FAST ON THE MANACLES

American Liner Paris Ashore on English Coast.

PASSENGERS ALL LANDED SAFELY

Lookout Gives a Warning Cry, but the Vessel Goes on the Rocks Before the Engines Could Be Reversed—Lying Near the Spot Where the Mohegan Was Wrecked—Paris Believed to Have a Large Hole in Her Bottom—Lost Bearings in a Fog.

Falmouth, May 21.—The American Line steamer Paris, Capt. Watkins, from Southampton and Cherbourg for New York, struck on an outlying ridge of the Manacles early this morning at a point half a mile from where the wrecked Atlantic Transport Liner Mohegan lies, and five miles from Falmouth.

The Paris, which sailed from Southampton yesterday, called at Cherbourg and picked up fifty passengers. She left Cherbourg at 6 o'clock last evening. Soon after 1 o'clock this morning, at high tide, and in a dense fog, she ran ashore. From the first there was no danger. Life boats and tugs were soon literally swarming around the vessel to render assistance. A majority of the passengers, who numbered 280, were brought to Falmouth, where they obtained lodgings for the night.

Capt. Watkins reported that his ship was lying comfortably in smooth water, and that there was no occasion for any alarmist reports. He reported the passengers and crew all well.

The first intimation of the vessel's striking the rocks was a slight grating sound, which was followed by a second and more pronounced shock. The lookout shouted that there was something looming ahead, but before there was time to reverse the engines the ship had gone on the rocks, two hundred yards from the shore. Assistance was summoned by means of rockets, and the coast guards promptly telephoned to the life-saving station for boats.

A majority of the passengers were not aware that an accident had happened until they were called up by the stewards. On reaching the deck they found the ship's boats in perfect readiness for their reception. The sea was perfectly calm, and the only discomfort that the passengers experienced was caused by the slight rain that was falling at the time. Owing to the calmness of the sea, the boats could be managed with entire safety. Perfect order prevailed aboard the vessel. Capt. Watkins stood on the bridge giving orders, and his perfect self-possession and calmness of demeanor had a reassuring effect upon the passengers.

Women and Children First.

In accordance with the instructions of the Captain, the women and children were the first to be taken off the ship. Such perfect order was maintained that a passenger described the scene as simply a slow procession of women and children walking in a single file to the boats.

At daybreak the position of the vessel could be better discerned. The brilliant St. Anthony light, at the entrance of Falmouth harbor, could be distinguished plainly through the misty rain, and the still-standing masts of the ill-fated Mohegan could be seen near by.

It is said that a Falmouth pilot boat showed a warning signal to the Paris, telling the Captain that he would put the vessel on top of the Mohegan if he did not alter the course of the ship. The warning, however, came too late, and the Paris struck on a ridge to the westward of the Manacles.

It is suggested that as this was only their second trip from Cherbourg the officers of the Paris were not familiar with the course. The crew of the Paris are still aboard the vessel. It is believed that the steamer has a large rent in her bottom in the forward part of the ship. Tugs are standing by her and will assist in an effort to get her off the rocks.

Further details of the disaster show that when the vessel struck, the crew were summoned on deck. The passengers, upon appearing, were met in the companionway with comforting words and assurances of their safety. Exceptional coolness was shown on all sides, the stewards distributing coffee and stimulants to all who desired them.

Fortunate Absence of a High Wind.

Capt. Watkins had his gig lowered, and rowed ashore in order to ascertain his whereabouts and to telegraph to Falmouth for tugs to assist his ship. In the meantime rockets were sent up and signal guns were fired. The vessel lay with her head to the southwest, the reversing of her engines having put her broadside on to the rocks. Happily, the sea was smooth and there was no wind. Otherwise there would probably have been a different tale to tell.

The dangers of the vicinity were strikingly brought home to the passengers and crew by the masts of the wrecked steamer Mohegan, which are sticking out of the water, and by a miserable bell buoy, which tolls almost constantly as though sounding a death knell.

When Capt. Watkins returned from his trip ashore he learned that there was already considerable water in the hold, and the tugs which had arrived stood in readiness for any emergency. All the passengers were transferred to the tug Dragon, but beyond the clothes they wore, they took nothing with them. They were landed at Falmouth shortly after 7 o'clock, the local agents of the American Line meeting them and providing them with every care, and quartering them at the various hotels and the Sailors' Home.

When the Paris struck the tide was within an hour of flood, and this proved insufficient to raise her off the rocks.

Passengers Praise Officers.

The passengers are lavish in their praise of the admirable behavior of the officers and crew, and declare that it was due to their self-possession that no accident occurred to any one. Perfect discipline, they say, was maintained throughout. It is stated that those in charge of the Paris were so confident that they were pursuing the proper course that the vessel was steaming eigtheen or nineteen knots an hour when they struck.

There will be little danger to the steamer if the calm continues, but should the wind veer to the east or southeast the consequences might be serious.

In connection with the accident to the Paris, it will be of interest to mariners and travelers to hear that persistent agitation since the wreck of the Mohegan has at last induced the Trinity Brethren to act, and last week they promised to erect a gas-lighted, automatic sound producing buoy on the Manacles in place of the useless bell buoy now there.

Gangs of men on lighters have gone to the stranded steamer to take off the belongings of the passengers. It is reported that two forward compartments of the Paris are full of water.

A Passenger's Story.

Thomas Allen, of London, a passenger on the Paris, on his way to New York, said:

"I was in bed when the accident happened. I heard a grating sound, and then several hard thumps on the rocks shook the ship. The vessel then seemed to stop dead. A few minutes later I heard some one calling, 'All hands on deck!' I roused my chum, who was still asleep, and we went on deck. We were told to secure our life belts, and we returned below and got them. We were not allowed to return to the deck at that time. All were kept waiting below. At the first summons a few of the passengers appeared in their night clothes, but as soon as they discovered that there was no danger they returned to their rooms and made themselves ready to leave the ship. The passengers all behaved in the best possible manner. There was no screaming on the part of the women, and the most perfect order was maintained. We were kept waiting below for an hour. Coffee and biscuits were served, and then we entered the ship's boats. The steam tugs brought us to Falmouth."

Mrs. Batcheler's Experience.

Mrs. Batcheler, a sister of United States Senator Vest, of Missouri, who embarked at Cherbourg, says the weather was wet and nasty when they left port. She retired early, and at about 1 o'clock was awakened by a tremendous crash, which at first seemed to arise from the machinery. Then everything became so quiet that she did not leave her berth. Soon afterward, however, she was aroused by a steward, who urged the passengers to dress and go on deck immediately. Putting on a few things Mrs. Batcheler hurried above and found hundreds of half dressed passengers there before her. The officers were busily engaged in preparing the boats for launching and calming the passengers, though there was comparatively little excitement, as it was evident that the ship was not sinking, and at daybreak all were assured by glimpses of the shore.

Mrs. Batcheler said that some of the passengers asserted that they heard Capt. Watkins say: "I am unable to understand how this happened." There was no fog when Mrs. Batcheler went on deck, but only a misty rain. The worst trouble, she says, arose in transferring the passengers in small boats to the tugs. "The officers and crew," she observed, "worked like Trojans in getting the old people and children off, and they certainly deserve great praise."

List of Saloon Passengers.

The saloon passenger list of the Paris is as follows:

William A. Armour and wife, Mrs. W. F. Ashford and Miss Mary Ashford, Thomas Allen, W. F. Archer and wife, A. L. Lain, Mrs. M. E. Batcheler, C. C. Bower, Harry Cottle, Mrs. W. H. Churchill, Charles Eden, J. Walter Earle, F. N. Fletcher, Miss Carrie Green, M. Green, Mrs. R. D. Gardner and Misses Agnes Garden and Helen Garden, Miss Mary B. Howard, W. B. Hart, jr.; W. Henry, D. R. Herrmann, Freda Jeanne, James James, J. Kirby, Dr. J. S. Lawrence and wife, Harold Lawrence and Miss Geraldine Lawrence, Mrs. W. E. Littleton and Miss Annie G. Littleton, Miss Annie G. Lawrie, A. Lewis and wife, A. H. Lang, M. Levy, Miss M. L. McLean, Mrs. C. Miller, John F. McLain and wife, Mrs. John R. McArthur and infant, Capt. G. W. McCallum, Reginald Norman, Dr. D. R. Phillips, and Frank C. Phillips, E. W. Porter, Samuel Pearsall, Mrs. Margaret Brocke, Louis R. Head, Mrs. J. H. Ranlett, I. R. Roe, W. K. Remson, John R. Sweney, Fred Stieltjes, Mrs. M. E. Sibley, Misses Helen and Mary Stubbs, H. W. Southworth, Mrs. H. H. Stanwood, Miss Florence and Henry H. Stanwood, M. L. S. Mead, Mrs. Spalding, Miss P. B. Townsend, George M. Taylor, Miss Blanche Taylor, and Thomas J. Taylor, William Rigley, Mrs. O. A. Washburn, Mrs. Montgomery Wilson, H. D. Wyllie, John White, Edith Weld, F. E. De Wolf and wife, M. H. York, D. Goldberg and Mrs. Goldberg, and Baron Oppenheim.

The mails of the Paris will be forwarded by the North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which will sail from here to-morrow.

The passenger list includes 85 first cabin passengers, 109 second cabin, and 192 steerage.

To-night the Paris lies in much the same position as when she struck, her bow being about 150 yards from the shore, and her stern about 200. Just outside the bows of the Paris is a great ragged rock, and a ridge of rocks projects into the water 200 yards ahead.

There is about sixteen feet of water in the three forward compartments, but the engines are apparently unharmed. It has been decided to await special salvage apparatus and the next tide to-morrow. The sea is still smooth and the work of lightering proceeds.

As Seen by a Coast Guard.

Coverack, May 21.—One of the coast guardsmen at Coverack has made the following statement to a correspondent of the Associated Press:

"It was 1:21 a. m. to-day when I discovered the lights of a steamer close inland, just over the wreck of the Mohegan. I immediately fired a rocket, which was responded to in a few moments by the signal gun of the Paris. Chief Jeffers, of the coast guard, summoned his men and manned the lifeboat. Unlike the case of the Mohegan, the Paris could be easily seen. The rocket apparatus was prepared, and the first shot discharged. It failed to reach the vessel, but the second fell across her bows and was quickly fastened.

"In the meantime the Port Houstock lifeboat and the Falmouth tugs responded. There was a heavy ground swell running, with a southwesterly breeze, and it was very hazy.

"On reaching the Paris Chief Jeffers found Capt. Watkins maintaining the best discipline. There were no signs of a panic. The starboard boats of the Paris were swung ready for launching; all the women and children were being collected together, and the prompt arrival of the tugs facilitated debarkation."

Recalls the Mohegan Disaster.

London, May 22.—All the morning papers comment editorially upon the accident to the Paris, calling attention to the strange coincidence with the Mohegan wreck, in which the loss of all the officers left the position of the ship, so far out of its proper course, unexplained, the verdict only showing a slack lookout. The Morning Post and the Daily Mail call attention to the "mysterious and treacherous currents in the channel," urge an improved system of buoys, and call for a postponement of judgment until the fullest investigation shall have been had.

New York to Replace Paris.

New York, May 21.—At the office of the American Line in this city to-day Second Vice President James A. Wright made public all cable dispatches bearing on the disaster to the Paris as soon as they were received. During the day there were only two inquiries made at the office for passengers on the Paris. The New York, of the American Line, will take the place of the Paris, sailing from here a week from Wednesday. She is arranged the same as the Paris, so those who have engaged passage on the Paris will occupy on the New York the same staterooms that they secured on the sunken vessel.

Claptrap Texts.

From the Providence Journal.

The clergyman who has stirred up much excitement by denouncing from the pulpit the "claptrap titles" chosen for their sermons by some preachers will be heartily indorsed by everybody who is tired of the sensational devices invented to draw people to church. Too many ministers rely for their audiences on startling announcements—like the clergyman who caused it to be published abroad that he would preach on the topic: "There is no God!" and, having filled the church by this means, calmly read as his text: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Ministers who announce titles for their sermons like this: "A Half Hour in Hell," "Modern Serpents in the Garden," and "Sodom and Gomorrah Outdone," are merely sensation mongers and detract from the dignity of religion without increasing the sum total of righteousness.

Germany Defers Action on Meat Bill.

Berlin, May 22.—The adjournment of the Reichstag has been agreed to in principle, though the Federal governments are still insisting upon the adoption of supplementary estimates. Consideration of the meat inspection bill will be postponed until next autumn.

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers. It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household.

Dyspepsia—*"For six months my system was out of order with dyspepsia and impure blood. Spent lots of money in vain, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly." Jos. S. Zauba, Genoa, Neb.*

Eruptions—*"I had annoying eruptions caused by impure blood, and physicians' treatment failed to benefit. Hood's Sarsaparilla removed them and I am no longer annoyed." W. R. Hudson, Natrona, Pa.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE ONE VACANT SEAT

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Influence of the Absent.

FURNITURE HAS A PERSONALITY

The Empty Chair at the Table Reminds Us of the Loved One Who Occupied It Only a Short Time Before—The Cradle Now Lying Unused in the Garret Calls to Memory the Cooing of the Babe—Mother's Place Is Missed Most of All.

Taking as his text I Samuel, xx:18, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty," Dr. Talmage yesterday said:

"Set on the table the cutlery and chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. 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 chair 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 ben 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 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 by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table.

"Thousands 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 Calhoun'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 lessons for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

The 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 that 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 my first 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, do not do things differently 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.

The Throne of Napoleon.

"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 50 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. 'N' for Napoleon. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that chair in purple and gold letters '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 with their garlands they put them on their 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.'

"I go a little farther 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 her chair must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an easy 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 the children to put their heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries.

Had Its Personality.

"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 about this chair there was 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. That 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. The 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.

"Right beside that mother's chair there was a cradle. Now, the 'patented self-rockers,' no doubt, have their proper use, but go up with me into the garret of your old homestead, and exhume the cradle that you, a good while ago, slept in. The rockers are somewhat rough, as though a farmer's plane had fashioned them, and the sides just high enough for a child to learn to walk by. What a homely thing, take it all in all! You say, 'Stop your depreciation! We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in.

The Lullaby of Babyhood.

"The sound of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lessons in music as mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five hundred dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgefully thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone, that sings to me yet across forty-five years. So you express your feelings in regard to that cradle.

"You see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore, but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going it kept on for years. Scarlet fever came in the door, and we all had it; and, oh, how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should sleep in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all.

"But after awhile we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him in the cradle it was rock, rock, rock.

"But one day, just as long ago as you can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower fresh out of the garden dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek, and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: 'Bye! bye! bye!' which meant more to you than anything ever rendered by opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding, to show how well they understood Italian.

Consigned to the Garret.

"There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But your infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over you. Other women sometimes looked in at the child and said: 'That child's hair will be of the wrong color,' or 'What a peculiar chin,' or 'Do you think that child will live to grow up?' and although you were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct you knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After thirty-five years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

"Let the cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered over it has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories. Cradle that kindled so many hopes. Cradle that rested so many fatigues. Sleep now thyself, after so many years of putting others to sleep. But I must not be allured from the mother's chair by which that cradle stood. The memory of that mother's chair has saved you many a time. It speaks with as tender and distinct a voice now as forty years ago.

The Voice of Conscience.

"When at midnight you went into that place of dissipation 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 sinful place of amusement, a voice saying, 'My son, what do you do here?' And when you went into the place 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 semi-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 Christian Mother.

"There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her armchair with their griefs and joys and sorrows—those children are gone now, some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace, and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete!

"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 have been in many of the families of our churches 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 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 replied; '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 in the assembly.

Nobility of Invalids.

"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. 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.'

Sunshine of Child Life.

"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 potential 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! The old, crusty disciples 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 said 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 heardy 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 home-sickness 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.

The Little One Is Gone.

"In three-fourths of our homes 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 the spirits of 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!'

"I have gathered up the voices of our 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: '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.

The Vacant Pulpit.

"We preachers are very earnest, because we realize the fact that the day will come when the preacher's chair will be empty. From that chair how often have we looked off into friendly faces. We have seen a great many beautiful and thrilling sights, but never anything to equal what we have witnessed when in such a chair. Seated in it, sometimes we have greatly rejoiced at seeing multitudes come to God, and then, again, we have trembled for fear that men would reject the Gospel. We wonder what those chairs will testify when we have left them for the last time. We wish they might tell of a useful life, of an earnest ministry, of a pure Gospel preached! God grant they may! The most powerful sermon that is ever preached is by the vacant chair of a pastor the Sabbath after he has been carried away from it. 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."

INFANT BAPTISM IN GENERAL SYNOD.

Probable Settlement of a Doctrinal Problem of Evangelical Lutheran Church.

York, Pa., May 22.—The most important session of the General Synod of the Evangelical Luthern Church ever held in the United States will convene in this city at 7:30 o'clock on Wednesday evening. Three hundred delegates will be present, and the session will be marked by unusual features. One of these features will be the presence of an unprecedented number of fraternal delegates.

The general council of the Lutheran Church of the United States, a split from the General Synod, will be represented by Rev. Dr. Speiss, of the Broad Street Church, Philadelphia. This will be the first time that body has been represented in the General Synod since its secession in 1867. The United Synod of the South, which was formed by a defection from the General Synod during the civil war, will send fraternal delegates.

The other church bodies which will be represented by fraternal delegates are the United Norwegian Synod, the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the Reformed General Synod. Infant baptism, a topic which has been under discussion the past four years, will probably come before the General Synod for final disposal. At the last biennial session the committee failed to agree, and it is said that if the committee fails at this session, the synod will be asked to decide the question. The control of the board of publications of the General Synod and form of worship are matters which promise to elicit animated discussion.

BANKRUPTCY LAW DECISION.

Denial of Insolvency Not a Valid Defense, Decides the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court yesterday rendered the first decision given by it bearing upon the present bankruptcy law. The opinion was announced by Justice White, in the case of the George M. West Company vs. Lea Brothers, on certificate from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the fourth circuit. The decision was on a question certified, and was as follows:

"As a deed of general assignment for the benefit of creditors is made by the bankruptcy act alone sufficient to justify an adjudication in involutary bankruptcy against the debtor making such deed, without reference to his solvency at the time of the filing of the petition, the denial of insolvency by way of defense to a petition based upon the making of a deed of general assignment is not warranted by the bankruptcy law."

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PEACE BY COMPULSION

The Czar's Latest Instructions to Delegate de Staal.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE OPPOSE PLAN

Prof. von Stengel Declares Arbitration Is Unpracticable When a Vital Issue Is Involved—United States Delegates Anxious to Discuss the Question of Privateering—Anglo-Saxon Delegates Hear Dean O'Fely's Sermon on the Subject.

London, May 22.—The Morning Post publishes the following dispatch from its correspondent at The Hague:

"M. de Staal (head of the Russian delegation and President of the conference), received final instructions from Emperor Nicholas to deal with the question of realizing compulsory arbitration, whether by a supreme tribunal of several great powers, or by a private tribunal consisting of the powers whose interests might be at stake, with the subsequent friendly mediation by some third power."

The Daily News publishes a dispatch from The Hague, supposed to be inspired by William T. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, which is in part as follows:

"Regarding arbitration the present position of the delegates seems to be this: Germany and the other two powers of the triple alliance are entirely against it and Turkey follows in their wake. Great Britain and the United States are entirely in favor of it. Prof. von Stengel, of the German delegation, said to-day: 'Arbitration is unpracticable when two nations are divided by a vital issue, while in less important questions it exists already.'

"France is hesitating, and will probably agree with Russia. Several delegates confess that they came to the conference unprepared, and have already learned much."

Private Property at Sea.

The correspondent of the Daily Chronicle at The Hague says:

"The United States would like to discuss questions affecting private property at sea, and it is not true that such questions have been ruled out of the conference. An Anglo-Saxon delegate declares that if the conference should do nothing but agree to the establishment of international arbitration of an optional kind and extend to the sea the same respect which is paid to private property on land in time of war, it would do much."

The Hague, May 21.—Dean O'Foly's sermon at the English church to-day was attended by the chief Anglo-Saxon delegates. It took the form of a brilliant discourse upon the development of the principles of international arbitration, based upon the text, "And your old men shall see visions and your young men shall dream dreams," the old men being typified by Gladstone, whose efforts led up to the Geneva convention, and the young men by Emperor Nicholas.

WOMEN FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Seventy-one Mass-meetings Have Been Held in Thirteen States.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 22.—Reports of demonstrations of women in behalf of peace and arbitration are still coming in to Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Chairman of the American Branch of the International Committee. Seventy-one meetings have been held, at which 20,482 women were present, representing an actual voting constituency sufficient to bring the number indorsing the resolutions to over 90,000. The States in which meetings were held are: California, Utah, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, New York, and the District of Columbia.

In addition to the meetings of women, reports have come to Mrs. Sewall of indorsements from hundreds of the church congregations.

The response indicates so much interest and sympathy that Mrs. Sewall has communicated to the international committee at Berlin to continue these meetings at intervals during the sessions of the Congress at The Hague.

MRS. VAN ALSTINE NEED NOT PAY.

Divorced Wife of a Wealthy Klondyker Permitted to Retain $36,000.

Olympia, Wash., May 22.—The Supreme Court rendered a decision in the case of Mrs. Lou Van Alstine and her sister, and ordered their release. The proceedings grew out of the noted Van Alstine divorce case, in which the Superior Court of King County awarded a divorce to C. Van Alstine, a wealthy Klondyker, on the ground that the marriage was brought about by fraud.

The court ordered Mrs. Van Alstine and her sister to pay into the court the sum of $36,000 obtained from Van Alstine. Upon their refusal they were ordered imprisoned. The Supreme Court decided that the Superior Court is without power to enforce the payment by imprisonment.

Coming Conventions at Woodstock.

Special to The Post.

Woodstock, Va., May 16.—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Baltimore M. E. Church South will meet in annual session in that church in this place on June 17, for three days' session.

The annual convention of the Staunton district of the Virginia Christian Endeavor Union will be held in the Lutheran Church of this place on June 16-18. About forty-five societies are in the Staunton district. E. C. Myers, of Waynesboro, is District President.

The fish law, which applies to the Shenandoah River and its tributaries, expired to-day. Bass are said to be plentiful.

NEW YORK GRAIN.

New York, May 22.—WHEAT—Receipts, 67,525 bushels; exports, 171,936 bushels. Spot market firm; No. 2 red, 85 1-8 spot and to arrive, f. o. b., afloat; No. 2 red, 81 3-4, elevator; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 85 1-2, f. o. b., afloat, to arrive. Options opened steady and immediately developed positive strength that increased as the day advanced. It was occasioned by a sharp southwestern advance and plentiful news of dry damage in Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. The close was strong at 7-8 to 1 1-4c. net advance. May, 81 1-4@82 1-4, closed 82 1-4; July, 78 5-8@79 15-16, closed 79 7-8; September, 77 1-4@79, closed 79; December, 78@79 1-2, closed 79 1-2.

CORN—Receipts, 185,200 bushels; exports, 294,046 bushels. Spot steady; No. 2, 41 5-8, f. o. b., afloat spot. Options opened steady with wheat, and thereafter ru