

The Republican.

Fraud Proved by Figures.

The Indianapolis *News*, which everybody in Indiana knows is not a Republican paper, contains as follows:

"On a page and a half of its Monday issue the New York *Times* published a complete analysis of the election of 1876. It can not, of course, prove fraud in so many words, as the cipher dispatches did, but when it shows that for a period of forty-eight years elections of the most momentous kind have drawn out no more than 85 per cent. of the popular vote and then shows, according to the returns of 1876, that 88.2 per cent. voted in Connecticut, 95 per cent. in New York, 98.6 per cent. in New Jersey, 99 per cent. in Louisiana, 109.4 per cent. in Florida, it shows a presumption of fraud from which there is no escape. When further it shows that of all its enormous vote the Republicans have only their original proportion, and that the magical increase was Democratic, it shows that the fraud was for the benefit of the same persons who dealt in cipher dispatches, and the inference is, perpetrated by the same master manipulator. Indeed in the light of the *Times*' work the cipher dispatches are for the first time entirely comprehensible. The frauds worked out in detail in these separate states were supposed to be all sufficient; then comes a hitch and the desperate desire to get the "oufract" of so much weary labor, originates the scheme of buying up the rascality that previous work showed existed. The *Times*' figures show that in Louisiana the vote claimed by Tilden involves the assumption that of the 160,941 qualified electors in that state only 1,500 failed to come to the polls, and that every white voter in the state, dead or alive, sick or well, absent or present, 72,906 in number, cast his vote for Mr. Tilden; while, in addition to this, 9,420 colored voters rallied to his support, the remainder of the colored vote going to Mr. Hayes. This would require that in every 100 qualified voters of the state 99 came to the polls and voted.

In Florida the population was 216,149, of which 44,741, white and colored, were entitled to vote. The Democratic claim rested on the declaration that there were 48,791 votes, of which 24,441 were polled for Tilden, and 24,350 for Hayes, which required 4,050 ballots in excess of the whole number of qualified electors. In Mississippi there were 174,227 qualified electors, 81,887 white, and 92,340 colored. The presidential vote was 164,778, of which 112,173 votes were alleged to have been cast for Tilden, and 82,605 for Hayes. This would require that in every one hundred voters 94.5 came to the polls; and if every white voter in the state, without a single exception, has cast his vote for Tilden, it would still require that 30,286 colored men should also have voted for him. In New York it is conclusively proved that the number of qualified electors in 1876 did not exceed 1,068,412, or 22.4 per cent. of its total population. Of this number, the presidential vote is returned represented that 1,017,339 had come to the polls, which would require that in every one hundred qualified voters in the state only 48 failed to deposit their ballots.

In New Jersey there must have been in 1876 223,004 qualified voters. The total vote returned was 220,224 or only 2,770 short of the total number of persons in the state qualified to vote. To produce this, it would require that only a fraction over one voter in every one hundred in the whole of New Jersey should have failed to deposit his ballot. Connecticut shows a similar increase, and for these three northern states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the *Times* thus summarizes:

For 20 years, from 1850 to 1860, the population of New York increased 59.7 per cent., but from 1860 to 1876, a period of sixteen years, while the population increased 22.9 per cent., the last presidential election makes the popular vote in census 50.6 per cent., New Jersey, during the first period named, increased in population 37.9 per cent.; but in the second period, increased in population 38.1 per cent., the popular vote increased 81 per cent. Connecticut, during the first period, increased her population 43 per cent.; but in the second period, while the popular vote increased 58.8 per cent., the popular vote increased 58.8 per cent.

How to tie a Lover.

In Lancashire, if an inquirer wishes to know the abode of a lover, an apple-pippin is taken between the thumb and finger, and, while moving round squeezed out, when it is supposed to fly in the direction of the lover's house. These words are said at the same time:

Pippin, pippin, paradise,
Tell me where my true love lies;

Apple-pippin, cockerel,

Pulling big or cockermouth.

Hallwell, in his "Popular Rhymes" (1849), says that girls formerly practiced divination with a "St. Thomas onion," which they peeled, wrapped in a clean handkerchief, and laid under their heads, saying the following rhyme:

Good St. Thomas, do me right,

And see my true love come to night;

That I may see him in the face,

And him in kind arms embrace.

The Morality of Cards and Croquet.

One day this summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men, who were playing with those awful playthings of the devils—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it. They played a little seven-up, pedro, and occasionally a trifl of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally, at some unexpected play, repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarreled, and never called names once. When we got out at our station we sat at our windows and, and watched a party of young men and maidens play croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek-looking young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard it frightened a horse. The other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree; they both banged into the house at different doors, and the two

had a good laugh.

After which her destined partner is believed to follow her.

The body of a man named Ben Arnold was found hung by the neck to a tree at Chais de Roche, twenty-five miles above Fort Thompson, Dakota, last Sunday. The supposition is that he has been doing something bad and was hung up as an example to other evil doers.

Madame Burdett Coutts.

We do not know of any more suggestive or helpful message to send to you, good friends, during these eventful days than a little record of one of the royal women of the century, Baroness Burdett Coutts, the woman distinguished as possessing more wealth than any other private woman in the world, and a woman honored throughout the world for her wise use of her fortune. We are indebted to Sarah L. Hale for an interesting sketch, from which we condense the following statement:

Miss Burdett Coutts is the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a philanthropist and reformer, whose political career is well known. Her mother was Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, an opulent banker. She was born April 25, 1814. She was not educated an expectant heiress, because her father's marriage with Miss Mellon, the actress, and his gift, by will, of his whole fortune to this comparatively young wife must have deprived his children of any expectancy from the step mother, who subsequently married the young Duke of St. Albans. But the amiable, affectionate, and interesting Angela Burdett was ever a favorite with her step-grandmother; and as the latter had no children or near relations of her own, she justly determined the fortune she had received from her first husband, should return to his family, and wisely selected the youthful Angela as her heiress would assume the additional surname and arms of Coutts, which, by royal license, was permitted. In September, 1837, the subject of our sketch took the style and surname, and came into possession of the fortune, she being then twenty-three years of age.

Since Miss Burdett Coutts came into possession of her fortune she has been indefatigable in her works of benevolence. In addition to her varied bequests to public and private charities, she has built one church that accommodates 1,000 persons, and endowed two schools where 400 children are educated.

Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired, or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there was nothing else, they would fall a scold at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, catervaulings, or a hand-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to effect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something, or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary badminton is created.

People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in town. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

How to tie a Lover.

In Lancashire, if an inquirer wishes to know the abode of a lover, an apple-pippin is taken between the thumb and finger, and, while moving round squeezed out, when it is supposed to fly in the direction of the lover's house. These words are said at the same time:

Pippin, pippin, paradise,

Tell me where my true love lies;

Apple-pippin, cockerel,

Pulling big or cockermouth.

Hallwell, in his "Popular Rhymes" (1849), says that girls formerly practiced divination with a "St. Thomas onion," which they peeled, wrapped in a clean handkerchief, and laid under their heads, saying the following rhyme:

Good St. Thomas, do me right,

And see my true love come to night;

That I may see him in the face,

And him in kind arms embrace.

The Morality of Cards and Croquet.

One day this summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men, who were playing with those awful playthings of the devils—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it. They played a little seven-up, pedro, and occasionally a trifl of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally, at some unexpected play, repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarreled, and never called names once. When we got out at our station we sat at our windows and, and watched a party of young men and maidens play croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek-looking young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard it frightened a horse. The other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree; they both banged into the house at different doors, and the two

had a good laugh.

After which her destined partner is believed to follow her.

The body of a man named Ben Arnold was found hung by the neck to a tree at Chais de Roche, twenty-five miles above Fort Thompson, Dakota, last Sunday. The supposition is that he has been doing something bad and was hung up as an example to other evil doers.

Business Depression in England.

We do not know of any more suggestive or helpful message to send to you, good friends, during these eventful days than a little record of one of the royal women of the century, Baroness Burdett Coutts, the woman distinguished as possessing more wealth than any other private woman in the world, and a woman honored throughout the world for her wise use of her fortune. We are indebted to Sarah L. Hale for an interesting sketch, from which we condense the following statement:

Miss Burdett Coutts is the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a philanthropist and reformer, whose political career is well known. Her mother was Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, an opulent banker. She was born April 25, 1814. She was not educated an expectant heiress, because her father's marriage with Miss Mellon, the actress, and his gift, by will, of his whole fortune to this comparatively young wife must have deprived his children of any expectancy from the step mother, who subsequently married the young Duke of St. Albans. But the amiable, affectionate, and interesting Angela Burdett was ever a favorite with her step-grandmother; and as the latter had no children or near relations of her own, she justly determined the fortune she had received from her first husband, should return to his family, and wisely selected the youthful Angela as her heiress would assume the additional surname and arms of Coutts, which, by royal license, was permitted. In September, 1837, the subject of our sketch took the style and surname, and came into possession of the fortune, she being then twenty-three years of age.

Freezing Fish for Winter Use.

The wholesale dealers of Fulton market have perfected a plan whereby fish now obtainable only in the summer season can be supplied in the depth of winter. The Fish Market Association have caused to be constructed on Front street a large freezing house, which in the heat of summer can keep the fish at a temperature below zero, thus entirely checking decomposition. When the fish market is overstocked the best are selected for freezing, removed to the freezing houses, cleaned, and then placed in freezing pans covered with ground ice and salt, thus excluding the air while the process of freezing is going on. The Front street refrigerator is divided into three sections, each capable of being divided into six boxes, and the walls are coated with zinc, a second or in some cases a third, in the wall of the same metal separating each apartment—a space of several inches being left between the wall of each subdivision, with oblong slits permitting the air from those spaces to pass into the apartment. The spaces are filled with ground ice and rock salt, 5,000 pounds of the former and fourteen bushels of the latter being required daily to keep the temperature up to freezing point. It is claimed that the fish can be frozen when required, and that they will be as good as fresh fish. In addition to the freezing house of the Fish Market Association, there are in this city two houses constructed by private enterprise, and it is calculated that before September there will be more than 100 tons of the finest fish stored in them.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her hair, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrivelled, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the sweet radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold to high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the way-side to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by every act of yours.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

Shredders and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines.

There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the properties of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her hair, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrivelled, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the sweet radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold to high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the way-side to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by every act of yours.

The Queen of All.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her hair, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrivelled, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the sweet radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold to high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the way-side to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by every act of yours.

The Queen of All.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her hair, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrivelled, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the sweet radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold to high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the way-side to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by every act of yours.

The Queen of All.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her hair, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrivelled, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the sweet radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold to high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of