

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, men! grow sick with toil and care, / Leave for awhile the crowded mart...

Follow again the winding rills / Go to the places where you went / When, climbing up the summer hills...

Walk through the fern and fading wood, / So lightly trodden by your feet, / When all you knew of life was good...

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs, / Drink from the honey well once more; / Breathe fragrance from the crowded mow...

Go sit beside the hearth again, / Whose circle once was glad and gay; / And if from out the precious chain...

Draw near the board with plenty spread, / And if in the accustomed place / You see the father's reverent head...

And though where home hath been you stand / To-day in alien loneliness, / Though you may clasp no mother's hand...

Thank God for friends your life has known, / For every dear, departed day, / The blessed past is safe alone...

FOR HIS BROTHER.

"The governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years to serve...

I read this little paragraph and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I also knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed John Brisben in a felon's cell...

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great-grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington...

"Squire," said he, in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake." "In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man." "But"—began the magistrate. "Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at the jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known, several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond...

They were twenty years old when their mother died very suddenly. The property left to the boys was considerable. The day they were twenty-one years old the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue grass farm valued at \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well-invested securities...

So this sort of division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money that he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town and began a life of pleasure-seeking of the grossest sort.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out like a good fellow, and I will settle down in sober earnest."

For an answer John Brisben placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously. In less than three years Joseph Brisben's affairs were in the hands of his creditors, and a sheriff's officer closed out his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy.

It took all of John Brisben's board to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said: "I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need do no work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and, remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country.

In the meantime John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton, by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very marked attention.

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in his voice when he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for the furnishings.

"Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still worked from dawn till dark that his brother might play the gentleman and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him.

One day—it was the summer of 1877—a forged check was presented at one of the banks of the shire town, by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for \$2500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it.

He became boisterously drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check. The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace was sent to John Brisben.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparation to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together for several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," said he, in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor. "You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

"But"—began the magistrate. "Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at the jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known, several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankfort, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph Brisben remained on the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance it was this: That he was guilty of the forgery for which his brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he, who had no ties of blood or marriage, could better suffer the punishment and disgrace than I, who had dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.

Overcrowding and Crime in Paris.

Overcrowding, however, has now reached such a point that serious uneasiness is beginning to be felt by the municipal council of Paris. The communal insurrection of 1871 proved that the people of Paris had not grown less revolutionary because they lived in better looking houses; and, indeed, the embellishments of the city had, as already shown, simply altered the conditions of the working man's life without improving them.

One of the emperor's ideas was that by erecting fine streets everywhere he might disintegrate the popular mass. Instead of clustering together by thousands, workmen would be spread over all parts of the city, and those of them who became tenants of sixth floor rooms in houses the lower floors of which were occupied by bourgeois lodgers would, as calculated, be refined by the influence of these respectable abodes. This was only a dream. The increase of population has caused whole districts to come once again "quartiers ouvriers," and in these the almost entire extinction of home life has had the most demoralizing results. Children being sent away, the home has no "raison d'être," and marriages are becoming rarer and rarer. The Parisian workman lives mostly out of doors and in wine shops. He does not carry his dinner to his work, but takes his meals in an "estaminet," and as a rule his evenings spent in a cafe. What instructive morals he gets is derived from the theater and from newspapers—the spiritual agencies which countless churches, temperance societies and other religious bodies bring to bear on the poor of London there is little to be seen in Paris. The city has sixty Catholic churches and perhaps thirty chapels of other denominations, so that one place of worship might be reckoned for about every 20,000 inhabitants; and to all appearances even this is more than the people desire.

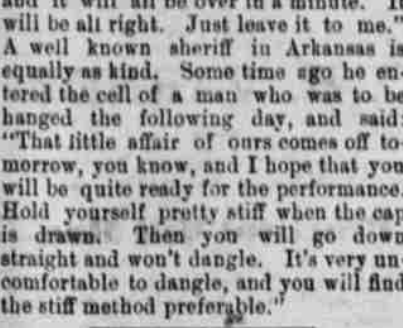
Methodical Hankomes.—Marwood, the English hangman, used to soothe his victims by whispering words of encouragement to them. "Come on, now," he would say kindly. "I won't hurt you, and it will all be over in a minute. It will be all right. Just leave it to me."

A well known sheriff in Arkansas is equally as kind. Some time ago he entered the cell of a man who was to be hanged the following day, and said: "That little affair of ours comes off tomorrow, you know, and I hope that you will be quite ready for the performance. Hold yourself pretty stiff when the cap is drawn. Then you will go down straight and won't dangle. It's very uncomfortable to dangle, and you will find the stiff method preferable."

England is the mistress of the seas, but the numerous forests in this country leave America mistress of the saws.

A cut and-dried affair—Jerked beef.

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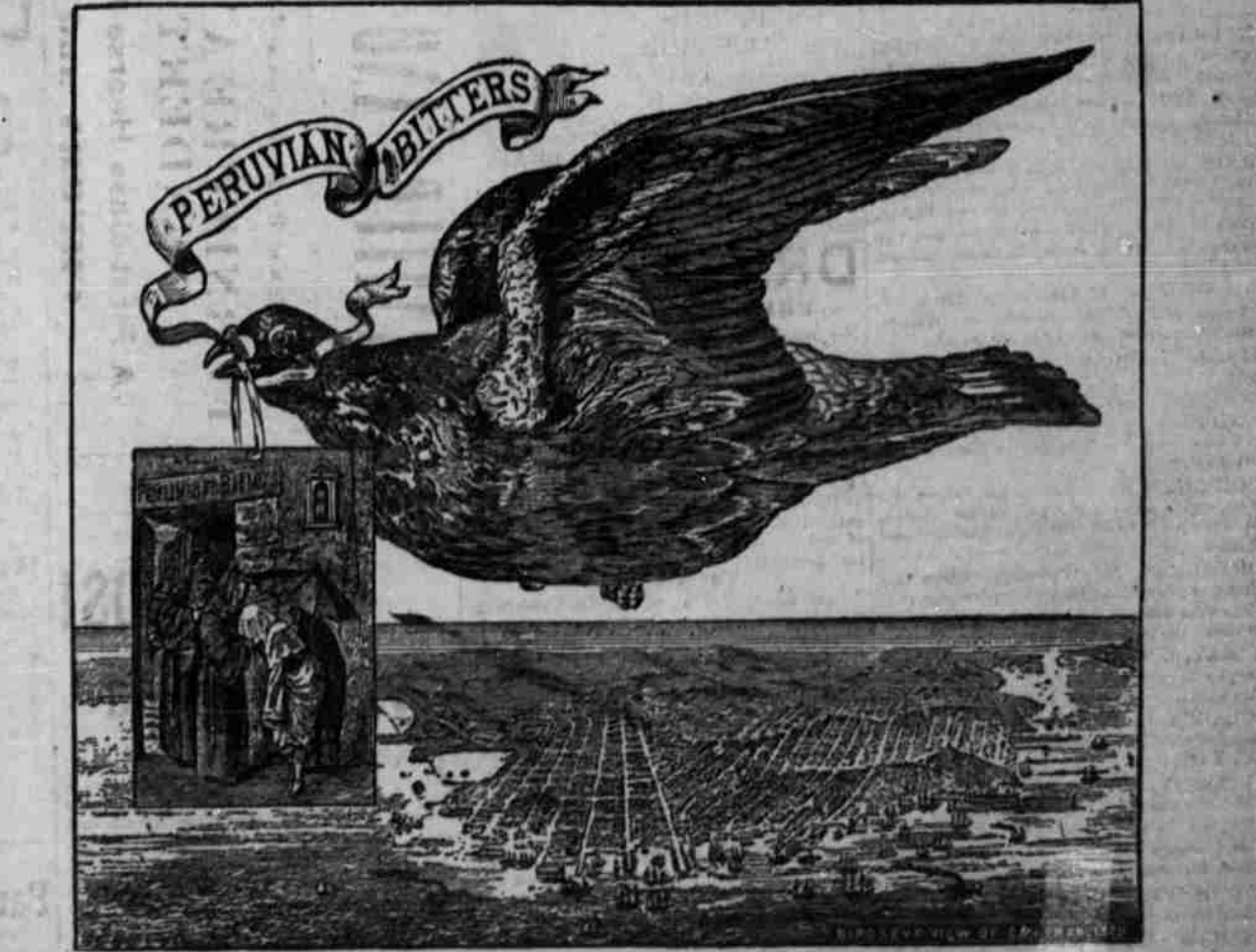
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Sitting Bull's Home.

Sitting Bull was visited in his tent recently by a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, who says: "Twenty poles spread in a circle of twenty feet diameter, and tied at the top and covered with canvas, made the home of this haughty Sioux. A fire burned in the center and the smoke passed out at the top, and the same hole admitted light. Sitting Bull had sisters for wives and nine children. One wife had gone to the hunt, the other, poorly clad in dirty calico, with two young boys playing near her, kneaded and baked bread, poured coffee and served a chunk of meat. The bread was baked in a shallow kettle by putting coals on the cover. Coffee was served in a tin cup. No other dishes were used. Little boxes and parcels were put round against the tent. Buffalo skins served for beds. Sitting Bull is of medium height, stout built, and has a large oval face—nose prominent, cheek bones broad and high, eyes full of cunning, and a mouth that indicates strong will power. His straight black hair is parted in the middle and dressed in two braids, which are brought forward and reach the waist."

A young man who went to the late war began his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion: "My dear Julia—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you, and I say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"



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