

ONLY A STAR

A star shoots out into the night
And glints the heaven with its light.
The wise of earth
Inquire its birth.
"Whence strays the wanderer in its flight?"

Not shepherd-sought on Beth'lem's plain,
When angel tongues of heavenly strain
Song songs of peace
Which ne'er will cease;
Earth echoes aye the glad refrain.

From realms unknown of upper space
Bears it a message to our race?
Wise ones agreed
They'd search with speed
Its orbit through the heavens to trace.

The telescope, with piercing eye,
Sharp scanned the stranger of the sky.
Through every zone
It, burning, shone,
But whispered never whence or why.

Said telephone, "Hello! Who's there?"
The wires said, "A Waif of Air."
Then laughed in glee,
And said, "Let's see
Them keep a secret way up there!"

The sly old moon would grin and blink,—
At least the man therein did wink.
As if to say,
"It wouldn't pay
To tell the news down there, I think."

Then came a sound like storms at sea
With chorus of fierce melodee!
"Pr claim afar,
And name the star
Hail, Magazine ye! ept C. T.!"

FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"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 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 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 Mayville 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, 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 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 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 in his life. He saw nothing 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 together 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 him 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 to the boys was considerable. The day they were 27 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, pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice for he knew 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 I 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 enough 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 the \$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 while seemed to have really 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 life-time."

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 managed 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 thought. "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 today 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 this 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 through 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 had invariably lost.

One day—it was in the summer of 1877—a

forged check was presented at one of the banks at 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 \$2,500, 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 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.

"I sue 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 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 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.

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 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 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 crossed 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 the disgrace than I who had dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.
GEO. W. SYMONDS.

THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG.

Philadelphia is where they make it. This is the distributing point for the United States. The violets charm your eyes, but you must be blind if you could not hear the garlic smell. They say this fragrant herb was introduced into Pennsylvania by a farmer who came from over the seas and located near Winchester. He sowed a field of it for green fodder for his cattle. It fell upon good ground, because there is no other kind in that county, and it grew and brought forth 400,000 fold. And it spread all over the country. Down the shaded lanes and in the fairy dell, on verdant hillside and in the daisy-sprinkled meadows, wherever two or three blades of grass are gathered together there is a bunch of garlic in their midst. You never saw anything like it out West. Sometimes the cow wanders into it and devours it with a relish for the clover. And then when you drink a glass of milk you go around breathing on the flies in wanton cruelty, just to see them die.

ALCANDOR LONGLEY, the veteran social reformer, has organized a new society, which he calls The Mutual Aid Community. The home which has been selected for the association is at Glen-Allen, a hundred and thirty miles south of St. Louis, on the Iron Mountain and Southern Railway. The farm is fertile, well watered and furnished, stocked with orchard and forest trees. It contains also a bed of kaolin, which may be utilized for a porcelain pottery. Mr. Longley's paper, *The Communist*, is now issued at Glen-Allen, and contains full particulars regarding the new society.

ART EXHIBITION.

—THE Louisville Exhibition makes a good show of the art department, the best works, however, are unfortunately of foreign production. From the private collections of New York and its vicinity we quote contributions as follows:—Mr. August Belmont, Munkacsy's "Head of Christ," Miller's "Harvesting," Casanova's "The Dentist of the Convent" and Ricca's "Scene Near Venice;" Mr. D. O. Mills, Jean Paul Laurens' "Le Bas Empire—Honorius;" Mr. George I. Senev, over thirty works, including Renouf's "A Helping Hand," and examples of Diaz, Bréton, Shreyer, Detaille, Klaus, Pamaroli, Jorot, Roybet, Jacques, Charnay and Perault; Schaus & Co., Daubigny's "Le Tonnelier" and Benjamin Constant's "Othello;" Mr. H. Victor Newcombe, DeNeuville's "Combat in the Church" and other works; ex-governor Tilden, the Portrait of himself by Daniel Huntington, Kott's "A Hopeless Case" and some statuary; Gen. Grant, his portrait by Le Clear and his collection of trophies, presents and curios; Mr. James B. Kene, pictures, porcelains and marbles; Mr. A. Bierstadt, his "Mount Whitney," "Hitch, Hotchly Valley," "Californian Sunset" and "Nevada Fall's;" Mr. H. G. Marquand, Madrazo's "A Spanish Lady;" Mr. Contant Mayer, his "Song of the Twilight;" Reichard & Co., Leon Bréton's "Aux Bords de la Mer," Otto von Thoren's "Hungarian Horse Thieves" and E. Condouze's "Soap Bubbles;" Mr. W. T. Evans, Darlot's "A General of the First Republic," Daubigny's "The Twilight Glow," and examples of Cugel, Dolph, Jacquet, Otto von Toren and William Hart; Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, Charles F. Ulrich's "Carpenter at Work," W. H. Lippincott's "A Loan Collection," W. B. Baker's "April Showers in the First Green" and F. Schuchardt, Jr.'s "A Song Without Words;" Mr. R. G. Dun, Meyer von Bremen's "Unexpected Good News," Cheric's "The Sheriff's Execution," and examples of Verboeckhoven, Accard, Cooman's Munier and Martinelli; Mr. S. P. Avery, Baugniez's "The Bride," Adrien Moreau's "Farewell" and W. T. Richards' "Clearing Off;" Mr. J. H. Lazarus, Farini's "Magdalen;" P. Morgan, a portrait. The collections of Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, C. C. Baldwin, C. P. Huntington, John Hoey and ex-Governor Cornell are also represented.

KOSSUTH.

KOSSUTH is writing the recollections of his youth and publishing them in an Italian paper. He relates this among his university experiences:—Professor Kovy, the lecturer, was noted for his long discourses. One day, after the students had manifested their impatience at the length of the lecture by the incessant noisy scraping of their feet, the professor suddenly stopped, brought his hand down upon his desk with a terrific crash, called out angrily, "You impudent scoundrels!" and left the lecture-room. The students, under Kossuth's leadership, held a meeting, and voted that an apology should be demanded from the professor. Before Kovy began his next lecture, Kossuth stood up, and said to the learned jurist, in the name of himself and fellow students, "Respected Domine Professor, we have come here to learn from you and not to be insulted by you with opprobrious names. You have called us 'scoundrels.' We have unanimously resolved to withdraw from this class unless you retract this calumnious expression." "You commit a stupidity," replied the professor, "of which I shall take no notice." He began his lecture. Kossuth and his fellows at once rose, and a formal procession took place. The professor was left to address the empty benches. The next day Kovy met young Kossuth, and said: "Come to the lecture-room to-morrow, and we will see what can be done." Of course the students flocked in, and Kovy began: "The other day there was a little misadventure in this room, which I heartily regret. I suspected you of a malicious plot and naturally was indignant. After thinking the matter well over, I am convinced that the incident was no token of your personal ill-will toward your teacher. Let us one and all forget the business, and lose no more of our precious time." The students were charmed with his apology, for as such they agreed to accept it. After the lecture the old man pointed to their leader, and said, in the hearing of the whole class: "As for the Dominus Kossuth there, he will some day be a rebel against a higher authority than mine in this land!" The forecast was prophetic. Kossuth, relating the story in his old age, denies that he was ever a rebel, either against the professor in the university or against the land of Hungary. In both instances, he says, he stood up on behalf of violated right. "The arbitrary spirit, in school or state," he says, "demands a blind homage, and when it is refused, the recusant is called a rebel. Whether the title sticks to him, or whether it is recalled, depends upon the failure or the success of the 'rebellion.'"

OWING to the temptation to naughty ways which the penny postage stamp savings bank system offers, it has been suggested that there should be a savings bank stamp, and an ordinary stamp should not be received on deposit account. The idea is not confined to a penny, but expands to a shilling, half-crown, and five shilling stamps.