

Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 8.—Kindness and consideration for all of God's creatures is the preacher's theme, and he pleads that man should value the life of the dumb creature on no less than he should respect its rights, since divine wisdom has placed it in his care. The text is Deuteronomy xxv, 4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."

This is the age of machinery. This is the time when man is not limited in his operations to the work of his two hands, but with his little finger can lift a lever which has the strength of a thousand hands; when, instead of his being content with seeing only such things as his eyes perceive, he calls to his aid the telescope and the microscope that multiply his power of vision a thousandfold. The old fashioned spinning wheel has been developed into the mighty Belfast linen mills. The old fashioned scythe has evolved into the swift moving machine, which goes singing through the harvest fields. The old fashioned prairie schooner has long since given place to the tireless velocity of the lightning express, which never stops by day or by night except, like a thirsty monster, to take a drink. The old fashioned messenger, who on horseback used to carry back to a king the news of a battle won, has been superseded by the telegraph wires and the electric cables, which in almost an instant can put continents within speaking distance and have put the islands of the seas in communication with the mainland.

The patent offices in Washington are crowded with innumerable inventions for the saving of labor and time. In none of them, however, is the contrast between modern and ancient methods so marked as we see it when the mammoth flour mills of Minneapolis are compared with the custom referred to in the text. In that great city of the northwest not only is the grain almost instantly changed into flour by the best of modern machinery, but practically not one grain is lost. Upon the old fashioned thrashing floor everything was different. There a team of oxen would be harnessed to a collection of boards nailed together. Then these boards would be dragged over the grain and the chaff would be broken from the kernels of wheat. Then the winds would blow over the thrashing floor and separate the chaff from the wheat.

Wisdom of Moses.

Such were the thrashing floors of the ancients. Now, as Moses went in and out of the country he saw a great many of these thrashing floors. Furthermore, he saw that among their owners there were a great many mean men in those days, as there are in our own days. He saw that these mean men nearly always first showed their meanness to their beasts. They not only overworked their oxen, but they underfed them. Their meanness was most emphatically demonstrated when thrashing. Fearing lest their hard worked oxen might reach down and pick up from the thrashing floors a stray mouthful of grain to eat, these mean farmers would muzzle the beasts so that the hungry animals could see the food and yet not eat any. Now, Moses says in a practical way, "These men must be taught to be merciful to their beasts. I have made a law requiring them to obey God and be just in their dealings with their neighbors. Now I will make another law requiring them to be liberal in their provision for the animals which work for them." Then the great law giver of the Hebrews sits down and writes these words of my text: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."

Moses was the first great statesman that I know of who recognized the rights of dumb animals. It is a significant fact that in this early code of laws he should have given legal rights to animals as well as to men and women. It was a sound and righteous course, and I am glad to remember that we, too, have not only laws to prevent the ill usage of animals, but also in the Humane Society an organization to see that those laws are enforced. I want to show you this morning why every Christian should be in touch with that society and that its principles should be applied to all classes and all ages. There is no reason why the admonition should be limited to the farmer. The pet dog and cat should be good to his pet dogs and cats; the drayman should be compelled to lighten the load if his horse is too weak to draw it; the hackman should be required to blanket his steed shivering in the chill blasts of winter; the sportsman should be prohibited shooting the mother bird in nesting time. I would try to show that the Christ who was born amid the lowing of the cattle and the bleating of the sheep and the neighing of the horses whinnying for their oats, is today the friend and protector of the dumb brutes as well as of our fellow men.

Cruelty Decried.

The Humane Society of America should be accounted one of the best of societies. Its work has a deeper and a more significance than some of us may have heretofore supposed. The evil of cruelty to animals does not end with the inflicting of pain and injustice on the dumb brutes. But as the small fibrous tumor, nesting under the fair skin, if let alone, may reach out its fatal roots toward the heart, so the

evils of cruelty against dumb animals may at last reach out for the heart of man itself. Injustice against the dumb brute inevitably paves the way for injustice against the dumb brute's master. If a boy delights to torture a dog or a cat or a mouse, there will surely come a time when that boy, grown into a man, will delight in torturing his fellow beings.

A man's nature is degraded by indulging in cruelty to animals. He loses his manliness and acquires the nature of a brute. He undergoes in his lifetime the metamorphosis that the orientals believe he suffers after death. In the far east there is a popular belief held by multitudes; it is a belief in the transmigration of souls. This means, in popular interpretation, that after a man dies his soul passes into the body of a dog or a cat or a horse or a lion and so lives on through the coming ages. If he is a mean man then he becomes a mean beast like a jackal or a hyena, if a good man then his soul takes upon itself the form of a noble beast; but though in Christianized America we do not believe in the transmigration of souls we may see around us an analogous phenomenon. When a man abuses a dumb brute he is not punished by having his soul at death pass into the body of a jackal, but he takes on the character of those cruel, bestial four legged scavengers of the desert, and he becomes one of them in his nature. Every time the old Mexican skinned a lamb alive, thinking that thereby the meat was made the sweeter, he destroyed that moral sensitiveness which enabled him to distinguish between right and wrong. Every time a boy transfixes a fly with a pin and then laughs to see it wriggle and squirm in its death agonies that boy is fitting himself to become a monster, a murderer and a destroyer of men. Nero, the Roman demon, became the inhuman monster he was by first, as a boy, learning to take pleasure in the sufferings of his nursery pets. Every man takes upon himself the heart of a savage animal when he abuses the helpless dumb brutes that God gave to him as dependents.

Cause of Moral Degeneracy.

What is today one of the chief causes of the moral and spiritual as well as the temporal degeneracy of Spain? It is without doubt due to the bestial and brutalizing tendencies of the merciless bullfight. When on the Sunday following Easter and on subsequent Sundays the 11,000 spectators gather about the arena of Seville or the 12,500 watch the arena of Madrid and the 17,000 circle the arena of Valencia, they are gazing in the vice which has been the moral and spiritual death of their country. These Spanish bullfights always take place on Sunday because they are held to be the sacred national game. A famous American traveler tells us that at each bullfight between six and eight of the fiercest kind of bulls and from twenty to forty horses are killed. The waving of the red mantles, the shooting of the darts, the arena soaked with blood, the screams of the dying horses dragging themselves around, sometimes with their entrails in full view of the excited populace, the mad charges of the enraged bulls combine to make a scene of horror indescribable and one which it is impossible for the civilized American to fully grasp. When the famous Francisco Romero de Ronda taught the Spanish people how to scientifically abuse and madden and torture to death a four legged brute he made it possible for the people themselves, by looking upon such scenes of horror, to become worse than brutes. No human being can be unmerciful to a beast without himself after awhile growing merciless in his dealings with his fellow men.

Tamed by Kindness.

The Humane Society of America, in teaching man to be kind to the dumb brute, has a second practical mission. It teaches that harshness and bitterness and enmity do absolutely no good in the training and the true subjugation of an animal. A cruel master never was able to get the best results out of a horse. Blows and kicks and cuffs only make a stubborn horse the more stubborn and the balky animal the more set in his traces. I never learned this lesson in a more impressive way than when I passed two summers almost within a stone's throw of one of the best stock farms in this country. What magnificent animals those were! Raring horses were not raised there, but the best blood for marriage horses and roadsters of all sorts. Their clean limbs, their flashing eyes, their high strung, nervous organization, made those animals the pride of almost every stable they entered. Yet the whip was never used upon them. They were trained almost entirely by kindness. After the colts had been allowed to run in the fields for about three years, always, however, being petted by their owners, they were ready for the harness. The first day on which the bridle was put upon them a strap was fastened on the fore hoof to teach them that they must stand. That was all. After the first two or three days the horse learned that if he plunged the strap would be applied to raise his forefoot and keep him on three legs. Having learned the lesson he ceased to plunge, and the use of the strap was discontinued. Then these colts were quietly hitched by the sides of the older horses and driven out to plow. The drivers never jerked them, but always talked kindly to them and coaxed them. And though those horses seemed to have within them all the pent up ambition of Job's war charger, "smelling the battle from afar," yet in the hands of their kind masters they became gentle, lovable and docile.

Power of Gentleness.

An old, grumpy, dyspeptic philosopher once said, "The more I see of my idea. But the more I see of

dogs and horses and cattle the more I think they are like men. Supposing you were a horse hitched to a carriage. Supposing every time you made a misstep there was a whip like a knife ready to cut into your skin, would not your nerves be continually unstrung? Would you not always be ready to jump, to shy and to rear? Supposing you were in a stall with your head tied to a halter and the hostler wanted you to move over to the other side of the stall, and instead of placing his hand gently upon you and saying quietly, "Now move over," he gives you a savage kick in the stomach or a cuff upon the side of the head that made your ear ring and your brain dizzy with pain. What would you do? Would you bite and kick him if you got the chance? I doubt whether human nature would be as long suffering as equine nature under such provocation. But if every time that hostler came around you got a cuff, or a piece of apple every time he applied the curry-comb, and a kind, reassuring word every time a shrieking engine came past, I think that hostler or driver would be loved and trusted and obeyed just as my little child has, through my kindness, learned to love and trust and obey me. "The more I see of men the more I love dogs." Oh, no; the philosopher was wrong. But the more you see of horses and dogs the more you ought to learn to treat them with the same gentleness with which you should treat your fellow man. Curses and blows and yells and growls never made a nervous horse trustful or an obstinate horse docile. Kindness will win submission in an animal, where terror and fear can never produce it.

Justice for the Brute.

The Humane Society of America demands justice for the dumb brute because the equine laborer is always worthy of his hire. The horse has just as much right to his oats as the farm hand has to his noonday lunch, the ox to his mouthful of grain as the owner of the thrashing floor has to his loaf of bread after it is baked. The robin that sings in our cherry tree has a right to his living as well as the little child that eats at our dining table. In the great economy of nature every creature was created for a purpose, and if that creature fulfills a good purpose then you and I should try to make its life happy, as that creature is trying to make ours.

If you ever stop to think how much you and I are indebted to all those four footed beasts of the earth and wild beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air which Peter saw in vision let down from the heavens in a great sheet when he lodged with Simon the tanner? The horse! How many of our burdens he has carried! How many happy times we have had when being drawn by him over the country roads! In how many scenes of merry-making has he been an essential part! And often in times of sadness he has come to our help. The birds! Yes, they, too, are worthy of their hire. They are our woodland prima donnas, our songsters and songstresses, that make the day, as well as the night, vocal with music. The fowls of the barnyard and the cattle of the fields—they, too, are worthy of their hire. The bone and muscle and brain of man come from their flesh. Even the humblest creatures are sometimes of great value to man.

"I saw a hideous snake this afternoon," I said last summer to a Michigan farmer. "It seemed to be all colors and I caught it in the middle of the road." "Did you kill it?" "Of course I killed it. What are snakes for but to kill?" "No, my friend," he answered. "All snakes are not to kill. The poisonous snakes are to kill, but not those that are not poisonous. The snakes we have around here, for the most part, are a great blessing to the farmers. They kill the bugs and insects which destroy the crops. Snakes are not always the enemy, but often the friend of man." Yes, my brother, we should not only leave the ox unmuzzled upon the thrashing floor, because the laborer is always worthy of his hire, but the sheep and oxen and cattle and horses and birds and fishes and sometimes even the snakes, are among the best and the most faithful laborers we have.

The Love of Animals.

Again, I assert that we should honor the Humane Society of America because I sometimes think that the bird of the air, as well as the beasts of the earth, may have an ardent affection even greater than that of man if that loving power of the heart is ever allowed to develop. I believe that a dog can love as a man can love. I believe a horse can love as a man can love, and a bird also. We should be very careful lest we trample upon the hearts of the dumb brutes, as some of us too often trample upon the hearts of men. "What! A dog love as a man does? Absurd," says some one. Is it absurd? Have you never heard of a dog dying from grief because his master died? My father once had a noble greyhound. When he went far away from home that dog became so lonely without my father that he refused to eat, and literally died from grieving for his master. Absurd! Did you never see a dog grieving among the chief mourners at a funeral? Again and again we tried to drive Beauty, a little sky terrier, out of the room of death. But he would not go. Under the casket he lay, hour after hour. Mournfully he went from room to room after the undertaker had carried the precious burden away to sleep among the flowers. For days and weeks Beauty was hunting. He was always hunting. He was hunting for the dead. Have you never had a Beauty in your home?

Is it absurd to suppose that the horse and the dog, and even the bird, cannot love as man loves? Then why did that little pet of Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks, the wife of the vice president of the United States, give a frightened cry

and fall off her perch and die when her mistress one day lost her patience and cried out to the feathered singer, to whom she had never before spoken a cross word: "Be still! I tell you, be still!" Ah, those who have had loving pets know to some extent the height and the depth of their affections! You should be kind to the dumb brutes and the feathered companions of your lives because in a sense they can love as we ourselves can love.

The World Not for Man Alone.

But, lastly, we should be kind and gentle and loving toward the dumb brutes because God loves them, and what God loves we should not despise. I used to think that God created this world for man. I used to think that all other worlds were merely empty, burned out worlds like the moon. I used to think that the other worlds were not worth the decorating and upholstering because man was not there. But now I believe all worlds are created as our own world was created because God loves the beautiful and has declared that everything he created in the universe was good. Yes, God "hath made everything beautiful in his time." In his eyes the trout springing out of the brook and sporting in the eddy is good; therefore we should not catch it for mere wanton sport to let it rot upon the bank. God tuned the throat of the nightingale and the lark to sing after the twilight, and in God's sight their music is sweet. As our Father loves the birds we should not think it silly to throw a few crumbs into the snow bank for the snowbirds which have been caught in the blizzard, nor to leave for our feathered friends a cup of water upon the window sill in times of a drought.

God loves the lambs. He made the sheep's gentleness the symbol of a divine gentleness. Christ was led as a sheep dumb before his shepherds, and as a lamb at the slaughter he opened his mouth. God made the horse and saw that he was good. On that great day of the triumph of righteousness over sin Jesus, the eternal conqueror, shall come riding down the heavenly heights upon the white charger of victory. Oh, my friends, if God created the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air and the fish of the seas and saw they were good we should be kind and gentle and loving toward them all! From the dumb creatures as well as from the sweet voices of the woods we may learn some of the best lessons of Christian love.

God bless the Humane Society of America! God bless all those men and women who are taking off the cruel collars galling the necks of the horses suffering with sores and unhealing horses that are hobbling along on decayed feet! God bless the Christlike movement which makes men treat their dogs at least as kindly as they would treat their human enemies! God bless all movements that would respect the inalienable rights of the sheep and the horses and cattle which stood about the manger on the night that Jesus was born! God bless all those who would rationally and with Christian feeling translate to the human heart the commandment of my text which says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn!"

(Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klepsch.)

Two Views of One Lecture.

There are manifestly two views which may be taken of the lecture. This is evident from the widely different senses in which it has been understood. It has been delivered publicly in Washington and Boston. The congregation in both cities was composed for the most part of the same class of people, except that at Washington there were no negroes present. The Washington auditors listened to it with every mark of approval and there seemed to be no one who was not more or less fully in accord with it. Those who heard the lecture in Boston received it with every mark of disapproval and there seemed to be no one who was not more or less fully out of accord with it. In Washington, where the lecture was first delivered, it was very easy for me to proceed because many expressions of approval warned me up to my unbecoming task. In Boston it was very hard for me to go on because of the equally numerous signs of disapproval which chilled me.—Bishop Brown of Arkansas in Arkansas Gazette.

Would Do All He Could to Oblige.

Representative Adanson of Georgia recently told a story which illustrated true good fellowship. He had been campaigning in Georgia on foot and was twenty-five miles from home. It became necessary for him to go home, and he tried to secure a conveyance, but all the teams were busy on the farms. Finally he went to a man whom he knew very well and said: "Bill, I have to go home, and I want a rig to take me. You've got to get me one." "Adanson," he replied, "we are five months behind with our work here, and it is next to impossible to get a horse that can be spared, but there isn't anything I won't do for you. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll walk home with you."—Washington Post.

Her Chosen Field.

Rejecting wealth and its attendant luxuries to enter her chosen field of evangelistic work, Miss Mary B. Robinson, daughter of a millionaire Pittsburg railroad magnate, has gone to Chicago to speak of salvation from the pulpit of Bethlehem chapel. Miss Robinson, who is worth \$500,000 in her own right, was director of a Pittsburg church chorus at a large salary. The Bostonians made her an offer of \$10,000 a year to join their opera company, but she refused. Soon afterward she left home to enter evangelistic work. Her uncle, John G. Robinson, secretary of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railway, and friends tried in vain to dissuade her.—Scranton (Pa.) Truth.

For Sale.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for one cent a word. No ad inserted for less than 10 cents.
FOR SALE—Good milk cow. Apply to A. E. T. Bechtler, Blacksburg, S. C. R. F. D. No. 1.
FOR SALE—The W. C. Petty house and lot on Frederick street. Apply to E. C. Petty.
FOR SALE—A good, gentle, family horse. Apply to Dr. S. B. Cawley. May 3, 6, 9.

For Rent.

FOR RENT—G. C. Wilkins house and lot. Apply to Geo. M. Puffer.
FOR RENT—A five-room cottage. Apply to J. I. Sarritt.
FOR RENT—Four-room house, near enough in for factory operatives. C. A. Smith.
FOR RENT—The John White house, near Smith hardware Co. Also my residence corner Race and Johnson streets. W. H. Smith.
FOR RENT—Nice 6-room cottage, with improvements, on Grand Street. Apply to J. C. Jeffries.
SUITES of rooms to let in the Star Theatre. A. N. Wood.
FOR RENT—A good two-horse farm with a neat five-room cottage. Apply at once to J. C. Lipscomb.

Wanted.

WANTED—To buy a good milk cow. I. M. Peeler.
WANTED—To make straight roads on city real estate. No commissions. Several thousand dollars to loan. J. C. Jeffries.

Notice.

NOTICE—I hereby forbid anyone employing or harboring my boy, Brady Rippy, as he is underage and left home without my consent. A. N. Rippy.

Money Loaned.

LOANS on improved farms or a term of years at seven per cent. interest. No commissions. For information apply to J. C. Jeffries, Attorney at Law.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Cards under this head will be inserted from now until the primary for \$5.00 each for county officers; magistrates' announcements, \$3.00. All fees must be paid in advance.

For a change, R. M. Jolly for Supervisor of Cherokee county.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for reelection to the office of Supervisor of Cherokee county, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

J. V. Wheelchel.

J. F. GARRETT,

Dentist.

Office Over The Battery

Phone 527

DR. W. K. GUNTER,

DENTIST

Office in Star Theatre Building.

PHONE No. 20.

Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.

Dr. D. P. THOMSON.

Dentist.

Office over Cherokee Drug Co.

VILLIAM S. HALL, JR. JAMES A. WILLIS.

HALL & WILLIS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

STAR THEATRE BLDG.

GAINES, S. C.

Notary Public in office. Prompt attention given to all business.

Notice of Opening of Books of

Subscription

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a commission issued by Hon. J. T. Gantt, Secretary of State, to the undersigned as corporators, the books of subscription to the capital stock of The Builders Supply Company, a corporation to be formed, with the principal place of business at Gaffney, S. C., will be opened at the store of Walter Baker on Limestone Street in the Town of Gaffney, on the 15th day of May, 1904, at 10 o'clock A. M. The capital stock of the said corporation will be Five Thousand Dollars to be divided in Fifty shares of stock at the par value of One Hundred Dollars per share.

KENNETH BAKER,

L. BAKER,

WALTER BAKER,

W. W. GAFFNEY,

Board of Corporators

5-10-11

FREE PORTRAITS.

Why pay from \$3.96 to \$7.00 for Pastel or Water colors without frame when we will furnish the same size Guaranteed to be as Good or Better, or no pay, framed complete for less money.

Our Mr. Day is now in the city with headquarters at the Commercial Hotel. Either communicate with him there or hold all orders till he calls upon you. It is his purpose to call upon the best people in the county, both in the city and country.

References:
A. N. Wood, banker.
F. G. Stacy, banker.
R. M. Gaffney, mayor.
W. C. Carpenter, merchant.
J. I. Sarritt, merchant.
J. F. Cline, liveryman.
A. W. Doggett, Merchant.
Nathan Littlejohn.
Tobe Littlejohn.

THE H. M. DAY CO.,
High Grade Portraits and Frames.
Offices: 13-15 Hunt Bldg.,
Charlotte, N. C.

If anybody has a message for the people of this community he cannot deliver it to them so effectively, so cheaply, so quickly in any other way as through the columns of this paper.

It is the business of this paper to carry messages of one kind and another into homes. The message will be delivered, too, under favorable conditions, for few persons take up their local paper except in a pleasant and receptive frame of mind.

The sign upon the fence board may be good, but it can be seen only by travelers who go that particular road. The message in the local paper carries itself to thousands, no matter by which road they travel.

Select your space and put your message where it will do the most good.

We, perhaps, can help you if you will but ask us.

Sponges.

Sponges are the fibrous skeletons of deep sea animals. To the general public sponges are simply sponges; yet there are a great variety of varieties, grades and qualities—plenty of chance for deception. We do the best we can in buying sponges, and we sell them for just what they are worth. Our experience and methods are worth something to you, even on sponges. Throughout our stock, from the cheapest to the finest, every sponge is a bargain at what we ask for it. Carriage, Bath and Toilet Sponges.

Cherokee Drug Co.,

Prescription Druggists.

Cor. Limestone and Frederick Sts. If you get it at the Cherokee it's good.

C. Eskridge B 4 U

Has your Blacksmithing Done.

All Smithing, Iron and Wood Work done

in first-class style and at reasonable rates.

(Fortenberry's Old Stand.)

WANTED!

All your clothes that need brightening up, bring them to us. We will make them look fresh and new. All work done by expert tailors. See us and join our or send a card.

ROBINSON & JONES, Tailors.

Over W. H. Telegraph Bldg.

Phone No. 43.

THINK

of getting 25 Photos

for 25 cents! Less

than a cent apiece

Each mounted on

the new Ping-Pong

Cards for 35 cents

Come while we are

making this offer as

we shall not continue

this size long.

Remember the high

grade of excellence

in our regular line

of PHOTOGRAPHS

is the same or better

than ever.

Fine "Aristo" photo

from \$1.25 doz.

up.

June H. Carr,

Phone 176.

Residence, 171.

625 Limestone Street.