

Voting Then and Now.

The ballot's a grand institution!
At least, so I've heard people say;
But there's none of the fun of our grandfathers'
days
Since the ballot-box came into play.

Then, men voted open and bold,
And early, and often, and so
The man that bid highest was sure of the vote,
And he isn't so sure now, you know.

I heard once a tale of a blacksmith—
He's dead—regretted his bones;
But I'll tell you the tale as I've heard it told,
And the reason he voted for Jones.

The blacksmith stood over his anvil,
The forge fire smouldered low,
And the ploughshare that lay in the ashes was
cold.
For the bellows had ceased to blow.

A hundred odd times through the doorway
Had entered in questioning tones,
And now more anxious than ever it came:
"Do you vote, sir, for Smith or for Jones?"

A crafty old man was the blacksmith,
Well versed in political shows,
Whose creed was: "The politics going that pays
Is the kind that pays as it goes."

Again came a voice through the doorway,
In entered a head with the tones,
In followed a body along with the head—
'Twas Smith, the opponent of Jones!

Says Smith, "I will purchase your anvil,
Four pounds I will pay you; and still
You shall have it to use as long as you choose;
You will vote?" "Yes," said Vulcan, "I will."

Now, Smith had scarce gone from the smithy,
When Jones entered in at the door,
And purchased the bellows for twenty-five
pounds.
Just as Smith bought the anvil for four.

When Vulcan marched up to the poll-booth,
Smith gave him a knowing grin,
While Jones (of the bellows) stood off at one side
And chuckled and stroked his chin.

"For whom do you vote, Mr. Vulcan?"
Asked the clerk in indifferent tones;
Smith started aghast as the blacksmith replied:
"I vote, sir, for Mr. Jones."

Jones laughed in his sleeve in the corner,
But Smith followed Vulcan away,
And said in a voice of surprise and disgust:
"Didn't I buy your anvil to-day?"

Says Vulcan: "You did, I confess it;
You can have it, or go where it pleases,
For Jones bought the bellows for twenty-five
pounds,
And it blew your anvil to blazes!"

But it's different now with the ballot,
Or was just the other day,
When Brown took your gold and with promises
fair,
Marked his ballot the other way.

Oh! you wouldn't do such a mean thing,
But other folks will, you see;
Your neighbor's a sneak round the corner
"The ballot's the thing," says he.

G. W. JOHNSON.

Liquor Law Lunacies.

The Rhode Island House yesterday, by 33 to 21, postponed the Prohibition Bill till next session. One member stated that he had been offered \$100 to vote against a prohibitory law. A committee of investigation was appointed.

The Halifax liquor dealers have experienced a great deal of trouble this year in obtaining the signatures of a majority of the ratepayers of the districts in which they carry on business to their petitions for licenses, and the consequence is that although a month has passed since the licenses for 1880 expired, less than one-third of them have been renewed. In order to protect themselves and their interests, and to more effectively make their influence felt in the city, it is reported that a number of the dealers are organizing themselves for the purpose of "Boycotting" all those who refused to sign their petitions for licenses.

The Nebraska Legislature has passed a stringent license law. Among its provisions are a license fee of \$1,000 per year for each saloon in cities of 10,000 people, and \$500 in cities of less than 10,000 inhabitants; the saloonkeeper must give a bond of \$5,000, and must present a petition signed by thirty freeholders before he can obtain a license; no bondsman can go upon but one bond; no liquor can be given away; no screens are to be permitted over windows or doors; druggists do not have to take a license, but have to keep a faithful account of all sales.

The practice of drinking by females of the better class is said to be unfortunately on the increase in England. Sometime since a well known firm in Tottenham Court road, London, applied to the St. Pancras licensing authority for a license to serve the 200 to 300 lady customers who lunch daily in their establishment, with spirits, wine and beer; at present they can only supply tea, coffee and similar beverages, much, they claimed, to the dissatisfaction of their numerous lady customers, who for twenty years past have unanimously been pressing their claims upon them "for wine, beer and spirits." Sir W. Wyatt, before whom the demand was made, with emphasis refused to grant the license, and added that, "to save trouble in future, the opinion of the bench was unanimous."

An official inquiry has revealed that the total amount of liquor sold and used in Boston each year under the name of vinegar is estimated at about 3,000,000 gallons. Of this, less than one-tenth is pure apple-juice, the rest being a villainous decoction of molasses, glucose, acetic acid, sour ale, lager beer, distillery slops, etc., made for about half the lowest possible cost of pure cider vinegar. But worse than this, oil of vitriol and other mineral acids are brought into requisition. One cent's worth of sulphuric acid is sufficient for the manufacture of four gallons of vinegar, and when disguised by other ingredients its presence cannot be detected by taste alone. No wonder that, with such vinegar at nine cents and even six cents a gallon, while the genuine article cannot be manufactured for less than about 12½ cents a gallon, the high death rate in that city should be attributed largely to this and other equally villainous adulterations of foods.

Total abstinence has indeed made progress in England, now that it has triumphed over the traditions of civic festivities. The Mayor of Leeds has entertained at a banquet nine teetotal mayors. Among them were the Lord Mayor of York and the Mayors of Winchester and Worcester. The report does not mention the contents of the loving cup or whether there was a loving cup at all. Probably the mayors all hated each other.

—Mr. Pierre Veron, in a recent article on "The Age of Adulteration," relates that a wine merchant, giving death-bed injunctions to his son, said: "Always bear in mind that wine may be made with anything—even (with a melancholy smile) grape juice."

AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW.

A Man Frenzied to His Death by the Memory of His Crimes—Suicide of a Supposed Murderer—Heartrending Preparations.

The following are the latest particulars in regard to the terrible tragedy in Hartville, Pa., referred to in a previous despatch: The little town of Hartville, on the Susquehanna, a few miles below this city, as well as the borough of Shickshinny, just opposite, was thrown into excitement last evening by the suicide of an Irish laborer named Jack Freeman. He went to work at the mines in Hartville on the 5th of this month with a large number of others, who were engaged in the opening of new collieries at that point. Freeman was not a miner, but was engaged in hauling sand for the cottages in process of erection. He quit work yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock and went home. After entering his house he said to his wife, "I am not going to let them get any advantage of me, and I am going to shoot myself." His wife replied, "Why, Jack, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" He answered, "Well, if I don't shoot myself they will arrest me and hang me." He went in search of his gun, which he found and with it walked into his bedroom. It was an old army musket, and he proceeded to load it with powder and shot. He then sat down and penned the following lines upon a piece of paper which he pinned upon his heart: "I am not guilty of anything, but I can't stand it." He then called three of his children to him and kissed each one tenderly, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he did so. Then he turned gently to his wife, who stood by sobbing and mourning as if her heart would break, and kissed her. To each he whispered a trembling "good-by." Taking the musket up he walked out doors. He had gone but a few steps when he turned and asked where Willie was (another of his children). He was told that he was in the brush near by. He called to him and the little fellow presently made his appearance and came running toward his father. The latter stooped and kissed him farewell. Then he returned to the house and sat down quietly in a chair. In the course of a few moments the mother despatched one of the children to the spring for water, and as he did not bring enough she went herself. While on her way back from the spring she heard the report of a gun, and running to the house she asked one of the boys where his father was. The boy pointed to a bedroom and said that he had gone in there and had told one of them to close the door and not to come in. The poor wife instantly passed into the apartment and was horrified to find her husband lying upon the floor covered with blood. The top of his head was blown off, and brains and pieces of his skull were scattered on the walls and ceilings. Neighbors were at once summoned and a jury made up. Upon the examination facts were elicited which proved that the suicide, if not a murderer, had some guilty thing weighing upon his conscience. For a long time past he has had moody spells, and the presence of so many new faces in Hartville worried him. At first his wife seemed disinclined to testify, but she finally started the jury with the remark, "Well, he is dead now and I dare tell." She intimated that some years ago her husband was implicated in the murder of a man at Janesville, Wis., and that he was accused of having a hand in throwing a man into the Susquehanna from the bridge that crossed the river at this city. It was further shown that Freeman always went armed with a knife and revolver. There was a great affection existing between him and his wife and family, and it is thought by some that the wife was more willing that his death should ensue as it did than upon the gallows, which she evidently thought might be his fate if he lived.

Outbreak of Cholera Probable.
Dr. Willard Parker speaking at the New York medical meeting said: "It must be understood that within a few days we shall have the heat of summer upon us, and the effect of that will be fearful. It is well to inquire what we shall do in such a case. In 1849 the last visitation of cholera broke out on the 17th of May. We have only from now to then to get this city cleaned—that is, we have only one month. If the heated weather were to come there never were so many factors for producing disease, at one time, than there are now. We want, then, a power to act at once. We have already indications of pestilence. The severe winter has enervated us, for we always find after a severe winter that we have a great deal of sickness. It is because the nervous system is so enervated by the pressure of winter that the conditions are found favorable to an outbreak of pestilence, if there is accompanied therewith a cause for pestilence. In the present circumstances of our city I think that the conditions are favorable for such an outbreak in our midst. If this should be the case it is impossible for me to say what the effect of that will be. Great guilt will be at the door of some one. I will not call it murder; I cannot call it manslaughter. It is killing, and you may call it what you choose. To guard this city against a pestilential invasion is of the first importance, for this city is a sort of key to the outside world. Pestilence or cholera is famous for travelling in broad highways, and if you have cholera it will be impossible to hedge it in this city alone, for it will travel along the states, find its way to New Jersey and the New England States, and thus disseminate itself over every part of the Union. The number of deaths in 1832 from cholera was about twenty thousand; in 1849 the number was about fourteen thousand. Prevention is better than cure."

The Decimal System Rejected.
Mr. Ashton Dilke recently moved in the British House of Commons that the introduction of a decimal system of coinage, weights and measures ought no longer be delayed. Some of the arguments for and against the motion were singular.
Mr. Stevenson maintained that the decimal system did not lend itself to mental arithmetic, and was not convenient to trade. Decimals were not in accordance with human nature. On the contrary, human nature worked by dozens.
Mr. Anderson remarked that people had not 12 fingers and 12 toes, but 10 fingers and 10 toes, and that was a natural suggestion in favor of the decimal system.
The motion was rejected by a large majority.

GETTING MARRIED.

Marrying Girls and the Other Kind—Why Men Do and Do Not Marry.

(New York Times.)

There seems to be two sorts of girls—those that ought, because specially fit, to be married, and never are married, and those that never should and never will be, and yet invariably get married. The former are usually the demure, industrious, unworldly, domestic; the latter are the easy, careless, merry, imprudent, frolicsome, saucy girls, of whom men become enamoured for no reason at all and in spite of themselves. When a man falls in love and can't crawl out readily, he avails himself of marriage, and is often extricated thereby without intending it. He is no more logical in matrimony than in celibacy; the same thing that makes him a lover turns him into a husband, and he is thrice blessed if he does not discover a sharp and sudden difference between the two. It is passion, not reason, and it is called the divine passion because it is so thoroughly human.

Men generally like one kind of women and love another kind. The one kind they are commonly recommended to wed, and don't; the other kind they are advised not to wed, and do. Which is the better—to take a wife because you love her, or to take a wife because you love her, Hymen alone knows and he won't tell. If you do either or neither, you may repent. There is no absolute safety in wedlock out of it. No man's experience is good for another man, and our own experience in erotic affairs is rarely valuable; for every time a man falls in love—and he has great alacrity in this way—the accident varies, though the effect is unaltered. No man can say what sort of woman will be his wife; and if he be wise he won't express any opinion on the subject. He may cherish many views and have many beliefs thereupon, but the more of these he has the less likely they are to be confirmed. He who insists, in his bachelor days, that his wife shall be a beauty, is apt to find her plain. He who cannot endure a woman without intellect surrenders to one not suspected of it. The devotee of order discovers himself mated with the embodiment of confusion. The stickler for elegance sees, when the glamor of courtship has been removed, that he is joined to a dowdy.

Marriage goes, to a certain extent, by contrasts, if not contraries. A woman, still less than a man, gets the husband she paints to her fancy. Her connubial ideas are commonly regulated by her age and experience. The man she desires at 16 or 17 would be a burden at 20, and her ideal at 20 might prove a bore at 25. She begins with sentimentalism and ends with sobriety; vanity impels her first, but sympathy holds her last. She is frequently surprised at the offers she receives, and still more surprised at the offers she does not receive. The love that comes at first is rarely permanent; it is apt to be borne of the eye, not of the temperament. The love that grows generally endures and produces fruit. Love and marriage are not related as we think they should be. Love-matches often turn out ill, and matches without love turn out well. No one can tell what love is; nor can any one guess what marriage will bring. We are all, when young, full of thoughts and theories about both, and individual experience is ever contradicting what we have learned. Marriage is as impenetrable as love. Few of us are prepared for their disclosures. We may love and marry again and again; but our ideal of love or marriage is almost always wholly unlike the thing itself.

CURED BY PRAYER.

An Extraordinary Manifestation Out West.

It is now more than a week since Miss Addie M. Goodrich, of Narval, in the state of Illinois, decided to stop taking medicine and trust wholly to prayer. Miss Goodrich, who has been bedridden for years, is a devout Methodist, and some days ago a friend read to her from the New Testament the story of a miraculous cure, and then prayed that she, too, might be healed. As the words were uttered, Miss Goodrich affirms that she felt a sudden accession of strength and a desire to rise from the bed, but her friend dissuaded her. Then she redoubled her prayers for health and got all her pious friends to pray for her. Finally, her doctor told her to pray for strength to get out of bed the next morning, assuring her of his confidence that the prayer would be answered. With this encouragement, she prayed continuously until the morning arrived, and with it the doctor. He prayed, and a sister prayed, and then Miss Goodrich got up, exclaiming, "Saviour, give me strength!" and walked to a chair—for the first time in nearly four years. Ever since she has been growing stronger and the neighbors look at her with awe. Her own firm belief is that she has been supernaturally cured and the singular feature of the case is that the attendant physician agrees with her.

A Parrot Story.

The remarks made by parrots, apparently with pertinence, are sometimes grotesque and astounding—as in the story told of a parrot who was present on board ship during very bad weather, when the sailors knelt on deck in a circle to pray for deliverance. The parrot watched their movements no doubt, for he correctly remembered the circumstance. It is said the captain came up from the cabin, where he had been to examine the chart, while the men were at prayer, and cried aloud: "Leave off praying, you lubbers, and get to the pumps, we're nearing land!" On arriving in port, Polly was sold to a clergyman, and in due course was placed in the vicar's dining-room. The first morning after his arrival there, he saw the servants come into the room one after another and kneel down to prayers with the family. Polly's memory instantly reverted to the scene on board ship, and he cried out with a loud voice: "Leave off praying, you lubbers, and get to the pumps! we're nearing land!" A bombshell in falling among these devout persons could not have put them into a greater consternation than they were put by this irreverent exclamation.—Animal World.

Josh Billings thinks out his sayings as he walks along the streets, and when he gets one suited to his mind he rushes in a doorway and jots it down on a pocket tablet.

THE FIGHT AT SPITZKOP.

How the Last Stand was Made Against the Boers.

AN ENGLISH DEFEAT.

(The London Standard.)

We had been exposed to five hours of unceasing fire, and had become accustomed to the constant humming of bullets, which wailed with the exertions of the previous night lay down to sleep. Communication by heliograph had been established with the camp, and confidence in our ability to hold our own had increased rather than abated. Lieut. Hamilton, however, who with his few men had been opposing the enemy alone throughout the morning, without even receiving a visit from the general or his staff, did not share in the general assurance. A little after 12 he came back from his position for a few minutes to tell us that, having seen large numbers of the enemy pass to the hollow underneath him, he feared that they were up to some devilment. Reinforcements were promised him, and he returned to his post, but these, as I now know, did not reach him until it was almost too late. Shortly afterward Major Hay, of the 92nd, Colonel Stewart, Major Fraser and myself were discussing the situation. The former expressed an opinion that we were not strong enough to repulse a night attack. I had remarked that the Boers would probably make their final effort at about 4 in the evening, as they did at the Ingogo, when we were startled by a loud and sustained rattle of musketry, the bullets of which shrieked over our heads in a perfect hail. Lieutenant Wright, of the 92nd, rushed back, snorting out for immediate reinforcements. The general, startled up from his sleep, assisted by his staff, set about getting these forward, and then for the first time it dawned upon us that we might lose the hill, for the soldiers moved forward but slowly and hesitatingly. It was only too evident that they did not like the work before them. By dint of some hard shouting, and even pushing, they were most of them got over the ridge, where they lay down some distance behind Hamilton and his

THIN LINE OF HIGHLANDERS.

who, although opposed to about 500 men at 120 yards, had never budged an inch. It seems that the advance of the enemy had been thoroughly checked, when one of our people—an officer, I believe—noticed the Boers for the first time, ejaculated, "Oh, there they are, quite close;" and the words were hardly out of his lips ere every man of the newly-arrived reinforcements bolted back panic-stricken. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the skirmishing line under Hamilton gave way also, the retreating troops being exposed, of course, to the Boer fire with disastrous effect. I was on the left side of the ridge when the men came back on us, and was a witness of the wild confusion which then prevailed. I saw McDonald, of the 92nd, revolver in hand, threaten to shoot any man who passed him; and, indeed, everybody was hard at work rallying the broken troops. Many, of course, got away, and disappeared over the side of the hill next the camp, but some hundred and fifty good men, mostly Highlanders, blue jackets, and old soldiers of the 58th, remained to man the ridge for a final stand. Some of the Boers appeared, and the fire that was interchanged was something awful. Three times they showed themselves, and three times as quickly withdrew, our men, when that occurred, at once stopping their fire. I could hear the soldiers ejaculate,

"WE'LL NOT BUDGE FROM THIS."

"We'll give them the bayonet if they come closer," and so on, but all the time dropping fast, for the Boer marksmen had apparently got to work in secure positions, and every shot told, the men falling back bit, mostly through the head. Color-Serg. Fraser, of the 92nd, one of the finest soldiers in the corps, dropped close to me with both legs shattered to pieces, and many others in an honorable close. Altogether it was a hot five minutes, but nevertheless I personally thought at the time we should hold our own. I expected every minute to hear the order given for a bayonet charge. That order unfortunately never came, although I am sure the men would have responded to it. But our flanks were exposed, and the enemy, checked in front, were stealing around them; across the hollow on the side of the hill facing the camp we had no one, and as the men were evidently anxious about that point, frequently looking over their shoulders, Colonel Stewart sent me over to see what matters were going on. There I reported all clear, and, indeed, if the enemy had attempted to storm the hill on that face he would have been decimated by the fire of his own people aimed from the other side. We were most anxious about our right flank. It was evident that the enemy were stealing round it, so men were taken to prolong the position there. They were chiefly blue jackets, led by a brave young officer, and, as I watched them follow him up, for the third time that day, the conviction flashed across me that we should

LOSE THE HILL.

There was a knoll on the threatened point, up which the reinforcements hesitated to climb. Some of them went back over the top of the plateau to the further ridge, others went round. By-and-bye there was confusion on the knoll itself. Some of the men on it stood up, and were at once shot down, and at last the whole of those who were holding it gave way. Helter skelter they were at once followed by the Boers, who were able then to pour a volley into our flank in the main line, from which instant the hill of Majuba was theirs. It was saved quite. Major Hay, Captain Singleton, of the 92nd, and some other officers, were the last to leave, and these were immediately shot down and taken prisoners. The general had turned round the last of all to walk after his retreating troops, when he also was shot dead, through the head. A minute or two previously Lieutenant Hamilton, requesting the general to excuse his presumption, had asked for a charge, as the men would not stand the fire much longer. Colley

replied, "Wait until they come on, we will GIVE THEM A VOLLEY

and then charge;" but before that moment arrived it was too late. To move over about one hundred yards of ground under the fire of some five hundred rifles at close range is no pleasant experience, but it is what all who remained of us on the hill that day had to go through. Every moment I expected would be my last. On every side men were throwing up their arms, and with sharp cries of agony were pitching forward on the ground. A bullet struck the rock at my heel, the splinters hitting my leather leggings, whilst overhead and on either side the missiles shrieked past with the noise of a thousand locomotives. At last I reached the shelter of the further ridge. Colonel Stewart and Lieut. Hill, of the 58th, being close to me. The latter, who had behaved splendidly during the action, was shot through the arm, and I gave him my handkerchief to bind the wound. The officers were calling out to the men to rally, when a soldier cannoned against me and knocked me into the bushes on the precipice underneath. The Boers were instantly on the ridge above, and for about ten minutes kept up their terrible fire on our soldiers, who plunged down every path. Many, exhausted with the night's marching and the day's fighting, unable to go further,

LAY DOWN BEHIND ROCKS

and bushes, and were afterward taken prisoners; but of those who remained on the hill to the very last probably not one in six got clear away. The period during which I was suspended in the bush at the mercy of the Boers' firing, only some three or four yards above my head, was, I think, the most unpleasant of the whole day. I did not expect that men in the heat of action would spare me; but they did, and helped me at last out of my awkward position on to the ridge again. There, after being divested by my captors of spurs, belts and some money, I demanded to be taken before the general. I was let go and told to find him myself, and made my way to the hollow where he had passed the day. I there found myself amongst a crowd of Boers, prisoners, and wounded and dying men. There was a group round one body, and I was at once pounced upon to say who it was. I responded, "General Colley," but they would hardly believe me. The Boers were everywhere assisting our disabled men. Dr. Landon, who, when the hill was abandoned by our panic-stricken troops, had steadily remained by his wounded, was lying on the ground with a shot through his chest. The Boers, as they rushed on the plateau, not seeing or not caring for

THE GENEVA CROSS.

had fired into and knocked over both him and his hospital assistant, so that there was only one (Dr. Mahon) left to look after a great number of very bad cases. After some difficulty I found Smith, the Boer general, and explained to him my business, asking permission to proceed to the British camp. It was sometime before he would allow me to go, as he said that General Joubert would probably like to see me; but at last I obtained a pass on condition that I returned next day.

MISS COLE'S TEETH.

Fourteen of Them Travelling Around All Over Her Body.

A most remarkable story comes from Middletown, Orange county, N.Y. A maiden lady at that place on the 5th of January, 1869, swallowed a new set of false teeth, which became separated from the rubber mould in which they had been set, while masticating her food. Before she could eject the food from her mouth the teeth had gone down into her stomach. The family physician was summoned, but all his efforts were unavailing. The teeth caused her no discomfort, and in a short time the matter was entirely forgotten. A few days ago Miss Cole, the lady in question, felt a sharp pain near her left shoulder, and upon examining the spot found what appeared like a wen under the skin. With the aid of a penknife she extracted a hard substance, which proved to be a tooth. She was at a loss to know how the tooth came to be in such an unusual spot till she suddenly recollected that she had, twelve years ago, swallowed her set of teeth. During the past four days the lady has been cutting teeth all over her body and had, at last accounts, recovered twelve of the fourteen teeth that had formerly constituted her full set. She is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the other two. She has placed the teeth in a glass case and will keep them as mementoes.

British Iron-Clads.

At the present moment England has eight iron-clads either on the stocks or launched and being fitted for sea, namely: The Inflexible, 11,406 tons; the Ajax and the Agamemnon, each of 8,492 tons; the Colossus and the Majestic, each of 9,150 tons; the Conqueror and the Collingwood, each of 6,200 tons; and the Polyphemus, an armored ram of 2,640 tons, while two armored cruisers, each of over 7,000 tons, are about to be begun. France has twelve iron-clads either on the stocks or being completed for sea, and four more are to be begun at once. Italy has three iron-clads building or completing for sea, while another armored ship of about 12,000 tons is to be taken in hand this year. Russia has only one armored cruiser in course of construction at the present moment, while Austria is not building any iron-clad, but is completing the Tegethoff, of 7,390 tons. Of the smaller maritime powers, Denmark is building an armored torpedo ship, while Holland, Norway and Sweden have no iron-clads on the stocks.

—There has been a family jar. "Come, mother, come," says the son-in-law to the old lady, in obedience to the pitiful request of his wife not to be disagreeable, "let us make it up. I said there was no woman in the world as unbearable as you are, didn't I, at which you felt hurt? Well, I take it all back, there are others!"

Three persons went out together for rifle practice. They selected a field near to a house, and put up a target in a tree at a distance of 100 yards. Four or five shots were fired, and by one of them a boy who was in a tree in a garden at a distance of 300 yards was killed. It was not clear which person fired the shot that killed the boy. Held that all three were guilty of manslaughter.—English decision.