

THE VOLUNTEER.

Maine blown up. War declared. Great excitement. People scared. Don't know who's. Scared the most. Spanish gubatois. Off the coast. Smart young Aleck. Hears the call. Wants to go. Fight or fall. Family kicks. He insists. Gets his back up. And enlists. Throws up job. Boss exclaims. 'Noble fellow. Country's claims. First of all. Do.' 't be slack. Have your place. When you're back.' Off to war. Hears the train. 'Hip hurrah! 'Tell with Spain! Women weep. Some are dumb. Girls throw kisses. Yum! Yum! Yum! Camped among Southern hills. Suffers misery. Constant drills. Practice marches. Eagan's beef. Chills and fever. No relief. Hates the army. States the cause. Wants some one. To kick his an-tere commander. In the neck. Feels himself. Total wreck. Goes to Cuba. War is done. Fighting ends. No more fun. Ordered home. Fortunes turn. Big reception. Food to burn. Girls, girls. Full of joy. Walking with soldier boys. Mustered out. Quit the flag. Meets his friends. Gets a jag. Pays his fine. To the clerk. Money gone. Must get work. No more girls. Hearts to break. When he meets 'em. Gets the shake. Seeks his boss. No disguise. States his case. Boss replies. Can't let leaders. Hang about. Place is filled. 'Get kicked out!' Goes away. Drops a tear. Can't get trusted. For a beer. Dies at length. By and by. Parson springs. Enology. Keep his memory. Ever dear. Brave and noble. Volunteer!

THE STORY OF ANN POWEL.

One old woman's letter to another—what can there be of stirring interest in the cramped lines that trembling fingers pen for time-dimmed eyes to see? Yet fifty years' standing seasons a romance as it does a wife. PHILADELPHIA, First Month Second, '85. MY DEAR FRIEND ANN POWEL.—Thy letter of Eleventh month last was duly received. I regret to learn of the death of thy sister Rebecca. She and she have ever been the seniors of all my friends both in long standing and in affection. Dear Ann, she has gone to that rest which awaits us all sooner or later, and which cannot be far off from either thee or me. Thou wastest thou art on the verge of eighty-five, and on the 23rd day Tenth month next will be my eighty-fourth birthday. When I take a retrospective view of by gone days, and recall the large number of our friends and associates who have long since passed away, I query why is that our lives are extended so far beyond these. I trust it is for some good purpose, and that we shall be enabled to fulfill the designs of our heavenly Father. Hast thou ever heard that Neil Eric died at the age of forty-seven? He lies by the side of his father and mother on Fair Hill. He returned to Philadelphia in about his fortieth year, having gained large fortune and great respect. At the time of his death he was elder in Friends' Meeting and sat in the second gallery. As thou knowest I was away from our native city many years, and therefore never saw him since our youth. Dear Ann, since I received thy letter my thoughts have been much of Rebecca. I have taken from a mahogany chest which contains my most treasured possessions many bundles of her old letters, and re-read them. One packet—stained with over sixty years, and out by the string that binds it, as many a life is out by the cords of circumstances—contains something which I think thou shouldst know. Dear Ann, perhaps it would be more in the line of my duty never to tell thee, yet I cannot but feel thou shouldst know. Take all the sweetness thou canst gather from the enclosed packet as they overlate due; for the rest—forgive, I find, more lenient than youth, for when the sap of life has run sluggish, neither anger nor pain hath the poignancy it had of yore. Thou who art on the verge of the hereafter wilt surely feel naught embitter thee against those who are gone, or thy few friends still remaining, one of whom feels that, through fear of unwarrantable interference, she did not do all she might have done for thee in years gone by. Awaiting thy answer, I remain Thy attached friend, MATILDA GRIFFITH. Ann Powel folded the letter and laid it on her knee. Her fingers closed on the yellow packet, and in her heart she knew the long lost chapter of her sweetest story.

But she was not impatient; impatience dies with youth. She even took off her glasses and laid them on the table, and her quiet eyes, which had looked at life with trusting resignation, turned from the small, warm room that represented her individual life to the snowy fields and gables and steeples that brought the pulse of humanity near her. The wind rustled and crowded the falling flakes and disposed of them at its will, as fate jostles and crowds and disposes of men. Many of the ditches and out-of-the-way corners were overfull, while the knolls and highest gables were bare and almost empty. Ann Powel's eyes fell unseeing on the dull dreariness of the scene, while she turned the pages of the letters. In 1820 the City of Brotherly Love lay in almost its entirety on the low, irregular oblong between the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. Freshening winds swept even its remotest angles and tinged the cheeks of the Quaker maidens with vivid color. On one of the quiet streets, where the walnut-trees grazed the sloping roofs of the comfortable houses, and in the fall distributed green-shelled fruit in abundance over sidewalks and gutters—on one of these quiet streets, in 1820, stood a house somewhat older, perhaps, than the others, a two storied stone affair, with a steep roof and a flight of six stone steps, guarded by an iron railing, which led up to the short, four paneled door. There were two windows on the first floor front and three above, and they must have had at least thirty little panes of glass apiece. It looked, on the whole, like the comfortable residence of respectable middle-class people, which it was; but besides being that it was a store. The small square sign that hung on a projecting rod to the left of the door, and on a level with its knocker, read: "Neil Eric. Pork and Poultry. Tenth to Fourth Month."

With the exception of an occasional renewal of paint, the sign had swung there unaltered for three generations. The Neil Eric who was upon the field of action in 1820 went with his wife and son and daughter to the farm every 1st of April, as the Neil Eric and their wives and sons and daughters of the past has done, as Neil Eric, Jr., and his wife and children would in all probability do in the days to come. The house was blinded by heavy wooden shutters half the year. Rosy-cheeked Neil Eric, Jr., was twenty-three. His shoulders were broad and strong, and his gray coat sat upon them with a grace a West Point cadet might envy. He stood six feet three inches, and his muscles were like iron. When little Prudence, his sister, teased him about his bigness or played him tricks, which was often, for she was a very elf for mischief,—he would catch her about the waist, which required exceeding swiftness and dexterity of motion; and seat her on the topmost of the store shelves without the least trouble. And there he would let her sit like a saucy gray squirrel with very black eyes till she begged for mercy. This she never did or gave up her chatter till she saw some one coming up the steps or heard her mother calling from the room within. "Now, Neil, thou hearest! Let me down!" "Hast ceased thy banter?" "Neil." His father's voice would come in quiet remonstrance from the desk in the corner. "When she says 'please,' father." The steps would perhaps be just at the door. "Please, then, Harry!" "Oh, no. 'Please, dear brother.'" "I wo—Oh, oh! Please, dear brother!" And down she would come, as part as ever as soon as her feet touched the floor. One day the door opened before she succumbed. It was Ann Powel. Neil went red to his hair. Ann Powel was twenty, as sweet and rosy and prim as Quaker maidens can be. He would rather any one in the world had seen the episode than she. Yet it did not make her think the worse of him, though the sight of his big head thrown back and his big teeth showing in teasing laughter was novel to her. She knew now he could be merry. Heretofore in her presence he had always been grave and bashful. When he reddened and put his magnificent arms up in a shamefaced way to lift the indignant little elf to the floor, Ann's heart beat so hard that it hurt her. That was just before they closed for the summer. Somehow the thought of six months of country life did not suit Neil. The moving and harvesting, the long walks, the rides behind Peggy, the boating—none of them had their accustomed attraction. It was with a weary heart that he helped his father put up the wooden shutters. It was with a strange sense of desolation that Ann Powel watched them from her window over the way. She could not look long, for she had just come up for some blocks for the quilt, and Matilda Griffith and Rebecca would be waiting. She tore herself away, and had just begun to fumble in the box of pieces that stood in the corner of the great square closet, when she heard Rebecca call: "Canst thou not find them?" "Yes, I have found them; I am coming." She put them hastily together and ran to the window to see once again. She thought Neil was looking. On the impulse of the moment she stirred the slat the least bit. She was sure he was looking then, for he started and smiled. The blood surged into her cheeks, and she seized the bundle of pieces and ran down the crooked stairway as fast as she could go. She could scarcely untie the bundle. She did it at the table, with her back to Rebecca and Matilda Griffith, that they might not note her agitation. They were busy talking of Esther Penner's new gown, and how she had carried herself when she wore it for the first time to meeting, and were in no hurry for the patches. "Didst see how she switched her skirt in passing Joseph Potter?" cried Rebecca. Which remark Ann, being the elder, would surely have rebuked had she not been too much engrossed to realize the scandal of it. Just at that moment there was a quick jerk at the knocker, and Ann's scissors and some of her pieces fell to the floor. "Why, what ails thee, Ann?" cried Rebecca. Matilda looked at her with half-parted lips, though she held an unfinished sentence suspended. "I fear 't is awkwardness ails me," Ann answered, laying the scissors and pieces on the table, her face very red from stooping, and starting for the door. In the dim hall she pressed her hand to her heart and lingered before she opened the door. "It is Elizabeth Pleigh for the receipt for clam chowder," she said to herself, breathing quickly as she drew the bolt. When the door opened she did not need to look higher than the big feet in their low shoes and silver buckles to know it was Neil Eric.

"Oh, Ellen, thou must not! Thou wouldst not if thou knew it would hurt me? Thou wilt not say to father Rebecca that thou sawest me thus?" "Never, never, if thou wishest me not," said the child. The year that followed Rebecca married Joseph Potter. She was just eighteen, as tall and stately as a goddess. "Hast anything in thy past thou wouldst have altered?" she asked of her betrothed, half jesting, half earnest, as they stood parting at the door the night before their marriage. "Why dost thou ask me?" he said, laughing. "Dost thou not know that if thou had done or said aught ill thou must make reparation the day before thy marriage?" "If that be so, I shall hold convention with my conscience on the way home," he said. "Thou, I know, hast naught that need repentance," he added, pressing her fingers. She thought of the words after he was gone—"Thou, I know, hast naught that need repentance." She was standing with her elbow on the mantel, watching Ann take Ellen's clothes for the morrow from a great time-blackened bureau. "Art thou happy, Ann?" she said suddenly. It was as though the question formed itself from her thought and sprang into words unbidden. Ann looked up smiling. The year had given a luminous tenderness to her face, but a certain light that used to glint in her eyes—the light of hope, perhaps, was gone. She finished the last sentence with a smile and a sweet note of joy for her sister that almost hid the little cry of self-pity with which it began. Rebecca started, but made no answer. The flame of the candle blinked at her like a solitary human eye. For a while the soft rattle of a skirt as she moved back and forth from the bureau was the only sound that broke the silence. "Thy life will be but meager if thou dost never marry." There was the sound of a sob in Rebecca's voice as she spoke. Ann's face flushed slightly. "Thou must not say so, Rebecca. If I never marry, thou must let me share thy joys with thee." "But thou—oh, Ann!—oh, God forgive me!" cried Rebecca. "Hush! Thou wilt wake Ellen! What troubles thee, sister? Thou art weary. Come, let me plait thy hair and turn down thy coverlet for thee. Dost thou know, I shall be very lonely when thou art gone?" Ann Powel lifted the packet of yellow letters and loosed the string. The first finished the story. PHILADELPHIA, 2nd Month, Eighth, '21. DEAR MATILDA: Thy long-continued absence grieves me. Ann, too, thou knowest, is away this week with our aunts Hancock, one of whom is ill. I have none for companion but Ellen, who is strangely childish for a girl of seven, and father, who but seldom speaks. Elizabeth Pleigh has had a cold, and she has been very unwell with weakness ere she was gone. She talks of nothing but cooking, which I abhor. The household goes all awry in Ann's absence. She hath a marvelous way of keeping its machinery in running order. My conscience stings me greatly to-day for something I have done. Just before dinner, when I stood at the window watching for father and fearing the beans and meat would go cold before he came, Neil Eric saw me and came over. As he seemed to wish to speak, I pushed up the sash, and said, "Good morning." He paid no heed but stood looking at his hat, which he had doffed. Presently he said, without looking up: "Rebecca, were I to ask Ann to marry me, dost thou think she would have me?" Matilda, I thought how wretched the house would be, and how father and Ellen could not possibly get along without her, and I said, "No." He lifted his head and looked steadily at me. "Art thou sure?" he said, and it sounded as though it were a life-or-death question with him. "I was already half ashamed at what I had done, but something possessed me. I looked straight in his eyes, and said, 'Yes.' He just turned on his heel and walked away. I have been wishing all day I had reversed my answers; but it is better as it is, for, after all, I never could make the home what it should be for father, as Ann can. Even now we are all longing for her return. Joseph Peter walked home with me from meeting yesterday evening, and spoke with father at the door. With the hope to see thee, REBECCA POWEL. By Annie E. Tynan, in Century Magazine.

Men and Things. The principle that the majority shall rule in the election of the president and vice president of the United States is one which stump orators are fond of dilating upon. Yet it is not strictly true that the majority do rule in determining the final results of presidential elections. There is probably no part of our federal system which is more valuable and which has passed through more severe strains than the method of choosing the chief officers of the government. The electoral college, while it is still legally the body of citizens chosen by the people to elect the president and vice president, ceased early in the century to be more than an association of figure-heads. The manner in which these electors have been chosen was long wanting in uniformity—in some states through the legislature, in others through the congressional districts, in others on a state ticket. How this privilege of each state to name its electors in whatever way it may desire, may be exercised, was shown a few years ago, when Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, a Republican state in its aggregate majority, persuaded a Democratic legislature, to pass a law that the electors should be chosen one in each congressional district. The result was that as there were five congressional districts which had a Democratic majority, Grover Cleveland obtained five votes in the electoral college when he was a candidate in 1892. The strength which a candidate may show in the electoral college is frequently much in proportion to the popular vote. Indeed, sometimes a candidate has had a majority there when he was supported by actually a minority of the people, while several presidents have had only a plurality behind them. John Quincy Adams went into the White House when he was second both in the popular vote and in the vote of the electoral college and after the contest had been thrown into the house of representatives. Thus, referring to Mr. Stanswood's well known tables, it will be seen that the vote was as follows among the four candidates: General Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford and Henry Clay: Jackson.....133,544 59 Adams.....106,740 34 Crawford.....46,918 41 Clay.....47,136 37 The fact that Jackson was far ahead of the next competitor in the vote of the people, together with the circumstances by which was raised the suspicion that Adams was elected in the house of representatives in pursuance of a "bargain and sale," was the potent cause of the reaction which carried him into the presidency when he again became a candidate. We often hear old men refer to the great Harrison "tidal wave" and the obliteration of Van Buren in 1840. The vote in the electoral college was 234 for Harrison and sixty for Van Buren—a majority, indeed, of almost four to one. Ann's vote on the popular vote Harrison had 1,275,000 and Van Buren 1,129,000—a majority grossly out of ratio to his vast preponderance in the college. In 1844 the combined vote of Henry Clay and of James G. Birney, the Abolition candidate was in excess of the victor's, James K. Polk's, by upwards of 25,000. General Taylor's electoral vote was 163 to 127 for General Cass, but the combined vote of Cass and Van Buren, with his Free Soilers, was more than 150,000 in excess of Taylor's. Franklin Pierce had a majority of nearly 60,000 over the total vote of General Scott and John P. Hale, but Pierce's majority in the electoral college was actually at the ratio of six to one, or 254 to 42. The election of 1856 is a curious example of this disproportion. In the electoral college James Buchanan had 174 votes, John C. Fremont 114 and Millard Fillmore 8. But on the popular vote, in round numbers, Buchanan had 1,828,000, Fremont 1,341,000 and Fillmore 873,000. In other words, Buchanan, the successful candidate, with a large majority in the college fell several hundred thousand behind the total vote of the other two candidates. Even more curious in this respect was the result in Abraham Lincoln's first election, when he received less than 40 per cent of the whole vote of the people. On this occasion there were three other candidates besides Lincoln—Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge and John Bell, and the votes were distributed thus: Lincoln.....1,802,402 189 Douglas.....1,376,957 12 Breckinridge.....849,781 72 Bell.....588,879 39 In other words, Lincoln, with a combined majority upwards of 950,000 against him nevertheless exceeded all his rivals together in the college. Yet Douglas with almost as many votes as Breckinridge and Bell united, did not come anywhere near to receiving the number of electoral votes that were cast for either of them. Indeed, the only state that cast its full electoral vote for him was Missouri, and a change of a few hundred votes would have deprived him even of that. Lincoln at his second election and Grant at both elections had large majorities in both the popular vote and the electoral college, and it was not until 1876 that occurred the greatest national strain that the country has ever passed through peacefully. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected president in the final outcome of an election in which Samuel J. Tilden was returned on the popular vote, with a majority of more than a quarter of a million over Hayes and of at least 100,000 over Peter Cooper and one or two other minor candidates in the field. It is well known how on the day after the election every prominent Republican paper of the period, with the exception of the New York Times, either conceded Tilden's election or declined to claim a victory for Hayes. Colonel Forney, for example, strong Republican partisan as he then was, made a speech from the famous city street, in which he virtually threw up the sponge for the Republican, and this was the frame of mind in which most of the editors and leaders of the party received the returns up to the hour when Zachariah Chandler and the New York Times came out with that pronouncement that Hayes had 185 electoral votes to Tilden's 164, and stilled up the drooping Republican sentiment throughout the country as if a current of electricity had been shot through the party's nerves. The series of manoeuvres, strategies, litigations, legislative acts and judicial decisions by which at every point during the next four months the Democratic claims were circumvented and invalidated and the Republican claim on that one doubtful vote for a majority maintained, is one of the most remarkable instances in modern history of the political success won by sheer audacity and technical procedure. Nowhere was it possible to induce a single elector to change his vote to Tilden, even James Russell Lowell, afterward chief of

literary mug wumps, who was one of the Massachusetts electors, insisting that this was something he could not and dare not do when the suggestion was made to him that he might thus patriotically save the country from the civil war which at one time seemed imminent. Finally, when the members of the supreme court in the electoral commission divided exactly on party lines in the consideration of every essential date which came before the commission, it was realized how party ties hold down even the ablest and purest men in public life. It was shown, too, how even with the popular majorities which the Republicans claimed in South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana in making up their electoral majority of one, that a presidential candidate might be a quarter of a million votes ahead of his rival and yet be a loser in the electoral college by a vote of 214 to 155, he had only 9,000 votes more than Hancock, throughout the Union, in a total pole of more than 9,000,000, the combined vote of Hancock, Weaver and Dow constituting a majority upward of 300,000. When Cleveland was first elected, he had, on the popular vote, only 23,000 more than Blaine, and 300,000 less than a majority when the Butler and St. John vote were added to Blaine's. A notable election in illustrating the diversity between the popular vote and the electoral vote was that of 1888, when Benjamin Harrison became President, with not only a majority of nearly 500,000 against him on the combined Cleveland, Fisk and Shuter vote, but with more than 200,000 majority against him on the part of Cleveland alone. In 1892 Cleveland had an overwhelming majority in the electoral college over both Harrison and Weaver, the Populist; he had on the popular vote upward of 380,000 more than Harrison. But on this occasion Weaver polled considerably more than 1,400,000 votes, the largest ever given to a third party candidate, and the combined vote of the field against Cleveland left him more than 900,000 short of a majority. The first president since the time of Grant who has had a clear majority in both college and the popular vote was McKinley, for with 601,854 votes more than Bryan, he was still 286,000 in the lead when the votes for all the other candidates were added to Bryan's. But it is only when there is something like an abnormal preponderance, as there was in 1896, that the ratio in the electoral college is anywhere nearly proportionate to the popular vote.—Philadelphia Bulletin. Lady Randolph Churchill's Wedding Took Place Friday. Wests Go to Ireland. Four Hundred Presents. Lord and Lady Algeron Gordon Lent their Castle for First Days of Honeymoon. The Duke of Marlborough gave away Lady Randolph Churchill at her marriage to Lieut. George Cornwallis West Friday in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London. The service was full and gay. The Rev. Mr. Sheppard, sub-deacon of the royal Chapel of St. James, assisted by Prebendary Villiers, of St. Paul's, performed the marriage ceremony. Lieut. H. C. Elwes, of the Scots Guards, was best man. There was no bridesmaid. The wedding dress was of pale blue chiffon, fashioned with a tucked bodice completed by a bolero of real cluny lace. A flounce of the same lace edged the skirt. The toque worn with this was of white chiffon, ornamented with a blue ostrich tip and a cluster of cream roses caught beneath the billow. No invitations had been sent out and there was no formal reception. Four hundred presents have been received. The first day's honeymoon will be passed at Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire, lent by Lord and Lady Algeron Gordon. Lennox Winston raised no objection to the marriage, but all attempts to propitiate West's father, Knighbridge, London. The Rev. Mr. Sheppard, sub-deacon of the royal Chapel of St. James, assisted by Prebendary Villiers, of St. Paul's, performed the marriage ceremony. Lieut. H. C. Elwes, of the Scots Guards, was best man. There was no bridesmaid. 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