BY PROBE CLEY, Oh, men' grown sick with toil and care, I cave for a while the crowded mart; Oh, women! daking with de-rair. Weary of limb and faint of heart, Forget your cares to-day, and come As children back to childhood's home!

Follow scain the winding rills; Go to the places where you went, When, climbing up the summer hills, In their green lap you sat content; And softly leaned your head to rest On Nature's calm and pesceful breast

Walk through the sere and fading wood, Re lightly trodden by your feet, When all you knew of life was good. And all you dreamed of life was as est, And let fond memory lead you back, O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs,
Drink from the mossy well once more;
Breathe 'ragrance from the crowded mows,
With fresh, sweet clover running o'er.
And count the tressures at your feet,
Of allver type and golden wheat.

Go sit besid: the hearth again,
Whose circle once was giad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain said
Some shining links have dropped away, I
Then guard with tenderer heart and hand
The remnant of your household band.

Draw near the board with pleuty spread, And if in the accustomed place You see the father's reverent head, Or mother's patient loving face; Whate'er your life may have of ill i Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been you stand To day, in alien loneliness; Though you may clasp no mother's hand, and claim no sister's tender kiss; Though with no friend or lover nigh, The past is all your company—

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day.
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For use the neasures that we love.

FOR HIS BROTHER.

"The governor pardoned John Bris ben, a penitentiary convict, to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended."—Frankfort (Ky.) Yeo-

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, and now when the sad affair is brought back to mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, matter of fact John Brisben.

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, was the principal settle ment on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Obio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong limbed, lion hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, Edwin B isben, once represented Kentucky in the federal congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben.

Their father's name was Samuel, and he Their father's name was Samuel, and he magistrate, who had a high regard died when they were little children, leav-for his visiter. ing his widow an excellent blue grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow re-mained a widow until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman and she idolized her two boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them spart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the dispositions of the twins. Joseph Brisben was surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was withal a dreamer and an enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high moral principle, intensely practical and meth-odical, cared little for books, and, al-though he said but little, was a splendid companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life, and, as for sport, he enjoyed himself only when hard at work. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainigly that "Jodie might go scot free. His life was, therefore, one constant sacrifice, but the ob ject of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for this unselfish devo

They were twenty yearsold when their m ther died very suddenly. The prop-erty left to the boys was considerable. e day they were twenty-one years old the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue grass farm valued at he, who had no ties of blood or marriage, \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well-invested could be turned into disgrace than I, who had dependent upon money. Joseph demanded a division. me a large family." "You can take the farm, Jack," he aid. "I was never cut out for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my

So this sort of division was made, ohn continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the oney that he could raise out of the ofits of the farm. Joseph, with his ewly acquired wealth, set up an estab shment at the nearest town and began a life of pleasure seeking of the grossest sort. His brother gave him no advice, for he knew it was useless. Joseph pent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. a the meantime John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to

In less than three years Joseph Bris-ben's affairs were in the hands of his

Once mare John Brisben placed his being sent away, the home has no "raibegan his first letter to his sweetheart son dence payable to the order of brother, and Joseph entered into lives mostly out of doors and in wine lives mostly out of doors and in wine lives mostly out of doors and in wine think ef you, and I say, 'Get thee behind the late war began his first letter to his sweetheart began his first letter to his sweetheart brother, and Joseph entered into lives mostly out of doors and in wine lives mostly out of doors

pay his brother's debts, but he made no taminet;" and as a rule his evenings complaint, uttered no reproach. He

"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

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

ject when Joseph began to pay his affione night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in

confidence in his brother, he did not ob-

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

Ten years passed away, and John Bris-ben, 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. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily, and had invariably lost.

liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for 82500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin he became beastly drunk, and while in this conditi n 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 heurs.
What passed during the interview will
never be known. When John Bristen
emerged from the jail he went straight to
the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph

"You have caused the arrest of an in-

nocent 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."
"You!" cried the astonished magistrate. "You a forger—impossible!"
"Nothing is impossible in these days,"
said the white haired old man, sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is inno-

cent." Accordingly Joseph Brisben was re-leased 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 sen-tenced 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,

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 mu-nicipal council of Paris. The communal insurrection of 1871 proved that the reo ple of Paris bad not grown less revolutionary because they lived in better look ing 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 theu-sands, workmen would be spread over all parts of the city, and those of them who became tenants of sixth floor rooms beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help who became tenants of sixth floor rooms in houses the lower flats of which were occupied by bourgeois lodgers would, as 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. come once again "quartiers ouvriers," teditors, and a sheriff officer closed out his business. Again he turned to his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy.

Once mand John Brisben placed his being sent away, the home has no "raibeing sent away, his brother, and Joseph entered into rarer and rarer. The Parisian workman shops. He does not carry his dinner to me, Satan.

It took all of John Brisben's hoard to his work, but takes his meals in an "e.spent in a cafe. What instruction

morals he gets is derived from the thea

ter and from newspapers—the spiritual agencies which countless churches, tem-perance 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 appearance even this is more than the people desire. The national habit of thrift may be fairly counted among the elements which operate for good on workmen; but in respect of thrift the Parisians may be compared to ants who are prejed upon by ant caters. They save, but innumerable financial companies are on the lookout to catch their savings. "Changeurs," who are the popular bankers, abound in every quarter, and more than twenty fluancial journals, which profess to act as guides to investors, are published daily. But every week the disappearance of some changeur and the collapse of some company is reported, and after every such event it turns cut that hundreds of workmen and servants have been pinching themselves for years simply to feed a gang of swindlers. Under the influence of all these causes, overcrowding, childlessness, immorality, irreligious-ness, and financial robberies, crime has developed to such an extent in Paris that the most drastic legislation has had to be proposed. It is computed that after the overthrow of the commune about 20,000 of the most reckless characters in Paris were got rid of by shooting or transportation; but, notwithstand-ing this great purge, M. Gambetta had to declare, less than ten years afterward, that the criminal classes formed an "army of desperadoes ready to the hand of any political adventurer." Last year the chamber of deputies passed a bill (which has not yet been voted by the played heavily, and had invariably lost.
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 being conducted in the suburbs, whole companies of gendarmes and policemen being sent out against them with fire-arms.—London Times.

Lithographing Stones,

An important and valuable discovery has recently been made by a well known California artist. He was out on a sketching tour in Kern county, near Tehachapi Pass, and becoming absorbed by the wild and magnificent scenery, he wandered on from hill to hill, from peak wandered on from hill to hill, from peak to peak, until be found himself com-pletely-lost. His artistic eye was at-tracted by a bold, white cliff of rock standing out boldly and sharply against the blue sky. He made a sketch of it and decided to take a nearer view. On closer examination it proved to be composed of a stone with which he was quite familiar, and had often had occasion to use in the pursuit of his calling. This stone is only found, so far as known, in the celebrated quarries of Solenhofen in Batavia, not far from Munich.

He tested it with his knife and found it to have the requisite bardness, of the ine lithographic stone for which France had offered so large a reward to anyone who would discover a substitute. He at once recognized the value of his findthere being but one other known quarry in the world of this peculiar stone. He came to the conclusion that though he had lost himself he had found a valuable

He selected pieces of the several varie-ties and soon found his way to camp. He came to San Francisco, thoroughly tested the stone and found it the genuine article, and then returned to his quarry and located the land in conformity with the laws of the United States. On his return he brought slabs which have been tested by competent men. Both the stone impressions (lithrographs) and sketches can be seen at the office of J. A. Robinson, 509 Montgomery street. The writer of this article, thinking it a find of great economic importance, consulted proper authorities and ascertained that the yearly consumption of this stone in San Francisco alone (at from seven to sixty cents per pound, the price regulated by the size of the slab), was about two thousand dollars, and that the Solenhofen quarry produced annually on an average 13,000 cubic yards of lithrographic stone, at a cost of \$1,000,000, which sells for \$10,000,000 Elisee Reclus, our authority. The importation and consumption of the United States for the year 1880 was an average of 13% tons per day. A protective tariff would protect this home industry, should the find prove of as much importance as it appears to be.

This quarry is extensive enough to more than supply the United States and add another important link to our industrial resources.

Sitting Bull's Home.

Sitting Bull was visited in his tent re-cently by a correspondent of the Cleve-land Leader, who says: "Twenty poles spread in a circle of twenty feet diameter, and tied at the top and covered with can-vas, 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 wil 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

METHODICAL HANGMEN .- Marwood, the English hangman, used to soothe his victims by whispering words of encour-agement 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 to morrow, 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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