MOTHERLY INFLUENCES.

DR, TALMAGE'S SERMON IN BROOK-LAN TABERNACLE.

He Bases His Discourse on the Story of Sisera's Mother, and in Tender Words called up through a telephone, with Tells of the Helpful Watchfulness of the

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 14.—"Where's Mother?" This novel and unique subject was presented by Mr. Palmage this following the years of preparing breakfast, dinner and who dismounts in front of the window. largest Protestant church in America. The congregation led by organ and cornet, sang a Gospel hymn to the tune of unkles swollen. Those old-fashioned "Home, Sweet Home." Text, Judges v., 28: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

On the last the ground of Looks tent lay the ground

Spiked to the ground of Jacl's tent lay the dead commander in-chief of the Cathird sight—as they lived long enough naanitish host, General Sisera, not far on earth to get their second sight-and from the River Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palastine we crossed it but the cullies Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the question, "Where's mother?" I answer one at the time of the text. General she is in your present character. The Sisera had gone out with 900 iron probability is that your physical features chariots, but he was defeated, and, his in a household at least six of them look chariot wheels interlocked with the like their mother, and the older you get wheels of other chariots, he could not the more you will look like her. But I retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to speak now especially of your character retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground and ran, till exhausted he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning and when he had just been churning, and when he with her, and your father you saw only asked for water she gave him butter- mornings and nights. There are no milk, which in the East is considered a years in any life so important for immost refreshing drink. Very tired, and pression as the first 10. Then and there supposing he was safe, he went to sleep vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery upon the floor, but Jael, who had re- or cowardice, for religion or scepticism. solved upon his death, took a tent-pin long and round and sharp in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent-pin to the forehead of Sisera with her other a coward till he dies. Act before him hand, she lifted the hammer and brought as though Friday were an unlucky day, it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to stout stroke, when close and he shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give

mother sits amid surroundings of wealth mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the furthest turn of of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the all sides. bit of the horses' bridle she will catch. But | The great English poet's loose moral bit of the horses' bridle she will catch. But alas, for the disappointed mother; she will not see the glittering head-gear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste solitary messenger arriving messenger anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, raging now and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth she is sitting at the window of Heaven, and she is going to hear all about it. "Where's mother?" is the question

most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall. "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain. "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful sons and daughters, but have the first gift: "Where's mother?" She sometimes span of 10 years defective and through feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces, and powders You see it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lessons, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night all out of breath the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret, and from the front door to the back fences of the back yard. "Where's mother?" Indeed a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her, is the absence of that question which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring, that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the King's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's in this tabernacle are presenting for bemother, but there is in that scene in the Book of Judges so much about embroideries and needle-work and ladies in waiting, that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old Book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs, and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candle-sticks, that we know the Heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified, beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace the mother sits, watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings. What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing-day, or for the swine-slaughtering, commonly called "the killing day." There was then no reading look you never got from her. If you have called the look you never got from her. If you have called the look you never got from her. If you of elaborate treatises on the best modes had seen anyone strike her you would of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help with one or two visits a care whether the blow was just sufficient day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. ples announced are being carried out.

sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua-making, the house-keeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping-coughs and croups and run-round fingers and earaches, and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world.

You struck her down!

The tentpin that Jael drove three times throughyour mother's heart. By days, had been as the stab you have made more than three times throughyour mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window, it may be a window on earth or at some window in Heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say: "Let him never again darken the door of our mothers never got rested in this world.

PLORENCE E. DAVIS.

HARRISON DAVIS. of Tompkinsrille, Moarce Co., Ku., writes as follows:

"My daughter, Miss Plorence E. Davis, had been afflicted for several years with a cough, and ling trouble, and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I bought a bottle of your "Golden Medical Discovery and earnelies, and all the infantile distented by the cough and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I bought a bottle of your "Golden Medical Discovery and earnelies, and all the infantile distented by the cough and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I bought a bottle of your "Golden Medical Discovery and earnelies, and all the infantile distented by the cough and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I bought a bottle of your "Golden Medical Discovery and earnelies, and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I b

Instead of the self-rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock. Instead of our arug stores filled with all dow is made of small panes, I would say the wonders of materia medica, and about six or eight of them, in summer them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do looks up and sees coming across the everything. Just think of it! Fifty- bridge of the meadow brook a stranger, everything. Just think of it! Fiftychair. Fagged out, headachey and with

they do not have to pant for breath after now sit waiting for news from the battle.

Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first 10 years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him and it were baleful to have 13 at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother site and surroundings of wealth

decade has passed you can decide whethand pomp and scenes palatial, waiting er that boy shall be a Shylock or a for his return. Every mother expects George Peabody. Boys and girls are her son to be victorious, and this generally echoes of fathers and mothers. out of temper to punish a child for get ting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of vanquished and enslaved. I see her now a cigar in his mouth; or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking-glass, when the mother has her own mirrors the road. She looks for the flying dust so arranged as to repeat her form from

rides up to the window at which the Sam Houston the words of his mother, rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries: "Your armies are defeated and you son is son, take this and never disgrace it, for dead," there is a scene of horror and remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men, it is always shut against cowards." we are all out in the battle of life, it is Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a murderess, you are not suprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child! an overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity. A few days ago right before our express who saved you and saved me and saved train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad the preceding train had gone and for all the ages of eternity you will through a broken bridge, 12 cars failing never again have to ask, "Where's 100 feet and then consumed. I saw that mother? only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your

rest keep standing. Oh! man. Oh! women. If you have little boy then. preserved your integrity and are really Christian you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield, as President of the United white so many maternal foreheads. States, was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round, and in the presence of the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States kissed his old mother.

Now, neither Sisera's mother nor anyone else can say too much in enolgy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end, with an eye at the other, whether of bone or ivory as in earliest time, or of bronze in Pliny's time or of steel, as in modern time; whether laboriously fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as now, when a 100 workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle has seen more dowestic comfort and more gladdened poverty, and more Christain service than any other eye. The modern sewingmachine has in nowise abolished the needle, but rather enthroned it. Thank God for the needlework, from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered door of the ancient Tabernacle: "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen, wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this winter nevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and Sisera's mother said about the needle-

work she expected her son would, bring home from the battle. And I am not surprised to find that Sisera fought on the wrong side, when his mother at the window of my text, in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vain-glorious triumph of milinery and fine colors, and domestic pageantry, will after a while hear as bad news from her children out in the battle of life as Sisera's mother heard from the struggle at Esdraelon. But if you still press the question,

"Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. have struck him down without much The most of those old folks did the your face and struck her principles

do not give you up-God and mother. How many disappointed mothers are waiting at the window. Perhaps the panes of the windows are not great glass plate, bevel-edged, and hovered over by exquisite lambrequin, but the winwreathed with trailing vine, and in winter pictured by the Raphaels of the frost, a real country window. The mother bunches of peppermint and penny-royal sits there knitting, or busy with her needle of homely repairs, when she supper. The chief music they heard He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of was that of spinning-wheel and rocking- the farm house door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name, and says, "I come on a sad criand." "There is nothing the matter of my son in the city, is there?" she ask. "Yes!" he says, Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead. "Dead!" she cries as she totters back "Oh! my son! my son! Would God had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxieties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her self-sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle So the tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the window of earth, or the windows of Heaven at which mothers

> "But," says someone, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evil doings since she went away." Says someone else: "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of myself-sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! Heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes-trains of immortals ascending and descending-spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Spirits descending from Heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from this battle, this Sedan, this Thermopyle, this Austeritz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. Oh God! whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of midlife or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of olessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall barst in showers of mercy on this audience. There is one thought that is almost too

ender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when we were children we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some child-ish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried 'Where's mother?" and she answered: "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap; so after a while when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the Heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question: "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household on earth, we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well! how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you; but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will hear of our earthly experience, the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials the heart-breaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say: "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown which was

An Incident in Real Life. When I was a young man, I well recollect a boy just in the happy years that they will crash down, though all the of life-twelve years old. They would

given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of Christ,

us all. Thank God we are never to part

call him a "kid" now, we called him The boy was a quiet little fellow. He wore a little blue necktie and attended Sunday-school regularly. He was an especially good boy, and was the idol of a loving mother and an indulgent father who had tasted the bitter cup of death to its dregs in the death of three other children.

This boy grew to manhood after I was married. He married a lovely girl a few Only a few months ago I read of the birth of a babe in that family. The next

week I read that the young mother was Last week I learned that the young iusband, crushed and heart-broken, had oined the young bride in the land of the Leal, and only yesterday 1 picked up

paper announcing the death of the babe. Marriage, birth and death following so fast upon each other, is a little out of vinely ordered for the comfort, for the the usual, but still it is only fulfilling the ironical fate of time.

Three fresh mounds in a graveyard in

the wild woods, filled by father, mother and babe. Oh, how many hopes are buried there! Yet we see them almost every day. When one looks back to the youth of yesterday, sees the graves of to day and strives to peer into the eternity of the tomorrow, he can't help but think; "ah how soon I may be called too!"

Possibly some of the readers of THE Times have heard persons who were not as good-tempered as themselves complain about so small a matter as mosquitoes. What would these faultworldliness and social splash in what finders do if they lived in the teity of Durango, in Mexico, where scorpions abound to such an extent that the authorities have offcred a prize to the person capturing the largest number in a month? In the hospital of this town 2000 of these pests were killed in a day, and as the bite of a scorpion is usually, deadly the number of recoveries in that institution must have been increased materially by the slaughter. It is only fair to say, however, that the scorpions were not caught in the hospital. They were taken there to be killed. Durango pays sixty cents a hundred for the bodies of scorpions, and it is said that 80,000 of these venomous creatures were destroyed there last year.

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OR MONEY IS RETURNED.



The War is Over. A Well-known Sol dier, Correspondent and Journalist Makes a Disclosure.

ist Makes a Disclosure.

Indiana contributed her thousands of brave soldiers to the war, and no state bears a 14tter record in that respect than it does. In literature it is rapidly acquiring an enviable place. In war and literature Solomon Yewell, well known as a writer as "Sol," has won an honorable position. During the late war he was a member of Co. M. 2d. N. Y. Cavalry and of the 13th Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Regarding an important circumstance he writes as follows:

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—Solomon Yewell, Marion, Ind., Dec. 5, 1822

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Baltimore and Ohio Time Table. IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Saltimore to Mt. Airy, Frederick an



a Stop to let off passengers. The Theatre Train leaves Baltimore at 11 10 p. m., daily and arrives at Ellicott City at midnight. Hagerstown, Frederick and Mt. Airy to Baltimore.

Daily. †Daily except Snuday.

WESTERN MARY LAND RAILROAD. SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1893. æave Hillen Station as follows:

4.59 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. the South and Southwest; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and, except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, Chambersburg, Waynesboro', B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.22 A. M.—Accommodation for York, Hanover, Gettysburg, Pa., and all B. and H. Div. points; also Eastern Extension and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also Carlisle and G. and H. Raifroad.
8.00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and pointron Main Linc & B. & C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, also N. & W. R. R. to Shenandoah, Va. 10,65 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, York and Gettysburg, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R. 25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove 25 P. M.—Accommonation for Embry Grows 20 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howard-ville, Mt. Wilson, Owing's Mill, Glyndon, York, Hanover, Gettysburg, B.& H. Divi-sion, Carlisle, Gettysburg and Harrisburg

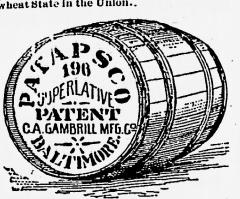
sion, Carlisle, Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railrond.
4.02 p. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Tannery, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsorand Stations West to Cherry Run; also Frederick, Emmitsburg, B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.
5.15 p. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
6.15 p. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
6.15 p. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. SUNDAYS. 9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.
2.30 p. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.
1.00 p. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
10.30 p. M.—Accommodation for Emory

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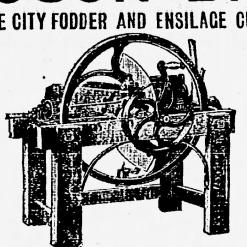
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