...DR. TALMAGE...

Lecture on SCIENCE OF GOOD CHEER.

ODEON

CORNER GRAND AND FINNEY AVES.,

TO-NIGHT.

ADVANCE SALE OF TICKETS AT 1100 OLIVE STREET.

DOCTOR TALMAGE ON UNSEEN HEROISM.

His Sermon at Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church on Unappreciated Services.

GARRISON DUTY OF LIFE.

Equal Rewards for Those Who Watch and Those Who Fight —Service According to Ability.

The Reverend Doctor T. De Witt Talmage of Washington, D. C., preached to a large audience last night at Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church. His subject was "Unappreciated Services." He was to have preached his sermon in the morning at the Second Presbyterian Church, but as he was only going to preach one sermon it was decided to have it in the evening, when more people would have an opportunity to hear him.

His text was taken from I Samuel, verses 24 to 26: "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff." He said:

"If you have never seen an army change quarters you have no idea of the amount of baggage that must be moved. David and his army were about to start on a double-quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch the stuff? There are sick soldiers and wounded soldiers and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march twenty miles in a day and then plunge into a four hours' fight, who is able, with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder, to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put a torch to the baggage.

"There are 200 of these crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards, shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they can not go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

"There is quite a different scene, being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and pillaged and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful agitation of heel-and-toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets and carcanions and pearls and sapphires and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate and jewels and decanters and the silver and the gold lashed up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries and the robes and the turbans and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk.

"What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop down upon them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and libidinous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop down upon these drunken Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot; some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field; some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men bring together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come! Yonder they come! The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they all were. 'How is your broken arm? How is your fractured jaw? Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered? Have you had another chill?'

Distribution of the Spoils.

"But now came a very different thing—the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils?

"Well, some selfish soul suggests that those treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. We did all of the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures. But David looks into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he gazes around and observes how cleanly everything had been kept, and he sees that the baggage is all safe, and he knows that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able. And the little General looks up from under his helmet and says: 'No, no, let us have fair play.'

"He rushes up to one of these men and says: 'hold your hands together.' The hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he goes up to another man, who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he goes up to another, who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites. He gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed.

"He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants. He gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the touch rations of the army. To him he gives a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet. The 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 200 men that went to the front. 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'

"The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great martyrs, great patriots, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. 'As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'

Fidelity in Humble Spheres.

"The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English Railway: 'Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places and send me a copy of it.' Afterwards an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message. Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do the good man had departed this life. He had that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings and a distinguished society, left sympathetic with those who had only such duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways.

"A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses and Joshua, of David, of Luther, of John Knox, of Deborah and of Florence Nightingale. They say: 'Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai; I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still; I shall never preach on Mars Hill; I shall never defy the Diet of Worms; I shall never be called to make a Queen tremble for her crimes; I shall never preside over a hospital.'

"There are women who say: 'If I had a brilliant sphere as those persons had, I should be as brave and grand, but my business is to get the children off to school, to hunt up things when they are lost, to see that the dinner is ready, to keep account of the household expenses, to hinder the children from being strangled by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping, oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal and so inconsiderable, I am discouraged.'

"Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often, night by night, with a light in her hand, through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the 'Lady of the Lamp.'

"Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Herzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah Moore, who, by her excellent books, won for her such admirers as Garrick, Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given, because of the noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but, according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Unknown Heroes.

"Business men know the names of the presidents of great railroads, and of the prominent directors; but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the firemen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer or the infallibleness of a switchman it has brought to mind the faithfulness of the rest of them.

"Such men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question as we shoot around some curve, or under some ledge of rocks, 'How much wages do you get?' and I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you not suppose that God is going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railway, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman on the Erie Railroad who was jammed to death amid the car coupling. 'As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'

"Once, for thirty-six hours, the passengers of a large ocean steamer crowded every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge, the passengers came safely out at the dinner and arrived safely at home. Each one, before leaving the ship, thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool.

"Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kingliness of Captain Andrews. But it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the roaring furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his faithfulness and his fidelity. And there will be just as high reward for the engineer, who worked out of sight, as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the midnight hurricane.

Reward of Unpretending Service.

"A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every evening. The neighbors in the country did not understands how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should walk so much in idly sauntering out evenings by evening. It was found out afterwards that she went there to pray for her boys, and while there one evening she spoke the beautiful hymns famous in all lands for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal a while away
From every lingering care
And spend the hours I spend so long
In talking with my God.

"Shall there be no reward for such unpretending, faithful, self-sacrificing service? Go back in the country where he is, say, who wants to go to college and tell an eldest son. They call him a backwoods. Wherever they find him in the farm or in the house—he is reading a book. 'What a pity it is!' they say. 'That 65 cannot get an education.' His father, work as hard as he will, can no more support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room, and there is a lonely conference alone him. The sisters say: 'Father, I wish you would send Ed to college. If you will we will work harder than ever, and we will make our old dresses do.' The mother says: 'Yes, I will get along without any bread and butter. I can get along without any tea and coffee. The father says: 'Well, I think by breaking corn of nights I can get along without any assistance.' Sweet is banished from the table, butter is banished from the table. That family is put down on rigid fare, suffering economy that the boy may go to college.

"Time passes on, commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come and the graduates walk in on the stage in the long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after a time it comes to a climax of great interest, as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But, away back in the galleries, are his sisters in their plain hats and faded sacks, and the old-fashioned father and mother, dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years; he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and they jump down, and they look pale, and then they are much flushed.

"Ed gets the garlands, and the obscure group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self sacrifices made for others, he will give grand and glorious recognition.

"When it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement, then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text, 'As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'

The New Orleans Limited.

Newly equipped with wide Vestibuled Chair Cars and Sleepers, leaves St. Louis daily, at 8:40 p. m. Has Dining Cars from 5:30 the next morning until 9 p. m., and New Buffet-Library cars, Memphis to New Orleans. The handsomest and most comfortable train leaving St. Louis for the South.

Prisoners Broke Jail.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan. 28.—An exciting jail delivery occurred in broad daylight at Athens, fifty miles from Chattanooga, today. Four prisoners sawed the iron bars in the county jail and made their escape.

DEMAND MEDIATION FOR THE BURGHERS.

Mass Meeting of Citizens at Fourteenth Street Theater Pass Emphatic Resolutions.

CRITICISE UNITED STATES.

Gov. Stone, Dr. Proctorius, Dr. O'Reilly and Others Make Stirring Appeals for the Little Republics.

Pro-Boer Resolutions.

[illegible]

Governor Stone's Speech.

[illegible]

Cause of the Boers Is Just.

[illegible]

Judge Rombauer's Appeal.

[illegible]

Cork Regiment Remembered.

"I have nothing against the English people. This is not their war. It is a war of aggrandizement of Rhodes and his partner, Chamberlain. There are many people in England who deprecate it. They do not believe that it is right. They are the people of the best consideration in the Kingdom. They want the war to end, and they want the Boers to have freedom to which they are entitled."

Judge Rombauer, from his position in a box on the right of the theater, spoke very warmly in favor of the Boers, and Colonel Ryan, the last speaker of the day, delivered an earnest speech in which he spoke the sympathy of the Boers and of their descendants in the British.

While a motion for adjournment was being put, Captain T. L. Sullivan, who came to America from North Cork, thirty years ago and is now in business at No. 99 Morgan street, arose in the audience, and offered a resolution. It was to the effect that as the North Cork Regiment had refused to go to war for Great Britain against the Boers, and had been disarmed and sent away to some unknown place on a British transport, that efforts be made to find them and to extend to them the congratulations of the meeting. He further urged that the Irish Brigade be formed to be presented with arms and ammunition and urged to use them for the Boers against the British.

The resolution to adjourn was withdrawn for the purpose of allowing Captain Sullivan's motion to be put, and it carried with a bound. Then the mass meeting adjourned sine die.

The gentlemen who composed the Resolutions Committee were: O'Neill Ryan, James G. W. Lubke, Doctor Ludwig Bremer, Judge Daniel Dillon and John T. Meagher.

Among those who had seats on the stage, in addition to Chairman Proctorius and Secretary Melody, were: Judge R. A. Rombauer, Edw. C. Kuhe, Doctor Ludwig Bremer, Doctor Hugo Starkloff, Captain M. Kiely, Richard Lancaster, Railroad Commissioner Meaney, Henry F. Silver, John T. Meagher, Judge G. W. Lubke, Charles F. Ware, Judge Daniel Dillon, Charles Schweckendiek, Doctor Thomas O'Reilly, Doctor P. S. O'Reilly, the Reverend P. Heath, former Governor William J. Stone, Charles E. Crane, O'Neill Ryan and Judge Chamberlain.

CATHOLIC PARADE UNION.

Annual Election of Officers—Sympathy for the Boers.

The Catholic Parade Union held its annual meeting last night in the Knights of Father Mathew quarters, at No. 829 Washington avenue. President Daniel O'C. Tracy was in the chair, while Charles Fox and P. H. Fitzgibbon acted as secretaries. The roll call by parishes and organizations showed an unusually large attendance, great interest being taken not only in the coming St. Patrick's Day parade, but also the annual election of officers.

There was some misunderstanding in the committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Bernard Donnelly, and further time was granted.

A letter was read from Bishop Ryan, of Alton wishing the association success in the coming parade and adding that Alton would send a delegation to take part this year. After some minor business the election of officers was taken up and all speeches limited to three minutes each.

The Reverend C. F. O'Leary of Macon, Mo., the Nestor of the organization, was elected chaplain, and Joseph Hartnett was, on motion, unanimously elected president. The other officers elected were as follows: First vice president, Matthew J. Ryan; second vice president, Father Clark; third vice president, Miss Johanna Mockler; recording secretary, Thomas D. Cannon; corresponding secretary, P. H. Fitzgibbon; treasurer, T. F. Quirk; grand marshal, Father Edward Casey; assistant grand marshal, Captain Matthew Kiely.

A resolution of encouragement to the Boers in their struggle for freedom against the British was adopted unanimously by a rising vote and a hip-hip-hooray. A resolution of thanks to the press of the United States for the stand taken in the pending crisis in South Africa was also adopted.

The date for the parade this year was fixed for Sunday, March 18.

EAST WELCOMES BRYAN.

Rhode Island Democracy Prepares a Reception.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 28.—Rhode Island enthusiastic young Democracy is prepared to give William J. Bryan a welcome when he arrives to-morrow to address big meetings at Providence, Pawtucket and Woonsocket.

All arrangements were perfected this evening at a meeting of the State Central Committee and the City Committee for receiving the young Democratic leader and Congressman Lentz, who accompanies him. A committee of representative Democrats will receive the distinguished guests at New Haven, in the party will be Mayor George W. Greene of Woonsocket, chairman of the New England Bimetallic League and of the Democratic State Central Committee; Judge P. H. Quinn of Warwick, John E. Conley of Warren and Frank E. Fitzsimmons of Lincoln.

The guests will reach Providence at 2 p. m. and Mr. Bryan's first speech will be made in the Pawtucket Opera-house. Thence he will go to Woonsocket and at 8:30 he will return to Providence and address probably 5,000 persons in Infantry Hall.

The greatest enthusiasm and harmony characterized the meeting to-day, and it is expected that Bryan's visit will do much to infuse new life into the party, which has now the most vigorous leaders in many years.

Ex-Governor John W. Davis of Pawtucket will preside at the Infantry Hall meeting, which is expected to be the largest since the famous 1892 campaign, when Bryan, Reed, Campbell, Cleveland and McKinley spoke here.

Benefits of a Business Training for Women

Is the title of an article written by Mrs. Hetty Green for the February number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Mrs. Hetty Green is the wealthiest woman in the world. Her remarkable business ability has been demonstrated in the accumulation and management of a vast fortune. She writes with the authority of the successful man of business and with the intimate knowledge of her sex that a woman only can have.

A Woman's Way Is the title of a complete story by Octave Thanet, the favorite American writer of short stories. In this tale the author pictures a peculiar phase of woman-nature, and does it in a most delightful manner. Her men and women have hearts; they are not shadowy outlines, but real people, and therefore they appeal to a large class of readers.

The February number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION contains also the second installment of Mrs. Burton Harrison's splendid serial, ***"Chateaugay;" "What Might Have Been An American Colony;" "Florence Nightingale, the Soldier's Friend;" "Women and the Automobile;" "The Revival of Art and Beauty,"*** by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, and ***"The Idiot at Home,"*** by John Kendrick Bangs.

The illustrations in this number are numerous and of a superior quality, embracing the work of B. West Clinedinst, C. M. Relyea, Irving R. Wiles, F. T. Richards, and several expert photographers. An exquisite cover page by Henry S. Hubbell is not the least pleasing of the many artistic features of the February WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Interesting short stories, games and entertainments, gossip for club-women, helps for housekeepers, hints to dressmakers, talks with mothers, pages of fashions, fill out an unusually attractive number.

Woman's Home Companion

Is sold by newsdealers generally at ten cents a copy. If your dealer does not have it, send ten cents for sample copy, and we will mail also our handsomely illustrated catalogue, 8 by 11½ inches, of reproductions of famous paintings, free, explaining how to get the larger-size illustrations without cost.

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BRIDAL COUPLE SURPRISED AT A WELLSTON BALL.

MR. AND MRS. BURNHAM WERE CHARIVARIED.

Their Marriage Was Hastened by a Joke Played on One of His Rivals.

It is not very pleasant to be charivarie'd at a public ball, where everybody is invited, yet such was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burnham in Berens's Hall at Wellston night before last.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnham had just returned from their honeymoon in Illinois and went to the ball, not to show themselves, but to express their appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Berens, through whose instrumentality they first met. They had no idea that their coming would cause a commotion. Consequently when they walked into the ballroom, looking as happy as a pair of turtle doves, they little dreamed of the reception that was waiting them.

John Timmermann, an attache of Judge Rapp's court in Wellston, saw them enter and quietly told the crowd that they had just been married. In a few minutes the ballroom was practically deserted, and the proprietors were beginning to inquire the reason of the sudden exodus, when their voices were drowned by a terrific din on the outside.

Mr. Timmermann had led his comrades to a neighboring junkshop, where every imaginable article with which a noise could be made was secured. Mr. Burnham and his bride realized that the reception was meant for them and tried to escape. They had tarried too long, however, and were surrounded before they could put their plan into execution.

Both surrendered gracefully to the inevitable and offered to capitulate after several minutes of terrific noise. Mr. Burnham did the honors with a generous hand.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Burnham was the culmination of a short romance. As Miss Catherine Storck of No. 5923 Cote Brilliante avenue, the bride was noted for her beauty and graciousness. She had admirers by the score, and it was the order of one of these suitors that caused her to marry Mr. Burnham.

According to the bride's own story, there were among her admirers a certain young [illegible] who courted her with all the ardor of a Romeo and became somewhat jealous when she met Mr. Burnham at Berens's Hall about six weeks or two months ago. Miss Storck objected to any of her admirers becoming jealous, and, as a punishment for his alleged offense, she told the young Romeo that she was married to Mr. Burnham.

Young Romeo was very much distressed and circulated the story in order that it might be investigated and its truth ascertained. While going the rounds it reached Mr. Burnham's ears. The latter, like Miss Storck's other admirers, was perfectly willing to be nearer to her than a simple admirer, and suggested that the joke be carried out in its seriousness. The young lady demurred at first on the grounds of their brief acquaintance, but her objections were finally overcome.

FREDERICK LEA'S BODY.

It Will Arrive To-Morrow—Brother Suspects Foul Play.

John C. Lea of No. 285 Russell avenue, brother of Frederick H. Lea, formerly of St. Louis, who was mysteriously drowned at San Antonio, Tex., on Saturday, received a telegram yesterday from Mr. Chamberlin of San Antonio, saying that he had shipped the body to St. Louis and that it would arrive here Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. Mr. Lea will take charge of the body and have it taken to his house, from which place the funeral will take place to-morrow at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Lea had received no further particulars of the drowning of his brother than was contained in the first brief telegram relating the sad news. The message stated that there were indications of foul play. It is believed that the dead man was robbed and thrown into the water. It was learned yesterday that the river at the place where the body was found is very shallow and that it would have been almost impossible for a sane man to have drowned there had he been conscious when he fell into the water.

Mr. Lea will investigate his brother's death thoroughly. He said last night that he had not made any definite plans and would not until he had received fuller information, which he expects by mail today.

Falling Hair

Prevented by Warm Shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient Skin Cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, clears the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow on a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, $1.25, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment (50c.), to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Props., Boston. "How to Preserve, Purify & Beautify the Hair, Hands & Skin," free.