

MINISTRY OF TEARS.

Dr. Talmage Puts Misfortunes of Life in a Cheerful Light.

Shows That If They Were Borne in the Right Spirit They Might Prove to Be Advantages—Sympathy of Jesus.

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A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city to-day to hear Dr. Talmage. Discussing on "The Ministry of Tears," he put the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. vii., 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

What a spectacle a few weeks ago when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in Heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last 64 years had been answered, and God did save the queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the queen's jubilee, so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood or the Welsh blood or the Irish blood or the Scotch blood and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. They are over there bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havellock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Bunyan dreamed and Milton sang and Shakespeare dramatized and Richard Baxter prayed and George Whitefield thundered. The prince of Wales, now king, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorns Westminster abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these two nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears and Bible tears.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought: What a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storms, but rain of promised prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight.

You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears and Paul's tears and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them; God rounds them; God shows them where to fall; God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they were born and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of Heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me! they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all step, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvest chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a sorrowful life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears or the practical use of sorrow:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this would be a good enough Heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth,

and women 30, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only five or ten years of age. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments, he is qualified for the work of sympathy. Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his right hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all Heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief! Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you hush your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

You have noticed when the children get hurt and their mother is away from home they always come to you, the father, for comfort and sympathy, but you have noticed when the children get hurt and their mother is at home they go right past you and to her, and you are of no account. So, when the soul comes up into Heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul or Moses or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?"

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in Heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkment and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in Heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and union there! Together! Have you ever thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek and of persecution and of trial are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all, and yet history tells us that the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Halleluiah!" and at the third shout of "Halleluiah!" their enemies fled panic struck, and so the Britons got the victory. And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power on earth or hell could stand before us, and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of halleluiah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended. Do you not this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not bear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Julien gave a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Julien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot, beating time with the one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransom shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all Heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Not a Priceless Belle. "I married you for your money!" she cried, bitterly. Then, by a visible effort controlling her sobs, she went on, hoarsely: "And that is why you look like 30 cents to me now."—Baltimore American.

TWO QUEENS ALIKE.

Wilhelmina's Romance Follows That of Queen Victoria.

Both Married German Princes Three Years After Ascending the Throne, and Both Were Genuine Love Matches.

A dispatch to the New York Tribune from The Hague commenting on the coincidence of the crossing of the careers of the late queen of England and of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, says: Like Victoria, Wilhelmina, after ascending the throne, has waited three years, and has married a German prince. Unless all signs fail, this is also a genuine love match, and the wedding came within three days of the sixty-first anniversary of the marriage of Victoria in the chapel royal at St. James. There have been the same legislative controversies over the naturalization status and annuities to the prince consort here which arose at Westminster in the time of Melbourne and Wellington, and doubtless there will be similar heartburnings and annoyances over points of precedence and etiquette.

Duke Hendrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a German prince, and the queen's Dutch subjects are intensely jealous of their independence, and in dread of the absorption of their dykes and canals by Germany. They have shown evidence of suspicion and prejudice, and have not liked his swaggering military manners. The Dutch are thrifty and democratic, and they have not been favorably impressed with the prince, who is an enthusiastic sportsman. He has also been compelled to put up with legislative interference in his affairs since his betrothal, and has been subjected to much annoyance. Since the marriage bans were proclaimed, and the marriage now consummated, there has been a better feeling toward the bridegroom.

SHERMAN'S WAR RELICS.

Valuable Collection of the Famous General Are Given to the National Museum.

After many years of waiting the Hall of American History of the National Museum has just come into possession of the W. T. Sherman war collection. Nearly all of the other generals of the civil war were represented in some way, and scarcely a day passed that tourists did not ask for some memento of the great general.

After the death of the brother, John Sherman, and the ultimate scattered condition of his effects, Miss Lizzie and P. T. Sherman, of New York, son and daughter of the general, concluded to give the valuable relics into the keeping of the National museum. Starting with Sherman's diploma from West Point, the commissions as second lieutenant and all the way to that of full general, major general, brigadier general, secretary of war, and a regent of the Smithsonian institution, permits one to follow his full course with great regularity.

Again the story of Sherman's progress is told in his uniforms, the first being his coat, hat and sash, the uniform of the third artillery, United States army. Among the swords is one the general carried at the battle of Shiloh, and a more ornamental one having a gold hilt studded with diamonds. The watch that saved him on his famous march to the sea awakens great interest.

In fact, the collection is the most complete of that of any officer of the civil war, Gen. Grant not excepted.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, March 9.	
CATTLE—Common	2 75 @ 3 05
Extra butchers	4 25 @ 4 75
CALVES—Extra	6 75 @ 7 25
HOGS—Select shippers	5 75 @ 5 80
Mixed packers	5 60 @ 5 70
SHEEP—Extra	4 10 @ 4 25
LAMBS—Extra	6 50 @ 6 75
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 80 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red	6 29 @ 6 29
CORN—No. 2 mixed	6 41 1/2 @ 6 41 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	6 37 1/2 @ 6 37 1/2
RYE—No. 2	6 55 @ 6 55
HAY—Choice timothy	6 14 1/2 @ 6 14 1/2
PORK—Family	6 14 1/2 @ 6 14 1/2
LARD—Steam	6 7 1/2 @ 6 7 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	6 14 @ 6 14
Choice creamery	6 24 1/2 @ 6 24 1/2
APPLES—Ch. to fam.	3 50 @ 3 75
POTATOES—Per bbl.	1 00 @ 1 55
TOBACCO—New	6 60 @ 9 55
Old	8 70 @ 12 00

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	7 15 @ 7 15 1/2
No. 3 red	6 66 @ 6 71
CORN—No. 2	29 @ 29 1/2
OATS—No. 2	25 1/2 @ 25 1/2
RYE	51 1/2 @ 52 1/2
PORK—Mess	14 75 @ 14 80
LARD—Steam	7 32 1/2 @ 7 55

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 65 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	6 80 1/2 @ 6 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	6 31 1/2 @ 6 31 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	6 61 @ 6 61
RYE	61 1/2 @ 61 1/2
PORK—Family	15 50 @ 15 50
LARD—Steam	6 7 1/2 @ 6 7 1/2

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	7 15 @ 7 15
Southern	7 2 @ 7 2 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	44 1/2 @ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2	6 30 @ 6 30
CATTLE—Butchers	4 75 @ 5 00
HOGS—Western	6 10 @ 6 15

Louisville.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	6 77 @ 6 77
CORN—Mixed (new)	6 43 1/2 @ 6 43 1/2
OATS—Mixed	6 28 1/2 @ 6 28 1/2
PORK—Mess	12 50 @ 12 50
LARD—Steam	7 37 1/2 @ 7 37 1/2

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	6 79 1/2 @ 6 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	6 30 1/2 @ 6 30 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	6 26 1/2 @ 6 26 1/2

Mrs. Pinkham Saved me from an Operation.



Hospitals in our great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls. Why should this be the case? Because they have neglected themselves. Every one of these patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at the left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back. All of these things are indications of an unhealthy condition of the ovaries or womb. What a terrifying thought! These poor souls are lying there on those hospital beds awaiting a fearful operation. Do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an examination and possible operation. Build up the female system, cure the derangements which have signified themselves by danger signals, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from the hospital. Read the letter here published with the full consent of the writer, and see how she escaped the knife by a faithful reliance on Mrs. Pinkham's advice and the consistent treatment of her medicines.

Mrs. Knapp tells of her Great Gratitude. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have received much benefit from using your Vegetable Compound and Sensitive Wash. After my child was born, blood poison set in, which left me with granulated inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries. I had suffered from suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me the ovaries would have to be removed. I took treatment two years to escape an operation, but still remained in miserable health in both body and mind, expecting to part with my reason with each coming month. After using your bottle of the Compound, I became entirely rid of the trouble in my head. I continued to use your remedies until cured. The last nine months have been passed in perfect good health. This, I know, I owe entirely to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My gratitude is great indeed to the one to whom so many women owe their health and happiness.—Mrs. F. M. KNAPP, 1325 Kinnickinnick Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis."

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the medicinal letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of New York, \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before receiving the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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