

Still there come to home another letter telling us how to economize time and strength.

The more we have the better, for we get many hints and grow better acquainted with each other.

Correspondents will please send their own names and residence for the benefit of the editor, though any name or title they choose may appear here.

We hope to hear again from those who have already helped us, and are sure there are many more who ought and will yet lend a hand.

Suppose we discuss the important topic of "House-cleaning" in the paper for May 6th. Please be prompt in sending letters, as all must be arranged some time before that date.

For the Home Maker's Column.

I am glad "Aunt Olive" had the courage to be the first to speak in the "Home Maker's Column," and I am glad too, that we "sisters and sisters" are permitted to converse with each other through the medium of the various newspapers on the many subjects that interest us.

The editors kindly invited us to say something about "how to economize time and strength," and I think this subject should interest every woman—especially those who have the care of families. The busy housewife often feels that she has no time to read, and write, and improve her mind, as it takes all her time to provide for the wants of her household; and if she has a large family, and no help, she may say it of a truth, but ordinarily, I believe every woman might find time to read, at least, one hour, every day, if she understood the art of economizing time; and then, many women get so used to their work, that they have no disposition to read, even if they have the time! Dear, weary sisters! there is not some way that you might save your strength in the ordinary routine of daily life, and use for the noble purpose of cultivating the mind—that immortal part that is to live forever!

How much vaster importance this is, than the care simply of these poor perishable bodies! Not but these should have proper care—for health and strength depend on it; but that there is a superabundance of care, strength and time used for that which "perishes," in the various departments of housewifery, in cooking, and more especially in dress, I think no one will deny.

For example,—we housekeepers spend too much time in making pies and cakes, which ought to be supplanted by something more beautiful, and that requires less time and strength in preparation. Puddings are more easily made than pies, and fruit for dessert is better than cake. Then in dress,—how much time might be saved were it not for so many fashions, and ruffles, and tuckings, and pinnings! Now, I am not one that has no eye for the beautiful, and would discard everything pretty in dress, for I believe it is our duty to make ourselves comely, but think a little less trimming, and embroidery, with a few useful dresses, would be quite as becoming; and then the time gained could be employed in educating the mind, and fitting it for higher enjoyments.

There are very many more ways in which housewives may economize time and labor—but these few suggestions are sufficient for this time, and I hope others will soon express their views on this subject, and make some other suggestions that will benefit all who take an interest in this department.

Aunt Olive said her geranium buds brightened this winter, and inquired the cause. I had a verbenas that budded the first of the season, but it got chilled the first very cold weather, and it blighted. Perhaps you lost your flowers from the same cause. I often get discouraged trying to keep plants through the cold winter, but that is the time we enjoy them most. Perhaps somebody may tell us we had better give them up, and save the time given them, for mental culture! and perhaps we shall agree with her. Mitty.

BRUNNEN'S DISHES.

[Recipes given by Mrs. Lincoln, at Boston Cooking School.]

BOILED CRUST.

Cook one cup boiled rice in milk enough for a thin mixture until very soft, then add a little salt, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 well beaten egg, flour enough to make the mixture hold together. Spread on a shallow pan, bake and eat it with syrup.

CREAM OMELETTE.

Two eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, salt and pepper to the taste. Beat eggs slightly, yolks and whites together; add milk and seasonings.

Have the omelette pan hot and well buttered and pour the mixture in it as it cooks on the bottom raise with thin broad-bladed knife so the uncooked part can run under. When it is set, fold over, slip into a hot platter and serve at once.

Take care that it does not scorch.

ROAST A LA BOUILLON FROGUE.

Boil 6 eggs 20 minutes; shell, separate yolks and whites, chop the yolks quite fine, putting when chopped into the following sauce: Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and work in 2 tablespoonfuls flour, let it cook, and stir in slowly a pint of milk previously heated, cook till thick and smooth; season with salt and pepper.

Prepare six slices of toast, cover each with the whites of eggs and sauce.

Put the yolks through a strainer over all.

HINTS.

"An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses and autumn leaves on a pane of window glass, laying another pane of the same size over it, and binding the edge with ribbon, leaving the gum imprisoned between. Use gum tragacanth on putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all round the edge of the first pane, and dried, before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged; then it can be nearly folded over the second pane without difficulty. To form the loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of galleon along the edges, leaving a two-inch loop free in the center, afterward to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may be either hung before a window, or if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash. In halls a beautiful effect is produced by placing them against the side lights of the hall door."

Ammonia is one of those useful articles, good for almost anything. A little in warm water cleans paint, removes all grease from dials, etc.; will clean delicate lace without rubbing; will clean and freshen black and dark dresses, etc. It is also an excellent fertilizer for plants. It should be used sparingly, as it is very powerful.

# The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1884.

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## VOLUME LI.

For the Democrat.

DIVORCED.

BY MRS. GERTRUDE WHITMAN.

Justine! the air is laden with the scent of country flowers. The spring has won its vernal life away. The open of the birds in leafy bowers. Rings sweet music through the summer day.

I wonder if disunion ever comes. Within the nest of those sweet singing birds. Do their soft liquid notes grow cold and harsh. And lose the melody of loving words?

It seems to me so very sad and strange. That those whom love has joined in closest bonds, should ever let the silken fetters break. Nor even seek to clasp the slipping strands.

We would not take a tender tropic plant. And plant it in the chill November blast. And show it out the sunlight, day by day. Expect its bright luxuriance still to last.

But yet the very tenderest flower of all. The love, that smothered of the soul a part, is often left to perish of neglect. And find its sepulchre in a bleeding heart.

My life was once as joyous as a bird's. I never dreamed that sorrow's cloud could lower. And taking in the radiance of love's sun, I slipped the sweetness from each passing hour.

But when the sun swung highest in the sky. While yet love's warmth overpowered the chill. I saw the shadow of a slowly dropping pall. Trailing its black shadow over each sun-bright thing.

I saw the star of love grow pale and faint. I watched its fluttering life from day to day. And through down sweeping mists of dark despair. Behold its last, expiring ray.

In vain I sought to recreate anew. The golden splendor of a vanished day. I was not alone when I would have loved. From those dead ashes even the faintest ray.

A world like, unaltered things become. To me, at once a mockery and a wrong. No clinging from the sin it would involve. I dwell alone within this vine-bowered house.

Yet there are thousands with sad hearts estranged. Beneath the arching dome of yon blue sky. Whose hopes lie wrecked upon a barren shore. Whose daily lives are not a living lie.

FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE.

BY COLONEL GEORGE 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 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.) Freeman*.

I read this little paragraph and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben and I also knew his 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 to mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before did I meet 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 Kenton's station, between the present city of Mayfield 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, Edward 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 black-glass 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 disposition of the twins. Joseph Brisben was surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was without 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, an 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 boys together, suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that "Jodie" might go 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.

John, on the contrary, never demonstrated, 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 twenty-one years old the trustees met and had a settlement. There was the bluegrass 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 the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money which he would raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly acquired wealth set up an establishment in the nearest town and began a life of 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 mean time 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 I have squandered 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 you can have if necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it all 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 were left of the loan. He invested this in business, and for a while 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 earn 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 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 can 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 business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business," 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 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 no work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and remembering his brother's fondness, 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 wife a 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 Crompton has promised to become my wife."

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

"Is it true?" faltered John at last.

"Way, 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 sank 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 sit all night. Once a deep sobbing groan struggled to his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell 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 morning came no 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 was fitted up for their reception and John Brisben's men paid for the furnishing.

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

Ten years have rolled 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 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 the summer of 1877—a forged check was presented at the banks 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 greatly 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.

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one dollar per thousand feet, and I suppose that is a fair profit. When this is removed, the labor that cuts the lumber, the labor that drives it, the labor that manufactures it and the farmers who supply provisions to these laborers, all will have to suffer. There is not a man in Bangor who has not an interest in this industry. They are all so interlocked in the sisterhood of industry that if one is struck all in interests are unfavorably affected. No man is so idiotic as to say that if our nominee should fall of an election there would go forth from this city to Washington a shout that would stimulate the projects of the free trade business in Congress.

This of the vast water power in our state and of the water that still goes unworked to the ocean. Maine has water-power enough to give employment to four million men in running the machinery, and our commonwealth is some day destined to be a great manufacturing section. It is wise for the people of Bangor in this day and hour to consider the evils which would be brought about by free trade. We ought to speak in this municipal contest in language that cannot be misunderstood. We want no pledges save the integrity and ability of the nominee. See what Portland, Lowell, Lewiston and Bangor have done. Let us all work with zeal and vigor, each man doing his whole duty, and the election of our worthy nominee will be assured.

CONCERNING FREE LIME.—Congressman Dingley was before the congressional committee of ways and means last Tuesday to protest against the proposition to put lime on the free list.

Among them were Carrie Lane, Mary Powers, Clarence Searles, Scott Galloway, Messrs Bartlett, and a son of Woodbury Kilgore; and from Bangor, Geo. O. Oils, and I think also Clinton Porter.

SOUTH PARIS. The South Paris Dairymen Association sold at auction, on the 5th inst., their cheese factory and lot, together with all the utensils. It went at a low figure, John Whitman bid of the building and lot for \$155. It cost, a few years ago, \$1100. S. Porter Stearns and S. P. Maxim bid of the tools and utensils for \$60, which cost originally a little rising \$1700.

V. A. Greenleaf, esq., lost a bunch of valuable dogs on the street a few days ago and has not been able so far to get any trace of them.

The logs are piled high around the saw mill of L. S. Billings. He has had more lumber than usual drawn in this winter.

At the shop of S. P. Maxim & Son they are manufacturing large numbers of a newly invented dish-drainer, and working on a Boston contract for a large quantity of window-frame.

G. H. Porter has just put in a handsome tobacco show-case.

Dr. L. Rounselle went to Auburn, Friday, to visit his father who, it was reported, could live but a very short time.

Mr. Robert Penfold, machinist at the G. T. R. shops at Gorham, N. H., has moved his family to this place. He will continue to work at Gorham.

The shoe factory of W. A. Frothingham & Co. started up the past week, and will soon have their full crew at work.

Two sleighs broken here last Thursday. L. W. Jackson, while speeding his large black colt, collided with another team and demolished one shaft, and shortly afterward while Mrs. F. A. Thayer and Mrs. A. M. Gerry were out sleigh-riding, their horse being frightened they reined out in the snow, were capsized and broke a shaft from their sleigh. Luckily, there was no one injured.

POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS. *Editor Democrat:* I am now 77 years old, and I will give you a short sketch of my political life since I was 21 years old. The first Presidential vote that I ever cast was in the contest between John Q. Adams and Andrew Jackson. I cast my vote for Adams. And I have cast a vote at every Presidential election since. I never was guilty of casting a Democratic vote. If I live till November I shall cast my vote for the Republican candidate, and I will here state a few of my reasons for so doing.

In looking over the situation of our Government in 1859 and 61 I find that it was about on the verge of bankruptcy. Her credit was from 15 to 20 per cent. below par. And that was not the worst of it. But in 1860 when the Republicans wrested the Government from the hands of those God-serving Democrats, those God-serving Democrats were not satisfied with what they had brought on the country, but they must organize one of the most gigantic rebellions that any nation ever had to deal with. The Republicans accepted the situation and fought them through a four years' war, and were successful in conquering them, at a great loss of blood and treasure. The Republicans have had control of the Government since 1860 and they carried it through a gigantic rebellion; have restored its ruined credit, and the country is in a prosperous condition. And now those right-wing Democrats step up and say to the people: You must reinstate us, for those cruel Republicans are oppressing the poor and ruining the country.

Now I think that it would be poor policy for the people of this Government to place them at the head of our national affairs, unless they wish to see the Government plunged into the same ruin that it was in, in 1859-60 and 61. I do not pretend to say or think that the Republican party is perfect, but we are situated some what as the fox in the henhouse, when he is surrounded with dies, and the swallow kindly offered to chase them away. He said, by no means, for if these are chased away, there is a more hungry swarm and there are already gorged and I shall be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins. I think if those spendthrift and oppressive Republicans are chased away, and those honest Democrats are placed in control of the Government, in a few years every test will be dried up, and the Government will be obliged to issue her bonds and dispose of them at a large discount in order to pay her running expenses. We have had two Democratic Fusion Governors in our State which I think has convinced the voters and the people that it is not safe to trust the affairs of our State in the hands of such men. Therefore I think it is self-evident that it is not safe to trust our national affairs in the hands of the same kind of men, and I shall use what little influence I have to try and prevent it, and in September and November shall cast my vote for the Republican candidates, if I am able to get to the polls.

Yours with respect, I. FARRIS.

North Woodstock, Maine.

MASS. February 15.—We have no exciting event to record from this part of the county. Everything is quiet along the line. We have a splendid winter for business. There is snow enough and none too much. Lumbermen and wood haulers have been busy. Help has been more plenty than for a number of winters past.

A. B. Ben is getting about eight hundred cords of birch and poplar at his steam mill in Mason. He started up last week and is doing a good business. He will saw eight hundred cords of birch at his mill in Albany, and some one hundred and fifty thousand of long lumber. He will start his mill there this week. His mill at West Bethel will have a good supply of spool stuff. Much of it is from Mason.

B. K. Morrill, W. H. Mason and O. G. Mason are hauling with four cattle each from lot No. 4. Leon H. Taylor is hauling from the Western lot, and several others are getting a small quantity.

I. A. Bean is getting about his usual quantity of lumber into his mill. He has been hauling bark and timber from his Whiting lot.

George D. Morrill cut his toe quite badly, but he was too ambitious to lay by long.

Orin Ellingwood of West Bethel, lost a nice ox a short time ago by a singular disease. His eyes were swollen almost to bursting, and he was entirely blind. It seemed to be almost a parricide. He did not dare to skin him. He has lost a yearling by the same disease, and Mr. Verrell, a neighbor, has a cow in the same way. No one here seems to be able to name the disease.

There has been a great amount of sickness among our people this winter, but they are mostly convalescent now. Dr. Russell of Bethel, has been called into town many times, and has proved himself a very skillful physician for a man of his age. He is getting a large practice. Dr. W. W. Wills, our veteran physician, has been sick and not able to face our winters as he has done for fifty winters past. His kindly face, and cheerful smile will be sadly missed when he falls out of the line.

It was generally reported last spring that Mason raised nothing but beans, but we have raised pork enough this year to season all the beans. H. Hutchinson had a hog fourteen months old that weighed 520 pounds; I. N. Putnam one,

687; A. G. Lovejoy one, 420; N. G. Miles killed half a ton of spring pigs.

G. H. B.

MILTON, March 4.—"Right smart weather this" says the man who has been out West. You are right my friend, roads all blocked up, and blowing a gale.

Town meeting passed off very quietly. Even the shingle machine man was silent.

Mr. Hamblin is quite feeble with old troubles.

A little child of William Morey had a paralytic shock lately.

Mann Brothers have added a grist mill to their establishment. Your correspondent was informed that they ground over fifty bushels one day recently.

Timothy Dart, the pedler H. Braden is alive and was last seen in these parts headed for Bangor.

Needham & Barker, traders at Bangor Centre, are doing a prosperous business.











