THE KING OF GLORY.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Fragrance of the Gospel.

Christ Arrayed in Fragrant Garments Typical of Mercy—His Suffering for Mortals—Sin's Marasmus—The Ivory Palaces of Heaven.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn, N. Y., on "The Fragrance of the Gospel," Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached from the text: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces"—Psalms xlv. 8. He said:

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborated rose windows and sculpturing of the Last Judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead, its battlements of quatrefoil, its sacristy with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by Popes and Archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II.

As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace; all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of Earth, King of Heaven, King forever! His garments are not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of Heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphor and frankincense and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye. They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces.

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright-leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on His infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to any thing that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many He is only like any historical person, another John Howard; another philanthropic Oberlin; another Confucius; a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard His voice, and felt His pardon, and received His benediction, He is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night—yesterday, to-day, forever.

It seems as if we can not wear Him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict Him with all our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles, and yet He is ready to lift and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon Him that one would think in eternal affront He would quit our soul; and yet to-day he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion. There is no name like His for us. It is more imperial than Cæsar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illuminate a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a Queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our needs, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle with some metaphor with which to express Him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see Him with our eyes, and to touch Him with our hands. O, that to-day he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Aye, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from Heaven. Yea, His garments smell of pungents, lasting and all-pervasive myrrh.

O, that you all knew His sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Whoever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostlery the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? O, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? Denied both cradle and deathbed. He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die! A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. O, was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup and that pressed to His lips until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gargling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because He did not like Cæsar? No! no! All this because He wanted to pluck you and me from hell. Because He wanted to raise you and me to Heaven. Because we were lost and he wanted us found. Because we were blind and He wanted us to see. Because were serfs and He wanted us manumitted. O, ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; O, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenthrallment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God.

"O," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe and in these cool days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up nor mollified with ointment. The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man who is expiring to-night on Fulton street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the divine physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English so that a man, though a fool, need not err therein. Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia. Suppose a man were sick and that there was a phial on the mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him and he refused to take it, what would you say to him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it? If he dies he is a suicide.

People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though He brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. O, no. When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the crossroads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child and saying: "Cure this croup. Lord Jesus. Cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club-foot." Christ made every house where He stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since, His heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get His benediction. O Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now. His "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure; and according to my text, He comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden times were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes and tables of ivory and floors of ivory and pillars of ivory and windows of ivory and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. O, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs; tapestry trailing the snowy floors; brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings; silvery music rippling to the bend of the arches. The mere thought of it nearly stunts my brain, and you say: "O, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the dip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

O, what a place Heaven must be! The Tuilleries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes, from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. O, the ivory palaces!

To-day it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart-break over. O, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And the dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in Heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, O, my brother, unless you change your tack you can not reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of Heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about Heaven. We need to be washed—we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces.

Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and feet, but like some skilled diver standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation.

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have asked doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but I got no solution to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of Heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in Heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His brow, came with spears in His heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O, Christ, whelm this audience with Thy compassion. Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of Thy grace. Ride through to-day the conqueror, Thy garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

O, sinner, fling every thing else away and take Christ! Take Him now, not tomorrow. During the night following this very day there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

TRIALS OF THE OBESE.

Sorrows and Tribulations Too Often the Lot of the Over-Fed.

The pale invalid does not mark fresh proofs of emaciation morning after morning with half so keen a solicitude as that shown by the threatened victim of obesity; for invalids as a rule, are rather careless about personnel, while people who are growing stout often disclose an eager regard for it. Their sensitiveness, too, has become proverbial; and I should say that this rose from a solemn feeling that they are becoming gradually pressed away by their own avoirdupois from all the romantictism and picturesqueness of life. But especially is this true when they are of a softer sex. Flesh has wrought more dolorous havoc in the feminine than in the masculine bosom. We all find that a fat Romeo is somewhat crucial to put up with, but we will not have a fat Juliet at any price; we should prefer one, indeed, beside whom Sarah Bermhardt would be a trifle plump.

It has been my impression that the sorrows of fat women still wait to be sympathetically recorded. As a class, they have been ridiculed abundantly. Their kindlier chronicler has yet to look into his heart and write about them. He will tell you what agony they have suffered from the simple phrase, "You appear to be very well," and how they have furtively shuddered when the word "healthy" has left the lips of some innocent friend. He will touch upon those bitter qualms of embarrassment which are felt when a member of their portly set shall enter a street car and find that two men rise gallantly instead of one. He will mention, also, their tremulous distrust of fragile-looking chairs. But this will not include the whole substance of his exposition, for he can not, as a conscientious analyst, ignore those data of dieting which include a fervid cult of roast beef, fish and lemon juice, coincident with an avoidance of sugar, milk and potatoes. It will all be a sorrowful history when some one shall some day indite it. It will be replete with heart yearnings, but it must likewise be sadly pregnant with yearnings of a more prosaic and carnal kind.—*Edgar Fawcett, in Once a Week.*

—If a church be on fire, why has the organ, the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine can not play on it.

PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE.

The Awful Story of a Russian Peasant Woman's Fate.

In Russia people are oftener than elsewhere condemned—unintentionally, of course—to that most gruesome of all deaths, of which E. A. Poe had such unfeigned horror—burial alive. But the circumstances accompanying this frightful tortue are seldom so characteristic or so horrible as in the case of the wife of a peasant in the government of Volhynia, on the borders of Austria, who, according to the local journal, *Volhynia*, was lately buried in a comatose state. She was expecting soon to become a mother at the time of her supposed death. After the "corpse" had been kept the usual time, the parish priest, Konstantinoff, recited the prayers of the burial service in the church-yard; the widower cast three handfuls of earth on the coffin, and all departed except the grave-diggers. In filling up the grave the latter shoveled in an unusually large sod of hard earth, which struck the coffin with a loud noise, and woke up the unfortunate woman from her sleep. The horror of her position at once dawned upon her. She cried out in most piteous tones to the grave-diggers to rescue her from a horrible death. She solemnly promised them all her property if they would take her from the grave and coffin. The more she cried and entreated, the more strenuous were their endeavors to fill the grave; and on leaving the church-yard, when their work was done, they still heard her cries and moans.

The grave-diggers then hurried off to her husband who was surrounded with guests, drinking to the memory of the deceased. Having related what had taken place, the matter was discussed by the guests and the neighbors, who soon came rushing in, and it was finally resolved *nem. con.* that an evil spirit had taken possession of the deceased, and that, in order to prevent her walking at night and disturbing the people, it was absolutely necessary to disinter her and drive an aspen stake through her body. The husband sent a deputation to the priest, asking permission to disinter the body and perform this superstitious rite deemed necessary in all such cases. The priest, horrified, hurried off to the church-yard, and had the body disinterred in the hope of saving a life, but superstition had already got its victim—the woman was dead, but unmistakable signs showed she had struggled hard to escape from the most horrible death the human mind can conceive.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A Movement Beset With Many Perils and Many Difficulties.

Birds often lose their way; a contrary wind or a spell of dark, cloudy weather appears to disorganize their movements, and, like mariners without a compass, they are at a loss which direction to take. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the light-houses on some part of the British coasts during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the light-houses are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where in a confused fluttering throng they beat against the glass like moths round a candle and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The light-men are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor lost travelers with hand nets. Many of the birds are too tired or too dazed to move and allow themselves to be taken by the hand as they sit on the balcony. Let the reader represent to himself a lighthouse on one of these migration nights. The tide of migration is at its height. The night is dark and the lanterns are the central point of attraction for the countless hosts of birds that were crossing the sea when the sky became overcast. Birds of many different species are flying together or are attracted from all points of the compass by the brilliant light. Ducks and geese are traveling with gold-crests and swallows. Starlings and finches are flying side by side with gulls and waders. Warblers and herons scatter scientific classification to the winds, and fraternize with swans and goatsuckers and larks. Falcons and owls appear to lose all propensity for preying on their helpless, fellow-voyagers, and fly harmlessly to and fro among their companions in misfortune. As soon as the weather clears, and the moon shines forth once more, the birds appear to get on their right track again, and the feathered hosts are gone as suddenly as they came. These migratory movements lend bird life its greatest charm in autumn.—*Good Words.*

The Bismarck of To-day.

The Bismarck now before me was very different from the Bismarck I used to see in Berlin six or seven years ago, before Dr. Schweninger took him in hand. The Bismarck of to-day is thin and bony, and the Doctor has, it is well-known, disencumbered him of his unhealthy fat merely by preventing him drinking with his meals. He is looking remarkably well; his gait is swift and automatic; but denotes real vigor; his complexion is clear and almost pink, no doubt the result of the health-laden breezes from the German ocean and the Baltic. I remark also that the features are softened down; you scan them in vain to discover that harshness, not to say ferocity, which are so apparent in his photographs. It may, however be due to the fact of his being in civilian garb. His soft felt hat, very much the worse for wear, his long gray coat and heavy stick, give him the aspect of a plain country gentleman come to the station to meet a friend. When he dons his uniform he is another man, and looks the surly trooper all over. The country folk have repeatedly noticed this difference. The Chancellor's healthy appearance is not deceptive. All the people in whose midst he lives tell me that his health is better than it has been for years past; and a proof of this is that this year it has not been found necessary to send him to Kissingen.—*Paris Figaro.*

OIL USED AS FUEL.

Less Troublesome and Much Cheaper Than Coal or Coke.

An editorial in a recent issue of a Cincinnati paper urges the manufacturers of Cincinnati to consider the question of using crude petroleum as fuel. Investigation shows that Cincinnati is behind many other cities in the use of the liquid fuel which is found in such abundance in Ohio and within such easy access of that city.

Cleveland manufacturers use the Lima oil extensively as fuel, and are even experimenting with good results in the direction of converting it into a gas for fuel purposes. Chicago is using 10,000 barrels a day of the new fuel. Even the town of Hamilton, Ohio, has made more progress in this direction than Cincinnati. A gentleman just returned from Hamilton says the number of oil cars he saw on the sidings led him to make some investigations. He found a large flour mill which is running three 100-horse power boilers with Lima oil as fuel. These boilers required nine tons of coal for a twenty-four hours' run, at two dollars a ton, making eighteen dollars a day.

The same boilers are run with twenty-eight barrels of oil, costing fifty cents a barrel at Hamilton, a total of fourteen dollars. Two stokers and coal shovelers were dispensed with, making a saving of three dollars a day for labor. The saving in shovels, wheelbarrows, grate bars, etc., for this establishment is estimated by the proprietors at two dollars a day, making the total daily expense of oil fourteen dollars, against twenty-three dollars for coal. The oil is said to furnish one-third more power than the coal, with less wear and tear on the boilers. At other factories in Hamilton, boilers are run with gas made from Lima oil.

Nearly every town of any consequence in Ohio uses more or less Lima oil as fuel. In Harrisburgh, Pa., a firm that has a contract with the Government for furnishing steel for steel-clad ships uses gas from Lima oil for melting steel billets. This firm states that they are able to melt a ton of steel billets from gas made from three gallons of oil, and regard it as one of the most important discoveries of the age for the manufacture of steel. There are fifty of these gas plants now in operation, and one is being erected at Johnstown, Pa. Business men who are watching the progress of liquid fuel believe that within a year 150,000 barrels a day will be used for this purpose.

The Lima Oil Company is composed of Ohio oil producers, and is entirely outside of the Standard Oil Company, has 200 cars of its own, and every one of the number is kept busy day and night. This company has made contracts to furnish oil in Hamilton, Ohio, for two years at fifty cents a barrel. The amount of this oil that is being produced in Ohio is much greater than the public generally supposes.

The total output of the wells is not under 1,000,000 barrels a month. When the actual guages show a less production it is when the large wells are shut in and not allowed to yield up their full capacity. The Standard Oil Company pays the producers fifteen cents a barrel for the oil at the wells, and the fact that they have now 9,000,000 barrels in tanks in the region is evidence that they believe in its future. The tanks in which the oil is stored are taken down and removed from the Pennsylvania fields where so much tankage is no longer needed. The oil is now being used for fuel purposes in twelve States and Territories and it is not unlikely to ultimately take the place of coal for manufacturing purposes, except in the vicinity of coal mines.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

A Woman Tells Husbands How They Can Make Themselves Agreeable.

Praise your wife, man! For pity's sake give her a little encouragement—it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright, your food agreeable. For pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these last ten years. But it will do her good, for all that—and you, too. There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise—the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their labors that they look for and upon them as they do to the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. You know that if the floor is clean, labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have toiled. Every thing that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by work, thought, care and efforts bodily and mental. Many men appreciate these things, and feel gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health. Why don't they come out with a hearty "why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains?" They thank the tailor for a good fit; they thank the man in the horse-car who gives them a seat; they thank the lady who moves along in the concert-room; in short they thank every body and every thing out-of-doors; and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, scold if the fire has got down, or, if every thing is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you." I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward your wives; if you gave one hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes;) if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others — fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness. Praise your wife, then, for all her good qualities—and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are no greater than your own.—*Ladies' Home Visitor*

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., manufacturers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and other standard remedies, kindly send us a neatly-bound set of their Almanacs for 1889, making a convenient and reliable volume of reference, the calculations being the work of a practical astronomer, and the historical and other information tabulated with the greatest care and skill. In addition to the almanacs in ten tongues, the book contains specimens of pamphlets issued by the firm in eleven other languages and dialects—a curious and very interesting feature of the volume. We understand that, of the Almanac alone, the firm issue no fewer than fourteen millions annually, being, in all probability, the most widely-disseminated work of the kind in existence, as it assuredly is among the most accurate and trustworthy. It can now be had, in its familiar yellow cover, at all the drug stores.—*Border State Messenger.*

—A gentleman who was out hunting the other night stumbled over the dead body of a cow in the Little River swamp. The cow had crumpled horns, from one of which was dangling a huge rattlesnake. The indications were that the cow had seen the snake coiled and in the act of springing upon her, and had accordingly hooked the reptile, the horn penetrating the snake's body so that the rattler was unable to free himself. The cow's horn killed the rattler, but the rattler's fangs killed the cow. And yet tradition says a rattlesnake's bite doesn't harm a cow.

Signs One Can't Mistake.

Among these are yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, a furred tongue, nausea, pains in the right side, sick headache and constipation. They unmistakably indicate liver disorder, for which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a superlatively fine remedy. Use it promptly and at given intervals. Malarial complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, debility and trouble with the kidneys, are also remedied by it.

Would it be proper to speak of the wickerwork around a demijohn as a spirit wrapper?

"Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil"

Has done more to relieve and cure Consumption, weak lungs and general weakness than any known remedy. Jno. C. Baker & Co., Philadelphia.

No gentleman will interrupt a clergyman in the midst of his discourse to ask for the text.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

"What game do you scholars play the most?" inquired one of the school trustees. "Hookey!" cried the boys in unison.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar cures Coughs and bronchitis and consumption. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 10.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$ 3 50 @	4 40
Range steers	2 10 @	2 70
Native cows	2 00 @	3 25
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 90 @	5 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	92¼ @	93½
No. 2 soft	97¼ @	99
CORN—No. 2	27½ @	27½
OATS—No. 2	22 @	23
RYE—No. 2	44 @	44½
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 40 @	2 50
HAY—Baled	5 00 @	6 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	27 @	32
CHEESE—Full cream	11 @	13
EGGS—Choice	21 @	21½
BACON—Ham	12 @	13
Shoulders	9 @	9½
Sides	10 @	10½
LARD	9½ @	9¾
POTATOES	45 @	50
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	5 00 @	5 60
Butchers' steers	3 30 @	4 40
HOGS—Packing	5 00 @	5 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 25 @	4 50
FLOUR—Choice	3 50 @	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 02 @	1 02½
CORN—No. 2	31 @	31½
OATS—No. 2	25½ @	26
RYE—No. 2	49 @	50
BUTTER—Creamery	32 @	36
PORK	14 20 @	14 30
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50 @	5 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	5 10 @	5 35
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 00 @	5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	5 00 @	5 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 03 @	1 03¼
CORN—No. 2	34 @	34¼
OATS—No. 2	25½ @	25¾
RYE—No. 2	50½ @	51
BUTTER—Creamery	32 @	34
PORK	13 50 @	13 75
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 80 @	5 10
HOGS—Good to choice	5 40 @	5 65
FLOUR—Good to choice	5 15 @	5 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 04¾ @	1 05
CORN—No. 2	47 @	47½
OATS—Western mixed	30 @	32
BUTTER—Creamery	24 @	35

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W. D. Edwards, Palmyra, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from Costiveness and Sick Headache, and have tried many medicines, but

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