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## TAKES A NEW CHARGE

TALMAGE MOVES FROM BROOK-LYN TO WASHINGTON,

Installed as Co-Paster of the First Prosbyterian Church, Where Prosident Cleveland Worships - Gives Reasons for Accepting the Call.

The installation of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage as a co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, of the First Preebyterian Church of Washington city, took place recently. The exercises were held in the evening. The moderator, the Rev. Mr. Allen, presided and put the constitutional questions. The First Church is the "President's Church." the worshipthe "President's Church," the worship-ing place of the President being thus familiarly known. Dr. Newman's church, during the Grant regime, became very famous as the General's place of prayer. The First Church is in an out-of-the-way place, a few blocks from the Capitol. Years ago the fashionable set moved away off toward the White House and left the plain little brick church to the care of surrounding boarding-houses and encroaching shops. Its life was languish-ing when Grover Cleveland, in 1884, discovered in the Rev. Byron Sunderland an old friend and took a pew in his church.



The calling of Dr. Talmage in September last was the result of an inspiration of Sunderland, who, for a generation,

has been pastor.

Dr. Talmage preached his second ser-Dr. Talmage preached his second sermon in his new pulpit last Sunday. If possible the audience was even larger than the previous Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being I. Samuel, xxx., 24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick

were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they the brook Resor their blankets. their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten 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 the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of those crippled and aged and wounded soldier detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I 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 cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage the Lord watches the sentinels.

How Bettles Have Been Lost, There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and rob ole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with won-derful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of tory-the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets and carnelians and pearls and sapphires and emeralds and all the wealth the silver, and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the em-broideries, and the robes, and the tur-bans, and the cloaks of an imperial ward-The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and atupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to awoop on them! So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous 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 caronaal by Abraham and his men. So in our civil because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amale-kites. Some of the Amalekites are backed 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 gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the back 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 husss. The Bible says David saluted them—that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken ed to pieces on the spot, some of them are

"Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?"
"Are you getting better?" He saluted

Garrison Duty. But now came a very difficult thing, the but now came a very dimenit 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 these treasures ought sill to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men staid at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had staid in the garrison and he looked round and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew 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," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, an he fills them with silver. And he rushes 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 rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cat-tle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites and 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 and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and 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 Chris tian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished placesgreat patriots, great preachers, 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 and 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 the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the

Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of 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.

Each as to His Part. Suppose you give to two of your children errands and they are to go off to and to the other you give \$20. Do you re-ward the boy that you gave \$20 to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with \$1? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or twenty times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. our whole duty and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave That would not be fair; that you more? would not be right. These 200 men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the bag-gage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff. There is high encouragement in this for



PIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of he confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know merchant goes forth at the summer water ing place and he flashes past and you say,
"Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one,
"don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the

great manufacturer."
The confidential clerk has his week off Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist se investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River Railcarefully guarded. Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York and New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors, but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an en-

gineer or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithful-ness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon loco-motives and I very often ask the quesmotives and I very often ask the ques-tion, 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 suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Penn-sylvania Railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no bet-ter known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the last night the brakeman who, on the Erie Railroad, was jammed to death smid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Unpretending Service. A Christian women was seen going along the edge of wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts;

I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service? cending yet everlasting service?

Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a bookworm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education." His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than sourcer the family by the prodmore than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed to college. If you will would send Ed to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says: "Yes, I will get along without any hired help, I will get along without any hired halp, although I am not as strong as I used to be. I think I can get along without any hired help." The father says, "Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid—yea, suffering—economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after awhile it comes to a climax of interest as the valedic-torian 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 gallertheir faded shawls, 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 hat for six years and they get up and look over on the platform and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale and then they are very much flushed. Ed gets the garands, and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the tri They have made that scene possi ble, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self-sacrifices made for oth ers, he will give grand and glorious rec "As his part is that goeth ognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be

that tarrieth by the stuff." Veterans in Work. There is high encouragement in this subject, also, for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These 200 men of the text were reterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battle az. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of

Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out be-cause you are unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the ones come up on the one side, and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on and they push you up and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say. "Yes, that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with me in the last sickness." And then the cry will go round the circle, "Come in, come in, come up, come up. We saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappre-ciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute the garlands, the crowns, the scepters, the chariots, the thrones. And then 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 the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the

A dude in Philadelphia was turned out of the club to which he beloaged use he paid his tailor's bills two days after he got the clothes.



Scotch "Bull."

General Wade constructed military roads in the Highlands or Scotland. An belisk was constructed to commemorate his achievement, on which was inscribed the following "bull," intended to distinguish between natural and made roads:

Had you seen these roads before they were made, You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

An Object Lesson.

The easiest way to convert a man to the "good roads" proposition is to persuade him to mount the festive bicycle, master its curves and wheel the instrument out where the roads are travesties upon the name, and where bumps are the most conspicuous thing in evidence. A few repetitions of an experience like this will make the experimenter an enthusiastic petitioner for the best that can be had in the line of roads. Heaven will take on an additional charm for this man when he is reminded of the perfect pavements that are a feature of the final abode of the righteous.-Los Angeles Times.

And in a Good Roads State.

A sample of the way road money is wasted has been shown on Monmouth street during the past week. There were some holes in the roadbed and they were filled up with clay and gravel. Then men were set at work shoveling the sand and dirt out of the gutters, and the sod and grass that had grown there, and this was thrown on top of the clay and gravel.

If a sand road is wanted there's no use of going to the expense of putting clay and gravel on it, for the foundation of the road is sand, before any topdressing is put ont it; but it's a double waste of money to cover up the sand with clay and gravel, and then cover up the clay and gravel with more sand .-Red Bank Register.

Good Roads in Connecticut,

The good-roads movement in Connecticut, which was started by the last session of the Legislature, has proved to be a popular one, eighty of the towns having applied to the highway com mission for the State aid provided by the statute. This means a good many miles of roads built according to the specifications of the State commission and under its practical supervision. Each section of road ordered bus to be visited by one or more members of the commission, who are all practical men and one of them an engineer, before the State money can be given. The popularity of the movement had not been anticipated, the legislators apparently not realizing the desire of the people of the State, especially of the farming sections, to establish better transportation for their products.

Complimentary to the Prince.

The celebration of the auniversaries of the battles of the French and German war of 1870 has brought out many anecdotes of that terrible struggle some of which are picturesque and significant. One of these relates this incident that occurred after the Battle of Weissenburg, on Aug. 4, in which the German army, under the Prussian Crown Prince Frederick, won a great victory over the French under General Dougy:

The crown prince, riding over the field, was attracted by the figure of a gigantic Bayarian soldier. The man was hatless; his face was blackened with the powder of the battle. He was sitting on a log, and was tranquilly eating a big piece of black bread, though he was surrounded on every side by dead men, dead horses, and all the terrible debris of a great battle. All this did not seem to impress the big soldier at all, nor did the approach of the Prussian prince, his commander, though he knew the prince well.

Four years before, Prussia and Ba varia had been arrayed against each other in another great war, and in it the Bavarians, and their allies, the Austrians, had been vanquished. The soldier was a veteran of that war.

the soldier as that of a regiment which this day had done him valiant service, and had also suffered terrible loss. He paused, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Ah, my brave boy, you have earned a little rest! You Bavarians have fought to-day like heroes. With such soldiers I should always be sure of

The prince recognized the uniform of

victory!" "Oh, ja!" answered the man, with the broad accent of a mountaineer, "we fought somewhat, your royal highness. but you see we had generals to-day. If you had been our general in 1866, prince, we should have whipped those

miserable scoundrels of Prussians within an inch of their rascally lives!" The soldier munched away at his bread with a ferocity that suggested that he imagined he was devouring a Prussian alive. The crown prince laughed heartily; he thought, no doubt, that the man had that day earned his right to express his opinion of Prusstans. But his young aide-de-camp bit his lips with patriotic indignation.

Contesting Harmony.

On the occasion of the second marriage of Madame Malibran, the worldfamous singer, says Monsieur Legouve, in his "Recollections," she asked Thalberg, who was one of the guests, to

"Play before you, madame!" exclaimed he, "I could not think of it. Besides, I am too anxious to hear you." "But you'll not hear me, Monsieur Thalberg. I am not supposed to be

here at all; it is merely a woman dead tired with the fatigues of the day. I haven't a note left; I should be simply execrable. "So much the better; it will give me

> courage." "You insist upon it? Very well; you

shall have your wish." She was as good, or as bad, as her word. Her voice sounded harsh; there was not a spark of genius in it. Even her mother remarked upon it, and chid-

ed her for it. "Now," said she, "It is your turn, Monsleur Thalberg." The presence of such a listener put him on his mettle, and he drew from his instrument all the wealth of tone it could afford. As he went on, Malibran's face gradually changed, her tired eyes grew bright, her nostrils began to quiver.

"Admirable!" cried she, when the last note had died away. "Now it is my turn." She sang again, and this time with no sign of fatigue or listlessness. It was no longer the same woman, it was no longer the same voice, and Thalberg could only murmur, "O madame, madame!"

She had barely finished, when he said with animation, "Now it is my turn!" Malibran's genius had inspired his masterly but severe style. Currents of electric fluid seemed to run from his fingers over the keyboard.

At the last bar, Malibran burst into violent sobs, she shivered from head to ly from his record-books. foot and had to be supported from the room. In a few moments she reappeared, and with uplifted head and flashing eyes, hurried to the plano.

"Now it is my turn!" she exclaimed. She resumed that strange duel and a series of operations which remind one sang four pieces, increasing in grand- of a cat licking herself after a meal; eur as she went on, unconscious of ev- or of a bird pluming its feathers. erything, in her growing excitement, until she noticed Thalberg's face bathed in tears as her own had been

Odd Delusions.

In a recent lecture in London, by Dr. W. R. Gowers of the Royal Society, some curious facts were stated concerning the optical delusions suffered by victims of epilepsy at the commencement of their attacks.

One man for years was always warned of a coming fit by a sensation of thumping or beating in the chest, which gradually extended to the head. Then two pulsating lights appeared, which seemed to draw nearer. In an instant animalcules which the quick motion of these were gone, and in their place was the figure of an aged woman in their gyrations through the air. wearing a red cloak, and always the same in appearance and dress, who offered the patient something that had the odor of Tonquin beans. Then the

patient invariably lost consciousness. Another case cited was that of a woman whose attacks were invariably preceded by a vision of London lying in ruins, the channel of the Thames being emptied of water in order to receive the rubbish of the destroyed city, and the patient believing berself to be the only survivor of all its inhabitants.

Still another patient always seemed to himself, just before an attack, to have been set down in the midst of a broad field of grass.

The cause of these singular decep tions lies in the brain, but its mode of working is not yet thoroughly under-

Sawdust.

The common objection to using sawdust for bedding, that it is not a good thing to have it mixed with the manure pile, does not apply to its use for bedding for pigs. The pig is the most cleanly of all animals in not solling his bedding with his own excrement. Sows with pigs will bunch up their straw bedding and then lie on it so as to destroy them. This they cannot do when sawdust bedding is used. The pigs are always cleanly, and the sawdust helps to keep them free from vermin, which often attacks them where straw bedding is used.

Of Course They Are.
"Dearest girl of all," was the way the letter began.

Right there, so to speak, he queered himself. "Of all," said she softly to herself; "then there are others."-Indianapolis Journal.

What Is Needed.

Bumley-What you church people need is more tolerance in your religion Goodley-I fancy we don't need it any more than you need religion in your

## The Library Corner

The scene of Frank Barrett's new story, "A Set of Rogues," is laid in the England of the Elizabethan dramatists, and the tale deals with the fortunes of a band of strolling players.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, the author of "The Led-Horse Claim" and other stories of far Western life, is now at Grass Valley, where her husband, A. D. Foote, is inspecting the North Star Mine.

Julian Ralph's story of China will be founded on conditions just the reverse of those in the current issue. It will be entitled "Plumblossom Beebe's Adventure," and relates the unhappy fortunes of the native wife of an English merchant.

The beautiful editions of Gilbert White's "Selborne," have already awakened interest in London. The illustrations are from sketches and photographs taken by Clifton Johnson at Selborne, where he spent some time. The introduction has been written by John Burroughs.

Among the special attractions of the Thistle Edition of Stevenson's works will be "The Story of a Lie," published originally in the Quarterly Magazine and not republished since, and "The Pentland Rising," which is included only in the costly and limited Edinburgh Edition. In the volume con-taining "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," there are three magazine papers that are not included in any other collection of Stevenson's essays.

"The Confessions of a Literary Hack," which appeared in the Forum for July, was discussed and quoted in almost every literary periodical in this country, and received a column of comment by Andrew Lang in the Illustrated London News. The article was published anonymously, and the identity of the author was for some time almost as fruitful a topic of discussion as the sketch itself. A Boston literary journal now states "authoritatively," the paper was written by John Gilmer Speed. The figures given by Mr. Speed were actual receipts transcribed direct-

Housefiles.

The common housefly, when it alights, after soaring about a room for some little time, may be seen going through

First, the hind feet are rubbed to gether, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the forelegs undergo a like treatment; and, lastly, if the observer looks sharp, he will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach.

The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two lobes, which can be seen spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of su-

This carefully going over the body with the trunk Mr. Emerson, an English chemist, asserts is to remove the the flies have gathered on their bodies

In dirty and bad smelling quarters he found the myriads of files which existed there literally covered with anamalcules, while other flies, captured in bedrooms or well-ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey.

College Girls Like to Eat. A feast of reason and flow of soul do not satisfy the modern college maid. as the housekeeping records of the Baltimore Woman's College show. For this year contracts have been made for 28,000 pounds of beef, 12,000 pounds of mutton, 9,000 pounds of poultry, 4,000 pounds of pork, and 8,000 pounds of veal. Four thousand five hundred dozen of eggs will also be used. Large quantities of fish and oysters, which are purchased week by week and not contracted for yearly, 14,000 pounds of sugar, 125 barrels of flour, and 3,000 pounds of crackers, 1,200 pounds of coffee, 100 pounds of tea, 120 pounds of chocolate, and 650 gallons of ice cream have been ordered. Some of the other Items include 7,800 pounds of butter. 5,600 gallons of milk, 3,000 pounds of lard, 475 bushels of potatoes, 150 cans of canned vegetables, and 160,000 pounds of ice. Fruit, groceries and other vegetables are purchased as they may be needed. These amounts are re quired to feed 800 girls.

Castles in the Air.

The phrase "Castles en Espagne," or, as some say, "castles in the air," dates from the time the Moors were driven out of Spain. The tradition is that when the Moors were driven from their somes, and the country they had belped make so beautiful and famous, they sarried with them only the keys of their castles, to which, of course they never sould and did return. These keys they would show with great pride as they might, and say, "These are keys to our castles in Spain."

If you have nothing to do, go off a yourself to do it.