

TOO MUCH AMBITION.

The Overambitious Man Places Himself in Dire Peril.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows the Dangers in the Pathway of Those Who are Possessed of a Superabundance of Any Material Gifts.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in the following discourse, sets forth a truth very appropriate for those who have unhealthy ambition for great wealth or fame. The text is:

"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 a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."—1 Chron. xx, 6-7.

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 it not this Scriptural errata? 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 verse: "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 to-day 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, 11 feet 4½ inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny declares that at Crete, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant 46 cubits long, or 69 feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those 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 Davidian 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 24 terminations to hands and feet, where others have 20. 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. Volcatius, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupertuis, 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 stripling warrior, had dispatched one giant, the nephew 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 malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battles 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. 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 can not use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrible hindrance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the right, are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand, and they have just five—no more and no less. One Dr. Duffie among missionaries, but 3,000 missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but 10,000 women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the civil war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary caliber and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "Peacemaker," a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off, and it explodes, and leaves cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time, all up and down our coast, were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians, who have made all the noise, go home hoarse from an angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people, with the silent ballot, will settle everything, and settle it right, 1,000,000 of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple blossom.

Clear back in the country to-day there are mothers in plain apron, and

shoes fashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be Martin Lethers and the Faradays and the Edisons and the Bismarcks and the Gladstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolations. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces tomorrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for 10,000 common doctors! The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farm house, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle bags, arriving on the ninth day of fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say: "Thank God I have mastered the case; he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work an ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand offive fingers, they want six. Instead of usual endowment of 20 manual and pedal addenda, they want 24. A certain amount of money for livelihood, and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life, is important, for we have the best authority for saying: "He that proveth not for his own household, is worse than an infidel;" but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxiety and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own 50 houses, and you have all those rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night, you rush upstairs to look out of the window to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes, and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached, you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first \$1,000 is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your \$300,000.

The trouble with such a one is, he is spread out like the unfortunate one in my text. You have more fingers and toes than you know what to do with. Twenty were useful, twenty-four are a hindering superfluity. Disraeli says that a king of Poland abdicated his throne and joined the people, and became a porter to carry burdens. And some one asked him why he did so, and he replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I cast off was by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weightiest is but a straw when compared to that weight under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live and to be king myself. Elect whom you choose. As for me, I am so well it would be madness to return to court."

"Well," says somebody, "such over-loaded persons ought to be petted, for their wormments are real, and their insomnia and their nervous prostration are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by giving it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation, let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so great he can not manage it without getting nervous dyspepsia from having too much, let him divide with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they can not get enough. No! They guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout, and know not that, like the giant of my text, they are lame by a superfluous toe. A few of them by charities bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monitory plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death; and then, as they are compelled to give the money up anyhow, in their last will and testament they generously give some of it to the Lord, expecting, no doubt, that He will feel very much obliged to them. Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper, who, owning an interest in the iron works at Trenton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast." So they reduced the price, and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper institute, which mothers a hundred institutions of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to stand the Christ, who long ago said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth had His own hand and foot lacerated.

Some people are so hopeful that it amounts to laziness.—*Atchison Globe*

I am glad for the benevolent institutions that a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of Heaven and let it out at the ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at two per cent. a month, and got a "corner" on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world 50 or 60 years in the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no efforts for their relief. The charities of such people are in the "Paulo-post future" tense, they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his lifetime close-fistedness, 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 lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible society. Oh, ye oversighted, successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eyes, 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 bathtesting water at Saratoga, Hamburg or Carlsbad: Give to God, humanity and the Bible ten per cent. of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking on 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 for your regular meals, and your wan cheeks will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave.

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 keen 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 rightly employ it. 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 postmortem 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 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.

With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession where do you walk? In what path of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down?

Where have you left the mark of your footstep? Amid the petrifications in the rocks have been found the mark of the feet of birds and beasts thousands of years ago. And God can trace out all the footstep of your lifetime, and those you made 50 years ago are as plain as those you made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the judgment day. Oh, the foot! Give me the autobiography of your foot from the time you stepped out of the cradle until to-day, and I will tell your exact character now and what are your prospects for the world to come.

That there might be no doubt about the fact that both of 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 instep 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 27 bones of the hand and wrist, or among the 26 bones of the foot, but it belongs to Him now and forever.

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 of three women in rivalry about the appearance of the hand. And the one reddened her hand with berries, and said the beautiful tinge 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 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 unto me!"

So they reduced the price, and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper institute, which mothers a hundred institutions of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to

Her Errors.
"Miss Rotswomoskowitz," he said, tenderly, "how would you like to change your name?"
"It is so sudden," said the fair young thing, falling into his lap.
"Nay," he said, pushing her to her feet, "it is not so sudden. On the contrary, you will find that there is considerable red tape to be gone through. In the first place, you must consider what name you will select in place of your own. In the second, you must file an application, giving your reasons, with the United States commissioners at—"

But the poor girl had fainted dead away.—*N. Y. Journal*.

Prizes for Discovery.
Alfred Nobel, a wealthy Swedish inventor, has left a bequest amounting to about \$8,000,000, to be given in prizes that will amount to \$45,000 or \$50,000 each, to successful competitors in the higher, better fields of the world's humanity and progress. There are rich prizes to those making the most important discoveries in the science of physics, medicine, chemistry, physiology; to the best ideal literary work; to the best real means to promote the fraternity of nations and the end of wars. There is no discrimination as to nationality in this commendable competition; the fat prizes are open to all. —N. Y. Sun.

Exposed.
"Do you remember that big diamond necklace that Mme. Spaghetti boasted about so much?"
"Yes."
"Well, they weren't diamonds at all."
"Weren't they?"
"No. She married Señor Chrystal, the glass eater, you remember?"
"Yes."
"Well, he got hungry in the night and ate the diamond necklace."—*Plain Dealer*.

A SOLDIER'S ESCAPE.

From the Democrat-Message, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely aged, clad

in tatters and rags, broken in body but of dauntless spirit, swung into line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number Asa Robinson came back to the old home in Mt. Sterling, Ill., back to the fireside that he had left at the call to arms four years previous. He went away a happy, healthy farmer boy in the first flush of vigorous manhood.

The Soldier's Return. he came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for 300,000 more.

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows:

"I was a great sufferer from sciatica rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time I was unfit for manual labor of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition and I kept on taking steadily. I took three boxes of the pills, and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that ever did any good to me, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

Unshaken Confidence.

"It's always pretty safe to judge a man by the company he keeps."

"Oh, I don't know. There are exceptions. My Uncle John's business makes it necessary for him to associate with aldermen a good deal, and still I trust him with every ready I've got in the world."—*Chicago Evening News*.

When They Knew Him.

"There are plenty of women who would be glad to get me," he said.

"Very likely," she replied, pointedly, "but none of them would care to keep you after she once had you."

He went outdoors to say what he wanted to say after that thrust. He felt that he couldn't do justice to it in the house.—*Chicago Post*.

THE MARKETS.

New York, October 3, 1888.
CATTLE—Native Steers... \$4 50 48 54
COTTON—Middling..... 4 60 50 52
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 4 60 50 52
HOGS—No. 2 Red..... 72 50 74
CORN—No. 2..... 32 50
OATS—No. 2..... 26
PORK—New Mess..... 8 75 9 00

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling..... 5
BEEF—Steers..... 5 00 4 50 4 10
LAMB—Heifers..... 5 00 4 50 4 10
CALVES—(each)..... 5 00 4 50 4 00
HOGS—Fair to Select..... 3 50 3 95
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 3 00 4 25
FLOUR—Patents (new)..... 3 50 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red winter..... 3 50 3 50
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 30
OATS—No. 2..... 23
RYE—No. 2..... 23 1/2
TOBACCO—Lugs..... 3 00 8 50
SUGAR—Fair Quality..... 4 50 4 25 3 50
HAY—Clear Thorough..... 7 50 9 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 15 00 17 1/2
EGGS—Fresh..... 12 50 12 50
PORK—Standard (new)..... 8 12 1/2
BACON—Clear Rib..... 6 1/2
LARD—Prime Steam..... 4 75 4 75
CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Native Steers... 4 00 5 00
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 3 50 4 00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 3 20 3 50
FLOUR—Winter Patents..... 3 20 3 50
Spring Patents..... 3 20 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 6 25 6 50
No. 3 Red..... 6 40 6 50
CORN—No. 2..... 4 50 4 75
OATS—No. 2 Mixed..... 5 00 5 10

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Native Steers... 4 00 5 45

WHEAT—No. 2 Red (new)..... 6 00 6 40

CORN—No. 2 White..... 22 50 22 50

OATS—No. 2..... 22 50 22 50

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grade..... 3 40 3 50

CORN—No. 2..... 3 20 3 20

OATS—Western..... 27 1/2

HOG—Choice..... 12 00 12 50

PORK—Standard Mess..... 9 00 9 25

BACON—Sides..... 6 25 6 50

COTTON—Middling..... 4 75

LOUISVILLE.

WHEAT—No. 3 Red..... 6 00 6 00

CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 21 50 22 50

OATS—No. 2..... 22 50 22 50

HOG—Choice..... 8 00 9 00