

lected. If it is with difficulty that such a patient reads a book, follows the ideas of the author and understands him, without a repeated perusal. He will find it quite an exertion to fix his attention on a given subject, to collect his thoughts, put facts and incidents together, comparing one with the other, in order to make the necessary inferences and conclusions.

WHERE TO STUDY.

The air of a cellar is close, damp, musty and vitiated; that of the house-top is pure and bracing. On the surface of the earth the atmosphere is cold, raw and impure; on the mountains it is dry, rarified and health-giving. The purer the air is, the more life does it impart to the blood, the more perfectly is the brain nourished, and the more vigorously does the mind work and the body move. Hence the 'study' of the clergyman, the 'office' of the physician and the lawyer, the library of the family, the 'sitting-room' of the household, and the 'chamber' of every sleeper, should always be in the upper stories, not merely for the greater purity of the air, but for a reason seldom thought of, and yet of very great sanitary value. The higher we ascend, the more rarified is the air, the greater bulk is required to impart a given amount of nourishment to the system; this greater rarity excites the instinct of our nature to deeper, fuller breathing, without any effort on our part, and this kind of breathing, as the reflecting must know, is antagonistic of consumption, that fell scourge of civilized society, which destroys full one-sixth of the adult population. Hence the very suggestive remark of the distinguished naturalist Buffon: 'All animals inhabiting high altitudes have larger lungs and more capacious chests than those which live in the valleys.' In the same direction is the suggestive statement that in the city of Mexico, situated nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, only three persons out of every hundred perish from that disease. It should, therefore, be the aim of every student, of every sedentary person, of every invalid, to have the room in which a very large portion of the inactive part of life is spent, as far above the ground-floor as practicable, and in such a situation as will allow the sun to shine into it for the largest portion of the day, for this rarifies the air still more, and still more aids in developing and expanding the lungs by the greater depth and fulness of breathing which the increased atmospheric rarity induces.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

MISERIES OF GENTILITY.

Once lived next door to a lady who belonged to the aristocracy, but with a very limited income. She had two sons, officers in her Majesty's service, and one daughter about thirty-five. The daughter has effectually shut the door against her becoming a wife, mother, or mistress of a family. But why? Why, because she played the fool. I have been repeatedly asked in the most pressing manner, by the mother, to call to see her daughter, Miss —, that she might thank me *viva voce* for some little kind acts.

I did so many times, always stating the day and the precise hour she might expect a visit. Generally I found her on a bed, most scrupulously well arranged; and in the act of drawing on a pair of gloves, and exclaiming, in a low key:

"O, my dear Mrs. —, how delighted I am to see your sweet face! O, that I were able to run in and look at you! My mamma says you are one of the most industrious ladies in creation."

Hear that speech, and believe me, if you can, that, in the morning of that same day, I saw this delicate lady, at five o'clock, vigorously shaking heavy door mats, long before servant girls think of quitting the downy arms of drowsy Morpheus.

The fact is, she was a most active lady—did nearly all the work of a large house, and kept it in beautiful order, but thought it very ungentle to let any one know it. They kept one young servant, but her office was nearly a sinecure—merely to receive the cards of genteel callers, or to usher their owners up to the bed room where Miss — was suffering from spinal affection. O, what a miserable farce! I have seen the same lady lifted gently into a bath chair—of course unable to walk. I have seen the same person carried down her garden walk and placed upon a chair—rain has come suddenly on, when the poor invalid has taken to her heels and run along like a hare.

THE ART OF DANCING.—Dancing used to form a part of nearly every ceremony of divine worship in the world. Some sects incorporate it into their devotions now; but a few persons look on dancing as the perfection of wickedness, as a snare set by the Evil One in which to entrap the young or unwary. Perhaps both extremes are wrong in this as in most cases. There certainly is no irreligion in dancing, however the man may say so, who conceals that true piety consists in making long faces, and eschewing everything that tends to comfort or to entertain. Just as certainly, on the contrary, dancing is not a becoming part of Christian devotion; though it may be prejudice that brings us to such a conclusion. Dancing, however, is one of the rational enjoyments of life. We look at it as a harmless, pleasurable, social practice, in which the body is healthfully exercised, while the mind is exhilarated, and that grace of carriage acquired which forms one of the grand elements of human beauty.

[SELECTED.] THE GAME OF LIFE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called
Euchre;
(Though I never have played it, for pleasure or lucre.)
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions,
And one of them cries in a confident tone,
"I think I may venture to go it alone."

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's
A moral to draw from that skilful of cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of life:
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great GALILEO proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert—for all of his pains,
But only derision and prison and chains,
"It moves, for all that!" was his answering tone,
For he knew like the Earth, he could "go it alone!"

When KEPLER, with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided his learning, and blackened his fame,
"I can wait!" he replied, "till the truth you shall
own!"

For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone!"

Alas! for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends;
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds, with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may
hold,

Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As each, in its way, a most excellent card;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto—"Rely on yourself!"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

AN EDUCATED JERSEY LAWYER'S FIRST CASE IN THE WEST.

Did I ever tell you about the Newark lawyer's first case in Minnesota? No! Well, then here it goes—for its worth circulating. You are no doubt well aware that many sprigs of aristocracy in Eastern cities labor under the impression that in order to extinguish all other lights they have only to emigrate to some Western town and dazzle the natives. Many a man has thus started out in search of wool and been himself badly shorn. And in no town in the world does the class stand a poorer chance than in St. Paul, Minnesota. The majority of its hardy, healthy and active inhabitants, first went to the place for health; to recruit those energies which had become exhausted in active mental labors in the East. The place commenced, in fact, as a sort of Nature's Hospital. No one thought of locating there, because he was too far out of the world. But invalids flocked in; convalescents wrote back to their families and friends; the verdict of thousands who had been snatched as it were from the grave, was published far and wide, that pure dry air was better than drugs; and it was soon discovered by artists, speculators and capitalists, that for beauty of location and artistic building spots, the place had no rival on the globe. The result is, St. Paul to-day has a population of fifteen thousand of as active, go-ahead, sharp jokers, financiers and old travelers, as can be found in any city of the Union; and is doing a healthier business, and is erecting more buildings and better ones, than any other three cities of its size anywhere.

So much for introductions, and a key to the fact why the mass is made up of the ablest lawyers, judges, clergy, merchants, capitalists and speculators, who overtaxed their mental energies in Eastern cities. And now to the story.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of August—(no matter what year)—while the large and splendid "Key City," (Captain Jones Harden and Clerk L. Eldred,) was proudly plowing her way up the Mississippi from La Crosse, that a brilliantly dressed gentleman of about twenty-five years of age was to be seen leisurely reclining on a railing in front of the office, puffing the ten cent regalia, just taken from his pocket, and evidently wondering if the half civilized people of St. Paul ever smoked anything more expensive than pipes.

Turning to a plainly dressed gentleman at his side he exclaimed:

"Are you—ah acquainted in St. Paul?"

"Oh, yes, I know most of the leading citizens," was the reply.

"Do you, indeed?" exclaimed the flashy gentleman. "Well, then, I am a luck; pretty lively place!"

"Quite so, sir. Every man has something to do, and all are making a good living."

"Do you live—ah in St. Paul?"

"I do."

"Have you any lawyers there?"

"Quite too many, sir. That is my profession."

The dandy looked at the man at first with incredulity and then, with a patronizing air, said:

"I have reference—my good fellow—to first

class attorneys—men of education, who are graduated at College!"

A light seemed to break in upon the man's mind as he replied:

"Ah! I see what you mean! No, we have no lawyers of education! Are you a lawyer, sir?"

Inflating himself with importance and great condescension, he replied:

"A graduate, sir, of the best college in New Jersey! And, if sufficient encouragement is held out by the members of the bar in St. Paul, I will stop among them and give them the benefit of my knowledge."

At the same time the brilliant young sprig produced and handed over a very miniature card, which read—

G — E — L,
Newark, N. J.

The man seemed delighted. He claimed the privilege of at once extended to the stranger the hospitalities of the bar of St. Paul; and declared that within two hours after the arrival of the boat, a public reception should be given him.

As the sun was sinking in the West, the "Key City" touched the levee at St. Paul, and the distinguished stranger was at once conducted to a leading hotel to await the arrival of the city bar in a body.

In about two hours they arrived, and were presented in due form by the man who came up on the boat with the brilliant scholar, and who had introduced himself as Mr. Spotless. Then came Judge Kerby, Judge Allfish, Advocate Bloodeye, lawyers Keen, Knife-point, Badax Heavry, and some two dozen others—all anxious to show their respect to the lawyer who had been "educated," and "a wine for to show'm how they dew things in Jersey."

During the excitement of shaking hands and taking drinks for the twentieth time from the row of bottles placed upon the table, a long, gaunt six and a half footer came in with both boots off and without hat, coat or vest, and in stentorian voice exclaimed:

"Evenin' court is now open, and I'll shoot every man who don't attend in three minutes!"

There was at once a scattering from the room. Some escaped by one door and some by another; but Judge Kerby grasped the Jersey lawyer by the hand and whispered,

"Follow me and you'll be safe!"

Escaping by a back door, and threading innumerable dark lanes, and cowyards, the Judge and his young friend at length reached the extensive livery stable at Allbones—the maddest wag in the State.

Here they found a row of twelve barrels for the jury to sit upon, inverted water pails for the lawyers, and a bundle of hay for the Judge. The prisoner at the bar—who was being tried for the murder of his mother with a butcher knife—was seated on a wheelbarrow, smoking an Indian pipe, and swearing that he could whip any three men on the jury.

"Good God! gentlemen!" gasped the educated man, "can it be possible that you conduct courts in this manner in St. Paul?"

"It's only lately that we have had so nice a room as this," replied half a dozen lawyers. "We used to meet in Bloodeye's woodshed—but this is extra."

The presiding judge now called the court to order, and asked the prisoner if he had any counsel.

"Not a one!" was the loud reply; "but if that ere chap with nice clothes on will take a holt of the job, I'll give him two cows and one hundred acres of perary."

Young Jarsey was undecided and wavering, but at length stuttered out that he wished to be excused; whereupon the prisoner sprang the length of his chain, upset the wheelbarrow, and swore if the man didn't take holt of the case and clear him, that he would follow him from house to house and drink the last drop of his heart's blood. This decided the matter at once; and the proud sprig of aristocracy felt that his own life, as well as that of his client, depended upon the amount and quality of forensic ability that he would bring to bear upon the jury. On his rising to address the Court, the presiding Judge indignantly informed him that no college baby with a coat on would be permitted to speak in that Temple.

George removed his coat, and was peremptorily ordered to remove his vest, necktie, suspenders, boots and stockings. The orders were all obeyed at the pistol's muzzle, held by the crier of the Court—a convalescent invalid, six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing about two hundred and six pounds.

At this stage of the proceedings, two of the jury—who had been playing cards for a gallon of whisky—got into a quarrel, and one drove his bowie knife apparently up to the hilt in the other's body. The corpse was conveyed from the room as unconcerned as if it had been the body of a defunct dog, and the crier screamed at the top of his voice, "Go on with the Court!"

George had been a member of the Sons of Malta, or at least he made his way into the Lodge at Trenton a few winters ago, when Judge Naar was wont to put the candidates over the "rugged path" with bells on.—George, we say, had been there, but now he was frightened and made up his mind to save his precious life by flight.

With a bound that would have been creditable to the Ravens in their palmy days, he leaped over a fanning-mill, eluded the grasp of his client, who had now broken from the wheelbarrow, and by the aid of the almost

impenetrable darkness, succeeded in hiding himself in a lumber yard till near morning, when, stealing down to the levee in his almost nude state, he ran on board of a small steamer and begged the Clerk in the name of pity, God and humanity, to give him a passage down the river to some town five hundred miles from St. Paul. He would give no explanation of his half-dressed condition, but only begged to be secreted until the boat was at least a hundred miles down the river. On coming out of his state room the next morning, when the boat was near La Crosse, he was informed by the smiling clerk that there was a bundle of clothing and a trunk in the office for him, placed on the boat at St. Paul, with his address by lawyer Spotless, a man of fine character but no education.

"I thank him for my baggage," gasped the student, turning pale at the recollection of the midnight scene in the barn; "but these Minnesota lawyers are worse than savages. They'll gamble, smoke, drink rum and murder in the court room, and cut the throat of an educated man with as little compunction of conscience as they'd stab a toad. I've heard it said that St. Paul is a beautiful place! It may be in the day-time, but it is an awful place in the night. And if it is a healthy place for invalids, it is an unhealthy one for lawyers. I'm an educated lawyer, myself! I've had my first case in Minnesota, and thank God it's my last!"

On arriving at La Crosse, he went to "Brick Pomeroy," of the Democrat, and tried to get him to publish the story of his St. Paul experience, but "Brick" indignantly replied:

"Can't do it, my boy! 'Fraid 'taint true! is too funny for reality, and the Democrat never deals in fiction!"

Being determined to relate his experience, however, he then hired a hall and advertised a Lecture on Emigration; and after he had received at the door nearly enough to cover his expenses, the deputy Mayor stepped up to him and exclaimed:

"Have you got a license, sir, for this 'ere show?"

"This is not a show, and I have no license!"

"Well, I want ten dollars, and I don't care a red whether you call it a show or an exhibition."

"But, my dear friend—"

"Don't but me, sir! I know what the law is! I hold office, and you must pay up or mizzel!"

And so he mizzled, and when on the point of returning home to old Essex, by overland easy stages, on foot, was met by his former friend of the boat, who explained to him that the Court scene was all a joke, and prevailed on him to return and locate. He dropped his airs at once and soon became a favorite.

He now holds an important office at St. Paul.

NEW KIND OF SPIRITUALISM.—Recently, at one of our hotels, while a party were holding an argument on the subject of spiritualism, a wag volunteered to express his belief that there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of a "medium." "How a medium?" inquired the Landlord. "Why," replied the wag, "I can do a good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it." The landlord offered to bet him that he could not. The wag persisted, and said that he would lay \$20 that he could make at least a dozen of the bells in the house ring within two minutes, without moving from where he sat. "Done!" exclaimed the landlord, and the money was put up. The wag turned round in his seat, opened a closet door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the house began to ring violently. The lodgers above had lost their lights. The \$20 was fairly won.—[N. Y. Atlas.

EXAMINATION OF A MUSICIAN.—What is a slur?

Almost any remark one singer makes about another.

What is a rest?

Going out to take refreshments between the acts.

What is called singing "with understanding?"

Marking time on the floor with your feet.

What is a staccato movement?

Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell?

A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

WOULD NOT RETRACT.—"Sir," said a person to an editor, "sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information."

"Impossible, sir; but tell me what you refer to."

"You said that Mr M. had been tried."

"True."

"Condemned and hung."

"Most true."

"Now, sir, I am that person."

"The d—l you are!"

"I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope you will contradict the statement."

"By no means, sir. I never retract. The most I can do for you is to announce that the rope broke and that you are in perfect health. I have principles, sir; it is said of me that I never deceive."