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ORDERS FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED.

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There is nothing like Fahrney's Blood Cleanser for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; for nervous diseases, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Bilious Fever, and all derangements of the internal viscera. As a female regulator it has no equal in the world.

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DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

Don't be in a hurry
To answer yes or no;
Nothing's lost by being
Reasonably slow.
In a hasty moment
You may give consent,
And thro' years of torment
Leisurely repent.

If a lover seeks you
To become his wife,
Happiness or misery
May be yours for life.
Don't be in a hurry
Your feelings to confess,
But think the matter over
Before you answer yes.

Should one ask forgiveness
For a grave offense,
Honest tears betraying
Earnest penitence.
Pity and console him,
And his fears allay,
And don't be in a hurry
To drive the child away.

Hurry brings us worry,
Worry wears us out,
Easy going people
Know what they're about.
Heedless haste will bring us
Surely to the ditch,
And trouble overwhelm us
If we hurry to be rich.

Don't be in a hurry
To throw yourself away,
By the side of wisdom
For a while delay.
Make your life worth living,
Nobly act your part,
And don't be in a hurry
To spoil it at the start.

Don't be in a hurry
To speak an angry word;
Don't be in a hurry
To spread the tale you've heard.
Don't be in a hurry
With evil ones to go;
And don't be in a hurry
To answer yes or no.

FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE.

BY COL. G. W. SYMONDS.

"The Governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, today. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years yet 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.) Yeoman.*

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 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 Kenten's Station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington was the principal on the "dark and bloody." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio 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 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 a widow 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 dispositions of the twins. Joseph was surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was 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 principles, intensely practical and methodical, 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 off in his life. He saw nothidn of the poetry of life, and as for sport, he enjoyed himself only when hard at work. He loved his brother, and when they were boys towether, suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that 'Jodie' might go scot free.

His life was therefore one constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for this unselfish devotion. They were twenty 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 by friends.

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

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 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, for he knew that it was useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality and before he knew it he was a beggar.

In the meantime, John's 25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but am heavily in debt. Help me out, like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business I can soon make money to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer John Brisben placed his name to an order for $25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, 'Jodie?'" he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses and discharged several of his servants

Twenty thousand dollars was left out of the loan. He invested this in business, and for a time seemed really to have reformed. John was encouraged to say:

"Jodie will come out all right. He is smarter than I, and in five years will be worth more money than I could make in a lifetime."

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.

"I own that I mgnaged a trifle carelessly," he said by way of explanation. "Experience is a dear teacher, and the lesson I have learned I shall never forget. If you come to my assistance now, I can soon recover myself."

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check, payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer."

It took all of John Brisben's hoard 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.

"I am glad he likes her," he said. "I am so busy on the farm that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

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 that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face. He did not notice how the strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is that true?" faltered John at last.

"Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other and shall be very happy."

"We love each other and shall be very happy!" repeated John mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life sunk behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away and staggered, rather than walked, to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled to his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell full upon his face, and surprised two great tears stealing down his pale cheeks.

He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow, and when the morrow came no one looking into his calm, serene eyes would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

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 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. 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 invariably lost his money.

One day—it was in 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 stakes, which was in progress. The check was for $2,500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every cent 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 was 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 weakened was he by the 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 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," 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 am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was forgery."

"You!" cried the astounded 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 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 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 papers."

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

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

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 men offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offers. At the trial he plead 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 strictly 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 of 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 dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.

A Funny Man Who Was Not at all Funny.

"Is the man that gets up the funny column here?" asked a smirking little chap as he poked a bulbous little nose into the room.

"O, yes," said a bald-headed man with a disordered necktie, grizzled beard and face like that of an undertaker at an expensive funeral. "Walk right in;" and he caught the little man viciously by the collar.

"Want to see the 'funny man,' don't you?" and he butted the little fellow's head through a 75-cent looking glass.

"Like to look at the 'comic,' wouldn't you?" and he tore the intruder's coat down the back, and took a fresh grip on his shirt.

"Come down from the country to see the 'old clown,' haven't you? Like to see him stick his head through a paper balloon, say 'Hey, diddle, diddle, the fool's in the middle,' and get cut around the legs by the ring-master, I suppose," and a No. 12 boot collided with the seat of the little wretch's trousers with a shock like that of a dynamite bomb.

"The 'buffon' ain't in; he is training a new jackass. Come right in; Children half price. Just going to begin;" sit down; and he jammed the terrified little visitor into a keg of printer's ink.

"The 'queen's jester' will be along pretty soon. 'Wait for the great show!' he yelled, as the little man madly tried to escape through two closet doors, and finally rolled down stairs, accompanied by the water-cooler, two ink jugs, and the paste pot.

"Want one more paragraph, Mr. Graves," said a voice through the speaking tube, and the solemn man wound a wet towel around his head, and wearily wrote:

"Is a man getting up stares when he buys an eye-glass?"—*Boston Bulletin.*

Bad taste in the mouth, unpleasant breath and impaired hearing, when resulting from Catarrh, are overcome and the nasal passages which have been closed for years are made free by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. Price 50 cents.

Apply into nostrils with little finger.

The Calling of Farm Boys.

It is a continual source of annoyance, or appears to be such, with certain of our agricultural writers to decry the plan or practice of the country boys leaving the farm to seek their fortunes in the city, and urge that the farm needs all the recruits that it can muster, and the agricultural colleges should give instruction only to those who will solemnly affirm that they will return to the farm and thereafter devote all their energies in building up an agricultural industry.

Is this exactly in harmony with the best interests of our country, and will it contribute to the best development of our nation? In considering this question two elements are encountered. The one is that this country is rapidly growing, and each day promotes the diversity of our industries in the way of rapidly settled farms, manufactories of every form and kind, railway building, telegraphs, telephones, and fast growing commercial enterprises, each and all of which promise steady labor to one class and salaried positions to another, and a rapidly augmented population, on the other hand, opens a field for brain work in the professions, law, theology, medicine and the arts, that have lucrative positions and places before many a chance for wealth and influence that are classed by the world as positions of wealth and aggrandizement.

The fact is that we are a progressive nation, and to supply the needs of the people there is a call for recruits to fill these created wants that must at last look to the farm for the material. As caste is not a possibility in a Republic like ours, the occupation of classes is not arbitrary, but gives each and all the prerogative of choosing a profession, and it is this taste that is the real safeguard against national stagnation and is the real promoter of our national greatness. It should be a matter of congratulation that the boys and girls do not all become farmers, or farmer's wives. To confine the natural increase of population upon the farm would soon cause a disarrangement between farm products, the needs of the people and its final relation to commerce, that would soon give us a set back from which we could not recover.

The demand for agricultural products abroad is based upon the foreign production, and is not unlimited as many suppose. As it is the productions of agriculture are as fully up to the demand abroad, and it is only when there is a wide spread failure in Europe that a most paying feature in farming in this country is attained, and thus it is readily seen that it is in this exodus from the farm, and the wider scope and spread of our other industries, that makes farming a paying occupation, and the call is for the best man for the place, irrespective of parentage or place of birth.

It is best by far that the boys do not all choose to stay upon the farm, though the farm calls for smart men, and has them in abundance. The roll call of a great city would attest the fact that the farm is grandly represented, and will continue to be.

Fairly stated it is that so long as agricultural productions are fully up to the demand, there is an eternal fitness in the things that prompts the farm boys to go to college and then to separate each to his calling, as farmers, doctors, lawyers, etc, and it is this association in youth that brings, and is yet to closer bind, the profession of farming with the others to work together in a common bond of progress that in pauses of retrospect looks back to the old farm and recognizes agriculture as the true base of all prosperity and natural progress.

Blinkers.

The question has often been asked "Why do horses wear blinkers?" We cannot answer the question. It seems to us that they are useless, ugly, and, to some extent injurious to the eyesight. The most beautiful feature of the horse is its eye. If it were not "hid from our gaze," it would serve to denote sickness, pain or pleasure. Many a time would a driver spare the whip on seeing the animal's imploring eye. The argument in favor of blinkers is, we believe, that horses are afraid of passing carriages. This objection, if valid, is of little weight, as such timidity would soon be overcome. We trust, now the cruel bearing rein has been cast aside, that blinkers will also be abandoned—a course which would, we feel assured, be attended with advantage to both man and horse.—*Lancet.*

Learn a Trade.

Do you know that the Jews used to make parents teach every boy a trade, and begin when he was only five years old? They said, "He who does not teach his son a trade is much the same as if he taught him to be a thief." The Crown Prince of Germany is a good turner, his eldest son is an excellent artisan, and another son was trained in a book bindery, and the present Emperor William keeps samples of their work in his cabinet, and shows them proudly.

Why She Recovered.

Into the child's sick-room walks a friend of the family, and going up to the bedside of the convalescent says:

"Glad to see you are so much better, Minnie."

"Thanks," returned Minnie. "I shall be out in a few days."

"And how long is it since you began to get well?"

"About a week or ten days ago," answered the child, "ever since our doctor was drowned."

Col. Ingersoll avoids stating his belief as to the existence of God. He said that he was "combating the idea that there is a harsh, bloodthirsty and revengeful deity, who delights in the pains of the inquisition and derives genuine enjoyment from the tortures of the wicked in the lake of fire known as hell."

What the Barometer Knows.

Higher barometer means that the mercury is rising and lower barometer that it is falling.

Higher pressure is synonymous with higher barometer, and lower pressure with lower barometer. In case of a higher barometer it indicates a colder and contracting atmosphere and consequently a diminution of moisture.

A lower barometer indicates an expanding atmosphere with greater capacity for holding moisture.

In case of rising barometer it indicates a decrease of moisture and diminishes the liability for rain.

A falling barometer indicates an increased amount of moisture and greater liability for rain, and with it we have an increase in cloudiness.

When the barometer rises in cloudy weather it is generally an indication that the clouds will break and be followed with fair weather.

A sudden change in the barometer either rising or falling, is a fair indication of approaching high winds.

At sunset if the sun goes down behind or is obscured by a bank of clouds with a falling barometer, rain will follow in nineteen cases out of twenty on the succeeding day. If the sun be obscured at its setting by clouds, with a rising barometer and cooler winds, the chances are nineteen to twenty no rain will fall on the succeeding day.

He Didn't Like It.

A certain farmer of our acquaintance, from the Del Valley settlement does not come to Austin very often but not long since he attended a theatrical performance, for the second time in his life. He was very indignant next day, and we asked him what was the matter.

"I'll never go to another theatre as long as I live."

"Why, what's occurred to prejudice you against the theaters?"

"Well, I liked the first act first rate, but when it was nearly through I read on the play bill that the next act would take place in New York, and I just got up and left. Do the darned fools think I am going to New York to hear them spout when I need all the money I can rake and scrape for other things. They played pretty much that same game on me down at Galveston five years ago. I had already paid my admission when I found out by the play bill that the last act came off ten years afterward, and when I kicked they refused to pay me my money back, and fired me out."

Small Feet or Big Shoes.

Thers was another poor fellows, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes and had not yet been able to effect any exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings—Right face, Left face, Right-about face—and of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded:

"What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the gurdad-house."

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Didn't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see," said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go though the motions on the inside of them.

"I ATE SOME SOFT-SHELL CRABS."—This is what Captain Hodgden said when speaking of an unpleasant experience he had on board ship near Washington. He added: "The bad effects of which I soon felt." Then he went on to say that he had severe pain, followed by a terrible attack of dysentery. Those wicked crabs would have been the death of him but for the fact that he always carried Pain Killer on board his vessel. Have Perry Davis's Pain Killer at hand by day and by night for sure relief.

Aphenomenon is reported from Calistoga in the extraordinary rapid growth of trees this season. Nearly all kinds show even thus far nearly double the growth of last season. The tops of young trees have formed so rapidly in many cases that some of the branches have to be removed to keep the body in proper shape.

A college student, writing home to his father, told how his class and another class of stout students got hold of a rope at opposite ends, and how his class beat the other class pulling. The old man mused over the letter a while and replied as follows:

"I'm mighty glad to heer that you ken pul so strong. I was afeered you couldn't beet 'em. i'm mighty much pleased. i've got a ole mule that'sgot such a tuff mouth that i never could plow him. i want you to buck agin him, an' i'm willin' to bet you ken outpul him. Come home immegitly."—*Arkansaw Travelling.*

ONLY TWO BOTTLES.—Messrs Johnson, Holleway & Co., wolesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officer's in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both the officers and the wife of Gen. John C. Fremont, Gov. of Arizona, had been cured of catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm.

The value of woodashes as a fertilizer is too little appreciated. They contain, in varying proportions, the valuable mineral properties needed by plants. They are especially valuable for orchards in bearing having as yet an unexplained effect in perfecting the fruit. It is better to give a light dressing of any potash manure every year than to give large doses at any one time.

Miscellaneous Items.

There are 4,020 men and boys employed in the Clearfield coal region.

A Carlise man claims to have eaten thirty dozen eggs during the month of June.

A Doylestown man by the name of Conrad Hahl has a white robin among his stock of pets.

Captain Eads has thus far received $4,800,000 for his work at the mouth of the Mississippi.

The annual products of the British American sea fisheries are set down at about $20,000,000.

Jefferson Davis, it is said, joins in the cry that the Republican party must go, which is nothing new for him.

The Harrisburg *Patriot* charges candidate Niles with inventing Senator Mitchell. This is a most dam