

# Talmage Sermon

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—From an unusual standpoint Dr. Talmage in this discourse looks at the duties and trials which belong to the different decades of human life; text, Psalms xc, 10, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten."

The seventieth milestone of life is here planted at the end of the journey. A few go beyond it. Multitudes never reach it. The oldest person of modern times expired at 169 years. A Greek of the name of Stravride lived to 132 years. An Englishman of the name of Thomas Parr lived 152 years. Before the time of Moses people lived 150 years, and if you go far enough back they lived 900 years. Well, that was necessary, because the story of the world must come down by tradition, and it needed long life safely to transmit the news of the past. If the generations had been short lived, the story would so often have changed lips that it might have got all astray. But after Moses began to write it down and parchment told it from century to century it was not necessary that people live so long in order to authenticate the events of the past. If in our time people lived only twenty-five years, that would not affect history, since it is put in print and is no longer dependent on tradition. Whatever your age, I will today directly address you, and I shall speak to those who are in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and to those who are in the seventies and beyond.

First, then, I accost those of you who are in the twenties. You are full of expectation. You are ambitious—that is, if you amount to anything—for some kind of success, commercial or mechanical or professional or literary or agricultural or social or moral. If I find some one in the twenties without any sort of ambition, I feel like saying: "My friend, you have got on the wrong planet. This is not the world for you. You are going to be in the way. Have you made your choice of poorhouses? You will never be able to pay for your cradle. Who is going to settle for your board? There is a mistake about the fact that you were born at all."

Advice to the Twenties. But, supposing you have ambition, let me say to all the twenties, expect everything through divine manipulation, and then you will get all you want and something better. Are you looking for wealth? Well, remember that God controls the money markets, the harvests, the droughts, the caterpillars, the locusts, the sunshine, the storm, the land, the sea, and you will get wealth. Perhaps not that which is stored up in the banks, in safe deposits, in United States securities, in houses and lands, but your clothing and board and shelter, and that is about all you can appropriate anyhow. You cost the Lord a great deal. To feed and clothe and shelter you for a lifetime requires a big sum of money, and if you get nothing more than the absolute necessities you get an enormous amount of supply. Expect as much as you will of any kind of success, if you expect it from the Lord you are safe. Depend on any other resource, and you may be badly chagrined, but depend on God and all will be well. It is a good thing in the crisis of life to have a man of large means back you up. It is a great thing to have a moneyed institution stand behind you in your undertaking. But it is a mightier thing to have the God of heaven and earth your coadjutor, and you may have him. I am so glad that I met you while you are in the twenties. You are laying out your plans, and all your life in this world and the next for five hundred million years of your existence will be affected by those plans. It is about 8 o'clock in the morning of your life, and you are just starting out. Which way are you going to start? Oh, the twenties!

"Twenty" is a great word in the Bible. Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver; Samson judged Israel twenty years; Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities; the flying roll that Zechariah saw was twenty cubits; when the sailors of the ship on which Paul sailed sounded the Mediterranean sea, it was twenty fathoms. What mighty things have been done in the twenties! Romulus founded Rome when he was twenty; Keats finished life at twenty-five; Lafayette was a world renowned soldier at twenty-three; Oberlin accomplished his chief work at twenty-seven; Bonaparte was victor over Italy at twenty-six; Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-two; Calvin had completed his immortal "Institutes" by the time he was twenty-six; Grotius was attorney general at twenty-four. Some of the mightiest things for God and eternity have been done in the twenties. As long as you can put the figure 2 before the other figure that helps describe your age I have high hopes about you. Look out for that figure 2. Watch its continuance with as much earnestness as you ever watched anything that promised you salvation or threatened you demotion. What a critical time—the twenties! While they continue you decide your occupation and the principles by which you will be guided; you make your most abiding friendships; you arrange your home life; you fix your habits. Lord God Almighty, for Jesus Christ's sake, have

mercy on all the men and women in the twenties!

## The Waiting Age.

Next I accost those in the thirties. You are at an age when you find what a tough thing it is to get recognized and established in your occupation or profession. Ten years ago you thought all that was necessary for success was to put on your shutter the sign of physician or dentist or attorney or broker or agent and you would have plenty of business. How many hours you sat and waited for business, and waited in vain, three persons only know—God, your wife and yourself. In commercial life you have not had the promotion and the increase in salary you anticipated, or the place you expected to occupy in the firm has not been vacated. The produce of the farm with which you expected to support yourself and those depending on you and to pay the interest on the mortgage has been far less than you anticipated, or the prices were down, or special expenses for sickness made drafts on your resources that you could not have expected. In some respects the hardest decade of life is the thirties, because the results are generally so far behind the anticipations. It is very rare indeed that a young man does as did the young man one Sunday night when he came to me and said, "I have been so marvelously prospered since I came to this country that I feel as a matter of gratitude that I ought to dedicate myself to God." Nine-tenths of the poetry of life has been knocked out of you since you came into the thirties. Men in the different professions and occupations saw that you were rising, and they must put an estoppel on you or you might somehow stand in the way. They think you must be suppressed. From thirty to forty is an especially hard time for young doctors, young lawyers, young merchants, young farmers, young mechanics, young ministers. The struggle of the thirties is for honest and helpful and remunerative recognition. But few old people know how to treat young people without patronizing them on the one hand or snubbing them on the other. Oh, the thirties! Joseph stood before Pharaoh at thirty; David was thirty years old when he began to reign; the height of Solomon's temple was thirty cubits; Christ entered upon his active ministry at thirty years of age; Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Oh, the thirties! What a word suggestive of triumph or disaster!

Your decade is the one that will probably afford the greatest opportunity for victory because there is the greatest necessity for struggle. Read the world's history and know what are the thirties for good or bad. Alexander the Great closed his career at thirty-two; Frederick the Great made Europe tremble with his armies at thirty-five; Cortes conquered Mexico at thirty; Grant fought Shiloh and Donelson at thirty-eight; Raphael died at thirty-seven; Luther was the hero of the reformation at thirty-five; Sir Philip Sidney got through by thirty-two. The greatest deeds for God and against him were done within the thirties, and your greatest battles are now and between the time when you cease expressing your age by putting first a figure 2 and the time when you will cease expressing it by putting first a figure 3. As it is the greatest time of the struggle, I adjure you, in God's name and by God's grace, make it the greatest achievement. My prayer is for all those in the tremendous crisis of the thirties. The fact is that by the way you decide the present decade of your history you decide all the following decades.

## The Decade of Discovery.

Next I accost the forties. Yours is the decade of discovery. I do not mean the discovery of the outside, but the discovery of yourself. No man knows himself until he is forty. He overestimates or underestimates himself. By that time he has learned what he can do or what he cannot do. He thought he had commercial genius enough to become a millionaire, but now he is satisfied to make a comfortable living. He thought he had rhetorical power that would bring him into the United States senate; now he is content if he can successfully argue a common case before a petit jury. He thought he had medical skill that would make him a Mott or a Grosse or a Willard Parker of a Sims; now he finds his sphere is that of a family physician, prescribing for the ordinary ailments that afflict our race. He was sailing on in a fog and could not take a reckoning, but now it clears up enough to allow him to find out his real latitude and longitude. He has been climbing, but now he has got to the top of the hill, and he takes a long breath. He is half way through the journey at least, and he is in a position to look backward or forward. He has more good sense than he ever had. He knows human nature, for he has been cheated often enough to see the bad side of it, and he has met so many gracious and kindly and splendid souls he also knows the good side of it. Now, calm yourself. Thank God for the past and deliberately set your compass for another voyage. You have chafed enough thistledown; you have blown enough soap bubbles; you have seen the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things. Open a new chapter with God and the world. This decade of the forties ought to eclipse all its predecessors in worship, in usefulness and in happiness.

## The Reaping Age.

My sermon next accosts the fifties. How queer it looks when in writing your age you make the first of the two figures a 5. This is the decade which shows what the other decades have been. If a young man has sown wild oats and he has lived to this time, he reaps the harvest of it in the fifties, or if by necessity he was compelled to overtoll in honest directions he is called

to settle up with exacting nature sometime during the fifties. Many have it so hard in early life that they are octogenarians at fifty. Sciaticas and rheumatisms and neuralgias and vertigos and insomnias have their playground in the fifties. A man's hair begins to whiten and, although he may have worn spectacles before, now he asks the optician for No. 14 or No. 12 or No. 10. When he gets a cough and is almost cured, he hacks and clears his throat a good while afterward. O ye who are in the fifties, think of it! A half century of blessing to be thankful for and a half century subtracted from an existence which, in the most marked cases of longevity, hardly ever reaches a whole century. By this time you ought to be eminent for piety. You have been in so many battles you ought to be a brave soldier. You have made so many voyages you ought to be a good sailor. So long protected and blessed, you ought to have a soul full of docility. In Bible times in Canaan every fifty years was by God's command a year of jubilee. The people did not work that year. If property had by misfortune gone out of one's possession, on the fiftieth year it came back to him. If he had fooled it away, it was returned without a farthing to pay. If a man had been enslaved, he was in that year emancipated. A trumpet was sounded loud and clear and long, and it was the trumpet of jubilee. They shook hands, they laughed, they congratulated. What a time it was, that fiftieth year! And if under the old dispensation it was such a glad time, under our new and more glorious dispensation let all who have come to the fifties hear the trumpet of jubilee that I now blow. That was the allusion made by Mr. Toplady, the great hymnologist, when he wrote:

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unsought,  
The gift of Jesus' love.  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## At Threescore.

My sermon next accosts the sixties. The beginning of that decade is more startling than any other. In his chronological journey the man rides rather smoothly over the figures 2 and 3 and 4 and 5, but the figure 6 gives him a big jolt. He says: "It cannot be that I am sixty. Let me examine the old family record. I guess they made a mistake. They got my name down wrong in the roll of births." But, no, the older brothers or sisters remember the time of his advent, and there is some relative a year older and another relative a year younger, and, sure enough, the fact is established beyond all dispute. Sixty! Now your great danger is the temptation to fold up your faculties and quit. You will feel a tendency to reminiscence. If you do not look out, you will begin almost everything with the words, "When I was a boy." But you ought to make the sixties more memorable for God and the truth than the fifties or the forties or the thirties. You ought to do more during the next ten years than you did in any thirty years of your life because of all the experience you have had. You have committed enough mistakes in life to make you wise above your juniors. Now, under the accumulated light of your past experimenting, go to work for God as never before. When a man in the sixties folds up his energy and feels he has done enough, it is the devil of indolence to which he is surrendering, and God generally takes the man at his word and lets him die right away. His brain, that under the tension of hard work is active, now suddenly shrivels. Men, whether they retire from secular or religious work, generally retire to the grave. No well man has a right to retire. The world was made to work. There remaineth a rest for the people of God, but it is in a sphere beyond the reach of telescopes. The military charge that decided one of the greatest battles of the ages—the battle of Waterloo—was not made until 8 o'clock in the evening, but some of you propose to go into camp at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

## At the Harbor Mouth.

My subject next accosts those in the seventies and beyond. My word to them is congratulation. You have got nearly if not quite through. You have safely crossed the sea of life and are about to enter the harbor. You have fought at Gettysburg, and the war is over—here and there a skirmish with the remaining sin of your own heart and the sin of the world, but I guess you are about done. There may be some work for you yet on a small or large scale. Bismarck of Germany vigorous in the eighties. The prime minister of England strong at seventy-two. Haydn composing his oratorio, "The Creation," at seventy years of age. Isocrates doing some of his best work at seventy-four. Plato busy thinking for all succeeding centuries at eighty-one. Noah Webster, after making his world renowned dictionary, hard at work until eighty-five years old. Rev. Daniel Waldo praying in his pulpit at one hundred years of age. Humboldt producing the immortal "Cosmos" at seventy-seven learning Italian so as to read Dante in the original. Lord Cockburn at eighty-seven writing his best treatise. John Wesley stirring great audiences at eighty-five. William C. Bryant, without spectacles, reading in my house "Thanatopsis" at eighty-three years of age. Christian men and women in all departments serving God after becoming septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians prove that there are possibilities of work for the aged, but I think you who are passed the seventies are near being through. How do you feel about it? You ought to be jubilant, because life is a tremendous struggle, and if you have got

through respectfully and usefully you ought to feel like people toward the close of a summer day seated on the rocks watching the sunset at Bar Harbor or Cape May or Lookout mountain. I am glad to say that most old Christians are cheerful. Daniel Webster visited John Adams a short time before his death and found him in very infirm health. He said to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you. I hope you are getting along pretty well." The reply was: "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, does not intend to make any repairs."

An aged woman sent to her physician and told him of her ailments, and the doctor said: "What would you have me do, madam? I cannot make you young again." She replied: "I know that, doctor. What I want you to do is to help me to grow old a little longer." The young have their troubles before them; the old have their troubles behind them. You have got about all out of this earth that there is in it. Be glad that you, an aged servant of God, are going to try another life and amid better surroundings. Stop looking back and look ahead. O ye in the seventies and the eighties and the nineties, your best days are yet to come, your grandest associations are yet to be formed, your best eyesight is yet to be kindled, your best hearing is yet to be awakened, your greatest speed is yet to be traveled, your gladdest song is yet to be sung. The most of your friends have gone over the border, and you are going to join them very soon. They are waiting for you; they are watching the golden shore to see you land; they are watching the shining gate to see you come through; they are standing by the throne to see you mount. What a glad hour when you drop the staff and take the scepter, when you quit the stiffened joints and become an immortal athlete! But hear, hear; a remark pertinent to all people, whether in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, the seventies or beyond.

## The Need of All Ages.

What we all need is to take the supernatural into our lives. Do not let us depend on brain and muscle and nerve. We want a mighty supply of the supernatural. We want with us a divine force mightier than the waters and the tempests, and when the Lord took two steps on bestormed Galilee, putting one foot on the winds and the other on the waves, he proved himself mightier than hurricane and billow. We want with us a divine force greater than the fires, and when the Lord cooled Nebuchadnezzar's furnace until Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did not even have to fan themselves he proved himself mightier than the fire. We want a divine force stronger than wild beast, and when the Lord made Daniel a lion tamer he proved himself stronger than the wrath of the jungles. There are so many diseases in the world we want with us a divine Physician capable of combating ailments, and our Lord when on earth showed what he could do with catalepsy and paralysis and ophthalmia and dementia. Oh, take this supernatural into all your lives! How to get it? Just as you get anything you want—by application.

A man got up in a New York prayer meeting and said: "God is my partner. I did business without him for twenty years and failed every two or three years. I have been doing business with him for twenty years and have not failed once." Oh, take the supernatural into all your affairs! I had such an evidence of the goodness of God in temporal things when I entered life, I must testify. Called to preach at lovely Belleville, in New Jersey, I entered upon my work. But there stood the empty parsonage, and not a cent had I with which to furnish it. After preaching three or four weeks the officers of my church asked me if I did not want to take two or three weeks' vacation. I said, "Yes," for I had preached about all I knew, but I feared they must be getting tired of me. When I returned to the village after the brief vacation, they handed me the key of the parsonage and asked me if I did not want to go and look at it. Not suspecting anything had happened, I put the key into the parsonage door and opened it, and there was the hall completely furnished with carpet and pictures and hutch, and I turned into the parlors, and they were furnished—the softest sofas I ever sat on—and into the study, and I found it furnished with bookcases, and I went into the bedrooms, and they were furnished, and into the pantry, and that was furnished with every culinary article, and the spiceboxes were filled, and a four barrel stood there ready to be opened, and I went down into the dining room, and the table was set and beautifully furnished, and into the kitchen, and the stove was full of fuel, and a match lay on the top of the stove, and all I had to do in starting house-keeping was to strike the match. God inspired the whole thing, and if I ever doubt his goodness all up and down the world call me an ingrate. I testify that I have been in many tight places, and God always got me out, and he will get you out of the tight places.

But the most of you will never reach the eighties or the seventies or the sixties or the fifties or the forties. He who passes into the forties has gone far beyond the average of human life. Amid the uncertainties take God through Jesus Christ as your present and eternal safety. The longest life is only a small fragment of the great eternity. We will all of us soon be there.

Eternity, how near it rolls!  
Count the vast value of your souls.  
Beware and count the awful cost  
What they have gained whose souls are lost.

How do you feel about it? You ought to be jubilant, because life is a tremendous struggle, and if you have got through respectfully and usefully you ought to feel like people toward the close of a summer day seated on the rocks watching the sunset at Bar Harbor or Cape May or Lookout mountain. I am glad to say that most old Christians are cheerful. Daniel Webster visited John Adams a short time before his death and found him in very infirm health. He said to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you. I hope you are getting along pretty well." The reply was: "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, does not intend to make any repairs."

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## CONCESSIONS TO CUBA

### RECIPROCITY HEARINGS BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE.

#### LOUISIANA SUGAR PRODUCERS

Argue Against Making Any Concession to Cubans to the Injury of Our Own People Engaged in the Same Industry—Conditions in Cuba and in the South After the Civil War Compared—The Latter Asked for No Concessions Then.

Washington, January 23.—The Cuban reciprocity hearings before the ways and means committee today were devoted chiefly to the cane sugar interests of Louisiana who are opposing the proposed concessions to Cuba, on the ground that it will cripple the sugar production of that state. A number of the large planters and manufacturers of the state were present and the allied interests of beet sugar and tobacco, which are similarly opposed to concessions to Cuba, also were numerously represented.

The opening statement in behalf of the Louisiana interests were made by J. D. Hill, of New Orleans, an extensive planter. He pointed out that there was no need of making an appeal in behalf of Cuba, as the island was gifted by nature so as to produce sugar at exceedingly low rates, which could enter into fair competition with the rest of the world. He compared the status of Cuba with that of the south after the civil war and showed that the south had worked out its own salvation without making appeals for special favors. Already hundreds of millions of dollars had been invested in sugar production in Louisiana and the industry was still far short of its full capacity. He urged that this industry should not be subjected to foreign competition which would seriously injure it, if not destroy it. Mr. Hill asserted that the sugar trust was behind the Cuban movement and presented statistics to show that the result of concessions to Cuba would make the sugar trust the real beneficiary, constituting that organization a colossal monopoly in Cuba.

Ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, made a vigorous speech, opposing concessions to Cuba. It was a proposition, he said, from the "syndicates and grandees of Cuba who had the cheek to come before an American congress and ask that the industries of our people shall be destroyed so that they could make money out of our merchants."

He referred to General Wood's activity in the movement which indicated, Governor Warmoth said, that Governor Wood had become infatuated with Cuba and his Spanish associates. This might be a part of the governor's duty, but the speaker said it had not improved the credit of Americans at the banks.

## BILL FOR A RECEIVER

For the Suspended Atlanta Bank of Commerce.

Atlanta, Ga., January 23.—The bill asking for a receiver for the Atlanta Bank of Commerce was filed in the supreme court today by Robert J. Lowery, president of the Lowery national bank. The Bank of Commerce has not been actively engaged in business for several months and the bill is filed to compel an accounting by those having its affairs in charge. Colonel Lowery alleges in the bill among other things, that a shortage of \$12,000 was discovered in the accounts of a bookkeeper and that no steps were taken to protect stockholders against the loss.

Judge Lumpkin issued an order restraining M. L. and W. A. Bates, the largest stockholders, from disposing of the assets of the bank and set the case for January 29th.

Regarding the charges in the bill, M. L. Bates said: "The depositors have all been paid in full with the exception of less than \$400. Every step taken by the officers has been authorized and assented to by the stockholders. Shortages like those of McLean, the bookkeeper, and others occur under the best bank management, and I do not see why we as officers should be made to lose more than our proportion."

## POSTOFFICE AND STORE ROBBERED

Burglars' Successful Work in Two South Carolina Villages.

Due West, S. C., January 23.—Between five and six hundred dollars in money and stamps were stolen from the postoffice here this morning. A store at Donalds, S. C., a few miles away, was also burglarized of \$300, the robbers escaping in a stolen buggy.

## A MYSTERIOUS MURDER

### THE VIOLENT DEATH OF ONE OF ST. LOUIS' WEALTHIEST CITIZENS

#### ASSAULTED IN A BATHHOUSE

Found Unconscious and With Head Crushed in the Vista Turkish Bathhouse, of Which He Was the Owner, A Bloody Hammer and Valuable Jewelry Found Secreted—The Aggro-Attendant Tells Conflicting Stories. His Arrest Follows.

St. Louis, January 23.—A. Dean Cooper, treasurer of the Graham Paper Company, died here today as the result of injuries sustained in a mysterious manner while in the Vista Turkish bath establishment at No. 3518 Franklin avenue last night. William A. Strother, the colored man in charge of the bath, who tells conflicting stories about the affair, is under arrest and a diamond ring worth \$1,500 and a valuable pin belonging to Mr. Cooper, have been recovered from their hiding place in the cellar of the bathhouse.

Mr. Cooper's injury consisted of a fractured skull. A sledge hammer covered with blood was also found in the cellar and taken possession of by the police.

Strother made a statement to the police to the effect that about midnight a boy brought Mr. Cooper a note which he refused to answer. The boy went away and soon after a man and two women entered. When he returned from the cellar where he had gone to fix the fires, Strother says he found Cooper on the couch unconscious.

Strother later told the police that the two women and a man who had called to see Mr. Cooper, came in a carriage. He said that he had admitted them to the cooling room and had returned to the basement. He did not know, he said, when they departed.

Strother also said that two colored women—Josie Houston and Florence Banks, had visited him in the basement earlier last night.

Erastus Fountain, janitor of the Vista block says that the two women were in Strother's company at 9:30 o'clock when he made his last visit to the premises. The police say that there is no other evidence than Strother's statement to prove the visit of two women and a man to the bathhouse.

A few minutes after midnight Theodore Cooper, known as "Tod" Cooper, son of A. Dean Cooper, answered the door bell at the family residence No. 3173 Washington boulevard. Strother was at the door. "Your father has been hurt," said the negro to young Cooper. "He's over at the bathhouse now."

Without stopping to question the man, closely Cooper hurried to the Vista block. In the cooling room of the bathhouse, on a cot in the middle of the long compartment, he found his father covered with a sheet.

Doctors were immediately called and the police notified. The latter made an investigation and discovered the blood stained hammer. Young Cooper told the police that the ring usually worn by his father was missing and they made another search, finding the ring and pin in the cellar.

Strother stoutly maintains his innocence. Fountain, the janitor, was taken to the police station, but was released after telling about the presence of the two colored women in the bath house when he left. The women were arrested and closely questioned by the police.

"Tod" Cooper stated to the police that his father had practically closed a deal for the sale of the bathhouse property which he owned and that the transfer was to have been made today. Mr. Cooper was considered one of the wealthiest men in St. Louis.

Developments in connection with the murder as the day progressed were sensational in the extreme. It became known that Strother was in need of money, \$500 or more, to reclaim his home from mortgage sale. Strother, however, meets this with the statement that Mr. Cooper, whom he had known and served for a long time had promised to save his home for him.

Questioned as to why Mr. Cooper should do this, the negro told a sensational story of the alleged true character of the place of which he had been the trusted custodian and the story was in some degree corroborated by a statement from the police that they had been making secret investigation and were going to raid and close up the place.

Strother stoutly maintains his innocence, but the police are entirely confident that they have the right man in custody.

SUMMONED TO WHITE HOUSE  
Secretary Long and Solicitor Hanna in Conference With the President.

Washington, January 23.—Secretary Long and Solicitor Hanna, of the navy department, were summoned to the White house today by President Roosevelt and detained there nearly an hour in private conference. No statement can be obtained as to the subject under consideration, but it is believed that this was the appeal of Admiral Schley, left with the president a few days ago by his counsel.

England's first official announcement regarding her private attitude toward the United States just previous to or during the Spanish war was yesterday made in the house of commons.