Denton Journal.

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Searching Out a Mystery.

The hair of all Twiddleton stood on end with excitement. A box containing the dismembered skeleton of a man had been dug up in the cellar of an old house back of the hotel; and till the mystery could be dispelled Twiddleton could not enjoy an hour's mental repose.

Business was neglected in Twiddleton. Men congregated at corners to discourse upon the all absorbing topic; and women left the dinner-pots to boil over, while they discussed the mystery above their yard fences. The parson had made the "Murder of Abel" the subject of his last sermon, and at the village Lyceum, the question, "Is there a Eugene Aram among us?" had been treated in a manner to curdle the blood of the hearers, and inspire each with a dark distrust of his next neighbor. Still no one had taken any actual steps to the discovery of the murder, until Solomon Slocum publicly announced his intention of taking the matter in hand, and, in his own words, "sifting it to the bottom."

If any one short of a number one detective were competent for this task, it was Solomon Slocum. There had never been a mystery in Twiddleton that he had not ferreted out; never a secret act of lawlessness, from the burning of Squire Rennie's barn to the tying of a cat to Miss Skinner's door-knocker, but he had succeeded in identifying the culprit. He also interested himself in matters of a more private and innocent nature. He knew the history of every family in the county, with most of their domestic affairs; had ascertained the age of every single lady, and would tell without hesitation who wore false hair and teeth, and when a silk dress had been dyed over.

Slocum went to work in a very methodical manner. First he ascertained from corporation deeds that the house containing the cellar (now occupied by an estimable single lady, who fainted on the discovery that she had been "living over a dead man") had been built nearly a hundred years ago by an ancestor of the Harke family. Then a shadow fell upon the Harkers, and several persons were led to the discovery that they always seemed a sly and underhand set. Job Harkers, however, proved that the house had been sold some twenty years after its completion to Captain Womble, whereupon the Wombles came in for a share of the shadow; and Timms, the village poet, whose Fourth of July Ode Tom Womble had ridiculed, asserted that he hadalways had a mysterious repulsion to the latter individual, and had clearly seen "murder" upon his brow.

Tom and his father then came forward, the former with a horsewhip and the latter with paper, which proved that in the days of the Wombles' occupancy of the house no cellar had existed within it.

Following this clue, Solomon Slocum, after much investigation, succeeded in satisfying himself that the cellar in fact was a comparatively modern addition, having been excavated in the year 1845, just after the property had passed into the hands of the Bowans.

The discovery, of course, at once placed the family under the ban of the darkest suspicion. Solomon, whose only son, Joe, had long been paying particular attention to pretty Jesse Bowan, found himself not proof against the general prejudic.

"No Slocum," he remarked, with virtuous resolution, "shall marry into a family in whose veins runs the black blood of a murderer."

And though it was not evident to the hearers of this speech that the blood of a murderer should necessarily be black, they nevertheless approved of the sentiment — all save Joe, who steadily declared his intention of marrying the girl he loved, although her veins should run "ink and ivory black."

"The case having narrowed down to this p'int," observed Solomon, looking gravely around upon an interested audience in the top-room of the hotel of which, by-the-by, his father, Christopher Slocum, had been the popular proprietor—"the case having, as I said, been narrowed down to the year 'forty-five, it remains for us to discover what menfolks hev onaccountably and mysteriously disappeared since that date, and then too ascertain what relations the missing men had with any of the Bowmans.

"Thar was the Yankee notion peddler," suggested Slocum's particular chum, who kept the store and post-office opposite.

"He was missin' more'n three weeks."

"His body was found and decently buried," Slocum replied.

"Then that swell chap who was so flush o' greenbacks," said another.

"Bogus. No wonder he mysteriously disappeared—with the police after him."

"Ahem! The young student that spent a month here in your father's time, Slocum, recruitin'—"

"Recruitin'! I never heard of a man or boy recruited from this town," said Solomon, positively.

"Recrutin' of his health, as he said. You must remember that he left here in a mighty sudden and unaccountable way, and to my knowledge never was heard of ag'in."

"To-be-sure, to-be-sure!" assented Slocum, his eyes sparkling as he found himself possessed of this valuable clue. "Drewry was his name. A jolly young chap he seemed to be. Plenty o' money, too, as I ricollect. And now it's for me to find out exactly the date of his being here."

He hurried away home, and speedily returned with certain missive and well-worn volumes, which proved to be the ledgers and account books of his late father, while landlord of the inn.

The present proprietor of the establishment, Captain Grasty, leaned over his shoulder and watched with interest as he ran his finger down certain pages, stopping occasionally to read.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Slocum, with ring of triumph in his tone: "here it is: 'Allan Drewry—August 16, 1848.' The cellar was built in 'forty-five," signifiicantly looking around.

"Why, Lor'!" exclaimed Mrs. Grasty, advancing from the kitchen, whence she had been an interested observer of these proceedings—"why, Lor'! I remember Mr. Allan Drewry. I was a gal at that time, and he sort o' made up to me, though he knew John Bowan — that's Jesse's father—was keepin' my company."

"What!" exclaimed Solomon, excitedly, "you don't mean to say Bowan was jealous?"

"There was some folks that said so, if I didn't," replied Mrs. Grasty, modestly.

Solomon looked slowly around the circle, and solemnly shook his head.

"Look here, Slocum," said Captain Grasty, still running his eye down the page, "what's this? Paid John Bowan five dollars, first quarter's rent of his cellar! Why, what had Chris Slocum to do with that cellar?"

Slocum's eyes expanded. He rubbed his spectacles, and stared intently at the fatal words.

"I—I don't believe 'twas the cellar!" he gasped.

"Couldn't have been any other. Just across the back yard here, with a door in the wall between. Convenient to the house you see. Never thought of it before.

"Do you mean to insiniate," said Solomon, turning upon him with a white face, "that my father had anything to do with that—that affair?"

"I don't insinuate anything," answered the Captain with a shrug; "though I don't see how Chris Slocum was better than old Womble or Bowan."

Mr. Michael Lafferty, a sort of loafing character of Twiddleton, here turned around from the bar, where he was indulging in a dhrap, and placing his finger on the side of his florid nose, deliberately said:

"See here, cap'n, yez best not mix up the ould man's name with them dhry bones beyant. He was my friend, he was, an' I'll stand by him an' his to the end. An' it comes to suspicioning him of murther, see here, it's better to let out the truth. The ould man wanted that cellar for storage, you see."

"What kind of storage?"

"Whist, thin! don't you moind when the revenue officers was down here, and couldn't find a dhrap of the stuff that wasn't 'straight?' But, bedad! they never looked in the cellar beyant."

"I don't believe it!" cried Solomon savagely.

But he saw that every one around him credited the story and gradually the conviction forced itself upon his unwilling mind.

It was a great shock to Solomon, who had always made a boast of the honor and honesty of himself and family.

His respected father dealing in illicit whiskey and cheating the revenue! Solomon, with his neighbors' eyes bent upon him, seemed to be shrinking to half his natural size.

"I remember when the revenue officers used to hang round here in disguise," said one man, in a low tone.

"An idear strikes me," said another, excitedly. "What if that young feller—Drewry, you call him—was one uf 'em—and—keeping one eye fearfully fixed upon Solomon—"ferreted out that cellar, and never came out alive?"

For a week after this, an awful calm of suppressed horror brooded over Twiddleton. People were appalled at the heinous crime which the investigations of Solomon Slocum had brought to light; and moreover, by a wonderful dispensation of fate, brought home to himself.

There could be no doubt upon the subject; for, on close investigation, a hammer had been found under the bones in the bag, plainly branded with Christopher Slocum's initials.

With this murderous weapon he had doubtless slaughtered his innocent victim; and whether it had been done for the sake of money, or to prevent the betrayal of the secret of the cellar, remained the only point open to doubt.

Poor Solomon Slocum! how had his glory departed! Would that he had never interfered with what had not concerned him! He the son of a murderer, and his own son must bear forever the dark blot of that stigma. John Bowan had forbidden his daughter to receive the young man's attentions, though Jesse cried, and declared that she did not see why Joe should suffer for a sin not his own, and that she was willing to marry him, and help him bear his disgrace, if need be.

One day, about six months after these events, a well-dressed, jolly-looking, elderly gentleman stopped at the Eagle Hotel in Twiddleton. As the servant took his horse, he looked curiously with a sort of smile, at the transformed house and its new sign. A group of idlers were collected, as usual, on the long, low piazza, and there listened with interest to what was said.

"Place improved since I was here, some twenty-five years ago. Who is the landlord now?"

"Myself, sir—Thomas Grasty," responded the host, with dignity.

"Ah! What has become of old Chris Slocum?"

"Dead, sir, years ago! That's his son," pointing to a seedy and dejected-looking individual passing slowly along the street.

"Sol? Not like the strapping young chap I remember. Times seem to have gone hard with him."

"Ah, sir, he's had enough to change him."

And, in accordance with his now established habit, Captain Grasty regaled his guest with the story of the discovery of the ghastly remains in the cellar, and the subsequent awful revelations concerning them.

To his utter astonishment the gentleman, after listening attentively, broke into uncontrollable laughter.

"So they accuse poor old Chris of robbing and murder, do they?"

"Undoubtedly the young man was murdered, sir."

"Perhaps not. I am Dr. Allan Drewry; no ghost, but, as you see, substantial, living flesh. Ha, ha!"

In less than an hour the news had spread through the village like wildfire. Everybody knew the story; when about to commence his medical studies, he had, by the unconquerable disposition to "fun and flirtation," gotten himself into a serious scrape with a lady of uncertain age, who unflinchingly claimed to be his bride; and how her determined middle-aged brother discovered him in his retirement at Twigdleton, whence he had escaped at a moment's notice, leaving his effects to be forwarded by the sympathizing landlord, whom he had taken into his confidence.

Among those effects was a certain skeleton, which the medical student filched from the dilapidated grave of some person unknown, in an ancient and neglected burial ground near the village. Christopher Slocum had been afraid to send this on with the rest of the "effects," and had hidden the box in the Bowman cellar, lightly covered over with earth, awaiting the student's orders for a safe special conveynce. But he had never claimed the bones; and there they had lain until their unfortunate discovery, a quarter of a century after.

It was wonderful how pleased people were at this late revelation of Chris Slocum's innocence, and his son's and grandson's freedom from the stigma which had weighed so heavily upon them. As to the revenue offence of poor Chris, folks might wink at that. So they hastened to make all the reparation in their power for the injustice they had been guilty of; and Joe's and Jessie's wedding was quite a grand affair for Twiddleton.

"It's always best to let other folks' consarns alone, and mind your own," is the moral now carefully inculcated by Solomon Slocum upon the tender minds of his grandchildren.

He Gets His Pa Serenaded.

"There, you drop that," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping into the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. "I have never kicked at your eating my codfish, and cheese and crackers, and herring and apples, but there's got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping some plumber or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, everybody that has been in the store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as if it was sour, and gone off without asking the price," and the grocery man looked mad.

"O, I dont want your strawberries, anyway," said the boy as he leaned against a show case and looked at a bar of red, transparent soap. "I was only trying to fool you. Say, that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show case when I was about a year old, and pa came in here with me and held me up to the show case to look at that tobacco box, and that round zinc looking-glass, and the yellow wooden pocket comb, and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands," and the boy sat down in the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

"You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say about the soap that has been used in his house for the past six months," said the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire. "But we won't quarrel. What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them in to lunch?"

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands, that goes all about town playing tunes for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighborhood to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expense, and they quit blowing where they were and came right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more'n a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, because they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick house at them, but my chum and the leader kept them. Then pa sailed in. He commenced, 'Fellow Citizens,' and then went way back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he found out how he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to have children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile. They just reached for things and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no. I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as if they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for three dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eyes, and me and my chum lit out. I guess I will sleep in the livery stable to-night 'cause pa is offul unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars, besides the champagne. If pa comes here looking for me, tell him you heard I was going to drive a picnic party out to Waukesha, and may not be back in a week. By that time pa will get over that Bohemian serenade," and the boy filled his pockets with dried apples and went out and hung a sign in front of the grocery: "Strawberries two shillin a smell, and one smell is enuff."—Peck's Sun.

After Marriage.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is want of openness in business matters. A man marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has had no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointment and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough in the sweet eagerness to please him of her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance and feels herself injured when at last a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning! "We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a young husband ask his still younger bride not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it and her help at planning and counselling proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain upon the lilies of life." I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—when Venus wedded Vulcan because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together for love's sake to learn the lesson of life, and to live together until death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help make her small sacrifice for the general good. Try her and you will see.—Our Continent.

The Man Who Made the Pins.

Jarvis Brush, who helped to make the pin a practical success, died a few days ago. Dr. J. J. Howe in 1836 devised a machine for making pins out of wire, and Jarvis Brush established in 1840 the American Howe Pin Co., of Birmingham, Conn., which for years manufactured all the pins that were sold in this country and exported large quantities to Europe. One of Mr. Brush's most useful inventions was a self-acting machine for sticking the pins in paper, enabling one hand to stick one or two hundred papers a day.—Hartford Courant.

Hand painted—A black eye.

New York Newspapers.

"What does it cost to run a first-class New York newspaper?"

"It costs a great deal more than it did ten or twenty years ago. There is a great improvement in the intellectual quality of the newspapers of New York city. They are better furnished with talent in every department, and spend a great deal more money for contributions than they used to spend fifteen years ago. The cost of white paper formerly made up fully one-half of the whole expense of the newspaper; now it makes up about one-quarter; then paper cost from twelve to fifteen cents per pound; now it costs from six to seven cents per pound. Owing to this reduction in the cost of paper, the well-established newspapers in New York city are all of them making money, and even the Tribune, which has been weighed down by an immense investment in real estate, seems at last to have got through with the effect of this misfortune, and has commenced to do more than pay its expenses.

"A first-rate newspaper in New York will require about ten editorial writers, whose daily duty it is to furnish leading articles and editorial paragraphs. Many of these writers have their special duties, but there must always be five or six men who are able to turn their hands to subjects of any description as they may happen to come up. A competent writer of leaders will be paid from $100 to $150 per week, and no man fit to supervise them and perform the functions of editor-in-chief can be had for less than $150 to $200 per week. The reporters are of two classes: first, those of the regular staff, who are paid by the week at rates varying from $20 to $60. These perform not only the routine duties of reporting, but are always prepared to be sent off upon special service, in which case their railroad fares, carriage hire, hotel bills and other expenses are paid by the office.

"Then there are a number of reporters attached to each paper who are paid according to the work they perform, without having any prescribed functions, and who must hold themselves in readiness to do whatever may be necessary. Some of these gentlemen are men of talent and learning, and in time will make their way into the front rank as writers and editors. I know men who, without having regular salaries, average from $50 to $75 per week. Of these two classes of reporters, taken together, a first-class paper must employ about fifty. Next there are the correspondents, both at home and abroad and these are likewise divided into two classes, those who are employed upon regular salaries and those who are paid as their contributions are printed. In Washington, for instance, each newspaper has need both of regular correspondents or reporters and of occasional contributors, and the different papers differ as to the respective numbers of these two classes. In Albany each New York paper must have its regular staff devoted to its service, while in the capitals of such states as New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts, the papers are served by occasional correspondents, since the news of these more distant places is, for the most part, not important enough in New York to be constantly reported there. In Europe, also, every leading paper has its regular staff of correspondents in the chief cities. There must especially be a correspondent in London and one in Paris, who report constantly either by post or by cable.

In the Sunday edition of most of the prominent papers of New York city there is always a cable dispatch summing up the news of the week and reporting interesting political, social, artistic or literary events on which the reporters of the Associated Press, whose telegrams are forwarded every day, do not ordinarily dwell. Thus the expenses of the sort of papers we are considering vary for the most part, mainly according as they print large or small editions, the chief difference being in their consumption of white paper. Of this, the Herald uses more than any other journal. On Sunday especially its advertising sheets are many, and on that day it will sometimes print 130 columns of advertisements alone, so that the amount of white paper it uses is enormous.

"But apart from this item, the expenses of one of these papers for the editorial department, including writers, reporters and correspondents, will be from $4,000 to $5,000 per week, and its ordinary telegraph bills will average from $700 to $1,000 per week; its composition bills will vary from $1,000 to $2,000; its publication department will cost from $1,000 to $2,000; its stereotyping will be perhaps $500, and its miscellanous expenses from $1,000 to $2,000, making a total of from $9,000 to $12,000 a week. Of course these figures will be a little less in dull times when there is little telegraphing and no occasion for special expenditures than when there is a great public excitement, such as a presidential canvass or a great public catastrophe, when it is necessary to send a great many men out and expend a great deal of money in securing news; but the general average will be about what I have stated."—Interview with C. A. Dana.

Profound thought by confirmed inbriate: "Heavens! How good a drink is when you ain't thirsty."

Trousers cover a multitude of shins.

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