

## AFTER.

BY PHILIP BURKE MARSTON.

A little time for laughter,  
A little time to sing,  
A little time to kiss and clasp,  
And no more kissing after.

A little time for sobbing,  
Love's unspoken sighs;  
A little time for golden dreams,  
Then no more any dreaming.

A little while 'twas given  
To me to have thy love;  
Now, like a ghost, alone I move  
About a ruined love.

A little time for speaking  
Things sweet to say and hear;  
A time to seek and find thee near,  
Then no more any seeking.

A little time for saying  
Words the heart breaks to say;  
Sharp, short, and staccato, pray,  
Then no more any praying.

But long, long years to weep in,  
And comprehend the whole  
Great grief that desolates a soul,  
And eternally to sleep in.

## EXPRESSIONS.

An unsophisticated young person of Kent  
Brought forty old jokes on Lent.  
He was pummed with chairs,  
And kicked down the stairs,  
And sent home with his nose badly bent.

Comb-makers—bees.  
Plane facts—shavings.  
All shopkeepers believe in signs.  
At what time was Adam married? Upon  
his wedding Eve.

"If I hit yer," said one small boy to another,  
"yer'll be usin' yerself for snuff ter morrow."

"How can a young married couple live economically?" asks an exchange. Why, by  
sponging on the old folks.

One man eloped with the wife of another  
from a spelling bee in Tennessee. Such bees  
interfere with the honeymoon.

"You look good enough to eat," said he,  
looking over her shoulder into the mirror.  
"Food for reflection," she replied without a smile.

In the stomach of a Pennsylvania cow,  
recently killed, were found six centes.  
There is a possible chance, therefore, of its being  
completed before it is worn out.

When a girl is 20 she feels very easy on  
that score. It's only when she scores another  
that she begins to wonder who is  
wondering.

Tuesday's snowstorm didn't hurt any.  
March will probably continue to be lamb-  
like until it is old enough to be muton, and  
then will come to its capers.

A new punishment for criminals would be  
to condemn them to solitary confinement  
until they had solved the 13, 15, 14 puzzle.  
They'd find it a worse "cell" than theirs.

De Lesseps estimates that the Brooklyn  
bridge will endure for six centuries. There  
is a possible chance, therefore, of its being  
completed before it is worn out.

In a Paris salon: "Do you know that young  
man whose hand you just took?" "Yes."  
"He is seen everywhere—in the Bois, in the  
theatres. Who is he? What does he do?"  
"He doesn't do anything. He is a charge  
d'affaires."

"Oh, mother, may I go play 15?" No,  
no, my dearest daughter; it's the biggest  
fraud that ever was seen. Go draw the  
washing water—and the length of the fair  
daughter's countenance was expressive of  
the great length of time it would take  
to solve the puzzle.—Haven Register.

A lecturer on optics, in explaining the  
mechanism of the human eye, remarked:  
"Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye  
and he will see himself looking so exceed-  
ingly small that"—Here the lecturer's  
voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter  
and applause which greeted his scientific  
remark.

Lang. See Again.—Old Schoolfellow:  
"Yes, it's me, Gittin' on pretty mid-  
dle, thank you. Undertaking line, sir.  
Hope you'll give me a turn some day, sir.  
If you'd stick my card up over the matel-  
piece, sir, so as your friends might have it  
handy if anything happened, sir, thank  
you."

When a Connecticut man's wife claims to  
be too sick to go out and spit the word,  
he stands it about three days and then tells  
her that the stores have got their spring bonnets  
on show, and when she gets back, all out of  
breath from a fruitless search, he says if  
she's able to reach the stores to look after  
bonnets she's able to spit that word.  
Women are too much the creatures of impulse.

Thackeray's and Dickens' Ways With Characters.  
[By Richard Proctor, the Astronomer.]

While Thackeray's success in delineating  
characters is generally admitted, it is less  
well known that he was a man who gave the mat-  
ter a thought, there are many who deny to  
Thackeray the power which Dickens is re-  
garded as possessing in a very eminent de-  
gree—that, namely, of delineating such  
strange and wonderful characters as are less  
frequently met with. Probably if Thackeray  
had allowed himself the same license as  
Dickens in such matters, he would have  
been as successful in presenting in an  
amusing manner the grotesque, the fanciful  
and the weird. The license I mean is that  
of combining in the same character incon-  
gruous characteristics. This license, in  
deed, Dickens took with characters of all  
orders; and not only so, but he took the  
further license of distributing among different  
characters the peculiarities of one and  
the same person whom he knew in real life.  
For instance, we know that some of the  
peculiarities of Micawber had been seen  
in his own father, while others were taken from  
other originals. So Mr. Micawber has many  
ways which Dickens had noted in his own  
mother, while others of her peculiarities  
were not such as characterized Mrs. John  
Dickens. But we find also that while the  
oddities of Micawber and of his wife  
were borrowed from different sources, so  
the characteristics of Dickens' father and  
mother were distributed among different  
characters—Mr. and Mrs. Nickley, Mr. and  
Mrs. Micawber, etc. One of the most re-  
markable illustrations of Dickens' manner  
in such matters, a manner unquestionably  
resulting from deficiency of the creative  
faculty (which, until the real origin of many  
of his characters had come to be known, was  
mistakenly supposed by inexperienced  
readers to be possessed by Dickens in a very  
large degree), is to be found in Dora and  
Flora. Copperfield's first meeting with Dora  
is Dickens' meeting with little more than a  
boy with a lady by no means so young as  
Dora is represented. The courtship is de-  
rived from his youthful love for the original  
of Dora. The married life with Dora, so far  
as her household ways are concerned, pre-  
sents Dickens' own experience, so that  
Dora there represents a third person, and  
that person his wife. And lastly the death of Dora, and Copperfield's  
sorrow during the following years, are drawn  
from the death of his wife's youngest sister,  
Mary, and the sorrow Dickens felt for years  
thereafter. Yet, though the real Flora fur-  
nished only one of these four copies from  
which the Dora of fiction was combined, we  
find her forming a part of two distinct and  
very unlike characters, the characteristics of  
her later years being in part reproduced in  
Flora—but only in part, for some of Dora's  
ways were derived from other sources.

Nor can it be said that, after all, Dickens  
so artistically combines and distributes what  
he has observed that they become effects all  
as if they were real creations. For no one

possessing any power of critical discrimina-  
tion had failed to recognize the incongruity  
of many—one may almost say all—of Dick-  
ens' characters long before it became known  
that he had constructed them of heterogeneous  
materials and applied his materials to  
heterogeneous purposes.

Another remarkable illustration of Dick-  
ens' manner of writing is to be found in a  
picture which is commonly, and in some re-  
spects justly, very much admired—the child-  
hood and death of little Paul Dombey; yet  
the ways of the old fashioned child, who bor-  
rowed from one child (a child with whom  
Dickens had been exceptionally well ac-  
quainted himself, while the later scenes  
were, it is needless to say, taken from a dif-  
ferent experience. And, by the way, does  
any one know why the original description  
of the death scene was altered by Dickens  
in the later editions of "Dombey and Son"?  
I took up, in February, 1874, at the house of  
Dr. Chandler, of Bethlehem, a copy of  
"Dombey and Son," to read the account of  
Paul Dombey's death, for I had been reading  
of the death scene about "the immutability,"  
and I knew that reading that scene would  
put me in a better frame of mind. I then  
learned for the first time that a remark  
made by Miss Tox, after the child's death,  
had been excised. I have since looked up  
in many many copies of "Dombey and Son."  
As I remember the original description,  
after the words, " \* \* \* the old, old  
fashioned death—oh! thank God for the still  
older fashion, immortality." (I quote as  
nearly as I can remember them, and they  
were, in fact, and these words, of  
words like them, "Go," Miss Tox remarked  
to Susan Nipper in confidence and tears that  
evening, "Dombey and Son is a daughter  
after all." I have been assured these words  
were never added to the chapter, and that  
my memory altogether played me false; but  
I am perfectly sure that they were there.  
Moreover, in removing them, probably by  
order of Forster or some other friend, Dick-  
ens failed to remember another passage  
which referred to them, and should have  
deleted the whole of the passage, where  
Miss Tox, after Florence's return to her  
father, says: "So that, as I remarked on a  
former sad occasion, Dombey and Son is a  
daughter after all."

And here I feel tempted to remark on a  
peculiarity of Dickens' manner, consisting  
of his habit of making himself show that he  
did not belong to that class of creative  
writers which includes all the really great  
names in literature. Paul Richter used to  
say: "If an author has to stop and ask him-  
self, what shall I make such and such a  
character do or say such and such a point  
in the narrative?" to the devil with him,"  
implying that such a writer may possess  
superficial cleverness, but no genius. I  
wonder what Richter would have said of an  
author who not only thus hesitated, as we  
have seen, but who, in the same way, asked  
and took the advice of his friends about so  
critical a question as the fate of his principal  
characters, or would even at writing the  
closing passages of a story adopt, at friend's  
suggestion, an entirely different conclusion.  
No one knows better than Dickens the im-  
portance of the question. Nay, he often de-  
scribes himself as living in his work and  
among the characters of his story, as the  
true artist should live; but it is certain that  
he deceived himself, for if he had he could  
never have been in doubt what their fate  
should be, and still less could he have mod-  
ified, at the suggestion of those who were  
comparatively strangers to his creations, the  
fate which he had decided should be theirs.  
I am aware that other novelists have on  
occasion done likewise. Scott, for instance,  
consented to restore the Abolitionist of Coning-  
ham after he had killed him, and a fine  
mess Scott made of that change; but, even if  
we assigned now to Scott the high position  
which was assigned him by contemporaries,  
it might still be answered that Abolitionist  
was only a subordinate figure in the story,  
and his fate would never have been so im-  
portant as to arrange matters to suit the popular  
taste; that the insipid Rowena should  
have disappeared and the gallant  
but shadowy Ivanhoe have married  
the most beautiful of maidens, and that  
Scott's creations. It need hardly be said  
that Thackeray does not allow himself such  
license as Dickens in the portrayal of  
character. Not a line can be found in the  
pictures of Costigan, Huxter, Rawdon, Craw-  
ley, Lord Steyne, and the host of varied  
characters which appear in "Thackeray's"  
principal works which can be regarded as  
incongruous, nor can I recall a single in-  
stance in which characteristics appropriate  
to one character are distributed among several.  
Again, Thackeray never so far as can be  
ascertained, departs from the natural re-  
sults of the development of his characters.  
His stories have suggested to him. Thackeray  
is content, in fact, to hold the mirror up  
to nature. I do not say that the portraiture  
is always perfect, still less that the  
portraiture belongs always to the highest  
class. George Eliot seems to me to be as far  
in advance of Thackeray in many respects as  
Brownlow is in advance of Tennyson. For this  
reason she will always be less popular than  
Thackeray, even as Thackeray is less popular  
than Dickens. But the work of Thackeray  
takes is always good work, and it is always  
well done. He does not seek to please by  
effective situations, by bringing in per fas  
et nefas humorous or pathetic images, though  
his humor is true, his pathos deeper than  
any other. Nor does he care to make his  
stories "end well," or even end at all.  
They are slices from real life, and real life  
moves ever onward. His pictures, if not the  
finest, are among the best drawn of all that  
English writers have given us.

That Old Rebel Yell.

Colonel J. E. McGowan, of the Chat-  
tahooga Times, in a special to that paper, gives  
the following graphic description of an in-  
cident of the Cincinnati banquet:

The great orchestra, under the pulsant  
baton of Michael Brand, struck up a  
ringing old "Yell," with such thrilling  
associations and memories. For a moment  
there was a hush. The old soldiers of the  
North and the old soldiers of the South looked  
at each other, and the vast throng was still.  
But before the second bar was struck the emo-  
tion of the soldiers was overcome, and they  
sprang to their feet, more than a thousand strong,  
and with a shout of "Yell," they raised their  
arms high above their heads, and with their  
stomachs to the North and South, they stood  
the Northern hosts and cheered with them.  
Again and again the men of the South  
broke forth as the gay measures were their  
enthusiasm, and the strains of the orchestra  
were fairly drowned by their united voices.

A program of staid old "Yell," and a  
famous soldier, turned to Governor Marks,  
of Tennessee, and said: "That is the old rebel  
yell."

"Yes," was the reply, "and now hear it  
raised for the stars and stripes, for just then  
the orchestra struck up that grand old  
air. Such an one was never witnessed be-  
fore. As the old orchestra poured forth the  
grand old strains of:

"The star-spangled banner  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave,"

the great organ burst forth in glorious unison  
with all the magnificent power, and the vast  
audience arose as one man, and the old Union  
cheer blended with the old rebel yell to the  
notes of the national air for the first time  
since the dark and bloody years of the great  
civil war. Men who had faced each other on  
many a bloody battle field under the stars  
and bare clasped hands and waved handker-  
chiefs until the great level of the hall was like  
a white sea. All the sound of the orchestra  
and the great wave of enthusiasm swept over  
the vast glowing concourse, and carried every-  
thing before it. It was a scene never to be  
forgotten by those who anticipated a moment  
that was cardinal in the history of the great  
Republic.

A Sure Thing.

A Washington correspondent says: Ex-Senator  
Barnum, of Connecticut, who is one of the  
shrewdest politicians in the country, and  
chairman of the Democratic National com-  
mittee, says that everything points to  
Grant's nomination, and he accepts the ac-  
tion of the Chicago convention as a foregone  
conclusion. The leading Democrats here all  
say that Grant will be nominated.

## ANOTHER CAVE MYSTERY.

Startling Discoveries in Highland County, Ohio.

[Special to the Cincinnati Commercial.]

HILLSBORO, March 22.—The residents of  
Marshall township, this county, are consid-  
erably excited over the somewhat remark-  
able discoveries made in the hills of this  
county, together with large quantities of the  
bones of animals. The cave, if it deserves  
that name, is on what is known as the Rugg  
farm, now belonging to Hon. John L.  
Huchens. For many years hunters have  
noticed that rabbits, foxes and other game,  
when pursued always made for a certain  
point on this farm, and disappeared sudden-  
ly from sight at the confluence of two  
small streams. A gentleman by the name  
of Main, while chasing a rabbit a  
few days since determined to investigate, and  
at the base of the hill where his game went  
out of sight he found a hole. Reaching in,  
he grasped something in his hand which  
proved to be the long bone of a human. His  
curiosity being now very much excited, he  
procured assistance, and commenced dig-  
ging. People flocked out from the village,  
and came pouring in from the surrounding  
country, as the news rapidly spread. The  
locality is but a short distance from the no-  
torious Bob McKimie's old headquarters,  
and within a few miles of the place where  
nearly all of whom are now in prison under  
long sentences. In fact, it was supposed  
that McKimie was hid in one of the nume-  
rous caves that exist in the eastern part of  
the county, after he made his escape from jail  
here in so daring a manner about three years  
ago.

After digging some distance they came to  
a large stone slab on edge, closing the mouth  
of a cavern about 10 by 12 feet square and  
six feet high. On the floor lay bones in  
large number, some human, but the larger  
portion being of different species of animals.  
Some of them were in a good state of preser-  
vation, and could easily be named and class-  
ified, while others crumbled to dust on ex-  
posure to the air. Bones of wildcats,  
rabbits and dogs were found, while some  
larger animal bones were supposed to be those  
of the larger species of wild animals, such as  
panthers, catamounts, bears, etc.

There was also found some large bodies of  
charred wood or charcoal. One of these is  
as large as an ordinary base-burner stove,  
and was made for the purpose of burning  
wood, but none were found, though several articles  
of flint and stone were discovered such as  
are generally found in mounds and ancient  
fortifications.

The cave or cavern is a mystery to every-  
body. If it were not for the stone and flint  
articles, the theory of some, that the skele-  
tons are the remains of murdered persons  
hid there by their murderers, would be gen-  
erally accepted. There are many stories of  
murders and mysterious disappearances  
during the early times of settlement in Vir-  
ginia and other States, and of travelers along  
the once great highways from the East to  
the West, being murdered for their money,  
and their bodies never found. It may be  
that the dead past has now revealed the  
resting place of some of its dead after a long  
lapse of years.

There are reasons, though, for not credit-  
ing the murderers' hiding place theory. Some  
little distance away from the cavern  
stands an ancient mound, and it is believed  
that the entrance to the cavern is through  
the entrance to a subterranean passage lead-  
ing to the interior of the mound. This idea  
seems so plausible that arrangements are  
being made for a thorough examination of  
the mound. It is proposed to dig into it,  
and to remove the contents, and to see what  
it contains. The work will be superin-  
tended by competent persons, who will  
carefully preserve whatever may be dis-  
covered.

Death of "Dick Kennedy."

[Kokomo Tribune.]

Kokomo's learned crow, "Dick Kennedy,"  
is no more. During the past winter he has  
been suffering with a broken leg, and could  
not travel around much. Recently he wan-  
dered away from home, and not returning,  
inquiry was made as to his whereabouts.  
When it was found that he had been killed  
by a dog, "Dick" was a prominent charac-  
ter of Kokomo and Howard county. He  
was known far and wide. About five years  
ago, Mr. P. B. Kennedy, while on a visit  
to his farm, a short distance from this  
city, was killed by a dog, and his body was  
evidently fallen from a nest high above in  
the branches. Mr. K. took pity on the  
fledgling and brought him home. The bird  
soon grew stronger, and became a general  
playmate of Mr. K.'s grand-children. No  
pains were taken to educate Dick. He de-  
veloped a keen perceptive faculty, and his  
early youth, and it was not long before he  
began to talk a little. Until his leg was  
broken Dick was a regular attendant at  
school. Every morning, at the first tap of  
the bell, he was off to the school yard, and  
prancing himself a treat he would  
cry out "bad boy" to all the tardy pupils.  
It was a lamentable fact that Dick became  
(doubtless, unconsciously) addicted to pro-  
fanity. He would frequently exclaim "O  
Lord!" without seeming to be impious.  
Dick was a very mischievous bird during his  
whole life, and he was not a little mis-  
chievous in his old age. He was assigned  
for his clipped wing or disabled  
limbs, when he would hobble home in the  
evening. If a window was left open for an  
hour in the morning, in any part of the city,  
Dick would steal into the house, and turn  
up his beak, picking up all the scraps of  
food from a cushion, throwing them on the  
floor, carrying off jewelry, and doing other  
mischiefs. In politics, Dick was a  
Republican. Many of our citizens  
doubtless remember the part he took in the  
notable campaign of 1876. Upon every day  
of the campaign, Dick was to be seen, and  
was on hand, flying around and watching  
the "rally" with evident satisfaction. But  
when the Democrats attempted to "rally"  
and gather away in the woods and  
countryside, Dick was not to be seen. He  
especially was great friends to Dick and  
they will learn of his death with sadness of  
heart. Of cheerful disposition himself,  
Dick made happy surroundings. In very  
many respects he was a remarkable bird,  
and his early death is a great loss to his  
many friends. Many interesting incidents could be related  
of his curious pranks. Peace to the ashes of  
the poor crow! He has gone to the "happy  
hunting ground," where there are no "bad  
boys" to throw stones at him, and no dogs  
to bite him evermore!

A Reminiscence of the War.

In October, 1864, Landin P. Milligan, a  
highly respected citizen of Indiana: Col-  
onel Bowles, a veteran of the Mexican war,  
and one Hossay, a hostler, were tried by mil-  
itary commission, in Indianapolis, on a charge  
of treason, found guilty and sentenced to  
death. Indiana was a successful State, and  
the men fell away. The men be-  
longed neither to the army nor the navy,  
and a grand jury of the circuit court of the  
United States was convened in Indianapolis  
at the time of the arrest. Joseph E. McDo-  
nald was counsel for the three prisoners. Vainly  
he objected to the competency of the tri-  
bunal. He then went to Washington to see  
President Lincoln, "Mr. President," said he,  
"I don't think that you want to execute  
these men."

"No, Joe," Mr. Lincoln replied, "I don't  
love blood at all. If other people loved it  
as little as I do, there would be no meat  
eaten in this world. I'll keep these men in  
prison while, and then let them go."

Mr. Lincoln was about to release all politi-  
cal prisoners when he was assassinated.  
Andrew Johnson became president. He ap-  
proved the finding of the court martial, and  
the men were sentenced to be executed on  
May 19, 1865. On the 10th Milligan peti-  
tioned the United States Supreme Court,  
and the case was argued before Chief Justice  
Taney, and praying for a writ of habeas  
corpus. Judge Davis favored the granting

of a writ, and Judge Drummond dissented.  
Under an act of Congress passed in 1862,  
this disagreement sent the case to the full  
bench of the supreme court for review, upon  
request.

Judge Davis certified it for review. Crimi-  
nal cases on appeal had precedence in the  
supreme court. But, in this case, the court  
did not meet until December. The appeal  
could not carry a stay of execution, and  
without a stay, the men would be over  
seven months in their graves before the  
question came before the court. Judge  
Davis came to the rescue. He wrote a letter  
to President Johnson, detailing the facts,  
expressing an opinion that the supreme  
court would practically decide against the  
authority of the military commission, and  
asking for a stay of execution until the  
case could be heard in December. This  
letter was presented to Mr. Johnson by Jo-  
seph E. McDonald. The president read it,  
and laid it on his table. "It's a technical  
question," he said. "I reckon they're  
kully."

Mr. McDonald began to call his particular  
attention to the points in dispute in the  
case of Milligan, when the great American  
commoner fired with indignation. How is  
it that you say nothing to me about Horsey?  
he asked.

"Why, I appear for all three," Mr. Mc-  
Donald replied.

"Yes, but you don't mention his name,"  
the president roared. "I know the reason.  
It's because he's one of the cannibals—that's  
it, sir. By Heaven, I'll condemn him to  
imprisonment for life. But Bowles  
and Milligan shall suffer."

Mr. McDonald begged a respite for two  
weeks, and returned to Indianapolis. But  
Andrew Johnson did not forget his pledge.  
Horsey's sentence was immediately com-  
muted. Mr. McDonald reported the result  
of his mission to Judge Davis. Prompt  
action was required, for there was little hope  
of further leniency from the president.  
The judge took advantage of his action in the  
case of Horsey. He laid the facts before  
Governor Morton. He said that he was  
thought would be the opinion of the  
supreme court. Horsey's case was already  
on the docket with the others. If the  
opinion in Horsey's case was favorable, and  
the other two men were executed before it  
was promulgated, it would mean the ex-  
ecution deliberate murder, and leave a last-  
ing stain on the escutcheon of Indiana. Gov-  
ernor Morton was too good a lawyer to hesi-  
tate. He turned the screw on the president,  
and the men were saved.

The Hendricks Club.  
[New York Express.]

The formation of a Hendricks club at  
Washington is a very interesting instance.  
And it is especially noteworthy that the  
Indiana senators, the Democratic repre-  
sentatives of that State and a number of  
other prominent and influential men joined  
the club at the start. Of course, such a club  
does not mean the nomination of ex-  
Governor Hendricks. It is a club of men  
who serve to compliment to the ability and  
high reputation of a statesman whom it is  
a credit to support. Mr. Hendricks has  
strong points as a presidential candidate;  
and one of the strongest points in his favor  
is the fact that he has kept the Democracy  
of his State united and harmonious, loyal to  
their principles, devoted to the cause.  
There are no dissensions in that State.  
Strong and able men there are, who nat-  
urally aspire to leadership, and who would  
fill important offices with credit. Yet they  
never swerve in their fidelity to the party,  
which in that State is a unit, and would give  
a popular majority of 15,000 to ex-Governor  
Hendricks in spite of all the Republicans  
have done to colonize the State with South-  
ern negroes. Mr. Hendricks has a good  
record. No man can say against him that  
his views are moderate and conservative,  
yet representing the Democracy of the whole  
country. He has many elements of popu-  
larity, and resembles Lincoln in the sturdy  
honesty, simplicity and straightforwardness  
of his heart and his hearty sympathy with  
and regard for the people. He consented to  
take second place in 1876 against his will, at  
the urgent solicitation of the leaders of the  
party in all sections of the country, and the  
people of the State to his personal popularity.  
Among Democratic candidates for the nomi-  
nation his name shines with particular  
lustre.

Sensible Talk.

It is a misfortune to be poor, but not a  
crime—unless one keeps up appearances at  
the expense of others, contracting debts he  
can not pay, borrowing money he can not  
return, etc. This trying to seem what we  
are not has become the bane of society, and  
like what is called mimicry amongst insects,  
produces a nondescript race very difficult  
to expose or to design to its proper place.  
To which it evidently belongs. Of course  
we are not advocating the exposure of a man's  
business affairs to everybody with whom he  
comes into business or friendly relations,  
but we do hold that he has no right to pre-  
tend to be better off in worldly goods than  
he is. It is a disgrace to do so in deception,  
which is but another name for dishonesty.  
By strict economy, and the adoption of a  
manner of living suitable to our means, the  
pressure of poverty may be removed in  
time. To be sure it is hard to deny one's  
whole life to the pursuit of pleasure, and  
from all expensive pleasures. But it must  
be done if wealth is to be gained.  
There is a pleasure in self-denial that  
a majority of our people never  
experienced, and it comes in most glori-  
ously, and extremely satisfactory to the  
one practicing it, when he can say, "I owe  
no man anything," and at the same time has  
\$100 in his pocket, but wanting some articles  
costing \$200, he refuses to purchase until,  
through self-denial, the other \$100 is ob-  
tained. It requires some courage to adopt  
such a system. It is a hard thing to do,  
but it has as a recommendation it is per-  
fectly safe and honorable, and deceives no  
one.

The Solution of "15."

[Norristown Herald.]

Mr. Plute went home from the "lodge" the  
other night and solved the "15" puzzle.  
He was troubled with the 30 blocks (at least  
thought there were 30 of them, he being in  
splendid condition to "see double") and in  
about an hour had the thing solved to his  
own satisfaction. Then he got pen, paper  
and ink, and attempted to write out the so-  
lution as follows: Showed a 15, put 1  
over, 6 on the 14, swing on the right  
bow, drag on 6, keep the 10 in the king  
row, keno on the black, deal again,  
run the 5 from first base, move 3 to the  
southwest of 15 white to play and mate in  
12 moves. P. K. B. Q. to K. move 13 14 15  
a little northeasterly, R to K5, then set  
'em up on the other alley, throw double 6's,  
roulet the 9 take the 7 on the fly, lead king,  
then R to K7, rake in the pot, and mo-  
move—move—move. His wife, becoming alarmed  
at his long silence, came down stairs 2 P.  
M. and found him under the table. But he  
had "done it."

That Funny Little Elderly Man.

[Memoirs of Mr. Uwins.]

I have fortunately met with a good tem-  
pered, funny little elderly gentleman, who  
will probably be my traveling companion  
throughout the journey. He is continuous-  
ly popping his head out of the window to  
check whatever strikes his fancy, and be-  
came quite angry because the conductor  
did not wait for him while he took a snur-  
view of Macerata. "Damn the fellow!"  
says he, "he has no feeling." He speaks but  
few words. He is a native of the north of  
France, which two languages he jumbles  
together most amusingly. His good temper,  
however, carries him through all his trou-  
bles. I am sure you would love him for his  
indefatigability in his favorite pursuit.  
From his conversation it is evident that he  
is not, if not absolutely an artist. Probably  
you may know something of him. The name  
on his trunk is J. W., or J. M. W. Turner.

## SUICIDE OF A BRIDE.

A Young Lady, Eighteen Years of Age, and  
Married Only Five Months, Shoots Herself  
—Mystery Surrounding the Case.

[Special to the Herald.]

PRITTSBURG, Pa., March 23.—A very re-  
markable tragedy took place this afternoon  
on Second avenue, between Ross and Grant  
streets. In the boarding house of Mrs.  
Spellman Mr. and Mrs. Sneathen have been  
living for some time. Mr. Sneathen is the  
son of Captain J. B. Sneathen, of the  
firm of Sneathen & Wilson, and his wife  
was Miss Mary Agnes Irvin, of East End.  
To-day at noon one of the ladies who lives  
in the house was coming out of the dining  
room when the front door of the house  
opened and Mr. Sneathen came in. Just  
then a shot was heard in Sneathen's room,  
which is on the right hand of the hall.  
Sneathen asked what the noise was, and the  
lady said she thought it was the fire crack-  
ling. Sneathen then went into his room,  
and the ladies went into the sitting room  
which adjoins it. In a second or two  
Sneathen called out, "My God, come here.  
Look at this!" On entering the bedroom  
Mrs. Sneathen was found lying on her bed  
as though asleep, and the lady who had  
been in the dining room said she had shot  
herself.

"No, no," cried Sneathen. "She has shot  
herself. She is dead."

A bullet hole was found in her left tem-  
ple, from which the blood and brains were  
coming. Dr. Arthur was sent for, and on  
examining the wound he said she could not  
live three hours. The cause of the sad oc-  
currence is not known. The people at the  
boarding house say the couple lived happily  
together, but it is rumored otherwise.

It is reported that Mrs. Sneathen quar-  
reled with her mother and also with her  
husband, but this, too, is said to be untrue.  
The police seem to think that there is too  
much mystery about the affair to be passed  
off with casual examination, and Mr. Sneathen  
was placed under the surveillance of  
Detective Corley. Mrs. Sneathen was 18  
years old. She was a noted beauty before  
her marriage, which took place only about  
five months ago. Her husband is about 20.  
He attempted to shoot himself after he  
found his wife was fatally injured.

A Question of His Own Asking.

One cold winter evening a knot of village  
worthies were convened around a stove in a  
country store in a Western town, warming  
their fingers by the stovepipe and telling  
stories and cracking jokes. The school-  
master, the blacksmith, the barber, the con-  
stable, the clerks and the storekeeper, all  
were there.

After they had drank older and smoked  
cigars to their hearts' content, and when  
all the current topics of the day had been  
exhausted, the schoolmaster proposed a new  
kind of biters to remove the monotony of  
the old.

Each one was to propose a puzzle to his  
neighbors, and whoever should ask a ques-  
tion that he himself could not solve was to  
pay the elder reckoning for the entire party.  
The idea took at once, and the school-  
master, "by virtue of his office," called on  
Dick D—, whom most folks thought a fool  
and few a knave, to put the first question.

"Wal, neighbors," said Dick, drawing out  
his words and looking ineffectually dull and  
stupid, "you've seen where squirrels dig  
their holes, haven't you? Can any one of  
you tell me the reason why they never  
throw out any dirt?"

This was a "poser," and even the "master"  
had to "give it up."

It now devolved on Dick to explain.

"The reason is this, that they first begin  
at the bottom of the hole."

"Stop, stop!" cried the schoolmaster,  
startled out of all prudence by so monstrous  
an assertion. "Pray, now, how does the  
squirrel get there?"

Ah, master, replied the cunning fool,  
"that's a question of your own asking!"

The result had not been anticipated. The  
"schoolmaster was abroad" at that particu-  
lar juncture.

Whitley County Democracy.

COLUMBIA CITY, March 22.—The Demo-  
cracy of Columbia township, and Columbia  
city, held their township convention on  
Saturday to nominate a township ticket and  
to transact other business connected with  
the organization. This was the