

THE CUP OF VINEGAR.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE ACIDITIES OF LIFE.

Lessons Drawn From the Bitter Experiences of the Saviour's Crucifixion—Comfort and Peace For the Poor, Distressed and Unfortunate.

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WASHINGTON, March 26.—From the pathetic scene of Christ's last hour of suffering Dr. Talmage in this sermon draws lessons of comfort for people in trouble; text, John xix, 30, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day, crying, begging, cursing, but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words, "I thirst!" O savior of Judaea, let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of his royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion, a powerful opiate to deaden the pain, but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anesthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health ruddy. Skies flamboyant. Days resplendent. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances and the vexations and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeur of his throne because one day, in an interview, Ben Brummel called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, crying, "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought and cries out, "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andre del Sarto makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata at Florence and gets for pay a sack of corn, and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sour greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar!"

Christ's Sympathy.
It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize today and forever with all those whose cup is filled with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you, when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for, though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our \$20! They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of drafts and by carefully studying dietetics you continue to this time, but oh, the headaches, and the side aches, and the back aches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You

have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities, and instead of the placidity that once characterized you it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who in stirrups dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land, but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

The Sourness of Poverty.
There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoing, and that always gives an ontoging man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you—but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and, lo, suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocket-book, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house. He was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had chased chalice out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the doorbell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart today. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said, "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor; but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered with the same hands.

With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything now in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears! Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Nose Can Escape Death.
Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the

time be kept together. Is there no escape from this separation?" None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; he twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draft that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel the astronomer used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now this hour to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. Oh, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone! Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it and what that man will say about it, and you try this prescription and that prescription and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar?

Cry For Water Answered.
There was a vessel that had been tossed on the sea for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water! We are dying for lack of water!" And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you and hundreds of feet deep!" And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you today, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death struck state while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy? Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever! "Whoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and they try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could today gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heartaches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus! He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great luster and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that today there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no. There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomfited of the race took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphal gospel!

Spring Flower Sowing.
The following list includes most of the favorite annuals for March seed sowing: Amaranthus, antirrhinum, aster, balsam, browallia, celosia, Colea scandens, coleus, cosmos, cuphea, dianthus (annual), heliotrope, mesembryanthemum or ice plant, maurandia, clematis, petunia, salpiglossis salvia, stevia, stocks (annual), verbena.—Woman's Home Companion.

A GLAD DAY... EASTER

When does Easter come? Very few people know. We tell you, and we trust that you will remember it in future.

The first Sunday after the first full moon following the 21st day of March is Easter.

For this occasion it is a custom to don your best suit.

OUR EASTER SUITS,

Cut from all-wool fabrics of the noblest and most stylish patterns are ready for delivery, with the price in the correct place.

Remember We Are on the Corner, at—

RANKIN, CHISHOLM, STROUD & REES

Successors to Matthews, Chisholm, Stroud & Rankin.

Salesmen: J. W. Crawford, W. H. Rees, Harry S. Donnell, Will. E. Rankin, John T. Rees. 300 South Elm St., Greensboro.

At a Spiritualistic Seance.

When Hon. John Sherman returns from his voyage he will have the unusual experience of reading numerous obituaries which were prompted by the erroneous report of his death. Probably the most startling development attending the seance, which was accepted as true by the people, as well as the State Department, occurred at a spiritualistic seance at a North Side residence the night before last.

A number of devotees of Spiritualism had assembled to gather tidings from departed friends and loved ones. Messages and communications of various sorts were received from those who had gone to the other shore, and were heard and read with eagerness by their living friends and relatives.

The slate was again tied up, with the pencil placed inside. The usual scratching sound bore evidence that a message was forthcoming. When the medium opened the slate the whole company was thrown into a state of hysterical excitement to find there had been received a message from the ex-Secretary of State. The company had nearly all read of his demise in the evening papers. The hand-writing was indubitably that of the ex-Secretary, even to the smallest flourish. The characteristics of his signature were pointed out as truly remarkable.

But, more startling still, while the company was exulting over this infallible test, the medium announced that Mr. Sherman had materialized before him. The spirit, he explained, had not had time to develop sufficient strength to appear to the uninitiated. The believers were satisfied, however, and went home with the consciousness that they now had proof enough to convert all the doubters in the world.

Yesterday morning their hopes received a crushing blow. The cruel morning papers came out with the announcement that the great statesman was alive and on a fair road to recovery.—Washington Post.

The Parson Was in a Hurry.

Here is a faithful report of a unique wedding ceremony in the wilds of Kentucky:

"George Washington Columbus, do you take this woman to be—

Hush! What was that?"

Deep silence for a few seconds, followed by another section of the service. Then raising his hand, the preacher said solemnly:

"As a minister of the gospel— Listen, I think I hear a wildcat!"

Deep silence for ten seconds.

"I pronounce you—Listen, that's a wildcat, sure—husband and wife."

And down the hill the party raced, with the preacher three lengths in the lead and running easy.—Atlanta Constitution.

These are dangerous times for the health. Croup, colds and throat troubles lead rapidly to Consumption. A bottle of One Minute Cough Cure used at the right time will preserve life, health and a large amount of money. Pleasant to take; children like it. Howard Gardner.

How Women Purify Politics.

"The good people of Colorado who have persistently advocated that the right of women to vote and hold office was a purifying influence in our State politics are right now considerably worried," said Mr. J. L. Prine, of Cripple Creek, at the Raleigh.

"It seems that there was a bill before our legislature which would have put Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek in different counties. It raised a big commotion, and public sentiment was fanned into a fever by the arguments of the opposing factions. Finally the fellows that fought the passage of the bill made a plot to put it to sleep by a piece of strategy. Their plan was to have two of the female members of the legislature invite two of the male advocates of the bill to a little supper, and while the latter were so entranced with the bewitching attentions of their hosts as to be off their guard a subsidized waiter was to put a few knock-out drops in the beer or wine or whatever beverage the masculine legislators were drinking.

"This ingenious plot miscarried from some cause. Either the men were shy, scenting danger in the air, or else the ladies couldn't resist giving the thing away prematurely. At all events the dinner and the knock-out scheme failed to materialize, and one of the alleged female conspirators has since told the whole story. The anti-woman suffragists are in great glee over the expose, and make all sorts of sarcastic comment on the ennobling influence of women in politics."—Washington Post.

A Captive Kentucky Meteor.

Persons who saw the meteor that flashed through the heavens Monday night a week ago can go to Fisher's drug store and see what it looks like when cooled off. The meteor on exhibition at the store is composed of nickel, iron and cobalt, and was at a white heat when it struck the earth. It was very much like a bubble, and the air inside made it hollow. It is about eight inches long and ten inches wide and weighed twelve pounds. It was found in the gravel pit at Skillman, fifty feet below the surface of the earth, showing the fearful velocity it had attained in its travels. In cooling off the meteorite cracked, and the crevices in it are clearly defined. The outside is oxidized by exposure to the elements.—Breckenridge News.

"She Talked Too Much." Call at Gardner's and get a free copy.

It is believed in Washington that the Republican caucus will give General Clarkson, of Iowa, the position of secretary of the United States Senate. He is a spoilsman.

Fresh Garden Seed at Gardner's, cor opp. postoffice.

The members of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives will be questioned as to the pending charges of bribery.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature
of

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it,—heart disease, pneumonia, stroke or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the deadly poison in the blood is liable to attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste matter accumulates in the cells. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble. Kidney trouble can be detected although it becomes deceptive. First, by analysis of the urine; second, by the simple test of setting the urine aside in a glass bottle for twenty-four hours, when a cloudy or brick dust settling indicates it.

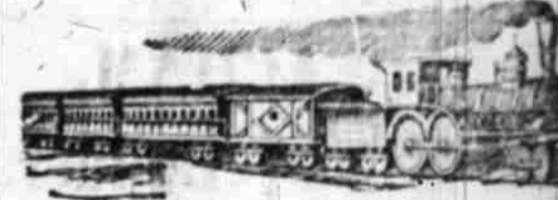
It was for just such troubles that His infinite power and goodness the Great Physician caused Swamp-root to grow for the benefit of suffering mankind, leaving it for His servant, Dr. Kilmer, the great kidney and bladder specialist to discover and make known to the world. Its wonderful efficacy in promptly curing the most distressing cases is truly marvellous. You may have a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, by mail free.

Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper.

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Southern Railway



IN EFFECT DECEMBER 4, 1898.

This condensed schedule is published for information and is subject to change without notice to the public.

Trains leave Greensboro, N. C.:
7:05 a. m.—No. 27 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
7:30 a. m.—No. 31 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
8:10 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Danville, Greensboro, and other points.

7:20 p. m.—No. 11 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
7:30 p. m.—No. 12 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.

7:40 p. m.—No. 13 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
7:50 p. m.—No. 14 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.

8:00 p. m.—No. 15 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
8:10 p. m.—No. 16 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.

8:20 p. m.—No. 17 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
8:30 p. m.—No. 18 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.

8:40 p. m.—No. 19 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
8:50 p. m.—No. 20 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.

9:00 p. m.—No. 21 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
9:10 p. m.—No. 22 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.

9:20 p. m.—No. 23 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.
9:30 p. m.—No. 24 daily, for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other points.