

The Durham Recorder.

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LET HIM WHO HATH NO NERVE FOR THE FIGHT, DEPART.

VOL. 69.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1888.

NO 18.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

Some of the best and cheapest

COOK STOVES

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Don't fail to see them before buying elsewhere. aug 4

PROPOSALS

For Sale of Bonds.

Sealed bids will be received for the sale of \$30,000 of Durham, N. C., county bonds until Saturday, September 15, 1888, at 12 o'clock m., privilege being reserved to reject any and all bids. Bids will be received for a part or the whole as purchasers may desire.

These bonds are issued by virtue of authority vested in the Board of Commissioners pursuant to an election held on the 17th day of July, 1886, and in accordance with sections 1986, 1998, 1999 and 2000 of the Code of the State of North Carolina. They are in denominations of \$1,000 each, bearing 6 per cent. interest, as evidenced by coupons payable semi-annually, in April and October, at the office of the Mercantile Trust Company, of Baltimore, dated January 1st, 1887, and payable twenty years after date.

For any further information address the undersigned, PETER J. OTEY, President, Lynchburg & Durham Railroad, Lynchburg, Va.

Bids should be addressed as above and marked "sealed bid" on the outside of the envelope.

MY WORD IS OUT.

All persons indebted to me either by note or account are notified to bring me either wood or money or both or they will find the sheriff and his posse after them. I mean business. M. A. ANGER.

sept 25 d3. w3w.

J. W. GRAHAM. THOS. RUFFIN. GRAHAM & RUFFIN.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. HILLSBORO, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Alamance, Caswell, Durham, Guilford, Rockingham, Person, and Orange.

NEW YORK NEWS.

REPUBLICANS LOOKING TO OTHER STATES TO SAVE THEIR TICKET.

The Public Excited Over a New Opera—Betting on Election Getting Lively.

New York, October 21.—Another registration day in this city has passed, and the same marked increase is shown, compared with four years ago, as on the first day. The total as compared with the highest previous registration for a similar period, shows a net gain of 39,000. The larger the increase, the greater the majority for Cleveland and the State ticket.

It looks very much from the outside as though the Republicans had abandoned any lingering hope of carrying this State, and were looking to other sections for votes enough to save their ticket. They have one strong card graving out of the unfortunate divisions in the Democratic party of this city. As I have said before, there is no cause for real apprehension on this account, but of course the managers on the other side are making the most of it by spreading wild tales over the country of the alleged demoralization of the party in this city. It is quite a much to the interest of one of the local factions as to the other that the state and National tickets should receive their cordial support. No one who has studied the situation doubts this.

Ex Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, made a powerful speech in Cooper Union last night in favor of Cleveland and tariff reform. The Republicans are very much chagrined over what they are pleased to term the "ingratitude" of a man whom they twice put in the mayoralty chair in the City of Churches. Mr. Low is personally one of the most popular men in the two cities as shown by his election in a city that usually gives a Democratic majority in excess of 10,000. He will make other speeches during the campaign, and use all his logic and his influence for the Democratic ticket.

Chairman Barnum, like Chairman Quay of the opposition, is not at all careless, and when he makes a announcement everybody listens. When seen by your correspondent the other day, he said positively that in all his experience—and he has generated several National campaigns—the party's prospects had not been so bright at a corresponding period before election. He regards success as absolutely assured.

There has been a deal of unfavorable comment on the part of the Democrats at the peculiar attitude of Tammany Hall with respect to Congressmen from this city. At this time the Metropolis has only one Congressman who was elected as a Republican, Hon. Ashbel P. Fitch, and he has since publicly left the party on account of its attitude on the question of the tariff. He will go back to Congress; but as a Democrat. In some of the city's districts the Republicans would have a very good show of winning with a divided local Democracy, and this is what Tammany Hall threatens. Negotiations are now going on with a view to a settlement of the differences between the factions, so that the party may not suffer. All sorts of rumors are in the air. One of the most interesting is that the recent visit of Postmaster-General Dickinson to this city was for the purpose of negotiating for such harmony. It was said that Tammany was to have the disposal of the New York postoffice after the election in case of their acceding to certain stipulations. This is not given out as news, as it has quite a fishy flavor; but it has been much talked about.

The amusement public have been much excited over the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard." The critics having little respect for reputation have been pounding it with very considerable force. They all admit, though, that it is tuneful, and has a good action. Apart from this there is very little now going on in the theatrical line. A novelty in realistic stage productions was the recent introduction in a melodrama of two noted ex-convicts to crack a safe in full view of the auditors. The burglars drew famously, and they made money for the enterprising projectors of the piece which otherwise would have ignominiously failed.

A striking commentary on the civilization and charity of the richest

American City was a discovery yesterday of five persons surviving to death in a miserable tenement. They were a Polish immigrant and his small four children. None of them had eaten anything for several days, yet their very existence was unknown to their wretched fellow-lodgers.

Betting on the result of the election is getting very lively as the day grows nearer. Every evening the lobbies of the fashionable up town hotels are crowded with well-dressed politicians and sporting characters. Odds are slightly in favor of Cleveland, though many wagers are taken even. \$30,000 was put up last night in the Hoffman House lobby inside of 30 minutes at odds of 9 to 8 upon Cleveland. In the Murray Hill Hotel sap-maker Higgins flourished a \$10,000 roll and surprised everybody by offering to stake it on Harrison's election against \$7,000. The words were hardly out of his mouth when a gentleman who had been sitting quietly by on a settee and produced the necessary money with which to back his Democratic opinions. Mr. Higgins crawled a little, offering to make the bet even. This, too, was accepted, but the bubble man pocketed his little pile and slunk away, to the intense amusement of the bystanders. In betting on the local ticket Hewitt has a slight call, though I saw \$35,000 put up even by Grant men in one of the hotels a couple of evenings since. The odds against the Republican candidate for Mayor are four to one with practically no takers.

FRANK E. VAUGHAN.

Where Log Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last summer, were returning in a sailboat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly. "Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—it's a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician!"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor: he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits of comparison with other old time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

THIS WAS SAM JONES' SUBJECT LAST NIGHT.

Sermon was Serious Throughout—Who are Prisoners of Hope and Who are Prisoners Without Hope—Many Conversions.

More than 3,000 people packed to see her in Parrish's large warehouse last night to hear the Rev. Sam Jones. At the appointed hour the evangelist walked upon the platform, and said: "I hope, brethren, you will all be prayerful. Let us have a spirit of prayer and lift up our hearts to God continually. I declare to you that all our preaching cannot save Durham! Paul may plant and Apollo may water, but it is God that giveth the increase. Let us pray earnestly and let us pray devoutly."

THE SERMON.

Now, I select this text: "Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope."

We have before us a question in which every good man and woman, and even the angels in Heaven, are concerned—the salvation of the world—and God from Heaven calls out to this old dying world and says: "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Yes, the men and women, the boys and girls who walk and talk in life to day, engage the great heart and mind of God and angels in Glory, and God cast His eyes upon this old world and says, "turn, turn!" and oh! how strange that you, and you, and you should sit there and be so much unconcerned when your soul is at stake and hear the warning from God say, "turn!"

My precious mother was once a prisoner of hope, but 30 years ago death cut the ligament and to-night, thank God! my precious mother is an angel of God singing praises around His throne. My father was once a prisoner of hope, but more than 16 years ago God called him up higher. All good christian people are prisoners of hope.

Brother, I cannot say I will be saved at last—I cannot, but listen to me, I am a prisoner of hope and if at last the Judge shall say to me, "Depart, I never knew you!" at the command of God I'll walk away, but I'll go away the most disappointed soul that ever left the doors of Glory. I am a prisoner of hope, and there is no duty I will not perform, no sacrifice I will not make for God. Every drop of my blood, every dollar of my money, oh, God! is at thy command, and great God let nothing fall in my pathway to cause me to miss Heaven. My countrymen, there is no subject so near my heart as this subject: "Shall I be saved or shall I, at last, go down with the damned?"

Prisoners of hope, pray in your families night and morning. Well, Lord, I do that. Love your neighbors: I do that. Give your money to God. Oh, Lord! every cent I've got is in your bank. Deny yourself and take up my cross. Lord, I've done that. And now, Great God, I am trying to be a good man and save sinners.

Prisoners of hope! Many of you people sit there and laugh at the poor fellows! You laugh in the very lurids of hell and scold as you march on to damnation! And let me say to you: you can scoff yourself into hell but you can't scoff out; you can laugh yourself into the flames of eternal damnation, but you cannot laugh on; you can dance into the fires of hell, but you cannot dance out.

My fellow-countrymen! I am a man and I know men, and let me say to you, there is not one of you that do not fear the cemetery. In my worst days of dissipation and debauchery I always feared a shroud and the coffin. And, young man, old man, young lady, old lady, hear me! the day is coming when a hearse will drive up to your door, and six men will put a coffin in that hearse that will contain your body, and it will be carried to the cemetery and placed forever from mortal sight. You see how they, men, women and children, are falling off one by one, and then you sit there slipping away those precious moments.

Prisoners of hope! Men who think a great deal and do not talk much, they sit back there like an old owl saying little, but thinking a heap—they are prisoners of hope; but old fellow, you can't think your soul into Heaven, better have some action, thought enough no, you have, go to acting. You say you cannot give up now, your business won't allow it,

and you will be bankrupt if you try to live a christian. Let me tell you: God Almighty has never suffered one of His followers to starve, and He will not suffer you. Now, friend, whatever binds you, put your foot upon it and say, "here lies the price of my soul and my immortality." Great God, what a picture!

Prisoners without hope! I wonder, I wonder how many hear my voice to-night that are just as sure to sink into hell as they hear me. And friend, when that lid is placed upon your coffin and it is buried out yonder in that cemetery, and you have not made your peace with God, you will be a prisoner without hope forever. There are some souls whose beds now lie mouldering in that cemetery that know what I mean when I say prisoner without hope. And some of you just walk down to the very gates of hell before you think there is any danger.

My countrymen! If there is anything I do thank God for it is that He did not call me away when I was in a drunken stupor. Oh, God! how good thou hast been to me! O! precious angel mother, surely thou didst have a hand in this, and now, thank God! thank God! I am a prisoner of hope, on my way to Heaven!

Oh! young man, old man, young lady, old lady, neighbors, friends: let us come to God and let us make the start now!

Friends, please vacate these front seats and now all that want to find a Saviour, just come forward and take these seats—come now while we sing—ah! boys, God bless you, don't put it off another day. Now sing that beautiful hymn, "Under the cross I've laid my sins."

During the singing Mr. Jones stepped from the platform and walked among the congregation. Many came forward, and before the meeting closed 36 professed conversion.

Sayings of Sam Jones.

If you want God to bless you, you must bless somebody else.

If you will find a man, I do not love and bring him here on this platform I'll hug him until he hollers; and if you'll find a woman, I don't love and bring here on this platform I'll send for my wife and have her hugged.

Some of you old women don't believe in shouting, but you will go home and raise the devil with your cook for burning the biscuits.

Some of you old fellows set back there and say: "Now Jones, what makes you talk that way. Don't disharten us." Bless your soul; you can't disharten the Durham folks. The trouble is they think they are bigger than they really are and a little hewing down will do 'em good.

Yesterday, I see here and watched that collection when Brother Yates was trying to raise money to pay the expense of fitting up this warehouse for these meetings and I saw little nickles falling in all around and I tell you I wanted to jump up and say: "stop that foolishness; I'll pay the whole thing." And here, old fellows if they must pass that hat around at every service I won't have your little old stinky town. If you are that sort of folks I'll rather preach to pine sapplings than you.

I can stand here and pick out every one of you people who were never fifty miles from Durham—I can.

Every fellow in this town is either working for God or the devil.

An old fellow stands around, and says: "I want to join the church, but hypocrites are in my way." Say, old fellow, can a man be in your way unless he is in the same faith just ahead of you—catch the idea?

A fellow with a good character and had reputation will improve on acquaintance.

Sometimes I get kicks and knocks, but bless your soul, I kick and knock sometimes myself, too.

Men say to me: "Jones, ain't you afraid to talk as you do; somebody will kill you." And brother, I have preached in those wicked cities and those rascals have said they intend to kill me and I have stood up with 10,000 of 'em around me and said: "Assault me if you wish. Crawl to my room to night, and while I sleep, send a dagger to my heart and riddle my body with bullets, but I'll be in Heaven wearing a crown and playing a golden harp before you get back home, you infernal scoundrels."

If you don't enjoy religion it is because you ain't got any to enjoy.

An old preacher once said to me: "Jones, I never did shout in my life." Said I: "May be brother, you never

had anything to shout about." A lawyer that will defend one of these rascals for selling whiskey in this town on the sly is just as mean as the man he defends. You are an old petty foggy, sir, made of nothing and going nowhere. Poor, dirty dogs! God pity you. Now, if you lawyers don't like this kind of racket, you know I am stopping down at Brother Southgate's and you can just call down and lump it when you get ready.

I never saw an intelligent person that would dance.

The church that does not object to dancing is in league with the devil and conspiracy with hell.

You say your church don't object to dancing. Well, the little rotten thing, I wouldn't stay in it long enough to get my hat if it didn't.

You will never empty your lewd houses until you stop ball-rooms and theatres.

Some of you old fellows sit back there and think this shouting is horrible. Lemme tell you, old fellow, you had better not go to Heaven, or some of these good sisters might run you all around Glory shouting.

God pity your culture! It is only whitewash and is already peeling off in spots, and I tell you I see some of the most unlovely human beings in Durham than any place I've ever visited.

Some preachers say the Lord says open your mouth and I'll fill it. Yes, He'll fill it—with air. And there are many old air-guns going around professing to be preachers.

You have men in Durham who, if their wives knew what they done and where they went when in New York, they would quit them, in my candid opinion.

I love that sort of religion that will make a fellow tell the truth 100 times in a 100.

Before I will cater to the wishes of any man, contrary to the word of God as I see it, for money, I'll count cross-ties back home.

I never call names, but every fellow knows when I strike his number.

If anybody here wants to correct my mistakes, I'm willing. Gentlemen, you can have the floor whenever you call for it.

If you want to fight go outside of the corporation and wait till I come. But you'd better carry about three weeks' rations with you; I might be slow about coming, you know.

An old fellow who wants to quit the church is either a mighty bad man or else part of him is missing.

You Durham people have just as little to shout over as any gang I know.

Thank God! there are more hills behind me than in front of me and it is easier for me to go on than it is for me to go back.

Brethren, sometimes I feel weak and want to lay down my gun and fight no more, but then angels come down from Heaven and God gives me renewed energy and I just feel like I can clean up the whole shebang.

God grant that we poor white folks and negroes may get to Heaven at last!

If everything told on Sam Jones was the truth, I'd be in the penitentiary to day—I would.

This is all a joke about you whipping those preachers for any thing, I say. Sam Jones is able to tote his own skillet.

The biggest prayer I ever heard was by an old Brother, who prayed: "Oh, Lord! give us more common-sense religion!"

Theology is a heartless old brute when a married man gets religion he will pray in his family.

Do you preachers know that many of your members have never been convicted, much less converted?

If you preachers will only keep your eyes open you will learn something before these meetings close. Just look at these old sisters you have been running after, thinking they couldn't get out to church. Just watch 'em; they come racking out here three times a day. Brethren, I wouldn't run to see them any more, they have been just playing off on you.

I ain't got any respect for old Grandfather Adam. The first lick God struck at him, down he tumbled, and I don't like him—I don't.

Stay! my! You preachers get to work among these sinners; you'll sit there and back-slide right in the meeting.

Young man, you may laugh at me and scoff at the Gospel, but let me say to you: be careful how you tamper with God's Holy Spirit, be careful—you had better, now, sure.