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CHICAGO.

Springfield Republic

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1888.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET

[Election Tuesday, November 6, 1888.]

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

For Vice-President,
LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

For Electors-at-Large,
ABSALOM H. MATTOX, of Hamilton.
I. P. LAMPSON, of Cuyahoga.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Secretary of State,
DANIEL J. RYAN, of Scioto.

For Supreme Judge,
JOSEPH P. BRADBURY, of Meigs.

For Member Board of Public Works,
WELLS S. JONES, of Pike.

Judge of the Circuit Court, for the Second Circuit.
GILBERT H. STEWART, of Franklin.

For Congress—Eighth Ohio District,
ROBERT P. KENNEDY, of Logan.

For Judge of Common Pleas Court—(Second Judicial District.)
HORACE L. SMITH, of Greene.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Sheriff,
A. J. BAKER.

For Treasurer,
GEORGE W. COLLETT.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
CHASE STEWART.

For County Commissioner,
R. N. ELDER.

For Infirmary Director,
JAMES BUFORD.

For County Surveyor,
WILLIAM SHARON.

TO THE WORKINGMEN OF THE UNITED STATES—IF YOU WILL AGREE TO LIVE IN AS POOR A HOUSE AND EAT AS POOR FOOD AND RECEIVE AS LOW WAGES AS THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND RECEIVE WE CAN PRODUCE AS CHEAP GOODS AS A DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION WANTS TO SEE.—[JAMES G. BLAINE.

A great battle is on, in Maine, today.

President Cleveland formally accepts the democratic nomination.

The prominent Irishmen who were to send congratulatory telegrams to the president have gone snipe-hunting.

Gov. Foraker has received a number of invitations, (besides that to go to Chautauqua), to speak at army reunions next year.

The president's letter of acceptance is devoted largely to the glorification of Grover Cleveland. As no one else would perform this service for him he had to do it.

John J. Adams, a leading democratic tariff reformer of New York city, says that "Grover Cleveland is beaten." This news comes through the columns of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. In spite of this fact, however, we believe that Grover is actually beaten. The beauty of the situation is that he has beaten himself.

We have on our table several copies of Hon. John Sherman's great speech, delivered in the senate on the 4th of January, in which he replies to President Cleveland's message. The least anyone can say of it is that it is a masterly utterance. It is fair and courteous and yet it is strong and complete. No man in America is quite as capable of replying to the president as is Mr. Sherman. We have a few copies for distribution to campaign orators.

The campaign is fairly on down in Arkansas. The bull-whip and shot-gun brigade have driven the negroes of Nabassaca to the woods, threatening them with instant death if they return. If Old Fatty would ask for some means or power to retaliate for these outrages upon American citizens, and then enforce the law when passed, he would do something for humanity and justice.—Mt. Vernon *Republican*.

What's the matter with Col. Baldwin? If "Old Fatty" would ask congress to pass a law to punish democratic bulldozers in the south! O yes! *If* the moon should turn out to be a great sphere of green cheese! "*If*" us no more of your "Ifs," Colonel; they are too disastrously funny. About one more of the kind would finish us.

Mr. Cleveland's treatment of the treasury surplus, in his letter of acceptance, is pronounced by the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* as "an enormous edifice of falsification," and the editor replies to it, as follows:

If there is too much money in the treasury, why has not the president paid the debts of the nation with it and saved the interest? There are two reasons. The big surplus was wanted to scare the people into a warfare upon the protective system, and forty millions of dollars have been dumped into the national banks, with general assurance that the money would not be called in until after the presidential election, and the purpose of raising a blackmail assessment of one per cent. to swell the corruption fund for the re-election of Grover Cleveland.

Gov. Foraker puts the protection business in a nut-shell, in this paragraph from the *Forum*, for September:

The question after all is whether or not it is worth anything to the American people to have our own resources developed, to have manufacturing establishments on every hand throughout the country, to have the artisans and mechanics who supply our necessities drawn from our own ranks, and to have produced in our midst and by our own hands everything necessary to enable us as a nation to provide for our wants, both in peace and war. The time is gone by, if ever it was, when it is necessary to deal in argument to show the advantages of such results. Therefore, it is enough to say we favor a protective policy because we do not believe in bringing iron ore to this country while our own hills are full of it. We do not believe in bringing coal from across 3,000 miles of water when exhaustless quantities are buried in the ground beneath our feet, and as we do not believe in importing these products, neither do we believe in going to Australia, India or South America for our wool or wheat, or anything else that we can raise as well as they. Neither do we believe in going to England, France, Germany or any other country, for our machinery, cutlery, pottery, silks, carpets, or anything else which we can and may produce as well as not. On the contrary, we think iron and coal were intended to be used here. We do not think the coal and iron of Europe should supply the wants of America, or that America should surrender or ignore any of her natural advantages. We believe we should make the most of our opportunities, and that it is wise statesmanship to act accordingly. The advances of a diversity of employment are manifest.

If the manager or owner of any one newspaper in the United States is showing more energy and shrewdness than those of any other paper, the manager and owner of the New York *Mail and Express*, Mr. Eliot F. Shepard, is the man. He is pushing the paper into circulation, everywhere, with a wonderful measure of success, one principal cause of the success being that he has made it, beyond question, the cleanest, best and strongest evening paper in America. Recently, subscribers have been receiving portraits of the Methodist Episcopal bishops of this country, and we have just received remarkably fine pictures of General Harrison and Mr. Morton, which we shall have framed and placed in our counting-room, for the benefit of the general public. The veteran, Major J. M. Bundy is the managing editor of the *Mail and Express*, and receives efficient aid, in certain departments, by our talented young friend, Mr. Geo. P. Morris.

Queen Victoria is displaying a good deal of vigor for a lady who is in her 69th year. Her recent visit to the Glasgow exposition was the occasion of one of the most remarkable demonstrations of her long reign of about fifty-one years. "Her Majesty" was in excellent spirits, was very appreciative of the demonstrations of the people, and seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. There were a million people in the streets. The queen went out with Lady Campbell, in a little pony carriage, into the exposition grounds, in the morning, and in the afternoon went out again and planted a tree. Afterwards she went to see a great ship launched in the Clyde; then visited Archy Campbell's great workshops and inspected some machinery which he has invented. It is pleasant for us to be advised, from a high private source, that the good queen's reception by the people was very enthusiastic.

The New York *Tribune*, in an article on the effect of the tariff upon wages, says:

The comparisons already given cover the wages of 2,626,136 workers in manufacturing, mechanical and mining occupations out of a total of 3,837,112 employed in that department according to the census of 1880. Nearly 70 per cent. of these workers are thus included, besides 900,000 unskilled laborers, or about a third of the number of male wage-earners in personal and professional services. At British wages these 3,500,000 workers would receive not more than $5 54 per week, but at American wages they do receive at least $10 88 per week; difference, 96.4 per cent. But the full difference between wages in this country and in Great Britain has not yet been disclosed. Nor can it be, because the precise proportion of men, women, boys and girls employed at different rates of compensation is not made known.

Forty-eight years ago, today—Monday, September 10, 1888—were held in various places the largest political mass meetings ever held in the country, before or since. One of them was held at Erie, Pa., and another at Dayton, Ohio, all in commemoration of Oliver H. Perry's victory on Lake Erie, at Put-in Bay, and in the interest of William Henry Harrison's election to the presidency.

Sued the Wrong Man.

To the Editor of the Republic:

My good neighbor on east Main street sued me for $5,000 damage done to their property. I built on my own ground; did not dig down by five feet what the law allows, and two feet less than my neighbor. But if the Lord sends on water, fire, cyclone, earthquakes, etc., surely I cannot be held responsible for damage done.

John Beaver, an expert mechanic and a gentleman in every respect, had the contract. I was present when he asked Mr. Banholzer the privilege to put his mortar bed over the gutter on Banholzer's ground. Mr. Banholzer consented with pleasure. I had no say in it, for it was none of my business. Had I known the amount of water that comes down from Spring street I should have objected. Banholzer knew all about it.

The mortar bed was put too low, a flood came, no room left for the water to pass under, and rushed on Benholzer and me ran into our cellars, sunk, cracked and damaged our buildings. However, Mr. Benholzer's building was cracked in many places for years, but my building stood as firm as a rock and as plum as a die, not a crack in it, but the walls being new and green, caused it to settle and crack, so that I was compelled to take the most of it down, a loss to me of no less than $3,000.

Messrs. Miller, Copenhafer, Dailey, Darst and others, all expert mechanics and builders, say, had the roof been on, and the precaution that I had taken to bridge and anchor the strong joists with iron rods in the walls and double floors, which I had already begun to lay on each floor, that bound the building together, it would have stood firm and could never have given away nor settled more at one spot than another, would have been perfectly safe against all water. I will take an oath and prove it, that my loss is no less than as above stated. It was a great oversight in Banholzer and Beaver, but I was not to blame whatever: it was they that caused the water to run on me and ruin my building, which would have been an ornament to our city and a credit to me. I expect these two gentlemen to make my loss and damage good. I can't think that any court, jury or good citizen can be found but what will support me in my misfortune. I have been building here for forty years, have built some forty houses, and this is the first bad luck I ever had. I don't ask any speculative damages. I want my rights and what is honestly and justly due me. Yours truly,

WILLIAM DIEHL.

As there have been a great many false reports circulated among my German friends I would thank the Springfield *Journal* if they would copy this letter, and I promise to treat the whole *Journal* office with the cigars. W. D.

TALMAGE TO HIS FLOCK.

THE REVEREND DOCTOR PREACHES AT THE TABERNACLE.

"As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks, So Panteth My Soul After Thee, O God"—A Sermon Suggested by a Visit to the Adirondacks.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 9.—The great organ, improved and enlarged, rolled out with new power the long meter doxology at the opening of the service in the Brooklyn Tabernacle today. The great auditorium was thronged and overflowing. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., has returned from his summer vacation, during which he has spoken in many parts of the country, and shaken hands, he says, with about a hundred thousand people. He closed his tour by a visit to the wilderness in upper New York state, and spending some time among the hunters. This morning he expounded passages illustrative of Solomon's acquaintance with natural history.

His text was, Psalm xlii, 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." The great preacher said:

David, who must sometime have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's track" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Jacob, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying: "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the door of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after?" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming barriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David, "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

I have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on me. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking a few days ago with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a reindeer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for the Racquet, or Loon, or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runaway,' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away." My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheeks glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game; its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horns, used as a restorative, taken from the name of the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes of sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, advancing into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, fly to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, if not now, have had troubles after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of barriers. A few days ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer shed her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers; be as wise as, next spring, will be all the reindeer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between Sandy Hook, New York, and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your makeup, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore, sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore, the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breech loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw, had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they could express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn at the close of her long life:

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear of memory given;
Onward I'll hie;
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

Yes; for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, and Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays $8,500 per year to her master of buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed or power to hunt down the great kennel of hounds of which sin and trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursuits of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a crown if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yea, a chain of three letters—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed, and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon lake and tried to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embossoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past and all right with the future and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, finding the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For him I thirst; for his grace I beg; on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in a natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in my comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help, I should be wretched and terror struck. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ, make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in time of an earthquake, when an old Christian woman was asked whether she was scared, answered: "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world;" or, as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant was asked if he did not fear he would break, answered: "Yes; I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.'" Oh Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to slink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer, by one long, tremendous plunge into Big Tupper lake, gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers. We are told in Revelation xxii, 15: "Without are dogs;" by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs, and owned dogs, that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection of wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flocks from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect; and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time laid down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated. I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world; yes, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hunt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter, and amid the ice floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung and guns were discharged and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you a welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bell men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the towers, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's song, where he compared Christ to a reindeer coming down in the night to pasture on the plains, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

Many men of many minds;
Many pills of various kinds.

But for a mild, effective, *vegetable* purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks; 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Kentucky has six counties—Harlan, Knott, Perry, Letcher, Bell and Leslie—that have not had a church within their borders during the sixty or seventy years of their existence as counties.

Warm weather often causes extreme tired feeling and debility, and in the weakened condition of the system, diseases arising from impure blood are liable to appear. To gain strength, to overcome disease, and to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The number of students in attendance at the twenty-one universities of the German empire last winter was not far from 28,500. Of these one-half were about equally divided between theology and law, and the other half divided between medicine and general education in the proportion, nearly, of three to four.

The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

She Tried and Knows.

A leading chemist of New York says: "No plasters of such merit as the Ath-lo-pho-ros Plasters have ever before been produced." They are a novelty because they are not made simply to sell cheap, they are the best that science, skill and money can produce, and will do what is claimed for them. For sprains, aches, weakness, lameness, etc., they are unequaled.

404 Fulton St., Sandusky, O., Nov. 11, '87.
The Athlophoros Plaster acted like magic. It is the best I ever tried and I have used many kinds. Our druggist said "plasters are all about the same" but I don't think so now. I sprained my arm and shoulder in July, and it has been painful since, but it does not pain me at all now. MRS. WILLIS MAGILL.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N. Y.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the City Clerk of the City of Springfield, Ohio, for furnishing the material and doing the work of constructing the sewers hereinafter named according to the plans to the plans and specifications therefor prepared by the city engineer, adopted by the council, and on file in the office of the city engineer, said sewers being located as follows:

On Clifton street, from Limestone street east three hundred and fifteen (315) feet—Twenty-four inch brick sewer.

On Main street, between Mechanic and Plum streets, four hundred and sixty (460) feet—Eighteen inch sewer pipe.

On Main street, between Center and Factory streets, five hundred and seventy-one (571) feet—Thirty inch brick sewer.

On Main street, between Market and Limestone streets, four hundred (400) feet—Twelve and fifteen inch sewer pipe.

On Market street, from Main street south one hundred (100) feet—Fifteen inch sewer pipe.

On Limestone street, from High street south two hundred and sixty (260) feet—Fifteen inch sewer pipe.

Separate proposals must be made on each sewer, and all proposals must be on printed forms furnished by the engineer and must be signed by the full name of all parties interested in the same, and by some responsible disinterested person as a guarantee that a contract will be entered into, provided the bid is accepted, and must be on file in the city clerk's office on or before 12 o'clock noon, of Tuesday, the 24 day of October, A. D. 1888, to be opened and publicly read immediately after 12 o'clock of said day, in the presence of the mayor, city engineer, assistant city engineer, and city clerk, or any two of them, and reported to council at the first regular meeting thereafter.

The city council reserves the right to reject any or all bids for any reason they may deem sufficient.

By order of the City Council.
J. S. SHEWALTER,
209bs City Clerk.

FOR SALE!

SAFE

A MEDIUM-SIZED OFFICE SAFE, for sale Cheap for Cash, or will trade for Dry Goods, Merchant Tailoring Goods, Groceries, Stoves, or any staple articles. Was lately used by N. Carman, the jeweler.

Safe may be seen at Miller's Auction Rooms, West Main street.

For particulars call at Republic Counting Room.

UNDERTAKING!

P. A. Schindler and J. W. Coles, the oldest Undertakers in the city, under the firm name of Schindler & Coles, have just received from Cunningham & Son, of Rochester, N. Y., one of their finest Funeral Cars, and now have the finest outfit in the city, and are prepared to do work at the lowest prices. They can be found at their office, No. 21 Fisher street, at all hours of the day and night.

Telephone No. 285.

P. A. Schindler's Residence: No. 90 West High street.
J. W. Coles's Residence: At Mrs. Folger's, No. 153 South Factory.

THE

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Is the Cheapest and Best Inside Blind now sold; to be found only at

NO. 61 SOUTH LIMESTONE ST.
TELEPHONE 272.

DR. H. R. DOSCH.
ARCADE DENTIST
Operative Dentistry a Specialty.
Parlors: 15 and 17

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

WANTED

WANTED—Girl to do general housework. Apply at once at 64 north Market st. 215b

WANTED—Six good wood workers at once. E. W. Ross & Co. 213b

WANTED Pupils or orders for Art Work, Oil or china-painting, crayon and wood-carving. Classes at Seminary and Wittinberg college. Address Kate E. Kauffman, 138 west North street. 212bs

WANTED—
J. T. MITCHELL & CO.
GENERAL JOB PRINTERS.
BASEMENT ST. JAMES HOTEL.
Estimates cheerfully furnished.
Drop us a postal, and will call. 22

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A large and convenient stable with accommodations for three horses. Inquire at 95 South Factory street. 216s*

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, 109 south Center street. 214t*

FOR RENT—Furnished front room for one or two gentlemen. Inquire at Adams's restaurant. 213b

FOR RENT—House of 7 rooms and summer kitchen, city water, cistern and good cellar, No. 56 north Limestone street, one square from Main street. $20 per month. Apply to Mrs. J. D. Stewart. No. 66 north Limestone street. 213tf

FOR RENT—House of five rooms, with cistern and hydrant water, on Columbia street, east of Limestone, next west of No. 75.

FOR RENT—The Shellabarger property on N. Limestone street. Inquire of C. A. Welsh, Mitchell block. 142tf

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—On mortgage or approved personal security. Inquire of C. B. Kissell, room 5, Commercial block, Limestone street, Springfield, O. 214t-37b

MONEY TO LOAN—$5,000 to $10,000 for three to five years, first mortgage security. Inquire of Scipio E. Baker, Springfield Metallic Casket Co. 201tf

MONEY TO LOAN—In sums to suit on first mortgage and good commercial paper. Call and see us. Room No. 1, Lagonda Bank building. George H. Coles & Son.

PERSONAL.

CLAIRVOYANT—Fred Howard Pierce tells the past, present, future, troubles in love, marriage, business, loss of property, diagnoses disease, and gives the name of the one you will marry, for a short time only at 95 south Factory street, prices to all 50 cents; call early and find what the future will reveal.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the city clerk of the city of Springfield, Ohio, for furnishing the material and doing the work of putting in new curb and gutters, re-setting old curb and paving the streets hereinafter named, according to the plans and specifications thereto prepared by the city engineer, adopted by council and on file in the office of the city civil engineer; the work to be done as rapidly as is consistent with good workmanship. The streets to be so paved are as follows:

Main street, from the west line of Market street to the east line of Limestone street.

High street, from the west line of Market street to the west line of Limestone street.

Market street, from the south line of Main street to the north line of High street.

Limestone street, from the south line of Main street to the south line of Monroe street.

Proposals must be accompanied by a sample of the blocks to be used and must be made on each street separately, and must be on printed forms furnished by the engineer and must be signed by the full names of all persons interested in the same, and shall also be signed by some responsible disinterested person as a guarantee that a contract will be entered into, provided said bid is accepted, and must be on file with the city clerk on or before Tuesday, the 24 day of October, 1888, at 12 o'clock noon, to be opened and publicly read immediately after 12 o'clock of said day, in the presence of the mayor, city engineer, assistant city engineer, and city clerk, or any two of them, and reported to council at the next regular meeting thereafter.

The city council reserves the right to reject any or all bids for any reason it may deem sufficient.

By order of the city council.
209bs J. S. SHEWALTER, City Clerk.

A Resolution

Declaring it necessary to improve Harrison street from the east line of Forrest avenue to the west line of Ludlow avenue by grading and graveling.

Resolved, By the council of the city of Springfield, Ohio, (two-thirds of the whole number of members elected thereto concurring) that it is necessary and that it intends to improve Harrison street from the east line of Forrest avenue to the west line of Ludlow avenue by grading and graveling the same in accordance with the plans and specifications therefor on file in the office of the city engineer.

One fiftieth of the cost and expense of said improvement, together with the cost and expense of so much of said improvement as may be included in the crossings or intersections of said streets, to be paid by said city, and the remainder of the cost and expense of said improvement to be assessed per front foot upon the parcels of land bounding and abutting thereon, in the manner provided by law; the assessment therefor to be payable in installments and collected as provided by law and in the assessing ordinance hereafter to be passed. Bonds shall be issued in anticipation of the collection of the assessments; unless the property owners pay their assessments before the same are issued and within the time prescribed in said assessing ordinance.

The city clerk is hereby directed to have this resolution published for two consecutive weeks and Sergeant-at-Arms R. M. Gelwicks to serve the notice required by law.

Passed August 28th, A. D. 1888.
JAMES A. DICUS, President.
Attest: J. S. SHEWALTER, City Clerk. 207am

MEN ONLY. Cure for weakness, nervousness, lost manhood, etc. A manly vigor restored, quick, sure, cheap. BOOK FREE. Erie Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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P. S.--Goods Sold by the Piece or Pattern if