

The Days That Are No More.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tears, like tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair,
Shine in the heart, and gather in the eyes,
Like looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as a first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under
world,
Sad as the last, which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawn
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly glows a glimmering
square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love—
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

The Story of a Happy Discovery.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton. Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose all my love and respect, but the money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words; truly, with his frank brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself; that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her, if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here;" and with a sudden fierceness he added: "I want no woman here to remind me of a past hope I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle, had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp as with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved of men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton still. "It's my own aunt," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I'm a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love. I fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her but three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful."

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the loveliest of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the Continent, and then returned to this house and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna."

"We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned."

"Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinions, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sulky and defiant. Finally she left me."

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note upon my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarrelling and reproach. She had taken her child and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to her relatives?"

"She had no living relatives. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep

and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying of consumption."

"And to become my second father?"

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart-broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my own interest in life. You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book."

"But, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have been in London three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now. If in the future you ever know my wife and child, I trust them to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp, and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was?"

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour to see it?"

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then."

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. But his nephew was gone.

Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock till the hour was over. He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over again that past whose remorseful memories had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly. "Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society, and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this," Hilton answered gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table.

The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twirls. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting up his head, George Hilton asked:

"Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but surely, in heaven, she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Aha Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have, I am sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs, as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until

after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

An Extraordinary Calculation.

The earth is but to the universe as a grain of sand is to the seashore, yet insignificant as it may seem in such a comparison, it is, nevertheless, when surveyed by finite minds, a globe of no mean proportions. This mundane sphere contains 2,662 geographical cubic miles! In the mere expression of figures no particular vastness may here seem to be implied, but let us analyze the proportions of a cubic mile and our ideas will not only alter in this respect, but we will stand aghast at the magnitude of this globe, which revolves with such awful silence every 24 hours. Imagine a chest or box to have the length, width and depth of but one of these miles, and then let us see what it would contain.

To begin, cast in all the factories, public buildings, monuments, private dwellings, railways, nay, everything that has been built by man in America, add to that those of Asia, Africa and Australia, and the work is but begun. Take up the churches, towers and all other structures in London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, St. Petersburg, Constantinople—in short, those of every city and town in Europe. Add to that all the steamers and vessels on the ocean. What is the result? Our trunk is scarce half full!

Let us now avail ourselves of the human race. Pack them in like herring in rows, and put 12,000 in a row—4,000,000,000—just room enough for the Americans. Between each layer (to make a neat job) let us sprinkle straw and dry leaves thirty feet between each layer (which would require all there is in the world), and then pack in the 3,000,000 of Australians and 45,000,000 Asiatics, and this will complete the second stratum—and thus continue until you have the remaining 600,000,000 Asiatics, and the remainder 600,000,000 population, making in all 1,400,000,000 in about thirty strata. Now the chest is about half full, and it would require about fifteen times the number of men to fill the remaining space. What shall we do to complete the work? Happy thought! Let us take the animals! But, oh cruel disappointment! even if we include the whole living creation, our chest will by no means be filled. And all this is but one geographical cubic mile, of which the earth contains 2,662.

The Art of Patching Clothes.

New York Evening Post.

I shall begin with the perhaps original axiom that a patch must be rectangular. A round or a "crooked" one will inevitably thrust itself into notice, as it is impossible to match the threads. Then a patch should never be "laid on," but always "set in." To this end first cut away carefully by a thread all that is in the least worn, and turn back and baste down an even seam all around. The corners may be slashed slightly in a diagonal direction to keep them square. Then to this opening fit the patch exactly, with the edges turned and basted, and sew it in "over and over" on the wrong side with thread of the precise shade and very fine, sewing alternate opposite sides to avoid trouble with the corners. The extra thickness caused by the folded corners of the patch itself should be cut out after sewing, and a little fine darning added to keep them secure. Now slightly dampen and press on the wrong side, and you have a neat piece of mending which cannot be seen a few feet away. Figures and striped goods must, of course, be carefully matched; heavy woolen fabrics, such as men and boys' wear, need not have seams turned, the clean cut edge being strong enough to hold.

Power of a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is flesh and dumb. It may be rough in deed and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words as if they were a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the crack of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home-voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best oakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your own good-voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."

In New Jersey Sinking!

Newark Advertiser.

According to Prof. J. S. Newberry, various facts indicate that the coast of New Jersey and Long Island is gradually sinking. From the marshes of New Jersey are taken the trunks of trees which could not have grown there except when it was drier ground. So, too, the sea throws up in storms portions of turfy soil, once covered only by the air, and similar soil has been reached below the sea-level in pits dug through drifted sand along its margin. It is also said that the land boundaries have been changed, and farms diminished, even where the wash of the shore-waves produced an effect. The rate of the subsidence is very slow—only a few

inches in a century—and it may at any time be arrested or reversed; but should it continue, as it may, for some thousands of years, it would result in a submergence of land now valued at hundreds of millions of dollars, and a complete change of position in the seats of commerce and industry, which must always center about this harbor. This possible catastrophe is, however, so uncertain and remote that it seems hardly sufficient to disturb the equanimity of at least this generation of inhabitants.

ONE-HALF TO THE INFORMANT.

How Justice was Administered in the Good Old Times, in Virginia.

An "Old Doctor" contributes to the Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle the following amusing story:

"In colonial times, when Col. Archibald Cary was a magistrate, living at Williamsburg, a man who was much disliked by his neighbors on account of his vindictiveness and general meanness, came before him and informed him that his neighbor, John Brown, had violated the game law by killing a deer before Sept. 1st. Now, although Brown was a good, honest, poor man, much esteemed by his acquaintances, Esquire Cary was bound to issue a warrant for his arrest, and when Brown appeared before him he confessed that he had killed the deer, knowing at the time that he was violating the law, but that his wife had a great longing for venison, and knowing that the deer daily frequented his cornfield, she gave him no peace. He had begged her to wait a little while, till the first of September, but she vowed she could not wait. So he killed the deer. The old magistrate, seeming full of compassion, said:

"Brown, the law is explicit; you will have to pay the fine, which is £5."

"Lord bless your heart, Col. Cary," said Brown, "all I have on earth would not sell for £5."

"Well, then," said the Justice, turning to the law and reading, without paying strict attention to punctuation or the exact position of the words, "Whoever shall be guilty of shooting, snaring, trapping, or in any way killing a deer within this, His Majesty's Colony of Virginia, at any time between the 1st of May and the 1st of September, shall pay a fine of £5, and if he is unable to do this, the punishment shall be awarded by 39 lashes on the bare back, well laid on, one-half to be given to the informant, and the other half to the King." "Mr. Constable," said his Honor, "as we are enjoined to justice and love mercy, and where an odd amount, which is not capable of an equal division is to be divided, between a rich man and a poor man, I always give the poor man the larger share; you will, therefore, give the informant in this case the 20 lashes, and whenever you catch his Majesty, the King, in this colony, you will then give him the 19." So the majesty of law was maintained, much to the satisfaction of all who knew the odious informant.

Where to Economize.

A mother who was particularly successful in keeping her children at home of evenings, so much so that it was with difficulty that they could be induced to accept an invitation to spend an evening away from home, was asked if she had any particular secret for so doing. She replied that she kept her sitting-room and parlor very light. "We always have all the light we want; we put the gas on, full blaze, in both front and back parlors; then we keep the stoves comfortably warm all over, and this is the only secret, if it is a secret." To this it was objected that it would be very expensive. She replied: "O, well, we will economize in something else, if necessary, but a cheerful light at evening we will have."

Her remark was very suggestive, not only in the great difference in the cheerfulness of a well-lighted house and the gloom of one when the light is poor and stinted, but of the choice there is in matters of economy. In these times everybody has to study economy in some direction, but in family life it ought to be directed to anything but the curtailing of family comforts, or of the quality and quantity of children's food. Better wear the plainest clothes; better have no extra suit; better put up with the old and patched furniture than to deprive any one of a real comfort, especially the children. Warmth and light are the most essential of these. Warmth and light are the attractions used by the saloons and other places of like sort to draw our children from us. We must counteract these by providing better of the same kind. We cannot afford to economize too much in these.

So in regard to children's food and clothes. There are two articles of food of which children are very fond, and which are nutritious and wholesome, which are often economized unwisely. These are milk and sugar. Better do without desserts all the time and let the children have their milk to drink and plenty of sugar on their oatmeal or stewed apples. Better a dime's worth of good pure candy occasionally than the costly and too often indigestible mince pie. In clothing, also, the same discrimination should be observed. Plenty of good warm underclothing, good stockings, and stout, well-fitting shoes will make presentable the plainest dress. If economy must be studied in children's clothes, let it be in trimmings and ruffles, and not in those things which give warmth and comfort.

To practice economy successfully requires a great deal of study and experience. It is generally not very encouraging or pleasant to do, and yet there are those who have become enthusiastic in it. It has seemed to have almost the fascination of a game, to some, to see how little they could live on, and live comfortably. If one has to do it, it is better to do it in such a spirit than complainingly and fretfully. And, as to accomplish something is always a satisfaction, there may be a certain satisfaction in the study and experimenting that lead to a knowledge of how to economize in the best ways and places, how to live well, and at the same time live cheaply.

MEDICINE AND THE PRESS.

A Physician Who Thinks the Profession Should Work With the Press, Not Against It.

As a profession we have been inclined to put a ban on all who proposed to instruct the people. We have severely censured the display of successful practice either in surgery or medicine. We have even questioned the propriety of specialties. We have been jealous of those to whom ourselves and the public concealed special accomplishments. We have kept in the rut of preconceived prejudice, and have educated bigotry far beyond any other learned profession. The pupil does not hesitate while it publicly appeals to the masses on the most accessible rostrum in the land, to spread far and near old and new truth, throughout the press. The lawyer is ever advertising his wares at the most prominent and public locality in the country. He is always before the people in the court room, on the political rostrum, and in the press. Every judicial opinion is published in the press, as well as in the official organ. And why should the medical profession be enforced "to put their light under a bushel," or muzzle their lips and their pens, while ignorance, empiricism and pretension boldly arrogate to themselves knowledge, science, and philanthropy by their garbled exhibitions in public, in their itinerant mountebanks; in their brazen assurance of success, and progress, by cards, handbills, insurance companies, divinity affidavits, and every other conceivable and inconceivable way? Why these things should be, and our practice and our ethics require of us a false modesty, and an inappropriate silence, I do not understand. In fact, under the head "duties of the profession to the public," (code of ethics) we are instructed to "be ready to give counsel to the public in relation to matters especially appertaining to our profession, as on subjects of medical police, public hygiene, and legal medicine." What further character do we want? It is our practice more than our ethics that is at fault. There are many, very many things in the code that are excellent; but what is disturbing the harmony and usefulness of the profession, is, that a few bigots, fanatics, and Pharisees attempt to execute it for private and personal ends, instead of for the good of the great whole of the profession. If science is truth, publish it. If our profession is right and meritorious, it need not fear to enter the list, and challenge the utmost sincerity. If it is beneficent and fine and noble, as the fathers and founders contended and meant it should be, why not enlist the press, and every other popular agency we possess, to plant it in the heart of the people, and show them the true way? Why not rise in our might and put out these false lights which have been held up to the people and which they have ignorantly but honestly followed? They look to us as their natural guardians and protectors, and justly so, while we fail to recognize our responsibility and allow them to perish under the hands of the mere pretender. We are more to blame than they. It is our business to give them light, to warn, to instruct and encourage. But under false views, or wrong precedents, we fail to give the note of warning, and they are left, the prey of every pretender and unprincipled and ignorant charlatan.

The national association has endorsed by its silence the recommendation of its presiding officer. Now is the propitious time to agitate; yes, agitate is the word, agitate in our own boundaries the right and the duties of the profession to the public, and of the public to the profession. Flash the bright light of truth on the public mind, through the daily press. Iterate and reiterate the gross, glaring wickedness practiced on the simple, honest, unsuspecting, by the itinerant sharks, and on the whole crowd of medical shysters and pretenders. We have the ability if we had the will. Every community has the facts and the figures, if properly arranged and presented, to make their ears tingle and their faces crimson. We can better shape public medical sentiment than lawyers can political, or clergymen can theological, for we number more and have better access to the masses of the people; and it is from sheer neglect and bigotry on our part that such a state of things exists. We have slept, and annoyed and sought to devour each other, while the enemies of legitimate medicine have sown tares, and a rich harvest are they reaping.

Curing Bacon.

There are few families, says Dr. Pollard, in Virginia, who do not understand this art quite well, though many fail to get good hams. As a general rule there is too much smoking; this is more necessary in the large meat, as it serves to dry the meat off, and the crosote engendered by the smoking process is antiseptic and preservative. The western meat and the Virginia meat, when smoked too much, retains the smoked, disagreeable taste. In England and France smoking is not used at all, and this is an evidence that it is smoked too much here, or more than is necessary. The Hanover county hams are famously good, and the best of them I ever saw were only smoked four times. An important matter is that the animal heat should be out before salting, and this may be accomplished in the same day, if the hogs are killed by daybreak, and the weather is tolerably cold. In no event permit the pork to freeze. We have frequently seen hogs killed very early and salted the same day; and this is our practice, unless the weather is warm. Many modes have been adopted for curing hams, and after repeated trials we think there is none better than the following: For twelve pounds of salt, or one pound of saltpetre, and enough molasses to rub them together, producing the appearance of damp brown sugar; rub this in well, lay the hams separate on boards, with the skin side down. Repeat the application every week for four weeks; then hang up and smoke on damp days with hickory chips, if procurable; not to be smoked more than four or five times. Towards the last of February inclose the hams in canvas painted, or what answers as well in our experience, large paper bags secured well around the hock. This keeps out skippers and

other insects. Immediately before doing this rub some black pepper on the meat side. If this plan is accurately followed, we will insure first-rate hams.

The Heart.

The heart—the reservoir of the blood, and the great central organ of the circulation—is a hollow, muscular organ in the form of an irregular cone. It is enclosed in a membranous bag, but loosely, so as to allow free motion. Though forming one muscle, there are two distinct hearts, each side being divided from the other by a wall. It contains four cavities, each of which holds between two and three ounces of blood; the whole quantity of blood in an adult man varies from twenty-five to twenty pounds. The heart contracts 4000 times in an hour; there consequently pass through the heart every hour 700 pounds of blood. In other words, every drop of blood in the system passes through the heart twenty-eight times in one hour, or once every two minutes. The human heart is deemed by poets and philosophers to be the seat of our affections and passions, the seat of moral life and character, of our understanding and will, courage and conscience, and by some men is looked upon as the root of life itself.

The human heart has been considered by many of the dying in past times as a votive gift peculiarly sacred. And many instances are on record of the burial of the heart apart from the place where the ashes of the body might repose.

When the body of the Emperor Napoleon was prepared for interment at St. Helena, in May, 1821, the heart was removed by a medical officer, to be soldered up in a case. Mme. Bertrand, in her grief and enthusiasm, had made some vow, or expressed a vehement desire to obtain possession of this as a precious relic, and the doctor, fearing that some trick might be played him, and his commission be thereby imperilled, kept it all night in his own room in a glass dish. The noise of broken glass aroused him from a waking doze, and he started forward, only in time to rescue the heart of the Emperor from a huge brown rat, which was dragging it across the floor to its hole. It was rescued by the doctor, soldered up in a silver urn, filled with spirits by Sergeant Abraham Millington of the St. Helena artillery, and placed in a casket.

Not a Dull Chinaman.

At a shoe store in San Francisco. The persons concerned were the proprietor of the store and a John Chinaman, examining a pair of boots, the price of which was \$5. John inquired:—"How muchee you axee for bootee?" In a spirit of waggery, it is presumable, the owner replied:—"Two dollar and halfes, John. Very cheap bootee, aint-ee?" "Cheap bootee," said John; who thereupon examined a pair and concluded to buy, offering a quarter eagle. "But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only for one boot. They are two dollars and a half a piece. Two boots cost \$5." John was somewhat astonished, said he would not buy, and demanded the return of his money; but the dealer was inexorable. "No, John," said the latter; "you have got one boot and have paid for it; now give me another piece like this and take the other." John saw the drift of the game and was at once resolved. "Well," said he, "this bootee be mine, maybe? I paid for he?" "Yes," said the dealer. "And you give no me other bootee?" asked John. "Not without the money," said the other. "Well," said John, "I do with the bootee what I please—I cuttee he up." And thereupon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot in pieces, and threw it into the street, exclaiming as he departed, "That em my bootee; the other be your bootee; you sell he to next foolee Chinaman what comes along." At last accounts the boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save the expense.

Curiosities of the Kansas Plains.

A Kansas correspondent says: In traveling over these prairies many interesting phenomena are to be observed. Here, in many places, are to be seen the prickly cactus, the sage bush and the sand-hill plum—so much written about by travelers over the sandy plains much farther west. Many skulls and other bones of the buffalo are found on the surface, but these huge shaggy beasts pasture these plains no more, nor slake their thirst under the bluffs of these running streams.

But the circular spots where they delighted to wallow are readily perceived where the ground is so hard and compact that it will not bear crops for several years. The prairie dog towns are still to be seen, with this interesting little animal peering about in conical fashion above their holes, with the attendant owl near at hand. Sad to say, the farmers endeavor to destroy them all, as they are fond of devouring the growing crops. Their other mate, the rattlesnake, is by no means unknown, lurking in the prairie grass, and its venomous bite is fatal.

Flavoring Whisky.

An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time went into a tavern and called for a glass of whisky. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some minutes in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half whisper, "What's that?" "Lemon, your honor," was the reply. "Sure, I know that," said Pat, who had never seen a lemon before in his life, "but what's it there for?" "To give it a flavor," answered the other. This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to his bog, and on the first occasion of entertaining his friends, slipped a piece of potato into each man's whisky. "What's the meaning of all that?" inquired one of the company. "Does't you know it's to give it a flavor?" replied the host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance.

It is stated that the fall of Joe Rowen, the defaulting treasurer of Wright county, was caused by whisky.