

THE SPIRIT OF AMITY

Dr. Talmage Commends Good Feeling Among Mankind.

Mentions Illustrious Examples in His Sermon—The Grace of Forgiveness—Kindness a Magnificent Word.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klepach, N. Y.] Washington, Sept. 22.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage commends the spirit of amity and good feeling and mentions illustrious examples of that spirit; text, Acts, 34:2, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Here we are on the island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial center, belonging at different times to Phoenicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the islands is 100 square miles. It is in the Mediterranean sea and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Aetna, 130 miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable because the knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck. The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel drifting probably a mile and a half an hour. She struck at what is now called St. Paul's bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island, which has so rough a coast, is for the most part a garden. Ripest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in St. Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grew there.

When Paul and his comrades crawled up the beach, saturated and hungry from long abstinence from food and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians, because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates. Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About 25 such men a few years ago I found in the life station near East Hampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat or shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta and around a hot fire drying themselves and with the best provision the islanders can offer them. And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate. Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at the time, his father down with a dangerous illness. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island, watching for a ship and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is! It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure Heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that magnificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated their victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes; it is an expression of beneficence; it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness; it is sunshine of the soul; it is affection perennial; it is a climatic grace; it is the combination of all graces; it is compassion; it is the perfection of gentle manliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined, but we all know what it is, for we have all felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or Heaven hands stretched out which "showed us no little kindness."

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it. You cannot play it as a part. You cannot enact it. You cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside of you, an everlasting summer, or, rather, a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever. Kindness wishes everybody well—every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing, and you would have no

more need of societies for prevention of enmity to animals, no more need of protective sewing woman's associations, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unweave every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration. Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them: "What are you looking for?" and they answer: "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition its perfume will whelm everything.

Let us all pray for the spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling got up for occasions, but perennial. That is the reason I like petunias better than morning glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning glory. But the morning glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is as widespread a glow at 12 o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And this grace of kindness is not spasmodic, it is not intermittent, it is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence.

Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by haphazard, but through culture under the divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullein stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured, and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O God, implant kindness in all our souls and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet anyone, do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of an agreeable thing you have heard about him or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First it is chained to the back part of the mouth by strong muscles. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars, and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, and then the two lips, with the power of compression and arrest. And yet, notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, scarification and damnation.

Oh, say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing. Say the hospitable thing. Say the helpful thing. Say the Christlike thing. Say the kind thing. I admit that it is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist, and you say: "What weather to-day?" He answers: "It's going to storm," and umbrella under arm and waterproof coat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say: "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Glorious. Crops not so good as usual, but foreign demand will make big prices. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessimist merchant: "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask, and he answers: "Well, I don't know. Wheat and corn crop blasted in Kansas and Missouri, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in, and the hay crop is short in some places, and in the southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm, and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!" The optimist will say: "I don't think a word of it. I don't think that a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for 20 years could have got off track like that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And, if guilt be proved, find out the extenuating circumstances, if there are any. Kindness! Let us, morning, noon and night, pray for it until we get it.

When you can speak a good word for some one, speak it. If you can conscientiously give a letter of recommendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good 50 years after

you are dead. All my life has been affected by the letter of introduction that Rev. D. Van Vranken, of New Brunswick Theological seminary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when I was seeking a settlement in which to preach the Gospel. That letter gave me my first pulpit. Dr. Van Vranken has been dead more than 30 years, yet I feel the touch of that magnificent old professor. Strange sensation was it when I received a kind message from Rev. Thomas Guard, of Baltimore, the great Methodist orator, six weeks after his death! By way of the eternal world? Oh, no; by way of this world. I did not meet the friend to whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended. So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral pain has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Why, if 50 men all aglow with it should walk through the lost world methinks they would almost abolish perdition.

Suppose all this assemblage and all to whom these words shall come by printer's type should resolve to make kindness an overarching, undergirding and all pervading principle of their life and then carry out the resolution. Why, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say: "What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life, after all, is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and because he had so much sickness in his family he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helping to fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white-haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions and making out a brief for the boy. Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit, and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a "bee," as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner? And they tell me that the older and more skillful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and do not know exactly how to do it. And after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: "Now, here is a readable account of that tragedy; hand it in, and I am sure the managing editor will take it."

"And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days. The oldest son declared that it was his right, because he was the oldest, and the youngest said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood her father's vertigo and rheumatism and poor spells and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts and spend a third of his time with each one of them. And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other. It seems to me that those words of Isaiah are being fulfilled when he says: "The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith and he that smoothed the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying, it is ready for the soldering." What is the matter? It seems to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millennium has got to be coming in. Kindness has got the victory."

My hearers, you know and I know we are far from that state of things. But why not inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. If we cannot have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale and under our own vestments. Kindness! If this world is ever brought to God, that is the thing that will do it. You cannot fret the world up, although you may fret the world down. You cannot mold it into excellence or reformation or godliness. And while we take the matchless kindness from God may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if, by the grace of God, from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text: "He showed us no little kindness." But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of Heaven are mounted, and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of Heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and David calls "the marvelous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God.

Misapprehension Corrected. Hoax—Has Nerdelwell gone west to settle? Joax—No; he's gone west to avoid settling.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

Z. Gilroy has moved from Eureka to Toronto. Of course he few his kite.

Vic Murdock moves to have the Roosevelt Club recently organized in Topeka disbanded.

The Eldorado Republican's idea of a feast this time of year is pawpaws, persimmons and possum.

Down in Cowley county where every body is rich from wheat they still afford the luxury of hay rides.

The Wichita jail was empty for several hours the other day, a thing which never happened before.

Thanksgiving Day is coming again. Someone stole twenty-one turkeys from a Blue Rapids man last week.

Cherryvale has signed up a contract with the Welsbach people for fifty gas lamps at \$20 each per year, including care.

A Galena man left his stove on the back porch over night and a thief took it. It is astonishing how strong some "light fingers" are.

Chas. Elliot, who lives near Winfield, believes he cleared \$3,000 off 45 acres of alfalfa this year. He lives across town from the asylum, too.

These are mournful days for the exchange readers. Telegraph, editorial and local columns are all tearful, and after the dailies come the weeklies.

The Arkansas City Traveler is slow to blame the mosquito for spreading malaria but unhesitatingly thunders and condemns him for spreading his kind.

"All anarchists look alike to us," shouts the editor of the Sterling Journal, as he looks around for a chance to trade his cow for a Winchester.

The ancient and modern is cleverly blended at the Salina Fair. The last days of Pompeii and a bunch of Mexican hoochie-cooche girls share the honors.

Greeley, Kansas, from December 15, 1899 to December 13, 1900, did not have a single death. Greeleyites may not be particularly wealthy or wise but they surely are healthy.

For five minutes it snowed preceding a rain in Arkansas City on the 16th of the month. This next tale the new Dave Leahy will be circulating will be of a man drowning in the Arkansas river.

One of the REGISTER's county correspondents writes that "Mr. Chicken went across Owl creek for seed wheat Tuesday." Which is simply further evidence of the enterprise of the Helpful Hen and her spouse.

The wine trust has gone and cornered all the sisal on earth and the penitentiary plant will have to pay eight instead of five cents a pound for it. For this outrage the trust will sizzle in the Over There.

That Indiana preacher who was tarred and feathered for anarchistic staterents probably thought of the text about "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of us," as he picked feathers off his legs with his sticky fingers.

The sheriff of Mitchell county captured a stolen team and started home with it. On the way he passed through Scandia and was arrested by the town marshal who had just received a card describing the stolen rig and thought he had the thief.

The papers tell that a bolt of lightning killed a cat in a Leavenworth yard. But the fact remains that the bolt was so worn out when it got through smashing the cat it didn't shock the people in the house, although but a few feet away.

While a crowd of young men were watching a performance on the Street Fair midway in the "Idols of Art" tent, a crowd of girls rushed in. "There's Bert," "Hello Charlie!" and similar greetings quickly sent the boys blushing from the tent.

In its long history the Republican party has elected six presidents; three of these have been assassinated; before it the Whig party in its long history elected but two presidents, each dying shortly after inauguration. No democratic president ever died in office.

While an attorney of Concordia was drawing up divorce papers for a woman of that town the husband came home and ran him off the premises with a gun and the next day the lady phoned that she didn't need him any more. Lawyers do get their dues, sometimes.

A Chanute man in Buffalo found a picture in the Chile exhibit of a scene in Paris opera house. A hilarious party in a box is smoking cigarettes and have finished several bottles. An elderly beau with a flushed face holds a girl against his shoulder and the girl looks to the Chanute man like a well-known Chanute girl. Maybe it was.

E. H. Groves Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. This is nature's own remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Kansas wants to be counted on for her share of the proposed fund of \$1,000,000 to erect a McKinley Memorial Arch in Washington.

Emma Goldman, once pretty, is now a bloated liquor fiend. Mrs. Nation is a liquor hater. Why not lock the two up in a room and let them settle accounts.

A German professor has recently laid down the proposition that monkeys are descended from man, and not the reverse. So the theory about Mrs. Nation must be revised.

A hard luck story comes from Washburn where a football player got so nearly killed in a practice game that he cannot participate in any of the college games and get killed.

The Salina Republican is grinning ghoulishly over the rivalry between South Carolina and Georgia over the birthplace of the negro Parker, who felled Colozogz. It is funny, too.

Beloit Times: We asked Dan O'Rourke, just recently married, whether a certain person was ever married? "I guess so," said Dan, "he gave me the sign of distress the other day."

Vic Murdock says Johnny Outland, the new coach of the K. U. football team, is hardening his men thoroughly, even to the extent of beating them with clubs "to callous their eyelids."

An Arkansas City merchant attracted crowds by rigging up a dummy in an electric chair in his window. The dummy represented Colozogz and the sparks of electricity made it jump and twitch.

There was a peculiar wreck on the Rock Island near Lawrence. Four cars of lumber and one of beer were telescoped. Needless to say all the booze had a stick in it when the wreck was cleared.

As the editor of Western Life sat and eats watermelon with his elbows on his knees, letting the juice and seeds fall between his knees, he thought out an editorial that it was foolish to envy women.

A C. Courtney, a discharged member of the 32nd Illinois, was sand-bagged on the railroad near Oswego and robbed of \$500 in gold and \$300 in currency. Some anti-imperialist probably did the deed.

The Madison Index and News combined. One was Republican and the other Populist. The combination says both sides can use its columns at advertising rates and "no politician shall get a free puff."

Kansas is always informed, says the Emporia Gazette. It is reported of a Kansas man that he accosted St. Peter with, "Hello, Pete, Shake hands with Joe Brown, Santa Fe agent from my town."

Mandy Clifton, of Chanute, didn't like the location of a telephone pole in her back yard and took an axe and cut it down. Although it was evidently an accident she was fined \$10 for working so hard.

One thing that endeared McKinley to Kansas was his simplicity. And it is not surprising to learn that his Canton home is the first he ever owned, that he owned the house where his mother lived and that he saved a good part of his salary as president.

The Herald says that a Newton bachelor, 43 years old, took a girl home from the merry-go-round and it was the first time he ever "kept company" with one of the fair sex. What a man misses who waits till the night air gives him rheumatism before beginning sparring!

Neighborladies in Topeka quarreled over the common hydrant they had to use and red-headed Mrs. Burns emptied a pan of dishwater on the other lady. Others besides the Topeka political correspondents seem able to originate things.

G. R. Burke, thrown into the Topeka jail for disloyal remarks was "kangarooed" by the other prisoners. He was laid across a box and sixteen lashes with a three foot hose laid on. Ingalls was right, "an anarchist will be an alien in hell."

Ed Davis of Minneapolis, ought to work on a passenger train he is so good a conductor. Lightning struck his buggy, jerked the tires off the wheels and killed the horse, but Ed was able to stand up and cuss his luck at losing his horse.

An idea of what the wheat crop means to Kansas may be gained from the statement in the Topeka Capital that the little town of Ada shipped 25 cars of wheat to Topeka that meant between \$500 and \$1000 each to the people of Ada. Ada is so small engineers have to look twice to tell when to blow their whistles.

The metropolitan press speaks of Emma Goldman as goodlooking, but the Pittsburg Headlight recalls that she visited that town a few years ago. She was then "bear-eyed, dissipated and spent most of her time talking cockney slang and drinking beer in the joints." One has to go among some to be rated passing fair in Kansas.

The Topeka Herald said that some boys near Oberlin went after some vegetable prolate spheroids and received a shower of leaden meteors which "spoiled their taste for watermelons." Columbus Borin, of Oberlin, corrects this thus: "Strict accuracy impels the statement that the point of impact was not the tract of taste but the cushion of muscular and adipose tissue covering the pelvic and femoral bones and the vertebral processes of the lower lumbar region."

Tribute to W. A. Quayle: William McKinley was an ideal American, a Christian whose life was full of the beauty of the gospel, an astute politician in the good sense, a statesman as now becomes evident whose name may be belittled with John Quincy Adams, a patriot whose record is sullied with not one single spot, a gentleman whose manners were absolute in their democratic simplicity, a husband whose fidelity was sweet as poetry, a man beloved by a nation to a degree not equaled. This was William McKinley. An honor to the race that produced him and the nation whose chief executive he was.

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