell us that red is the color of the season for petticoats, one of them going so far as to suggest that even with morning costumes, it is most appropriate. If "seeing be believing," however, we have no reliance in the statement, for we see very little display of scarlet.

New York bonnets and even many hats, for the present season, are made with strings to be tied under the chin. Narrow ribbon is most used, but for dress hats tulle has a very pleasing and softening effect.

The buyers from our fashionable dry goods stores report that the rage for beads and bead trimmings in London and Paris grows more marked than ever, so much so that it is thought the fancy will not reach its full height and consequently its decline, until after next spring and summer.

The newest fans have feather tops, intermixed with sprays of flowers. It is a novelty certainly but one which, we fancy, Eastlake would call opposed to the true principles of art.

A new variation on the Princess dress has a belt of ribbon an inch and a half wide, passed

around the waist and tied in a bow in front. Between this fashion and those of yokes, blouses and pleated waists, babyish styles seem to vie with the more masculine modes, implied by cut away basques, vests, revers and other feminine modifications upon manly models.

Sleeves of dresses are still made in coat shape as being most comfortable for winter, but with the warm weather it is predicted that they will be shortened, until finally they reach a midway point between the wrist and elbow. Many will have frills turned down, but the richest will have lace set on like a cuff turning upwards and without gathers.

Orange blossoms for bridal dresses, are now perfumed with the essence of the flower and worn in greater profusion than ever, a new arrangement being to place a small bunch on the bust of each satin shoe.

Mr. G. B. Croff, C. E., of New York, appeared on Monday evening before a very large and select audience, at Mechanics' Institute, in the regular course, in his brilliant Dramatic Lecture, entitled, "Imagination," achieving a splendid success. The impersonations were powerful and true to the life, ringing from the audience, peal after peal, of genuine hearty laughter, and perfect storms of applause. The lecture was a scholarly production and showed the speaker to be a thorough student of human nature, a close observer, and well acquainted with the finest literature of the age. The attitudes and elocution were truly classic and of a high order, and the peroration was a production of great merit. Those who had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Croff will not soon forget him, especially those afflicted with the follies and vanities he so vividly portrayed.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

If your dinner bell has lost its clapper, you can still have your napkin-ring.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The boy who loves to linger around a black smith's shop will never pick up a nice clean piece of iron more than once.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Many mothers raise their daughters on the principle of teaching them first to play the piano, second to dress, third to dance, and sew first.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

I got me down in thought profound, this maxim wise I drew: It's easier for you to love a gal than maik a gal love you.—*Josh Billings.*

The fashion books are fascinating studies; and as we turn over their leaves, marked Fig. 1, Fig. 2, etc., it seems as if the fashion of fig leaves is coming back again.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DARK NIGHT WHEN THE BOY GETS LEFT.—The other morning a youthful looking parent, whom we will call Mr. Payne, met a precocious "nine year old" and patting him patronizingly on the head, said, "I've got a boy at home bigger than you are." If Payne expected the boy to be surprised at this announcement, he was successful—as the youngster exclaimed in a startled tone, "What do you say?" Payne replied, "I say I've a bigger boy at home than you." The young gaffer looked at the beardless parent in mute surprise for a moment and blurted out, "Well, if you have one, you must have adopted him."

The laugh was on Payne, who took it good naturedly, and asked Mr. F. to open a "small bottle." Payne swears he will raise a pair of whiskers, if he has to buy them from Conroy.