

A GRATEFUL SPIRIT.

Should Be Cultivated by One and All, Says Dr. Talmage.

We Should Rehearse All Our Blessings and Give Praise to God for Them—The Gospel of Good Morals.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls attention to causes of thanksgiving that are seldom recognized and shows how to cultivate a cheerful spirit; text, Psalms 33:2: "Sing unto Him with a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings."

A musician as well as poet and conqueror and king was David, the author of my text. He first composed the sacred rhythm and then played it upon a harp, striking and plucking the strings with his fingers and thumbs. The harp is the oldest of musical instruments. Jubal invented it, and he was the seventh descendant from Adam. Its music was suggested by the twang of the bowstring. Homer refers to the harp in the "Iliad." It is the most consecrated of all instruments. The flute is more mellow, the bugle more martial, the cornet more incisive, the trumpet more resonant, the organ more mighty, but the harp has a tenderness and sweetness belonging to no other instrument that I know of. It enters into the richest symbolism of the Holy Scriptures. The captives in their sadness "hung their harps upon the willows." The raptures of Heaven are represented under the figure of "harpers harping on their harps." We learn from coins and medals that in the Macabean age the harp had only three strings. In other ages it had eight strings. David's harp had ten strings, and when his great soul was afire with the theme his sympathetic voice, accompanied by exquisite vibration of the chords, must have been overpowering.

With as many things to complain about as any man ever had David wrote more anthems than any other man ever wrote. He puts even the frosts and hailstorms and tempests and creeping things and flying fowl and the mountains and the hills and day and night into a chorus. Absalom's plotting and Abithophel's treachery and hosts of antagonists and sleepless nights and a running sore could not hush his psalmody. Indeed, the more his troubles the mightier his sacred poems. The words "praise" and "song" are so often repeated in his psalms that one would think the typewriter's case containing the letters with which these words are spelled would be exhausted.

In my text David calls upon the people to praise the Lord with an instrument of ten strings, like that which he was accustomed to finger. The simple fact is that the most of us, if we praise the Lord at all, play upon one string or two strings or three strings when we ought to take a harp fully chorded and with glad fingers sweep all the strings. Instead of being grateful for here and there a blessing we happen to think of, we ought to rehearse all our blessings so far as we can recall them and obey the injunction of my text to sing unto Him with an instrument of ten strings.

Have you ever thanked God for delightful food? What vast multitudes are a-hungered from day to day or are obliged to take food not toothsome or pleasant to the taste! What millions are in struggle for bread! A confederate soldier went to the front, and his family were on the verge of starvation, but they were kept up by the faith of a child of that household, who, noticing that some supply was sure to come, exclaimed: "Mother, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

Have you appreciated the fact that on most of your tables are luxuries that do not come to all? Have you realized what varieties of flavor often touch your tongue and how the saccharin and the acid have been afforded your palate? What fruits, what nuts, what meats regale your appetite, while many would be glad to get the crusts and rinds and peelings that fall from your table. For the fine flavors and the luxurious viands you have enjoyed for a lifetime perhaps you have never expressed to God a word of thanksgiving. That is one of the ten strings that you ought to have thrummed in praise to God, but you have never yet put it in vibration.

Have you thanked God for eyesight as originally given to you or, after it was dimmed by age, for the glass that brought the page of the book within the compass of the vision? Have you realized the privation those suffer to whom the day is as black as the night and who never see the face of father or mother or wife or child or friend? Through what painful surgery many have gone to get one glimpse of the light! The eyes so delicate and beautiful and useful that one of them is invaluable! And most of us have two of these wonders of Divine mechanism. The man of millions of dollars who recently went blind from atrophy of optic nerve would have been willing to give all his millions and become a day laborer if he could have kept off the blindness that gradually crept over his vision.

You may have noticed how Christ's sympathies were stirred for the blind. Ophthalmia has always been prevalent in Palestine, the custom of sleeping on the housetops, exposed to the dew and the flying dust of the dry season, inviting this dreadful disorder. A large percentage of the inhabitants could not tell the difference between 12 o'clock at noon and 12 o'clock at night. We are told of six of Christ's miracles for the cure of these sightless ones, but I suppose they are only specimens of

hundreds of restored visions. What a pitiful spectacle Saul of Tarsus, the mighty man, three days led about in physical as well as spiritual darkness, he who afterward made Felix tremble by his eloquence and awed the Athenian philosophers on Mars hill and was the only cool headed man in the Alexandria consularship that went to pieces on the rocks of Miletus, once the mighty persecutor of Saul, afterward the glorious evangelist Paul, for three days not able to take a safe step without guidance!

Have you ever given thanks for two eyes—media between the soul inside and the world outside, media that no one but the infinite God could create? The eye, the window of our immortal nature, the gate through which all colors march, the picture gallery of the soul! Without the eye this world is a big dungeon. I fear that many of us have never given one hearty expression of gratitude for treasure of sight, the loss of which is the greatest disaster possible unless it be the loss of the mind. Those wondrous seven muscles that turn the eye up or down, to right or left or around. No one but God could have created the retina. If we have ever appreciated what God did when he gave us two eyes, it was when we saw others with obliterated vision. Alas, that only through the privation of others we came to a realization of our own blessing! If you had harp in hand and swept all the strings of gratitude, you would have struck this, which is one of the most dulcet of the ten strings.

Further, there are many who never recognize how much God gives them when He gives them sleep. Insomnia is a calamity wider known in our land than in any other. By midlife vast multitudes have their nerves so overwrought that slumber has to be coaxed, and many are the victims of elboral and morphine. Sleeplessness is an American disorder. If it has not touched you and you can rest for seven or eight hours without waking—if for that length of time in every 24 hours you can be free of all care and worry and your nerves are returned and your limbs escape from all fatigue, and the rising sun finds you a new man, body, mind and soul—you have an advantage that ought to be put in prayer and song and congratulation. The French financier, almost wealthy enough to purchase a kingdom, but the victim of insomnia, wrote: "No slumber to be bought in any market." He was right. Sleep is a gratuity from Him who never sleeps. Oh, the felicities of slumber! Let all who have this real benefaction celebrate it. That is one of the sweetest strings in all the instrument of ten strings.

Further, celebrate on the instrument of ten strings our illumined nights. They spread their tents over us, and some of us hardly go out to look at them. During the nights other worlds come in sight. The author of my text chimed the silver bells in the tower of the midnight heavens, saying: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" We thank God for the day; we ought also to thank Him for the night. Worlds on worlds in sight of the naked eye, but more worlds revealed by telescope. At least one night in his lifetime every man ought to go into astronomical observatory and see what has been done by the great World Builder. Thank God for lunar and stellar illumination!

Another string of this instrument I now touch—friendships, deep and abiding, by which I refer to those people who, when good or bad motive may be ascribed to you, ascribe the good; those concerning whom you do not wonder which side they will take when you are under discussion; those who would more gladly serve you than serve themselves; those to whom you can tell everything without reserve; those who are first in your home by person or by telegram when you have trouble. Oh, what a blessing to have plenty of friends! Aye, if you have only one good friend, you are blessed in that glad possession. With one such friend you can defy the world. But he must be a tried friend. You cannot tell who are your real friends till disasters come. As long as you collect vast dividends and have health and joy and popularity unbounded you will have crowds of seeming friends, but let bankruptcy and invalidism and defamations come, and the number of your friends will be 95 per cent. off. If you have been through some great crisis and you have one friend left, thank God and celebrate it on the sweetest harpstring.

"While all this is so," says some one, "there are so many things that others have which I have not." I reply, it is not what we get, but what we are, that decides our happiness. With the bare necessities of life many are unspeakably happy, while others with all the luxuries are impersonations of misery. In the Roman empire there was no man more wretched than the Nero who ruled it. The porticos of his palace were a mile long. A statue of him in silver and gold 120 feet high stood in the vestibule. The walls of his palace were mother of pearl and ivory. The ceiling was arranged to shower flowers and pour perfumes upon the guests. His wardrobe was so large that he never wore a garment twice. His mules were shod in silver. He fished with hooks of gold. A thousand carriages accompanied him when he traveled. His crown was worth \$500,000. He had everything but happiness. That never came. Your heart right, all is right; your heart wrong, all is wrong.

But we must tighten the cords of our harp and retune it while we celebrate Gospel advantages. The highest style of civilization the world has

ever seen is American civilization, and it is built out of the Gospel of pardon and good morals. That Gospel rocked our cradle, and it will epitaph our grave. It soothes our sorrows, brightens our hopes, inspires our courage, forgives our sins and saves our souls. It takes a man who is all wrong and makes him all right. What that Gospel has done for you and me is a story that we can never fully tell. What it has done for the world and will yet do for the nations it will take the thousand years of the millennium to celebrate. The grandest churches are yet to be built. The mightiest anthems are yet to be hoisted. The greatest victories are yet to be gained. The most beautiful Madonnas are yet to be painted. The most triumphant processions are yet to march. Oh, what a world this will be when it rotates in its orbit a redeemed planet, girdled with spontaneous harvests and enriched by orchards whose fruits are speckled and redundant, and the last pain will have been banished and the last tear wept and the last groan uttered, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain! All that and more will come to pass, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

So far I have mentioned nine of the ten strings of the instrument of gratitude. I now come to the tenth and the last. I mention it last that it may be the more memorable—heavenly anticipation. By the grace of God we are going to move into a place so much better than this that on arriving we will wonder that we were for so many years so loath to make the transfer. After we have seen Christ face to face and rejoiced over our departed kindred there are some mighty spirits we will want to meet soon after we pass through the gates. We want to see and will see David, a mightier king in Heaven than he ever was on earth, and we will talk with him about psalmody and get from him exactly what he meant when he talked about the instrument of ten strings. We will confront Moses, who will tell of the law giving on rocky Sinai and of his mysterious burial, with no one but God present. We will see Joshua, and he will tell us of the coming down of the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn and explain to us that miracle—how the sun and moon could stand still without demolition of the planetary system. We will see Ruth and have her tell of the harvest field of Boaz, in which she gleaned for afflicted Naomi. We will see Vashti and hear from her own lips the story of her banishment from the Persian palace by infamous Ahasuerus.

We will see and talk with Daniel, and he will tell us how he saw Belshazzar's banqueting hall turned into a slaughter house and how the lions greeted him with loving fawn instead of stroke of cruel paw. We will see and talk with Solomon, whose palaces are gone, but whose inspired epigrams stand out stronger and stronger as the centuries pass. We will see Paul and hear from him how Felix trembled before him and the audience of skeptics on Mars hill were confounded by his sermon on the brotherhood of man, what he saw at Ephesus and Syracuse and Phillipi and Rome and how dark was the Mamertine dungeon and how sharp the ax that beheaded him on the road to Ostia. Yea, we will see all the martyrs, the victims of ax and sword and fire and bilbow. What a thrill of excitement for us when we gaze upon the heroes and heroines who gave their lives for the truth. We will see the gospel preachers Chrysostom and Bourdaloue and Whitefield and the Wesleys and John Knox. We will see the great Christian poets Milton and Dante and Watts and Mrs. Hemans and Frances Havergal. Yea, all the departed Christian men and women of whatever age or station.

But there will be one focus toward which all eyes will be directed. His infancy having slept on pillow of straw; all the hates of the Herodian government planning for his assassination; in after time whipped as though he were a criminal; asleep on the cold mountains because no one offered him a lodging; though the greatest being who ever touched our earth, derisively called "this fellow;" His last hours writhing on spikes of infinite torture; His lacerated form put in sepulcher, then reanimated and ascended to be the center of all heavenly admiration—upon that greatest martyr and mightiest hero of all the centuries we will be permitted to look. Put that among your heavenly anticipations.

Now take down your harp of ten strings and sweep all the chords, making all of them tremble with a great gladness. I have mentioned just ten—delightful food, eyesight, hearing, healthful sleep, power of physical locomotion, illumined nights, mental faculties in equipoise, friendships of life, Gospel advantages and heavenly anticipations. Let us make less complaint and offer more thanks, render less dirge and more cantata. Take paper and pen and write down in long columns your blessings. I have recited only ten. To express all the mercies God has bestowed you would have to use at least three, and I think five, numerals, for surely they would run up into the hundreds and the thousands. "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." Get into the habit of rehearsal of the brightnesses of life.

Notice how many more fair days there are than foul, how many more good people than bad you meet. Set your misfortunes to music, as David opened his "dark sayings on a harp." If it has been low tide heretofore, let the surges of mercy that are yet to roll in upon you reach high water mark. All things will work together for your good, and Heaven is not far ahead. Wake up all the ten strings. Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever. Amen!

PRaise FROM MISSOURI

Editor of Nevada Paper Says Iola is Pretty, Polite and Prosperous.

Mr. Mitchell, one of the editors and owners of the Nevada, Mo., Evening Post, visited in Iola last week. On returning home he told something of what he saw and the REGISTER reproduces it here.

A DAY AT IOLA

The biggest thing in Iola is natural gas.

To the man who has for a life time been compelled to coax reluctant heat from slaty coal and wet wood, Iola is a revelation.

The natural gas of that district is found at a depth of 900 feet in a fine white sandstone. The power which forces it through the dense stone is still a puzzle to scientists, but the fact that they have been unable to solve the problem has no effect upon its use. The money which has been expended in utilizing it is steadily crawling up into the millions and the inception of one great enterprise follows so closely upon the establishment of another that even the citizens themselves are unable to keep pace with the improvements.

It is essentially a manufacturing town but to the visitor who has learned to associate smoke and grime with such a community, the town is a most pleasant surprise. The gas is free from soot or odor and the fresh and cleanly air of the city is one of the first features to impress itself upon the stranger.

The streets are unusually broad and most of them are edged with handsome shade trees. The ground is gently undulating, but in places is broken by swells which afford particularly inviting building sites.

The town is almost surrounded by the Neosho river and one of its tributaries and the handsome forests which border them suggest that a section of Missouri has been deftly inlaid upon a Kansas prairie.

Iola is a beautiful city but it is probable that there is not a man in town who has had sufficient leisure to observe that fact. Everybody is busy and the dominating ambition seems a desire to be busier. The business atmosphere is full of ozone and the man who breathes it tingles to his finger tips with a desire to accomplish something quickly in order that he may accomplish something else.

It is the world's greatest zinc smelting district; but smelting is but one of its great industries. Its cement works are producing more than 3000 barrels per day, and the quality is said to be without an equal. Its acid works will employ 400 men. The output of the brick factories would startle the man who is familiar only with the ordinary methods. Other industries already realized and others in process of realization are keeping an army of workmen busily building and producing.

In a day's visit to the gigantic cement works, the up-to-date American finds a more useful inspiration than a week would afford among the paintings of Italy or the marbles of Greece.

There are acres of great steel buildings and in them more than 300 men and nearly 4,000 horse power engines are crushing, roasting and mixing shale and limestone in one uniform and almost impalpable power.

To the student of words, pandemonium means the habitation of all kinds of demons but modernly it is used to express an illimitable aggregation of immeasurably discordant sounds. The harshest tumult that ever rose from pandemonium would sound like a lullaby in a cement factory.

An instant after the sight-seer steps into one of the vast rooms, he feels that the axis of the universe has slipped from its bearings and the cogwheels of each planet, thrown from their meshes, are crashing and crushing upon each other in one mad race to general destruction. At the top of his voice, he shouts into the ear of a friend, but fails to catch the faintest sound of his own words. He loses confidence in his power to make himself heard and an hour afterwards finds his conversation, pitched in a high key.

There is a battery of immense steel cylinders in which a man could stand upright. They were partially filled with finely broken stone and were revolving with sufficient speed to keep the contents clinging to the concave shells. The open center was a vortex of red flame. The heat registered 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

An employe turned off the flow of gas and the red glare quickly died away. It left a cavern lined with pearls and tiny avalanches of them breaking from the sides rolled in a confusion of beauty to the shifting floor.

The gas was turned slowly on. It floated away into the depths of the brilliant cavern wreathing itself in delicate spirals as soft and white as the gossamer clouds of a lazy summer day. Another follows then another in quick succession. The glow of the opal is borne away by one and the next cooies the pink of the rose. Then deeper and deeper grows the red.

Faster and faster the clouds writhe and whirl until all that is beautiful and peaceful has vanished and only the angry glare of a pitiless conflagration is left.

If you think there is no poetry in a cement roaster, you should go to Iola and correct your error.

The natural gas wells have a normal pressure of from 300 to 385 pounds to the square inch. For ordinary use this pressure is reduced to ounces. Mr. Nicholson uses only one-fourth of a pound in his furnaces, and finds it more satisfactory than a higher pressure.

Aside from its nominal cost, natural gas has other advantages. Not the least of them is the convenience of its use. The Nicholson smelter at Iola with 250 men produces five times as much spelter as the Nevada works smelt with seventy men. That fact indicates that his Iola smelters would require 350 men to secure the present output if coal was used instead of gas.

At Gas City, three miles from Iola, a town of nearly one thousand people, has sprung up around the Daly, Callaway & Cockerell and the A. B. Cockerell smelters. Nevada is proving one of the greatest factors in the up-building of the Nevada district.

There are so many familiar faces on the street and in the works that the Nevada visitor is half the time under the impression that he is at home.

Eight miles south of Iola the oil district begins. The natural gas men say that when the gas is exhausted the oil will be a cheap and efficient substitute. They think the gas will last from ten to twenty years.

Iola has three railways completed and another is almost ready for the rails. Brain, brawn and wealth are gathering from every corner of the country to develop the gas fields. The fire worshippers did not pass with the ancient Persians. The modern business world is an enthusiastic devotee at the shrine of Heat and Iola is one of its most favored temples.

The pay rolls of the factories of the Iola district now aggregate about \$1,200,000 per year and will be largely increased in the next few months.

LABOR SOCIETY SESSION

The Attendance is the Largest in Its History

Topeka, Feb. 3. The Society of Labor and Industry, a department of the state government created in 1897, is in session in Representative hall with 250 delegates from various organizations of labor and trade. This is the largest attendance of any of the meetings thus far held.

The society was called to order at 10:30 this forenoon, but an adjournment was taken till 1:30 p. m. to enable the committee on credentials to prepare its report.

At the afternoon session Lee Johnson, secretary of the society, and State Labor commissioner, read his report on the current work of the labor bureau. He gave an interesting account of the fight for the eight hour law, concluding with the decision of the Supreme court sustaining the validity of the act.

The society will hold an open meeting tonight in Representative hall to which the public is invited. George F. Whitlock, president of the society; Governor Stanley, Chief Justice Doster, Senator F. Dumont Smith and State Superintendent Nelson will speak. The North Star Male chorus will sing.

The secretary and assistant secretary of the society were elected last year for two years. The officers to be elected are president and vice president, and a committee of three on legislation.

HOPE FOR THE FILIPINOS

Pride of Country and Desire For Education the Basis

Washington, Feb. 1. Governor Taft today continued his statement concerning conditions in the Philippine archipelago before the senate committee on the Philippines. He resumed his account of his last year's tour of the provinces. He said that, next to Manila, Cebu came nearer to being a city in point of population and manner of improvement than any other place in the archipelago. The island of Cebu, he said, is the most densely settled of the group. It had been a question whether a civil government should be established in Cebu, because, just before the arrival of the commission, the insurgents had been firing into the capital site, but people had insisted and the organization has been effected.

Speaking generally, Governor Taft said there were no roads in the Philippine islands under the Spanish regime, but that since the establishment of American control \$1,000,000 has been appropriated for road improvements, both for strategic and commercial purposes. Most of the towns are on the sea coast and the greater part of the travel for any distance is by boat. He also said that the wheels of such vehicles as are used are so narrow that they cut up the roads badly. Moreover, the frequent freshets in the streams render it difficult to maintain

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[First Published Jan. 24, 1902.] Notice of Final Settlement.

H. A. Ewing, Attorney. The State of Kansas, ss. Allen County. In the Probate court in and for said county. In the matter of the estate of Seth Tezer, deceased. Creditors and all other persons interested in the aforesaid estate are hereby notified that I shall apply to the Probate court, in and for said county, sitting at the court house, in Iola, county of Allen, state of Kansas, on the 28th day of February A. D. 1902 for a full and final settlement of said estate.

[First Published January 24, 1902.] Notice

Notice is hereby given that a petition will be presented by the city council for and in the name of the city of Iola, Kansas to Hon. L. Stillwell, Judge of the District Court in and for Allen County and the 7th Judicial District of Kansas, at the court room in the court house in Iola, Allen county, Kansas, on Saturday the 15th day of February 1902, at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. or so soon thereafter as same can be heard, advising the said Judge to make findings as to the advisability of adding to said city of Iola, the territory adjoining said city and described as follows: 1st All that tract or parcel of land known as the Bunnell home place, being all that part of the north west quarter of section thirty-six (36) township twenty-four (24) range eighteen (18) included by the intersection of the following streets and alley of said city: the east line of Kentucky street, with the south line of Bunnell street, and the north line of an alley running east and west along the north end of block two (2) of Bunnell's 2nd. Addition to said city, and the west line of Ohio street with said lines of Bunnell street and said land described above, said tract or parcel being 265 feet long by 265 feet wide.

[First Published January 17, 1902.] Notice

Public notice is hereby given that there has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Allen County, in the State of Kansas, a petition signed by more than two-thirds of the legal voters of the city of Gas in said county, praying that the name of said "City of Gas" be changed to the "City of Taylor" and that said petition will be presented to, and heard by, said Court at District Court room in the City of Iola, in said State, at 1 o'clock P. M. on the 17th day of Feb. 1902, or as soon thereafter as the Court can hear the same.

ATTEST: S. C. BREWSTER, Clerk of District Court, CAMPBELL & GOSHORN, Attorneys for Petitioners

the roads. In most, if not all, the islands, Colonel Taft said there is a mountain backbone which is practically impassable. General Hall had succeeded in crossing the Luzon mountains, but his men were almost dead when they emerged.

DAVIS' BIG PETITION

He Has a Wash-Basket Full of Signatures to Boer Petition

St. Scripps-McRae Trade Association. Kansas City, Feb. 4.—Webster Davis, former assistant secretary of the interior, announces that he has another wash-basket full of signatures to a petition to file with congress asking sympathy for the Boers. Two hundred thousand signatures are already in Washington. Davis said, "we are trying to help England let go with dignity. Our resolution is very amicable and won't offend England. I believe it will pass."

Prime old process lard oil meal, guaranteed strictly purest Calabrone's mill. Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggists.