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THE MORNING STAR.

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Table with 3 columns: Rate, Duration, Price. Includes rates for one square one day, one square one month, etc.

OUTLINES.

Business in the Senate yesterday was mainly confined to the consideration of conference reports; that on the deficiency bill elicited considerable comment...

John Siebrecht, of Baltimore, is suing Wm. H. Evans for \$75,000, the value he sets upon the affections of his wife, who got a divorce from him...

The work of harnessing Niagara has begun. Tunnels are being constructed to utilize the water power, and by means of dynamos electric power will be transmitted to run industrial establishments as far eastward as Lockport and southward as Buffalo.

When a man gets to be 92 years old in Mr. Edmund's State they look upon him as a sort of Methuselah. Down here a man of that age would be classed as a festive youth.

Mr. Kennedy, of Ohio, will not be a candidate for re-election. If he were he might get in some appropriate remarks on the expunging of his speech from the Congressional record...

The San Francisco Argonaut pointedly puts it when it remarks that a Californian who objects to submitting to a Chinese majority has no right to find fault with his southern countrymen for declining to submit to a negro majority.

We don't know whether it is fair to make Uncle Jerry Rusk, since he has got charge—of the weather department responsible for the weather or not, until he has had a fair showing and learned the ropes better.

Having done up the Grand Army Posts, Gen. Russell B. Alger is now taking in the county fairs. Gen. Alger has the Presidential fever bad.

The Reed gang hustled through the tariff bill so that they could hurry home and look after their fences, some of which are in a shakely condition.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and so do the complications of nations. An alliance between France and Russia is the latest subject of discussion in Europe.

If the Republicans should be in a majority in the 52 Congress, and Featherstone, of Arkansas, should again be a contestant for a seat, they will not be so anxious to seat him.

Edward L. Pierce, Republican candidate for Congress in the Third Massachusetts district, is in favor of a reasonable protective tariff, but regards the McKinley job as a very unreasonable one.

A New Jersey judge fined a man \$250 for calling a lawyer a liar. If he had been a little more diplomatic in his language and called him a reckless trifler with the truth or something of that sort it might not have cost him a cent.

A St. Louis man upon whom the Emperor William bestowed the order of the Crown, felt so elated that he forthwith put out for Germany to thank the Emperor in person. What he was crowned for we don't know. Probably for a first class ass.

In his speech before the farmers of Cooperstown, N. Y., last week, Hon. John E. Russell, of Boston, called attention to the inconsistency of the Republican policy, which destroyed our commerce by tariff restrictions, and then taxing farmers to build it up again by subsidizing ships.

LOCAL DOTS.

Items of Interest Gathered Here and There and Briefly Noted.

— Mr. Jno. D. Bellamy, Jr., has returned from his trip to Europe.

— The British steamship Wally, 1,387 tons, from Newport News, arrived at Southport yesterday.

— The steamer Cape Fear, from Fayetteville, brought down over a hundred people to attend the Sam Jones meetings.

— Gilbert Telfair, colored, was fined \$20 in the Mayor's Court yesterday, for disorderly conduct; and Louis Menzer five dollars.

— Mrs. F. J. Cox, 414 Walnut street, requests the statement to be made that those who desire board during the Sam Jones meetings can procure it at her house.

— It is announced that Rev. Mr. Arnold will probably leave Wilmington for a new field of labor. He notified his congregation Sunday night that he would hand in his resignation of the pastoral charge of St. Paul's Church.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Fall Term For New Hanover—Cases Tried Yesterday.

Supreme Court for New Hanover convened yesterday, with Judge Armfield presiding. The following cases were disposed of, viz:

Alonso Smith vs. The Bladen Steamboat Co. Non suit.

Hattie Lind vs. A. B. Lind. Judgment for divorce.

Richard Godfrey vs. Lether Godfrey. Judgment for divorce.

James E. Clark vs. Mary Eliza Clark. Judgment for divorce.

R. W. Hicks, senior partner, vs. K. Pennington & Co. Continued.

Wm. Latimer, guardian, vs. Fannie E. Latimer, et al. Judgment for defendants.

G. W. Linder vs. H. C. Rosenham. Judgment.

Cases set for trial to-day: E. H. Kidder, et al., trustees, vs. W. E. Mayo.

T. R. London vs. Annie C. London. H. A. Bagg vs. W. & W. R. R. Co. and H. A. Bagg vs. W., C. & A. R. Co.

BY RIVER AND RAIL.

Receipts of Naval Stores and Cotton Yesterday.

Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta R. R.—618 bales cotton, 11 casks spirits turpentine, 28 bbls. rosin.

Wilmington & Weldon R. R.—198 bales cotton, 15 casks spirits turpentine, 75 bbls. rosin, 17 bbls. tar, 4 bbls. crude turpentine.

Carolina Central R. R.—509 bales cotton, 10 casks spirits turpentine, 53 bbls. rosin.

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley R. R.—142 bales cotton, 6 casks spirits turpentine, 120 bbls. rosin.

Steamer Cape Fear—70 bales cotton, 68 casks spirits turpentine, 28 bbls. rosin, 27 bbl. tar.

By flats—11 bales cotton, 1 cask spirits turpentine, 4 bbls. crude turpentine.

Total receipts—cotton, 1,748 bales; spirits turpentine, 110 casks; rosin, 304 bbls; tar, 44 bbls; crude turpentine, 8 bbls.

Stolen Goods, Probably.

Police officers Bryant and Howland, making their rounds Sunday night, found a number of articles concealed under a box at the corner of Fifth and Church streets—a cameo set of jewelry, a checker-board and men, a pair of men's patent-leather shoes, size 8½, a pair of overshoes, three pairs of black stockings, two handkerchiefs and a few marbles, a brass tumbler, a top, a paper of pins and other small articles. The things were taken to the City Hall, where they await a claimant. It is supposed they were stolen, and concealed at the place where the officers found them.

The Public Schools.

The public schools will open on Monday next. New pupils will be examined next Thursday at 9 a. m. at the Hemeway building on Fifth street, and at 3 p. m. of the same day at the Union building, corner of Sixth and Ann streets.

Market street is the dividing line between districts Nos. 1 and 2. Pupils north of Market are to attend the Hemeway; those south of Market will attend the Union, and the committee will require that this is kept in all cases.

Colored pupils will be examined Monday morning at the Peabody and Williston.

Cotton Belt Bulletin.

Rain continues in the cotton belt and low temperature prevails. In this and the South Carolina district of the cotton region the rainfall yesterday was slight, and heaviest in the Georgia districts.

The average maximum temperature ranged in the Wilmington district from 56 degrees at Charlotte to 68 at Wilmington, and the minimum from 50 at Charlotte to 59 at Wilmington.

Weather Forecasts.

The following are the weather forecasts for to-day.

For Virginia, fair weather except in Southern Virginia, stationary temperature, north-easterly winds.

For North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, rain, stationary temperature, north-easterly winds.

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AT THE TABERNACLE.

SERMONS DELIVERED BY REV. SAM. P. JONES.

Great Gatherings at All the Meetings and Increasing Interest Manifested.

SUNDAY MORNING.

A steady rain, accompanied by a cold north wind, ushered in the first Sabbath morning of the Tabernacle meetings, but wind and rain cannot deter the people when Sam Jones is to preach, and by the time the hour for service had arrived fully five thousand people had assembled to hear this wonderful man.

A full choir, directed by Prof. Excell, filled the half hour allotted the song service with grand and inspiring music. Rev. Mr. Peete, of the Brooklyn Baptist Church, led in prayer, after which Mr. Jones announced the usual collection. He said, if you get on a train and don't pay your fare they'll ditch you; if you eat a meal at a restaurant or hotel and don't pay for it they'll jail you; but you want to come here and enjoy this Tabernacle and pay nothing toward it.

It is astonishing how many people pay for what they are obliged to and dead-beat for the rest. The difference between the railroad and the Tabernacle is, one makes you pay and the other leaves it to your honesty; you give the railroad \$5 and the Tabernacle a nickel; do you get the point?

After the collection Mr. Excell, aided by the choir, sang a beautiful descriptive song called "The Sinner and the Song."

Before announcing his text Mr. Jones said, the very fact of such an audience as this on such a morning is proof to my mind of an interest profound and deep. I wrote to my wife that all signs here betoken victory. The God of the clouds is the God of grace, the rain and clouds will pass away. It is better for us than if the great surging masses were here to contend with. Let's give our hearts to the prayer and our ears to the gospel.

The text is verse 5 of the 37th Psalm, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord and He shall bring it to pass." We have here one of the broadest, deepest, grandest promises in the Bible. Whatever the supreme wish of your hearts God stands pledged to give it, on certain conditions. This is like every other promise in the Bible but one. There is but one unconditional promise in the Bible—that is the one made to Adam in Eden.

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," which put him on a plane to comply with God's conditions. Some man hunted out the promises in the Bible and found three thousand two hundred to the children of God. Some man compiled these and published them in book form. A man wrote the publisher for a copy of "The Promises of God," and the answer came "The Promises of God" are out of print. He took down his old Bible and said, "Thank God, the promises of God are not out of print."

We look too much to the promise and not enough to the conditions. A railroad carries passengers on two conditions; first, buy your ticket, second, get aboard. Comply with these conditions and all the comforts of the train are yours to the end of your journey. Comply with all the conditions of God's promises and all the joy of His children will be yours. I say to my little boy, "Bob, bring me a glass of water and I'll give you a nickel. Instead of going after the water Bob comes and feels in my pockets to see if I've got the nickel. That's what you are doing with God, looking to see if He has got what He promised."

When conditions meet there is no question about results. I was walking on the railroad with my pastor one day and the wind seemed to be whipping us from every quarter. The pastor said, "we are going to have a cyclone." I said how do you know? He replied, because the conditions are right for it. He went home and in a short while we witnessed one of those terrible cyclones passing about a mile beyond us, carrying devastation and desolation in its track. When the conditions of a moral cyclone meet in this city, we will have such results as you never before witnessed. God never disappoints His people. There is no more precious truth than that God is my Father! A station agent on a certain railroad line often gets on spears, and I asked why it is that he is retained when the rules are now so strict concerning men of such habits. The answer was "I don't know unless it is because he is a brother-in-law of the President of the road." I thought how can God put up with me, wicked and unfaithful as I am? And then I knew it is because He is my Father; Thank God that mankind can be kin to God and say "Our Father," and mean what we mean! I have often felt like acknowledging myself the most unfaithful of men. I have often doubted my fidelity to God, but never my love for God, the best friend my parents, my children, my wife, or myself ever had.

I was sitting at home reading. A servant girl came in and my wife said, "Sally you can go now tell your mother to come to-morrow and I'll pay her your wages I have no further use for you." Sally was a good' natured, good

for nothing sort of a girl, and she said "please ma'am, let me stay, I don't want to be turned off, I want to stay with you."

I feel like if Jesus should say to me "you can go," I'd say "Lord Jesus don't tuck me off, let me live and die in thy service." If you feel that way we will do you good; but you church members who are getting mad and going to quit—old quitters—"I'll quit in a minute if they fool with me!"—I have no message for you. You have neither honesty or integrity. I love the fellow who had rather die than be turned out. If I see the devil have a fellow like that down I'll help pull him off and engage the devil until he gets away. If you belong to that class who admit their faults but say I'd rather die than forsake God, we will do you good; but if you are an old "quitter" we can't help you, and if you don't feel like an old dog you don't feel natural.

The Father who loves me made these promises so thick that at every step my foot goes down on one. There is one for me in childhood, youth, manhood and old age, in sickness and health, in poverty or riches, living and dying; when I sweep through the pearly gates and realize the truth of that blessed promise, "Eye hath not seen nor ears heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for him that love Him."

We have before us a gracious promise, "He shall bring it to pass. What is it? It is as broad as the universe. It is the supreme wish of your heart. Is it the conversion of your children?—Does a pastor want his church set on fire by the Holy Ghost? Do you want Wilmington moved from centre to circumference? Do you want a baptism on your own soul? The supreme wish of your heart shall be fulfilled if you meet the conditions of the promise. Commit it a compound Latin word, meaning "to give yourself completely to." The powerlessness of the church is an evidence of a want of consecration. Some preachers are only consecrated in spots, in specks.

Concentration is a good word to substitute for consecration. I can take a particular kind of glass and so concentrate, focalize the rays of the sun that they will burn in two a stick of green wood. We want to concentrate, focalize, the grace of God on the human heart and the lives of men until it burns into their very souls. The gospel of Jesus ought to have heat and fire. God give us heat to burn out sin in Wilmington.

What is committal? I hire a horse and buggy, and when the lines are placed in my hands the horse obeys every movement of the reins; that is committal. Turn the lines of your life over to God, and obey every movement of His hand. (Just here he mentioned his fondness for horses. He thinks the horse that makes a mile in 2:10, is a higher animal than the little foals who bet on him. In Kentucky he used the expression "raising children," when a man corrected him by saying, "we raise horses and bring up children;" he replied, you had better reverse the order of things, you raise horses worth \$50,000, and children worth three for \$1.00!)

I love to see a man thoroughly committed his ways to God and do whatever He requires.

What's the matter with the Methodists? I don't say much about other denominations; there are enough trifling Methodists to keep me busy, but if any other denomination gets on my track I have neither brakes nor whistle, and if they don't get off there will be blood, and hair and sausage meat scattered around. Every Methodist church has a "do as you please society," that dance, play cards, and just here let me say that the black-hole in Wilmington is that damnable Club House: it is the ante-chamber of hell, and the fellow that goes there generally goes through. I'll take this up later; I'm not done with it; I'm going to run a buzz saw right through it.

Christ says, "take my yoke upon you." Be submissive to Him. You say that you are a free man, but if you dance, drink, play cards, etc., you are one of the devil's chain gang. There are some free church members in this town, so free they can sell liquor, rent houses for saloons and get drunk. That's the sort of freedom I enjoyed when I was breaking the heart of my wife and disgracing the noble name left me by my father. I never knew what liberty was until Christ set me free. Now I have no desire for those things and you won't when you are truly set free.

Preaching in Atlanta, I compared the church to a locomotive. The church is an organized body, the locomotive is an organized pile of iron. I asked the church members what part of the locomotive they wanted to be. One said the driving wheels for they moved the engine; one said the cylinder, because the power was there; one said the side-arm because it connected the power with the wheels; one the boiler, because it furnished the steam; and one the whistle, that he might sound out the praises of God. I stopped him and told him that we had more whistles now than anything else. They were like the little steamboat on

the Coosa river; the whistle was so much larger than the boiler, when the whistle was blown the boat had to stop, when they blew they couldn't run, and when they ran they couldn't blow. But there was one man, worth \$20,000, who said I am willing to be the coal that they put in the furnace to be burned to make the steam to run the engine. If we had that sort of Christians in Wilmington we would take the town in ten days. Ask yourself, are you a consecrated, Christian? I have traveled over more than forty States, and I don't know one hundred thoroughly, complete, uncompromisingly, consecrated Christians. One of them is John Pitty, of Lynchburg, worth \$75,000 and gives about \$20,000 per year. Consecration brings manhood. Commit your ways to Him; strike out to be and to do what He wants you to be and to do. The curse of our Christianity is that it is not a consecrated Christianity. Think on these things, and may God bring you to such consecration that you will be willing to be and to do anything for Him.

An invitation was given those who wanted to consecrate themselves to rise, and hundreds arose.

Mr. Jones said the meetings may continue over next Sunday, certainly all this week.

LAST NIGHT'S SERMON.

There were probably six thousand people in attendance last night, the largest audience that has yet greeted the famous evangelist.

After the rendition of several hymns by the choir, Rev. Mr. Creasy introduced to the audience Dr. Abernathy, who made an appeal to the people to aid in rebuilding Rutherford College, of which he is President. He said that all of the buildings, including the apparatus of the various sciences, as well as some \$125.00 in money, were destroyed by fire. He desired the people to aid him in rebuilding. The college had many graduates in the various pursuits of life that had been given free tuition because of their inability to pay. He desired all who felt inclined to help him to seek him out and do so, as he was timid and had never asked any one personally for money. Rev. Mr. Jones also spoke feelingly in behalf of the college.

Rev. Mr. Jones prefaced his sermon by a short talk on the necessity of prayer.

From the text, xi chapter of Proverbs, 19 verse, "As righteousness tendeth to life, so he who pursueth evil pursueth it to death," the Evangelist delivered a strong and impressive sermon. He said: A good man goes to heaven not only in obedience to the law of spiritual gravity, but also by the common consent of mankind. So a bad man goes to hell in obedience to the same inexorable law. The good go to Heaven as naturally as the book falls to the floor if I loosen my hold. He goes because he is good. The wages of sin is death. Sin is a disease. Its penalties are inherent in itself. Needs no God to punish it. The violation of the moral law sets in motion the forces that lead to the debasement of the violator. I read once of an operation that had been performed on Senator Hill, of Georgia, for cancer. The first one was unsuccessful, and again resort was had to the surgeon's knife, and the glands of the throat were entirely removed in the effort to save him from the consequences of the dread disease. The doctor was asked "as he stood by the side of the patient if he thought the operation would be successful." "I don't know. If there is any of the virus left, no for it will spread throughout the system and eventually kill him! And I saw him as he passed through my town to Atlanta, where he died a few days later, I shook his hand. The emaciation, of form caused by the ravages of the disease caused me to exclaim, Is this the great, grand and noble man I once knew? And I say to you, that just as certain as the virus of cancer killed Hill, the virus of sin will kill your soul at last. You may not fear sin because its consequences are slow. Let me tell you they are sure. It is only a question of time. There is but one remedy for a sinful soul—the blood of Jesus Christ. The hope of the world to-day is the blood that flamed from the pierced side of Jesus as he hung on darkened Calvary.

The Bible tells you that if your tendency is towards evil your end is death. But the consequence is gradual, not immediate. The child of a leprous woman is as pure and free from blemish as its birth as is a beautiful flower. But as the years go on the inherited disease makes its appearance until at eighteen the once fair and beautiful babe is warped and drawn into the hideous deformity of leprosy. Such is the progress of sin. It is a disease entailed from father to son.

Every sin is a stab at conscience and men stab and stab until conscience dies. The trouble with this country is that the National, State, Municipal, Church and family conscience is dead.

I heard that it was likely that I would be arrested for slandering that damnable club. One hundred and twenty-five stalwart men, members of that institution, talking about arresting one little pale-faced preacher! Why don't you

take your cowhide and come down to room 3, Purcell House, and see me about it? The best thing for you club men to do is to keep your mouth shut. If you jump on your Uncle Jones you have got a government job on hand. I understand that there have been sixty-eight deaths of members of that club in eighteen years. If there were no other reasons for resigning from that institution than the excessive mortality, that would be sufficient for me. I never heard of an institution before having a death rate of 66 per cent. in eighteen years. I understand that gentlemen belong to that club; now I wish them to understand that I do not reflect on the personal type of any of its members; I am fighting the club, not the members, but if you get between me and the club I will knock the filling out of you. I am preaching against things not men. Do you think I am talking to you, trying to get up a quarrel with you? Why, bless you, you are too little. What do you suppose an elephant wants to mash an ant for? It would be no credit to an elephant.

John the Baptist was a man of conscience and courage. He would not modify his opinions because they were opposed to those of the powers that be. He had lost his head for it, but in the streets of the new Jerusalem the angels gave him the right of way. I would rather be Judas Iscariot in Hell than a preacher in this nineteenth century cringing before the public and afraid to speak his opinion.

I want to be at the judgment, and I intend to be. I want to hear what these little preachers in this town are going to say when asked their reasons for not attending these meetings. Get up and tell God you did not approve of Sam Jones—you little blue-eyed fool. This is not Sam Jones' meeting. It is a meeting of Christians, and if it is a failure, I am not chargeable with it.

You can find one thousand men who can find a reason for doing what their consciences forbid, where there is one who will do as he thinks his conscience commands. Some members of the church go into a saloon and come out wiping their lips and say, "There is no harm in taking a dram." The greatest liar of the nineteenth century is the man who says that. If you don't like that get up on your hind feet and shout back at me.

I have been taken to task for the language I use, so was Christ. They played the Cape Fear Club business on him. Took him into court, proved it on him and crucified him. If Christ had had a decent congregation, he would never have called them whomongers, idolaters and whited sepulchres. When Sam Jones gets a decent congregation, he will preach you a decent sermon. I don't mean to say that there are not good men and women in this audience; but there are also the lowest, and I have to reach them.

You let your basket down into a well of crystal water, and if you let it touch the bottom you will stir up mud. So it is here. I drop my bucket over among some of you and I stir up the mud. Now it is not my mud; it is your mud; it is only my bucket.

Talking about a little town of 8,000 whites and 12,000 negroes can't stand Sam Jones! God pity you! I could put you in my vest pocket and would never know you were there until you stepped on my toothpicks.

I am here to fight things, especially big things, and I intend to jump on the biggest thing first, and after I stamp the fetters off of it, I will give you little fellows my attention. Brother Creasy, if they put me in jail here, you will have to go too, for I have said "Amen" to every word I have said.

Every sin is a direct blow at a man's power of resistance. The greatest power ever given man by God is his will power, and the second, his wont power. Continual sin will put you in the position where the exercise of either is impossible God pity the man who has gone so far that he cannot stop.

There was a little boy who having won a little black pony at a raffle, mounted him and rode to his home to show his father his prize. The father having learned of the viciousness of the animal called to his son to get down. But the little fellow rode on in his fancied security, shouting back at his father, "He won't hurt me." But the horse ran away, and unable to control his steed the little boy was dashed to pieces on the roadside at the foot of a precipice. So my friends, you to-night are on the black horse of sin. Get down, young lady, young man, father, mother, altho' get down off the black horse of sin ere it is too late. If you go on you cannot stop there; if you go, get down while there is time; get down now and by God's help try to lead a nobler life.

After the conclusion of the sermon a large number shook the Evangelist's hand.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

Services at 6:30 and 10:30 a. m., and at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

Wilmington Presbytery.

The Home Mission Committee of Presbytery will meet at 4 p. m. to-day—September 30th—in the pastor's study of St. Andrews' Church.