

Sept. 23.—The Rev. T. De Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn tabernacle this morning on the subject, "Superfluities a Hindrance." Several ocean steamers arrive in port Sunday mornings, and many of the passengers, browned by the sun, come directly from the wharf to the Brooklyn tabernacle. The great congregation, led by Professor Ali's cornet, and accompanied by the organ, at which Professor Browne presides, joined in the opening hymn:

We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame,
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

Dr. Talmage's text was I Chron. xx, 6, 7: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot, and he also was the son of the giant. But when he defiled Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this scriptural error? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put in the Bible as the passage "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text today because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, eleven feet, four and a half inches high. Or, if you do not believe the Bible, the famous Pliny, a secular writer, declares that at Crete, by an earthquake a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant forty-six cubits long, or sixty-nine feet high. So, whether you prefer sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those olden times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling. David had smashed the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidic wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Volcanus, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Mampetius in his celebrated letters speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the dwarf warrior, had dispatched one giant, the brother of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendages of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe, crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and mangled giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot; and he also was the son of the giant. But when he defiled Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. As physical size is apt to run in families the probability is that this brother of David who did the work was of an abbreviated stature. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body and mind and estate and opportunity that you cannot use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrific hindrance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand and they have just more and no less. One Dr. missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you only common endowment. The Nightingale to nurse the wounded in the most dangerous places, but ten thousand who just as good nurses, are heard of. The Swamp on a big gun that during the war was a hero, but muskets of ordinary caliber and shells of ordinary height were his only weapons. The President of the Republic, who got down the Potomac on the first day with the Peace-maker, but who was frightened by foreign navies. The hero who died on the field and whose name is on the monument, but who was killed by a bullet of ordinary bore. The hero of the nation, and the hero who was wakened to duty, but who had a big gun, but whose bullets were of ordinary caliber. The hero who has made a fortune from a course from angry men, but whose course was of the first quality. The hero who will settle a million dollars, but whose money will drop from his hands like a stone. The hero who has no respect, but whose respect is taken every cent of it with them if they could.

at ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at 2 per cent a month and got a corner on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty or sixty years in the presence of appalling suffering and want and made no effort for their relief. The charities of such people are for the most part in "paulo-post future" tense and they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his lifetime selfishness, the heirs at law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyers' hands what was meant for the American Bible society. Oh, ye overweighted successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eye, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell you how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad tasting water at Saratoga, Hamburg or Carlsbad—give to God and humanity and the Bible 10 per cent of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours sleep without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bless all over your grave with violets, if it be spring, or gladiolus, if it be autumn.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when over your remains the minister recites the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have been appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and not rightly envious. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the infinite and omnipotent God could have ever planned or made, the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who, in a battle or through machinery, has lost them, knows anything about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, on the battle field of Waterloo, while engaged in amputations of the wounded was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Bridgewater gave \$10,000 for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written, Sir Charles Bell wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The twenty-seven bones in hand and wrist with cartilages and ligaments and phalanges of the fingers all made just ready to knit, to sew, to build up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plow, to pound, to wheel, to battle, to give friendly salutation. The tips of its fingers are so many telegraph offices by reason of their sensitiveness of touch. The bridges, the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the vicarages of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we entreat, we wring them in grief or clap them in joy, or spread them abroad in benediction. The malformation of the giant's hand in the text glorifies the usual hand. Fashioned of God more exquisitely and wondrously than any human mechanism that was ever contrived, I charge you use it for God and the lifting of the world out of its moral predicament. Employ it in the sublime work of Gospel handshaking. You can see the hand is just made for that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side and your thumb set to clench it on the other. By all its bones, and joints, and muscles, and cartilages, and ligaments, the voice of nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands. The custom is as old as the Bible, anyhow. Jehu said to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." When hands join in Christian salutation a Gospel electricity thrills across the palm from heart to heart, and from the shoulder of one to the shoulder of the other. Shake hands all around. With the timid and for their encouragement, shake hands. With the troubled and in warm-hearted sympathy, shake hands. With the young man just entering business and discouraged at the small sales and the large expenses, shake hands. With the child who is new from God and started on unending journey for which he needs to gather great supply of strength, and who can hardly reach up to you now, because you are so much taller, shake hands. Across cradles and dying beds and graves, shake hands. With your enemies who have done all to defame and hurt you, but whom you can afford to forgive, shake hands. At the door of churches where people come in, and at the door of churches where people go out, shake hands. Let pulpit shake hands with pew, and Sabbath day shake hands with week day, and earth shake hands with heaven. Oh the strange, the mighty, the undefined, the mysterious, the eternal power of an honest handshaking. The difference between these times and the millennial times is that now some shake hands but then all will shake hands, throne and footstool, across seas nation with nation, God and man, church militant and church triumphant.

Yes! the malformation of this fallen giant's foot glorifies the ordinary foot, for which I fear you have never once thanked God. The twenty-six bones of the foot are the admiration of the artist.

The arch of the foot fashioned with a grace and a poise that Trajan's arch at Beneventum, or Constantine's arch at Rome, or arch of Triumph at the end of Champs Elysees could not equal. Those arches stand where they were planted, but this arch of the foot is an adjustable arch, a yielding arch, a flying arch, and ready for movements innumerable. The human foot so fashioned as to enable man to stand upright is no other creature, and leave the hand that would otherwise have to help in balancing the body free for anything it chooses. The foot of the camel fashioned for the sand, the foot of the bird fashioned for the tree branch, the foot of the hind fashioned for the slippery rock, the foot of the lion fashioned to rend its prey, the foot of the horse fashioned for the solid earth, but the foot of man made to cross the desert, or climb the tree, or scale the cliff, or walk the earth, or go anywhere he needs to go. With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession, where do you walk? In what path lack of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down? Where have you left the mark of your footsteps? Amid the petrifications in the rocks have been found the mark of the feet of birds and beasts of thousands of years ago. And God can trace out all the footsteps of your lifetime, and those you made fifty years ago are as plain as those made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the judgment day. Oh, the foot! How divinely honored not only in its construction but in the fact that God represents himself in the Bible as having feet: "The clouds are the dust of his feet;" "Darkness was under his feet;" "The earth is the foot stool." And representing cyclones and hurricanes as whirling creatures, he describes himself as putting his foot on these monsters of the air and walking from pinnac to pinnac, saying: "He walketh upon the wings of the wind;" "Thou hast put all things under his feet," cries the psalmist. Oh, the foot! Give me the autobiography of your foot from the time you stepped out of the cradle until today and I will tell you exact character now and what are your prospects for the world to come. That there might be no doubt about the fact that both these pieces of divine mechanism, hand and foot, belong to Christ's service, both hands of Christ and both feet of Christ were spiked on the cross. Right through the arch of both his feet to the hollow of his footstep went the iron of torture, and from the palm of his hand to the back of it, and there is not a muscle or nerve or bone among the twenty-seven bones of hand and wrist, or among the twenty-six bones of the foot, but it belongs to him now and forever. Charles Read, the great writer, lost the joint of his forefinger by feeding a bear. Look out that your whole hand gets not into the jaws of the bear's voracious perdition, Sir Thomas Browne, at the battle of Invermann, lost his foot, and when the soldiers would carry him away, he said: "No, I do not move until the battle is won." So if our foot be lamed or lost let it be in the service of our God, our home or our country.

That is the most beautiful foot that goes about paths of greatest usefulness, and that the most beautiful hand that does the most to help others. I was reading about the appearance of the hand, and the one redoubtable hand with berries, and said the beautiful finger made hers the most beautiful. And another put her hand in the mountain brook, and said as the waters dripped off, that her hand was the most beautiful. And another plucked flowers off the bank, and under the bloom contended that her hand was the most attractive. Then a poor old woman appeared, and looking up in her decrepitude asked for alms. And a woman who had not taken part in the rivalry gave her alms. And all the women resolved to leave to this beggar the question as to which of all the hands present was the most attractive, and she said: "The most beautiful of them all is the one that gave relief to my necessities," and as she so said her wrinkles and rags and her decrepitude and her body disappeared, and in place thereof stood the Christ who long ago said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these ye did it to me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth or in resurrection state, had his own hand and foot lacerated.

The "Little Lamb's" Mary. Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, the original Mary whose little hand had followed her to school one day, is still living at Somerville, Mass., a vigorous old lady of 92 years. To a reporter of The Boston Globe she recently gave the true version of the world famous verses. The lamb was raised by her from the day of its birth, its mother having deserted it. It followed Mary everywhere she went, and died in her arms, having been gored by a cow while following Mary about the barn. The three original verses were written by one John Roulstone, a young man of the neighborhood, then fifteen for college, but two more verses were added afterward by a Mrs. Townsend. From the fleece of her lamb Mary knit two pairs of stockings. These were raveled out, and sold in small bits tied to a card with Mary's autograph written on it, and sold for the fund collected to save the Old South church, Boston. Two hundred dollars were raised in this way.—Harper's Bazar.

Watermelon Juice for the Face. Two daughters of a wealthy Albany citizen, like their sisters the world over, wanted a fairer complexion than nature gave them. Recently they read somewhere that the juice of watermelon smeared over the face, to remain during the night, produced the desired effect. They lost no time in procuring a melon. They smeared the juice all over their regular and ready pretty features. They plastered on two or three coats and retired. The morning came. Oh, sad morning! The mirror was their first attention. And, oh horrors! their faces looked like a cranberry marsh. Broken out, red, poisoned. They will never again place their faith in published formulas for the complexion.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A German newspaper mentions the interesting fact that a regular matrimonial agency has been established between America and Russia.

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