

The Durham Recorder.

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

VOL. 69.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888.

NO. 19.

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., 100 Wall St., N. Y.

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Paint, Lead and Oil.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

Some of the best and cheapest

COOK STOVES

on this or any other market.

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 1996, 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 pay the 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. sept 11.

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. sep 25 '88 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

SHOUTS GO UP.

PARRISH'S WAREHOUSE RINGS WITH GOD'S PRAISE.

A Religious Demonstration Never Before Seen in Durham—Sam Jones Happy.

Last night about 3,000 people wended their way through the rain and mud to Parrish's warehouse to hear the Rev. Sam Jones.

After Mr. Jones arrived, Prof. Excell sang a beautiful solo: "The road to heaven" and the choir and congregation joined in the chorus: "I'm going home." This was followed by a short secret prayer.

Mr. Jones said he did not feel like preaching, but would keep his seat and talk to the congregation from his chair. He did not select a text. He wanted to ask every unconverted person in the building one question: "Why will you continue in sin? Why go away from this warehouse to-night an impenitent sinner?"

Mr. Jones then took up the following answers and discussed them most earnestly:

"Don't know what sin is."
"Ignorant of the nature of sin."
"Don't know the consequences of sin."

"Don't think."
"After while."
"Recklessness."
"Because a conquering peace has taken place."

The preacher handled these questions in such a manner that soon no sinner had any standing ground and there was nothing left but a complete surrender to Christ.

Soon Mr. Jones became warmed up and words with no such power and bearing ever fell upon a Durham audience as did his as he walked to and fro upon the platform. With an anguish look and out stretched hands he cried: "Oh! my God: Am I preaching the funeral of some poor soul to-night, who in spite of all our entreaties will perish in the wrong and before next Monday morning be in hell a damned soul, without hope forever?"

Thus the preacher went on, his words turning deep into the hearts of his hearers, until his audience was in agony and tears. He stopped and asked while the choir sang, that every one who would make a start for heaven and wanted the prayers of christian people to come and give him their hand. A beautiful hymn was raised and thousands of voices joined in the singing; then came a sight, never before witnessed here. Unsaved souls with streaming tears by the hundreds filled the aisles with out stretched hands making their way to grasp the hand of the great evangelist. The sight was too much for the evangelist, who clasped his hands and shouted: "Hallelujah! Glory to God, hallelujah!" Many in the choir joined in the shouts, the tide swept over the congregation, the singing ceased and the shouts which followed almost made the roof of the old warehouse rattle. Christian people of all denominations and ages for one time joined in general praise to God, and their voices intermingled with shouts and prayer went heavenward as from a single soul.

No, Durham never saw such sights before and perhaps will never again, but the memory of last night's scenes will go with those who witnessed it to the grave and to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost he will praise for ever, and to His humble servant, Sam F. Jones, ever give praise, and at last crown him in glory an angel of God, who in life preached the gospel fearlessly and saved so many souls for the kingdom.

The Rattling Sam Jones.

White folks and negroes that mix, are dregs. No respectable white man or no respectable negro wants to mix.

If my brother has a plate at his table, or a bed, too good for me, he sinit my brother.

Many a fellow is trying to read Greek in christianity that don't know his A. B. C.'s.

It is hard to keep a 250 pound Methodist straight. If you shake him over his coffin occasionally he will hit the ground a mile a minute.

Brother I have offers from Chicago and New York Lecture Bureaus of a salary of \$60,000 a year to lecture, but lemme tell you; I'd rather preach for fifteen cents a day and see souls coming to Christ than all the money in this universe—I would.

If some people should die in a two

story painted house the devil would get 'em sure.

If you, my brethren, do not enjoy this sort of religion, then you are made of different dirt from the kind I was made of.

This country is going wild over profit and loss.

If you want big collections, let these old fellows believe the Lord will give 'em two for one.

I never have understood why money ought to stick a fellow up.

You can't take a fine comb and take out of hell anything to heat a no-account son-in-law.

There ain't a saloon keeper this side of the gates of hell that don't know if he dies in that business the devil will get him.

I don't carry my feelings about me, I'm afraid somebody will hurt 'em.

John was a Baptist, but Adam was a Methodist. You ask how I know. Because Adam, an old rascal, fell from grace.

It ain't what church you join, but what sort of a fellow is going in when you join!

It is a mighty little man that is always picturing himself starved. There is no remedy for borrowed trouble but good hard sense.

Home-made troubles are like home-made shoes and jeans; they never wear out.

The best thing a wife can do is to put her husband's case in the hands of the Lord and let it stay there.

If you get hold of one end of the hand-stick and God the other, you'll carry that log anywhere.

When you set in to be good you ain't by yourself.

It ain't feeling or excitement, but what are you going to do.

If there was no God I would want to do just as God has told me—because it is right.

You can tell pretty well where a fellow is going by the road he is in and the direction he's going.

I like a fellow that gets to where the devil will clear the track. That fellow means business.

You can argue down a theory, but when a fellow strikes a fact, you can't 'round it, over it, under it, or through it; you stop right there.

I like to fight the devil. I like to walk right up and shake my fist in his face and say: "Try me, old fellow, and let that poor fellow alone down there."

The grace of God is like India rubber; when a fellow falls he bounces higher.

Good company! I would like to put up in Durham, you are such good people. If Durham will do right there is no need of your going to Heaven.

The Lord will extend the streets of the new Jerusalem and incorporate Durham. You are clever folks. I like you.

Conscience and record are like an index finger. They point up to God. You preachers, quit reading your sermons. If I couldn't preach without manuscript I'd go back to the Sunday school where I'd be belong.

They say "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." If that be so we are about out of seed.

I like Shakespeare. Shakespeare can take a man by the hand and lead him down every step to the bottom (of human depravity) but he can't bring him back. Jesus Christ can.

I am glad there are no hired servants in the kingdom of God. It is child or nothing.

A boy don't break the first Sabbath from home. He has to be farther away than that.

Among the rich there are many wicked abominations; but among the poor are some of the sweetest virtues.

The more hog meat a man eats the like a hog he is—intellectually.

Abusing Sam Jones. People have been coming to me for the past few days and begging my pardon for shooting off my mouth in the street. Keep your mouth shut, when the next fellow comes along and wait and see what the mule will do.

If I had a clerk and he dealt in lottery tickets, I'd turn him off. I would be afraid if he lost in the lottery he would win on me.

A fellow that don't live right is in poor shape for praying in public.

Homopathic preaching! If I had a canary bird I'd give him more medicine than some of these homopathic preachers. I believe in kill or cure.

Sometimes you don't get what you pray for; but the Lord gives you what you ought to have.

Love and loyalty are the same words. The test of your love to God is your loyalty to God. It is the same test.

THE GREAT MEETING.

STIRRING SERMONS AND GREAT CROWDS HEAR THEM.

Parrish's Warehouse Jammed—Mr. Jones Preaches with Telling Earnestness—Hundreds Manifest a Desire to Lead a Better Life—Closing Scenes.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Mr. Jones has preached six sermons since the Recorder was last printed. He has uttered so many truths and said so much that we would like to print, but we find that our space is limited and we can only give a general review of the sermons.

Saturday night he preached a most effective sermon on burden bearing, home-made trouble and going out to meet things not coming to us; expecting difficulties we'll never have. He dwelt upon the fact that there were hearts in this town that needed help and that the people of God should cease from adding trouble and worries to their other cares; that a great many women had trouble machines, and they were not the only ones with these machines—there were complaining men. His text was the 18th and 22d verses of the 55th Psalm, and he urged all to cast their burdens upon the Lord. He contrasted the difference between the service of the devil and the service of the Lord; that the devil takes a fellow out and gives him the best first and the worst last, through all eternity; while God give the worst first and best last.

At this meeting many gave their names for church membership and a great number went up and gave the evangelist their hand thereby expressing a desire to start a better life.

SUNDAY MORNING.

A Sunday School Mass Meeting was held at 9 o'clock in which the two Baptists, the two Methodists and the Presbyterian Sunday Schools participated. The meeting was conducted by Mr. V. Ballard. It was inspiring to hear hundreds of children singing the Gospel songs and see them listening attentively to the addresses.

Rev. R. C. Beaman, of Chapel Hill, and Mr. N. B. Broughton, of Raleigh, made short talks which were full of sound advice and encouraging words to the children. Mr. Broughton said he believed in little christians as well as big christians. Don't overlook the little christians. Value little faith—the faith of little boys and girls. Mr. Broughton here related several thrilling incidents of a mother's influence following her son, and the influence of a little girl's prayer.

A collection was taken up for Rev. Sam Jones' Orphan's Home, and \$94.05 was contributed.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

At this service the congregation was extremely large—every portion of the large warehouse was crowded. There were people from every section of this part of the country.

The choir sang a beautiful anthem, arranged by Prof. E. O. Excell: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Here Mr. Jones said: "I feel that God's excursion train has come to a halt right here in Durham, and God calls, 'All aboard!' Let us all get on."

Mr. Jones referred to the 3 o'clock meeting as being exclusively for men and speaking to the ladies, said: "It is not because we do not want good women to enjoy the services. We want your prayers. You pray while the meeting is going on here."

Mr. Jones' sermon was on "Life's Pathway" He announced as his text: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." The christian life was compared to a pilgrimage—here we were on our journey; there we'll be at our journey's end. It is better to be good than bad. Better to be sober than drunk; and that virtue carries along her own reward. His many illustrations were the most forcible we ever heard. After describing a railroad and engine he said: the track was made for the engine and the engine for the track; and that God had made a moral track for the soul and the soul for a moral track. If an engine got off the track it mired. "Brother," said he, "you are doing the best you can on the track you are running on. I blame you for not getting up where you can't mire." Get on God's mor-

al track and keep it. On this journey you have a good guide, a good protector, and good company. Here he made very pleasing allusions to Durham and the good people here and earnestly urged sinners to repent and begin the journey heavenward. He spoke in a pathetic manner of the foot-prints of christian heroes, with the toes forward, and if we only followed in the foot-steps we would land where they did. His picture of Heaven and the glorious reunion of family when he got there was full of pathos and it brought the greater portion of his large congregation to tears.

At the conclusion of the sermon many expressed their desire to join different churches, and hundreds went up and gave him their hand, saying "I am a sinner. I want salvation."

It was the most earnest sight this reporter ever witnessed. Old men and gray haired women bowing in tears; young and old asking the people of God to pray for them that they wanted to lead a better life; the faces of the gay and frivolous seriously considering the earnest words and powerful arguments of the preacher; and mothers, fathers, and friends beseeching sons, daughters and friends to begin the christian life.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

This service was for men only, and such a sight. Quite three thousand assembled at the warehouse and there was an earnestness and devoutness, depicted on each countenance that impressed one with the interest felt in the meeting. Mr. Jones preached a powerful sermon upon "Conscience Record and God." It was a scathing rebuke of sin and the awful consequences of facing our records at the bar of God. In the records being made he excluded no class, and his sermon was searching and far-reaching and went right to the heart and the understanding of every one present. It seemed as if he was preaching to a single individual and each man thought he was the one. We do not know that we shall ever witness such a scene again. When the invitation was extended at the close of the sermon, hundreds of hard-hearted sinners went up confessing that they wished to lead a better life and asking christians to pray for them. Stout-hearted men were melted to tears, and friends wept the tears of joy over friends who expressed a conviction and conversion.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

When the great preacher walked upon the platform at this meeting he remarked: "Brethren, we'll pray as we go." A few minutes of silent prayer followed. Mr. Jones took as his text the parable of the prodigal son. Never before has such a convincing sermon been preached in Durham. He pictured in the most vivid manner the journey of that son from home and the wasting of his substance in riotous living and his return to his father and his father's forgiveness. The contrast was strikingly drawn of the boy—the sinner—of to-day who is far from his Heavenly Father and spending his time and talents in the service of the devil and feeding upon the husks of the world.

During the course of the sermon, the preacher said: "Every man and woman that don't want whiskey in Durham, stand up." The whole congregation, of over 3,000 people, with the exception of a very few, stood up.

"Now," said Mr. Jones, when they were seated, "if you go back on that you are a liar."

Like the close of the previous services there were many penitents, and a large number gave their names for membership in the different churches.

MONDAY MORNING SERVICE.

The congregation continued to grow in numbers and the last four services of the series the warehouse was packed in every possible nook and corner.

After the singing at this service Mr. Jones announced that he had just visited the room of Mr. W. H. Osborne, who is confined to his bed with sickness, and that he is the happiest man in Durham, and though suffering bodily pain all was peace with his soul. Another piece of good news, remarked Mr. Jones, "I am informed that our friend Mr. S. F. Arendell has been sold by Raleigh to close his bar-room there and if there is any whiskey in the depot tell them I don't want it. I am done with it."

These announcements were received with applause and handkerchiefs

went up to hundreds of eyes. The great audience was deeply affected.

The services were begun by Prof. Excell singing a solo—"Keep in de Middle of the Road"—which was listened to with almost breathless silence. It was rendered in an admirable manner and at its conclusion there was applause.

Mr. Jones took as a text for his discourse the 115th Psalm. It was a rehearsal of David's experience. Mr. Jones said he was always interested in the dealing of God with the soul. The sermon was one of power and convicting truths presented in the clearest manner possible to the human mind. "The test of my devotion to God is not according to my feeling but my loyalty to God," was one of Mr. Jones' leading points. The people listened attentively and the words of the preacher sank deep into their hearts, making impressions not some to be forgotten. Mr. Jones preached with great earnestness, and the power of his discourse was manifested by heads bowed in humble devotion and tears flowing from eyes not given to weeping. It was a great sermon. At its conclusion a great number went up and gave the evangelist their hand and added their names to the list of those who desired to join the church and live christian lives.

MONDAY AFTERNOON CLOSING SERVICES.

Long before 3 o'clock Monday afternoon the Parrish warehouse began to fill up and when the hour for services arrived it was full—the largest crowd, perhaps, that attended any one service. It was Mr. Jones' last service and the people almost entirely suspended business to hear him. He prefaced his sermon by saying that he thanked God for the privilege of being here. That he never labored with a people he had become more attached to; that his heart went out in profound anxiety for the future, and that he would watch the future course of this people with deep interest. He spoke in warm words of praise of his cordial reception and treatment; he complimented the choir in its admirable efforts and said of the meeting; the press of Durham for its kind words; and invoked a blessing from heaven upon Durham, her people and all of her industries.

His discourse was based upon the 15th Psalm and was the most forcible portrayal of the duties of christians—how they should walk and live—we ever heard. It was a summing up, as it were, of the discourses of the meeting, and it sparkled with the gems of truth.

At the conclusion of the sermon, like on previous occasions, numbers came up and gave their names for church membership. After this the great congregation went up and shook hands with Mr. Jones—telling him good-bye and dropping a contribution into the basket for his Orphan's Home in Georgia (The amount raised on this occasion was \$264.) The choir sang "God be with you till we meet again," and the memorable meeting closed. The people were reluctant about leaving and lingered about the warehouse for some time.

During the closing scenes of the last service, a Mrs. Wimberly, refusing over her son, shouted for some length of time and then fainted. She was taken from the warehouse as dead, and carried to her residence. The physician tells us that she is rallying.

Mr. Jones has accomplished a great work in Durham and the end is not yet. We have heard of several conversions last night. From the figures we have at hand—they are not official—the total number who have given their names for church membership is about 288; divided as follows: Baptist churches, 73; Methodist churches, 160; Presbyterian, 35; and Episcopal about 20.

The citizens of Durham made up a purse for Mr. Jones and the amount given him was \$1,500. They gave Prof. Excell, \$200.

Mr. Jones and Prof. Excell left on the evening train yesterday. A large concourse of people were at the depot to see them off. Most all of the choir was there and as the train came in, it sang "At the Cross," and in a few moments Mr. Jones was on his way to Trinity College.

The Kemper corner next to the Court House has been sold by Mr. W. T. Redmond to Mr. A. M. Riggsbee for \$9,500. This does not look like any decline in real estate in Durham. The lot is 30x90 feet. The county should buy it, so as to give more room to the court house.