

PERFECT HARMONY

REV. DR. TAMMAGE DRAWS A LESSON FROM MUSIC.

He Takes "The Chant of the Stars" For the Subject of a Sermon of Great Beauty and Power—The Final Harmony.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—The musical resources of all nations seem drawn upon by Dr. Tammage in this sermon to illustrate a most practical truth. His subject was "The Chant of the Stars," and the text Job xxxviii, 6, 7, "Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the cornerstone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, 100 or 200 years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme that it might be worthy of the cornerstone laying.

Laying the Cornerstone.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The cornerstone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the Architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for a floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of harmony had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them nebulae, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a grand march or doom, or allegro of perdition.

The Ear of Bach.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and divine! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host.

Out of Tune.

The world's health out of tune; weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noontday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks sweep upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight and alert ear and easy respiration and regular pulsation and supple limb and primo digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune; the judgment wrongly swerved, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable, the well balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife beating or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune; labor and capital their hands on each other's throat; spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying and subterfuge and double dealing and sycophancy and charlatanism and revenge have for 6,000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it. So wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have our national symbol, the fierce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the menacing bear. And in the world's favorite figure is the dragon, a winged serpent, fracions.

Will Be Put In Tune.

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's cornerstone is to resound again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep and the places where he awak-

ened. So the overture of the morning stars spoken of in my text has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations help to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

Creation Groans.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with their dry goods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocery men on the same street. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit—an iron roller with spikes on it—and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it the men who are turning him say: "Hash, my brother! We are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the service with:—

Best be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love.

The earth is dimetered and circumference with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's cornerstone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now. And though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duct of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says, "The whole creation groaneth." And while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the corncrant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious, but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fuge, are demonic phantasy, are grand march or doom, are allegro of perdition.

Complete Harmony. The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So all the world over labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yastick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the gospel harp. There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth or wealth or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So also commercial life will be attuned, and there will be 12 in every dozen, and 16 ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chicoried, and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a state prison offense—aye, all things shall be attuned! Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalina's voice had a compass of 3 1/2 octaves. But Christianity is more wonderful, for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's cornerstone. All the sacred music in homes and concert halls and churches tends toward this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties, we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song. But I should not wonder if, as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth. And how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Coronation" and "Lenox" and "St. Martin's" and "Fountain" and "Ariel" and "Old Hundred!"

How they would bring to mind the praying circles and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns which

melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord, and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, in the summer of 1869, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of my church had been honored by the selection of some of his music to be rendered on that occasion I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens.

The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept, sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it, especially when all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons were in full view, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of 30 cannon. Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equaled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, "The Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and while some fainted one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices, and all the musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound forth eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full of triumph, the voice of Christ, saying, "I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's cornerstone, "the morning stars sang together."

The Court Came Back. Judge Randolph of the Kansas district court was one of the frontier judicial officers who believed in upholding the dignity of the bench, and as well, was tenacious of his own personal honor. A divorce suit in which a gray haired veteran of the late war was plaintiff came up before him while he was on the circuit out in a prairie county. The rude courtroom was filled with spectators, and the old man seemed unwilling to go on the stand in his own defence.

"I am not going to grant divorces without good reasons," announced the court, and the plaintiff went to the chair that served as a witness box. "Now," said the attorney, "tell us just what your wife did to make you leave her."

The witness looked appealingly at the judge. "Answer the question," was the order. "Well, she called me names."

"That is not ground enough for a divorce," said the court sternly. "And she neglected me."

"Is that all?"

"And she said that I was a coward and a sneak because I went to the war and came back alive. She said that all the brave and worthy men died in battle, and only the traitors and cowards came home, and—"

"That will do, sir. The decree prayed for in your petition is granted," broke in the judge. "I want you to understand, sir, that this court went to that war and spent four years there—and the court came back too."—Chicago Record.

Is England's Prosperity Menaced? The chief obstacles to the progress of education in England are party spirit and religious intolerance. Proposals for educational reform are discussed and decided, not in a philosophical spirit, but with all the acrimony of partisans. Yet it is admitted that the case is a very urgent one; that England is engaged in a struggle with her foreign competitors not only for the supremacy but even for the very existence of her industries; that her workers are worse instructed than their rivals and are on that account going to the wall, and that better education, both elementary and technical, is vital to the continuance of her prosperity. It is the fact that in both town and country elementary instruction is so backward that, even if adequate technical schools were provided, the mass of the people are unfitted to take full advantage of them. Yet, notwithstanding all this, English statesmen will postpone reform indefinitely if they can see their way to secure a party advantage thereby. The only hope is that public opinion may appreciate before it is too late the position of education, both elementary and technical, may become agreed as to the direction in which development ought to take place and may force parliament and the government to grapple with the difficulties which have to be overcome.—Rt. Hon. Sir John E. Gorst in North American Review.

no disease has puzzled the doctors so completely as rheumatism—that deplorable condition of the blood which so often renders the strongest man as helpless as a babe. Their mercurial and potash remedies may in some cases impart temporary relief, but are sure to ultimately result in wrecking the entire system.

Rheumatism is a deep-seated blood disease and only a real blood remedy will have any effect whatever upon it. Most of the so-called blood remedies are at best only tonics and cannot reach an obstinate blood trouble. One of the most frequent symptoms of rheumatism is a tingling sensation of the parts affected, generally brought about from a lack of free circulation of the blood through the very small blood conductors. This trouble is always eliminated by the use of S. S. S.; it thins the blood, gives it a free and forcible circulation, destroys the poisonous microbes and restores the circulation to its normal condition.

Mr. Robert H. King, a prominent and influential citizen of West Point, Va., writes of his experience with this dread disease:

"About five years ago I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. I was treated by all the leading physicians

Dreadful Rheumatism.

in the state, but without relief. In fact, my sufferings grew worse daily, until I despaired of ever being cured. "I had been in this wretched condition for many months and was almost a complete wreck, when I first read the advertisement of S. S. S. Having tried a dozen or more 'rheumatic cures' and 'blood remedies' with no success, I was almost hopeless, but decided to give your medicine a trial. I did so, and in a few weeks it had made a permanent cure of me. I was soon a well man and have never had a touch of rheumatism to this day. S. S. S. is indeed a wonderful medicine, and I shall ever recommend it to all sufferers from this worst of blood diseases."

S. S. S. stands out distinctly to itself as a real blood remedy, and for half a century has been curing obstinate and deep-seated blood diseases which other medicines fail to reach. S. S. S. is not a drug store preparation and no druggist can offer a substitute for it. It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of potash, mercury, or any other product of the chemist's shop.

S. S. S. never fails to cure Rheumatism, Eczema, Cancer, Scrofula, or any other disease of the blood, it matters not what other treatment has failed. Our books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.



MR. ROBERT H. KING.

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ORDER FOR ELECTION.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

WHEREAS, a petition signed by the qualified electors of certain sections of Spartanburg Union and York Counties, has been filed with me, and from said petition and accompanying papers it appears, that one-third of the qualified electors residing within the area of each section of the aforesaid counties proposed to be cut off for a new county have signed said petition;

WHEREAS, the boundaries of the proposed new county, the proposed name, the taxable property of inhabitants, the area, the taxable property as shown by the last tax returns, and that the proposed lines for the new county do not run within eight miles of any county house building now established, are set forth in said petition;

NOW, therefore, I, John Gary Evans, Governor of the State of South Carolina, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of the General Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the formation of New Counties, etc.," approved March 9th, 1856, do hereby order an election to be held on Tuesday, the eighth day of December, A. D. 1896, to be held in accordance with the requirements of said Act, at which election the voters shall vote "Yes" or "No" upon the question of creating the new county and upon the name and county seat of the proposed new county.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at Columbia this twelfth day of October, A. D. 1896, and in the presence of a full and lawful assembly of the Legislature of the State of South Carolina.

By the Governor, JOHN GARY EVANS, D. H. TOMPKINS, Secy. of State.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

On Saturday, November 7th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., I will sell at public auction for cash at the late home of the deceased at Limestone, all the personal property of the late W. F. Goode, consisting of two mules, a lot of corn and fodder, and a lot of farming implements and household and kitchen furniture.

Given, Gaffney, S. C., Oct. 19, 1896. Adm'r. of W. F. Goode, dec'd.

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of W. F. Goode, deceased, are required to present them proven to the undersigned at Gaffney City, S. C., on Saturday, the 7th day of November, 1896. Those indebted to said estate are requested to call and make settlement on or before the date above named.

C. S. GOOD, Adm'r. of W. F. Goode, dec'd. October 19, 1896. At Est. J. G. Sarratt's office.

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of Irvine Sarratt, deceased, are required to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, at his office, Gaffney City, S. C., on or before December 1st, 1896. Those indebted to said estate are required to call and make settlement on or before the date above named.

I. G. SARRATT, Adm'r. Irvine Sarratt, dec'd.

If You Wish

to hold your cotton, store it in my warehouse. No danger from damage and ready for market at any time. Charges are reasonable.

When you have cotton for sale call at my office, rear of W. O. Lipscomb & Bros., Highest prices paid.

R. S. LIPSCOMB, Fire Insurance Agent.

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