

### THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man  
Starts off with hurried tread  
But from the door the wily voice  
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."  
He smiles and nods, and turns to go.  
The careless married man,  
When loud the servant calls him, "Oh!  
You haven't got the can."  
He nods again in fretful style.  
But pulleth down his hat:  
And lo, his sister, with a smile,  
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"  
"Oh, yes," he shouts, and truth to tell,  
He need not shout so loud:  
But shrill his son, with stunning yell,  
"Theatre tickets for the crowd!"  
His daughter from the window high  
Estops him with her call;  
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,  
And a new pink parasol.  
He hears no more; far down the street  
His echoing footsteps fly:  
And all day long, in measure fleet,  
He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."  
But when the evening respite brings,  
And his day's toil is done,  
Though told to get a hundred things,  
He hasn't got a one.

### John Brisben, Nobleman.

Colonel George W. Symmonds in the Detroit Free Press, says the governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had been a liar with the history of the case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended.—Frankford, (Ky.) Yeoman.

I read this little paragraph, and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed him in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to my 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 settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, iron-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons Edwin Brisben, 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 died when they were little children; leaving his widow an excellent blue-grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained unmarried until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman and she idolized her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the disposition of the twins. Joseph Brisben was very surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was withal a dreamer and 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 and moral principle, intensely methodical and practical, cared little for books, and, although 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. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together, suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that "Jodie" might go scot free. His life was therefore a constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for this unselfish devotion.

They were 20 years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away.

John, on the contrary, never demonstrative, took the great affliction with his customary coolness. He said but little, and shed no tears.

The property left 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, which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never cut out for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what 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 of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice

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.

One day—it was in 1871—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 next morning, Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin, he became beastly 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 sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will, would have fallen to the floor, so weak was he by the terrible shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together 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," he said 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 forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You!" cried the astounded magistrate. "You a forger—impossible."

"Nothing is impossible in these days, sir," said the white-haired old man, sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent."

So stoutly did he aver that he was the forger that the magistrate reluctantly issued a warrant for his arrest and at the same time wrote an order to the jailer for the release of Joseph Brisben.

"My constable will be in soon," said the magistrate; but the old hero picked up both the papers.

"I will not trouble him," he said. "I will execute both the papers."

And he did. Handing the jailer both papers he explained their meaning thus:

"They have made a mistake. It is I who am to be your prisoner. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at 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 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 at 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 for the forgery for which his heroic 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 dependant on me large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.—American Rural Home.

POTATO BALLS.—Wash, pare and soak a bunch of potatoes as you think you will need. Usually, allow two for each person, as you wish to be sure of enough, and if any be left over they can be so easily utilized and made into such palatable dishes that they are never lost or wasted. Cook them in boiling, salted water for half an hour, or until tender, drain them and, if they are small, put two at a time in a coarse napkin; twist the napkin and wring out the water in the potato. Then turn them out carefully on to a hot platter, and serve at once. They are light, dry and mealy, and look like mock snowballs. You must take care to wring the napkin hard, as the potatoes will get a good, round shape.

### Kitchen Economies.

VEGETABLE PORRIDGE.—Scrape and peel the following vegetables: Six carrots six turnips, six onions, three heads of celery and three parsnips. Slice up all these very thin and put them in a two-gallon pot, with four ounces of butter, a handful of parsley and a good sprig of thyme, and fill up with water or potato-liquor, if you happen to have any; season with pepper and salt, and put the whole to boil very gently for two hours. At the end of this time the vegetables will be done to a pulp, and the whole must be rubbed through a colander with a wooden spoon, and afterward put back into the pot and stirred over the fire, to make it hot for dinner.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Two tablespoonfuls of coarse meal and a pint or a half-pint of milk or water, according as the patient requires thick or thin gruel, or may take milk or not. Stir the meal smoothly and thoroughly into the milk or water, and let it steep for two hours; then pour off the top, leaving the coarse sediment afloat; boil up the gruel thus obtained; then cover it closely and leave it to settle for about ten minutes; add salt or sugar to taste. This is the best mode of making.

COCONUT POUND CAKE.—Beat one pound of pulverized sugar with half a pound of the best butter, to a nice smooth cream. To this add the grated yellow rind of one fresh lemon, a gill of cream and four eggs. Stir and beat all well together, then add one pound of sifted flour, in which you have thoroughly mixed two heaping teaspoonfuls of Hecker's baking powder. Beat all well together, and then add and stir lightly in the grated meat of one fine fresh coconut. Bake in buttered and papered pans in a good oven.—The Caterer.

LAYER FRUIT CAKE.—One coffee cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, the whites of five eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with vanilla. Take from this one large tablespoonful; bake the rest in two cakes as for jelly cake. To this tablespoonful add a half a cup each of chopped raisins, chopped citron, of flour and of molasses; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, and one wineglass of brandy. Bake this in one layer. Put the cake together with soft frosting, putting the fruit layer in the middle. The top may be frosted or not, as you please.

ICING FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Take two ounces of prepared chocolate; do not grate it, but put it unbroken on a pie-plate or in a shallow basin, and set it on the back part of the stove, where it will melt slowly. Of course it must be watched carefully and kept from burning. When it is all melted add four tablespoonfuls of milk, two of water, and a teaspoonful of sugar; mix thoroughly, and let it boil for five minutes. Make the cake after any good layer cake recipe. When the cake is cold spread the chocolate on the layers and on the top of the cake, and set that in the oven to harden.

KEEPING HONEY.—To keep honey the year round, let it run through a fine sieve, to separate it from the particles of wax, then boil it gently in an earthen vessel, skim off the foam which gathers on top, and cool it in jars. Cover tightly and set in a cool cellar.

SWISS CARNIVAL CAKES.—Beat up three eggs with half a pint of milk and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Let it stand a few hours; then add enough flour to roll it out very thin. Cut it in strips or any other fanciful shape, throw them into hot fat and fry a very pale brown.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Twelve eggs; twelve cupfuls of sugar; six lemons; one tablespoonful of flour; two tablespoonfuls of cream. Grate and squeeze the lemons, mix the sugar well with them, add the well-beaten yolks, then the flour, the cream, and, last of all, the well-beaten whites. Bake in pie-plates, lined with rich puff paste.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Pick all the meat from the body and claws of a cold boiled lobster and chop it fine; chop separately the white part of a head of celery or lettuce and mix with the lobster meat. Season with pepper, salt, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, five oil, three of thick sweet cream, and the finely minced yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of French mustard and a few capers.

FRESH MACKEREL.—Clean the fish; scald a bunch of herbs and chop them fine, and put them with one ounce of butter, three tablespoonfuls of soup stock into a stewpan. Lay in the mackerel, and simmer gently for ten minutes. Lift them out upon a hot dish; dredge a little flour, and add salt, cayenne, a little lemon juice, and finally two tablespoonfuls of cream; let these just boil, and pour over the fish.

BOILED TONGUE.—If the tongue is not hard soak it not more than three hours. Put it into a stewpan with

plenty of cold water and a bunch of herbs; let it come to a boil, skim, and simmer gently until tender; peel off the skin and garnish it with parsley and lemon. If to serve it cold fasten it to a board with a fork through the root and another through the top to straighten it; when cold place it and dress with tufts of parsley.

A DELICIOUS cake is made by beating five eggs very light; beat the whites and yolks separately, and if the yolks are at all lumpy strain them. Beat three cups of powdered sugar and one cup of butter to a cream; add one cup of sweet milk, four cups of sifted flour, in which you have mixed one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and the juice and the grated peel of one lemon. Put the whites of the eggs in last. Bake in a moderate oven in one large, round loaf, or in two long narrow tints.

### About Women.

know a woman wondrous fair—  
A model woman she—  
Who never runs her neighbors down  
When she goes out to tea.  
She never gossips after church  
Of dresses or of hats;  
She never meets the sewing school  
And joins them in their spats.  
She never beats a salesman down,  
Nor asks for pretty plaques;  
She never asks the thousand things  
Which do his patience tax.  
These statements may seem very strange  
At least they may to some;  
But just remember this, my friends,  
The woman's deaf and dumb.

A Montreal girl turned in and whipped a tailor who only paid her 40 cents for making a coat, the agreed price being \$2.50, and heartless magistrate fined her 20 cents and remitted the costs.

The first person appointed to office under the new civil service rules was Mary F. Hoyt, of Connecticut. She scored 88.86 out of a possible 100 points in her examination. She gets a clerkship in the treasury department.

Dr. Holmes thus stands up for the women: "There is no such thing as a female punster. I never knew nor heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun, as I have known a hen to crow.

A Philadelphia woman who was arrested a short time ago for begging on the streets was found to live in a handsome and elegantly furnished house. She set a fine table, owned a carriage, and, except when begging, wore very fine clothes. Her four children, the eldest eleven and the youngest three years old, are all professional beggars.

As caps in some countries denote the stratus of the feminine venter hair-dressing in Japan tells of the lady's condition. There, a girl, at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf, the forehead being left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, makes it up in the shape of a butterfly or fan and decorates it with silver cord and balls. A widow who wishes for a second husband twists her hair around a tortoise shell pin, while an inconsolable widow cuts her hair short. These last are said to be rare.

Miss Middy Morgan, the live-stock reporter of the New York Times, happened to be left in charge of a cottage in a New Jersey village, where she was visiting, a few days ago. To her appeared two villainous-looking tramps. "Well, have you anything for us, old woman?" asked one of the fellows. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "just wait and I'll bring it down." Miss Morgan went quickly up stairs, and in half a minute returned with a seven-shooter firmly grasped in her right hand. "This is what I have for you," said she. "How do you like it?" The tramps did not wait to answer the question, but got out as fast as their legs could carry them.

The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony mills, at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employes unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.

Many weird tales have been told of seeds found in the hands of Egyptian mummies being planted and growing into some flower of wonderful beauty, but with so dead a perfume that it destroyed the lives of its wearers. It is a fact that an English market gardener has recently raised peas from some dried ones found in the grip of a mummy. When Michael Davitt was in Portland prison, too, one of the visitors became interested in the little garden which the founder of the Land league was allowed to amuse himself by cultivating and sent him some flower seeds which had come in like manner from the tomb of an Egyptian. Davitt planted the seeds and reared specimens of the flora of old Egypt.

### WISDOM.

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

Not in what the schoolmen write,  
But in simpler leaves than theirs  
Look for wisdom; in your sight  
It is lurking unawares.  
See you bush, aflame with roses,  
Like the burning Bush of Moses—  
Learn what wisdom there discloses,  
Listen there, and you shall hear  
What the schoolmen never knew,  
How from out it, soft and clear,  
God is speaking (hark!) to you.  
Learn the wisdom of the roses  
That on sunshine live, and dew:  
They have never asked what Moses  
Thought was wisdom. Why should you?

### Jocose Clips.

—Government pastry—A mint *off*.  
—The provincial press—a *cider* mill.  
—It never perspires but it pores.  
—An echo is a halloo mockery.  
—Outward bound—Books.  
—A forbidding profession—The auctioneer's.  
—Pound marks are always found with pugilists.  
—Very few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.  
—A man whose best works are always trampled under foot—A carpet manufacturer.  
—When a man does not get up with the lark in the morning, the presumption is that he was out on a swallow the night previous.  
—"How sensible your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "he hasn't been among company yet."  
—An exchange speaks of a man who "is but one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.  
—Satire can no further go than when Sam Johnson said to a booby, "If I have said anything that you understand, sir I humbly crave the pardon of the rest of the company."  
—Judge Walsh, of Chicago, has decided that it is not cruelty to attack damaged tinware to the tail of a dog in order to make the animal beat 2.49. This would seem to indicate that Judge Walsh does not keep dogs and his neighbors do.  
—The addresses of a certain young man having been declined by a young lady he paid court to her sister. "How much you resemble your sister," said he, on the evening of the first call. "You have got the same hair, and the same forehead, and the same eyes—"  
—"And the same nose," she added quickly. He has stopped calling at the house.  
—"Well," remarked a young M. D. just returned from college, "I suppose that the next thing will be to hunt a good situation, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument." "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."  
—"The windows of houses in the Philippines are made of pellucid oyster shells, which admit light, but cannot be seen through. It is not explained how the woman, who sits up till after midnight to ascertain what hour the bean of the young lady opposite leaves, overcomes this difficulty."  
—An Englishman shooting small game in Germany remarked to his host that there was a speck of danger in shooting in America. "Ah," said the host, "you like danger mit your sport? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I shoot mine brudder-in-law in the stomach."  
—"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a travelling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heal toward the house, if you please."  
—"I understand you have rented another house," said an Austin gentleman to an acquaintance. "Do you like the location?" "Yes, quite a number of conveniences. There's a livery stable on one side, a lager beer saloon next door and a lard factory right across the street. Everything seems handy enough, as far as I can see."  
—A father of the high school girl had a long discussion the other night with a politician, and after the latter had gone, the girl remarked, quoting from Shakespeare, "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." "Well," replied the old man, "I don't understand the dead language, but if you are trying to say he is a crank, I'm with you every time."  
—An English paper says: Of the 269,547 owners of land set down in the new doomsday book, no less than 37,806 are women.