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Thursday, July 23, 1891.

COMPLICATIONS IN OHIO.

In view of the row among the Ohio Democrats it is worth while to observe that Governor Campbell has at least one advantage over McKinley. He his absolute control of the state organization of his party, and undoubtedly special care will be taken to take the management of affairs out of the hands of the local bosses, so that the treachery of those worthies can accomplish nothing more than the loss of their own votes. On the other hand the Foraker men—who correspond pretty closely on the republican side to Campbell's opponents on the democratic—are running the republican campaign in the state as completely as in Cincinnati. Only one personal friend of Mr. McKinley is on the republican state central committee, and for the first time in the history of Ohio politics the candidates for state offices were excluded from the meeting of the committee when it organized and elected officers.

McKinley is not much of a politician, and has no grip on the machine. The politicians in his party are not hostile to him, as the Cincinnati democratic ring is to Governor Campbell—they are simply indifferent to him. From the present outlook the entire republican campaign, so far as the state central committee is concerned, is to be run with an eye single to electing Foraker to the senate. Of course, that is not what the beneficiaries of the tariff outside of Ohio are interested in, when they put up their coin it will be given for the purpose of electing McKinley. But unless they send their own agents to handle it, or make sure that they are putting it into the hands of McKinley's personal friends, Foraker will get benefit of it, and the Napoleon of Chinese protection will be left to take his chances.

This is one of the considerations that makes it unsafe to bet on the outcome of the Ohio campaign. The Australian ballot system is another. But for that Governor Campbell would be at the mercy of the trusts and the Cincinnati thugs, but as it is nothing is certain. It would be poetic justice if the Governor's conscientiousness in insisting upon the adoption of the reform should prove his salvation.—*Examiner.*

Reynolds' newspaper, the only distinctively radical paper in London, advocating republican ideas, expresses the belief that "the principal of monarchy is nearing its downfall, since it is producing such imbeciles as the Prince of Wales and such prententious humbugs as the Kaiser, who believes that the Almighty has appointed him to govern as best suits his own ambition. Such ideas of rulership are out of place in the Nineteenth century, and people will refuse to be tolerant toward them much longer."

All accounts represent that distress is imminent in many districts of Russia. The wheat crop is so inferior, and the condition of the poor so pitiful in consequence, that in order to prevent a wide-spread famine the exportation of Russian wheat is prohibited. This is a fact that will make the great grain crop of America, now being harvested, all the more valuable.

St. Louis Globe-Democrats (Rep.): If the democrats carry Pennsylvania in the state election this year, or cut the republican margin down to 9,000 or 10,000, Gov. Pattison's name will be prominent in the list of aspirants for the presidential nomination in next year's democratic national convention. A democratic victory in Pennsylvania in the canvass of 1891 and a democratic defeat in Ohio would put Pattison ahead of all others in the convention, with the posible exception of Cleveland. Should the democratic majority in Pennsylvania be 18,000 or 20,000 with the republicans ahead in Ohio, Pattison would undoubtedly be nominated in 1892 on the first ballot.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Washington, July 18th.—Reports which reach Washington from Bar Harbor, through private sources, confirm certain dispatches written last week, containing the condition of Secretary Blaine. These reports are even of a more alarming character than the published dispatches, for they declare in semi-confidence that Mr. Blaine is not only a physical wreck, but that the stories told some weeks ago respecting his mental condition are in the main true.

John R. McLean, proprietor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who is spending the summer at Bar Harbor, writes to a friend that Mr. Blaine's condition is really alarming. He said: "His decline is rapid and he is a far *sicker* man than the world knows of." In fact, Mr. McLean makes no secret of his belief that Mr. Blaine will never return to the state department and that his resignation will soon be in the hands of President Harrison. Already political speculators are at work selecting a new secretary of state. The name of John W. Foster is freely mentioned as Mr. Blaine's successor. Mr. Foster, while abundantly equipped in diplomatic ability, is perhaps not of sufficient political weight or importance to become premier. Ex-Secretary Edmunds is regarded as a strong probability, and his name is more freely accepted just now than that of any other man.

The advent of a little stranger in the family of the Chinese minister here has been the subject of general rejoicing for the past two weeks at the legation, where the tiny maiden is kept in strict seclusion until she shall have completed the first month of her existence. This is in accordance with the laws of the celestial kingdom, which also require the seclusion of the mother for the same length of time. When the little almond-eyed maiden was three days old she was decked out in the finest of curiously fashioned garments and carried in state to the large parlor on the first floor of the spacious mansion, where the members of the legation were invited to pay their respects to the tiny bit of humanity. On that day quite a large number of friends who had been notified, also called at the legation and brought presents. The minister's wife, though forbidden by the custom of her native country from seeing abyone was on that day served with rice and various dainties to tempt her appetite. In the afternoon the baby was given back to it mother and will not be seen again until she is a month old. The Minister, Mr. Jsui Kwo Yin, has already selected a name for his daughter, but until she is a month old this will be kept a profound secret. Miss Yin is the second child born to the family of Chinese nobility in this country. The first child was named Mea, which translated signifies "Beautiful American."

The latest democratic presidential boom to be set afleat here is one for McPherson, the New Jersey senator. Senator McPherson is a power in New Jersey and will probably be able to control the state delegation to the democratic national convention if he wishes, either for Cleveland or himself. His friends believe that if nominated he will prove a strong candidate at the polls. He is one of the few democrats in the last senate who voted against free coinage and the republican silver bill. He was also one of the most active in fighting the high schedules of the McKinley bill, even where they were framed for the benefit of the manufacturers in his own state. It has often been said that if Mr. Cleveland were elected again, Senator McPherson would be his secretary of the treasury, if ex-secretary Fairchild were unwilling to return again to official life. It is thought here by democrats that the nomination of Senator McPherson for president would be quite satisfactory to the business sentiment of New York and New Jersey, for his position in favor of sound finance and intelligent reform has been more clearly set forth than ever that of Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, or Governor Campbell, of Ohio.

The order issued by the president last week abolishing the three military divisions into which the country has been divided since a short time after the war, and assigning the eight departments to the command of as many general officers and leaving Major-General Schofield in command of the army makes the number of commands correspond with the number of general officers once more. Ever since the retirement of General Sheridan, with the consequent abolition of the grades of general and lieutenant-general, there have been more commands than generals, and at times colonels have been in command of departments as well as divisions. The most important practical effect of this order is the curtailing of the importont command of Major-General Miles, by leaving him only the department of the Missouri to command, and taking from him the other departments formerly comprising the division of the Missouri—the department of the Platte commanded by Brigadier-General Brooke; the department of Dakota, commanded by Brigadier-General Merritt, and the department of Texas, commanded by Brigadier-General Stanley. This means that General Miles will figure in no more important Indian campaigns, for the Sioux and other troublesome tribes of the north are in the commands of General Brooke and Merritt, while General Miles is left only the more peaceable tribes in the Indian Territory.

That nice light bread at the Red Front bakery is delicious. Try it.

A TALK ON EMPTY CHAIRS

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT FROM DR. TALMAGE IN OHIO.

No Greater Influences Are in the Family Circle Than the Mute Appeals of Departed Ones—Vacant Places at the Fireside.

LAKESIDE, O., July 19.—For many years people have gathered in multitudes at this season of the year for a great outdoor assembly. The grounds are a short sail from Sandusky; the place beautiful beyond description. Dr. Talmage preached this morning in this delightful place to a vast multitude. His subject was the "Vacant Chair," and his text, I Samuel xx, 18, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner today. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly: "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet!" The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table.

Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams' vacant chair in the house of representatives, and at Henry Wilson's vacant chair in the vice presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor castle, and at Thiers' vacant chair in the councils of the French nation. But all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

FATHER'S CHAIR.

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room you jump up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new fangled notions.

I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said, "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when, with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way.

Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poorhouse, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that old chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out! old armchair.

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back these three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh, man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out, old armchair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

MOTHER'S CHAIR.

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well; it was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. The chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What! a prayerless pillow? Man! what is the matter?" This, You are too near your mother's rocking chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born. I'm three thousand miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that. That chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that. It is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

THE INVALID'S CHAIR.

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh! I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalids' chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years, trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward, "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh!" she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." I said, "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. Oh, these men and women who are always suffering but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage and the cataplasm and the prescription. That invalid's chair may be folded up or taken apart or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.

THAT EMPTY HIGH CHAIR.

I pass on and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age. If you have no child of your own adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy. Only about five hundred millions of them. The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you the high chair becomes a higher chair and there is desolation all about you.

In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over his every wayward step. Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you." With respect to your child the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

AN INVITATION UPWARD.

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning: "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth; come let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh! when we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshiping God in that place from which we shall go out no more forever.

I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven. There we shall meet again and talk over our earthly heartbreaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last? On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of empty cradle and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would today bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike in on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

To Keep the House Cool.

Much of the heat of our houses is supplied by the kitchen range, which Bridget keeps red hot even in the dog days. Prevent this by using a gas stove or oil stove as far as possible. Then shut up tight all rooms not in use. Not only should the shutters and windows be closed, but the blinds must be lowered to exclude every ray of light, and the doors locked to prevent the running in and out of the children, who thus admit waves of heated air. Perhaps it would be neither wise nor practicable to hermetically seal all the rooms of a house, but one room, at least, can be so treated—the parlor, and also the dining room between meals; the room selected should be closed early in the morning while the air has some freshness, and before the sun strikes the windows; then it should not be opened until late in the afternoon.

Every house should have an accessible trap door in its roof, and when this is left open a current of heated air must rise through it and make a general draught over all the house. Awnings should be light in color, and should be at all windows and doors except those to the north. They are great helps in keeping out glare, but they should be chosen of a kind which is readily raised and lowered. After sundown, a plentiful watering of your street and pavement, and of all the garden you possess, will cool the air wonderfully.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Garden hose by the thousand feet direct from the factory at Hodson's.

Indianapolis Journal (Rep.): In all discussions concerning the presidential succession in 1892 there is one thing important to be borne in mind, and that is that President Harrison regards the success of the republican party as the essential and overshadowing element in the case. * * * He said to one who attempted to broach the question of the succession: "There is just one thing that I am concerned about, and that is that on the 4th of March, 1893, I may not have to ride to the capitol with a democrat." This was his way of saying that the success of the republican party was a matter of far more importance and an object that lay much nearer his heart than the success of an individual or even his own renomination.

The troublesome Southern Indians are in the department of Arizona, under Brigadier General McCook. This is one of the departments formerly under Brigadier-General Ruger in the division of the Pacific. General Ruger retains command of the department of California, while the third department of his old division, that of Columbia, is commanded by Brigadier-General Kautz. The only division-commander who loses no territory by the new order is Major-General Howard, whose present command, the department of the East, has been for some years co-extensive with the division of the Atlantic.

Atlanta Constitution (Dem.): Democratic editors undoubtedly have their preferences, but these are personal, whereas the relations of their papers to to the party are something more than personal. When the democratic party in convention assembled, nominates a candidate, the nomination will be acquiesced in by all democratic editors. There is no need for our esteemed contemporaries to darken counsel by putting forward their personal preferences.

Albany Times (Dem.); After two candidacies Jefferson himself refused a third one, although one political tempest which threatened our youthful republic was such that even he trembled at the outlook. And in fifty years—half a century— the Democracy has since committed the folly of renominat- a president only twice, and has each time been ignominiously beaten.

Birmingham Age-Herald (Dem.): Mr. Cleveland's nomination would be purely on personal grounds, because he has never taken any pains to keep himself in line with the democratic party and seems to consider himself, as his mugwump supporters declare he is, "superior to the party."

Well, I Vum and I Vow!

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